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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED

43429

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

SPENSER, || DANIEL.

LONDON:

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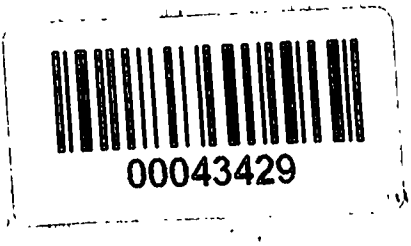

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THE

POEMS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE

LIFE OF SPENSER,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

ALTHOUGH the language of the great poet whose works are now before us is less obsolete than that of Chaucer, yet it may be doubted whether Spenser has been much more a favourite with those who read to be entertained, and whose demand for entertainment is too urgent to admit of previous learning, or fixed attention. That he has been read and studied by poets in all ages, is only saying that he has been read and studied by men to whom the history of their art cannot be indifferent, and who have found in Spenser whatever can animate and invigorate their powers. But however tedious the perusal of Spenser may be to a frivolous taste, his works must necessarily compose an essential part of every BODY OF ENGLISH POETRY, not only upon account of their transcendent merit, not only because in the powers of imagination he excells all others, but because he was the founder of a school more numerous than any other, a school of which it is sufficient praise that Cowley, Milton, and Dryden acknowledged their obligations to it, and that in more recent times it has conferred celebrity on Prior, Gray, Akenside, and Beattie[1].

Of the life of Spenser, as of the lives of men of literature in general before the seventeenth century, our accounts are very defective. Modern biographers have generally been content to copy the few particulars within their reach, and to transmit them in varied styles, without examining very scrupulously whether what they had was correct, or what they had not was recoverable. Of late, however, Spenser has met with a biographer worthy of him, one who unites the taste of the poet to the skill of the antiquary. Those who have perused Mr. Todd's Spenser need not be told that it is to

[1] Dr. Beattie's experience in imitating Spenser has probably been that of his brethren. "I am surprised to find the structure of (Spenser's) complicated stanza so little troublesome, I was always fond of it, for I think it the most harmonious that ever was contrived. It admits of more variety of pauses than either the couplet, or the alternate rhyme: and it concludes with a pomp and majesty of sound, which, to my ear, is wonderfully delightful. It seems also very well adapted to the genius of our language, which, from its irregularity of inflexion and number of monosyllables, abounds in diversified terminations, and consequently renders our poetry susceptible of an endless variety of legitimate rhymes." Forbes' Life of Beattie. The present collection of English poetry will show that the names mentioned above do not include above half of the poets who have practised the stanza of Spenser. *C.*

him I owe all that is valuable in the following sketch, and will be pleased to hear that the text used in this edition is that which he has so ably corrected and harmonized.

EDMUND SPENSER, descended from the ancient and honourable family of Spencer, was born in London in East Smithfield by the Tower, probably about the year 1553. In what school he received the first part of his education has not been ascertained, nor is of great consequence, as at that time much knowledge was not to be obtained in any lesser seminaries, previous to academical studies. He was, however, admitted, as a sizer, of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge[2], May 20, 1569, proceeded to the degree of bachelor of arts, January 16, 1572-3, and to that of master of arts, June 26th, 1576. Of his proficiency during this time, a favourable opinion may be drawn from the many classical allusions in his works, while their moral tendency, which if not uniform was more general than that of the writings of his contemporaries, incline us to hope that his conduct was irreproachable.

At Cambridge he formed an intimacy with Gabriel Harvey, first of Christ's College, afterwards of Trinity Hall, who became doctor of laws in 1585, and survived his friend more than thirty years. Harvey was a scholar, and a poet of no mean estimation in his own time[3]. He appears also as a critic to whose judgment Spenser frequently appeals, looking up to him with a reverence for which it is not easy to account. We are, however, much indebted to his correspondence with Spenser, for many interesting particulars relating to the life and studies of the latter, although some of them afford little more than probable conjectures.

It is now fully disproved that Spenser was an unsuccessful candidate for a fellowship in Pembroke Hall, in competition with Andrews, afterwards successively bishop of Chichester, Ely, and Winchester. The rival of Andrews was Thomas Dove, afterwards bishop of Peterborough. But from one of Harvey's letters to Spenser it appears that some disagreement had taken place between our poet and the master or tutor of the society to which he belonged, which terminated his prospects of further advancement in it, without lessening his veneration for the university at large, of which he always speaks with filial regard.

When he left Cambridge, he is supposed to have gone to reside with some friends in the north of England, probably as a tutor. At what time he began to display his poetical powers is uncertain, but as genius cannot be long concealed, it is probable that he was already known as a votary of the Muses among his fellow-students. There are several poems in the Theatre for Worldlings, a collection published in the year in which he became a member of the university, which are thought to have come from his pen. The Visions in this work were probably the first sketch of those which now form a part of his acknowledged productions. Absolute certainty, however, cannot be obtained in fixing the chronology of his early poems; but it may be conjectured with great probability that his Muse would not be neglected at an age when it is usual to court her favours, and at which he had much leisure, the scenery of nature before his eyes, and no serious

[2] There is a good portrait of Spenser in the common room of Pembroke Hall, to which the society have ever looked up with reverence, and it was by their liberality that the monument in Westminster Abbey was restored in 1778. *C.*

[3] Harvey was rather a Latin than an English poet: but there is mention of his English hexameters in his correspondence with Spenser. He is supposed to have been the same Gabriel Harvey, LL. D. who died in 1630, when he must have been nearly ninety years old. *Phillipps' Theatrum, edit.* 1800. *C.*

cares to disturb his enthusiasm. His Shepheard's Calender was published in 1579. The tenderness of complaint in this elegant poem, appears to have been inspired by a mistress whom he has recorded under the name of Rosalind[4], and who, after trifling with his affection, preferred his rival. He is supposed also to allude to the cruelty of this same lady in Book VI. of the Faerie Queene, under the name of Mirabella.

The year preceding the publication of this poem, he had been advised by his friend Harvey to remove to London, where he was introduced to sir Philip Sidney, and by him recommended to his uncle, the earl of Leicester. There is a wide difference of opinion, however, among Spenser's biographers, as to the time and mode of the former of these events. Some suppose that his acquaintance with sir Philip Sidney was the consequence of his having presented to him the ninth canto of the Faerie Queene. Others think that his first introduction was owing to the dedication of the Shepheard's Calender; but a long letter from Spenser to Harvey, which Mr. Todd has preserved, proves that he was known to Sidney previous to the publication of the Shepheard's Calender in 1579.

It is certain that in consequence of this introduction, by whatever means procured, he became a welcome guest in sir Philip's family, and was invited to their seat at Penshurst in Kent, where it is conjectured that he wrote, at least, the ninth eclogue. Under such patronage, the dedication of the Calender, when finished, to "Maister Philip Sidney," became a matter of course, as a mark of respectful acknowledgment for the kindness he had received. The praise, however, bestowed on this poem was but moderate, and the name of the author appears to have been for some time not generally known. Dove, whose translation of it into Latin is extant in the library of Caius College, Cambridge, speaks of it, not only as an "unowned" poem, but as almost buried in oblivion. On the other hand, Abraham Fraunce, a barrister as well as a poet of that time, selected from it examples to illustrate his work entitled The Lawier's Logike; but Fraunce, it may be said, was the friend of sir Philip Sidney, and would naturally be made acquainted, and perhaps induced to admire, the productions of a poet whom he favoured.

The patronage of men of genius in Spenser's age was frequently exerted in procuring for them public employments, and Spenser, we find, was very early introduced into the business of active life. In July 1580, when Arthur, lord Grey of Wilton departed from England, as lord lieutenant of Ireland, Spenser was appointed his secretary, probably on the recommendation of the earl of Leicester. Although the office of secretary was not at that time of the same importance it is now, and much might not be expected in official business from a scholar and a poet, yet Spenser appears to have entered with zeal into political affairs, as far as they were connected with the character of the lord lieutenant. In his View of the State of Ireland, which was written long after, he takes frequent opportunities to vindicate the measures and reputation of that nobleman, and has, indeed, evidently studied the politics of Ireland with great success.

After holding this situation about two years, lord Grey returned to England, and probably accompanied by his secretary. Their connection was certainly not dissolved, for in 1586, Spenser obtained, by his lordship's interest and that of Leicester and Sidney, a grant of three thousand and twenty eight acres in the county of Cork, out of the

4 Warton was of opinion that Rosalind is an anagram, and the letters of which it is composed will make out her true name. This I think doubtful. Spenser was indeed an anagrammatist in many of his names, as when he makes Algrind out of Grindal, and Morel out of Elmer. But he must have been peculiarly fortunate to find a name which he could anagrammatize into Rosalind. *C.*

forfeited lands of the earl of Desmond. As far as sir Philip Sidney was concerned, this was the last act of his kindness to our poet, for he died in October of the same year, "praised, wept, and honoured" by every man of genius or feeling.

Such were the terms of the royal patent, that Spenser was now obliged to return to Ireland, in order to cultivate the land assigned him. He accordingly fixed his residence at Kilcolman, in the county of Cork, a place which topographers have represented as admirably accommodated to the taste of a poet by its romantic and diversified scenery. Here he was visited by sir Walter Raleigh, with whom he had formed an intimacy on his first arrival in Ireland, who proved a second Sidney to his poetical ardour, and appears to have urged him to that composition which constitutes his highest fame. In 1590 he published The Faerie Queene; disposed into Twelve Books, fashioning XII. Morall Vertues.

This edition contains only the first three books. To the end of the third were annexed, besides the letter to Raleigh, the poetical commendations of friends to whose judgment the poem had been submitted. The names of Raleigh and Harvey are discernible, but the others are concealed under initials. These are followed by his own Sonnets to various persons of distinction, the number of which is augmented in the edition of 1596. Mr. Todd remarks that in that age of adulation, it was the custom of the author to present, with a copy of his publication, a poetical address to his superiors. It was no less the custom also to print them afterwards, and, we may readily suppose, with the full consent of the parties to whom they were addressed.

It appears certain that these three books of the Faerie Queene were written in Ireland. In a conversation, extracted from his friend Ludowick Bryskett's Discourse of Civill Life, and which is said to have passed in that country, Spenser is made to say, "I have already undertaken a work in heroical verse, under the title of a Faerie Queene, tending to represent all the moral virtues, assigning to every virtue a knight, to be patron and defender of the same; in whose actions feats of arms and chivalry, the operations of that virtue, whereof he is the protector, are to be expressed, and the vices and unruly appetites that oppose themselves against the same, to be beaten downe and overcome."

Such was his original design in this undertaking, and having prepared three books for the press, it is probable that he accompanied Raleigh to England, with a view to publish it. Raleigh afterwards introduced him to queen Elizabeth, whose favour is supposed by some to have extended to his being appointed poet laureate, but Elizabeth, as Mr. Malone has accurately proved, had no poet laureate. Indeed in February 1590-1, she conferred on Spenser a pension of fifty pounds a year, the grant of which was discovered some years ago in the chapel of the Rolls, and this pension he enjoyed till his death, but the title of laureate was not given in his patent, nor in that of his two immediate successors.

The discovery of this patent, by Mr. Malone, is of further importance, as tending to rescue the character of lord Burleigh from the imputation of being hostile to our poet. The oldest date of this reproach is in Fuller's Worthies, a book published at the distance of more than seventy years, and on this authority, which has been copied by almost all the biographers of Spenser, it has been said that Burleigh intercepted the pension, as too much to be given "to a ballad-maker," and that when the queen, upon Spenser's presenting some poems to her, ordered him the gratuity of one hundred pounds, Burleigh asked, "What! all this for a song!" on which the queen replied, "Then give him

what is reason." The story concludes, that Spenser having long waited in vain for the fulfilment of the royal order, presented to her the following ridiculous memorial:

I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhime;
From that time unto this season
I receiv'd nor rhime nor reason;

on which he was immediately paid; but for the whole of this representation, there appears neither foundation nor authority.

After the publication of the Faerie Queene, Spenser returned to Ireland. During his absence, in the succeeding year, the fame he had now obtained, induced his bookseller to collect and print his smaller pieces, one of which only is said to have been a republication. The title of this collection is, Complaints, containing sundrie small Poems of the World's Vanitie, viz. 1. The Ruines of Time. 2. The Teares of the Muses. 3. Virgils Gnat. 4. Prosopopoia, or Mother Hubbards Tale. 5. The Ruines of Rome, by Bellay. 6. Muiopotmos, or the Tale of the Butterflie. 7. Visions of the Worlds Vanitie. 8. Bellayes Visions. 9. Petrarches Visions.

Spenser appears to have returned to London about the end of 1591, as his next publication, the beautiful elegy on Douglass Howard, daughter of Henry lord Howard, entitled Daphnaida, is dated Jan. 1, 1591-2. From this period there is a long interval in the history of our poet, which was probably passed in Ireland, but of which we have no account. It would appear, however, that he did not neglect those talents of which he had already given such favourable specimens. In 1595, he published the pastoral of Colin Clouts come Home again, the dedication to which bears date Dec. 27, 1591, but this Mr. Todd has fully proved to be an errour. The pastoral elegy of Astrophel, devoted entirely to the memory of sir Philip Sidney, and perhaps written on the immediate occasion of his death, was published along with this last mentioned piece.

It is conjectured that in the same year appeared his Amoretti, or Sonnets, in which the poet gives the progress of his addresses to a less obdurate lady than Rosalind, and whom he afterwards married, if the Epithalamion, published along with the Sonnets, is allowed to refer to that event. Mr. Todd deduces from various passages that his mistress's name was Elizabeth, and that the marriage took place in Ireland, on St. Barnabas day, 1594. Other biographers seem to be of opinion that he had lost a first wife, and that the courtship of a second inspired the Amoretti. Where we have no other evidence than the expression of a man's feelings, and that man a poet of excursive imagination, the balance of probabilities may be equal. Spenser was now at the age of forty-one, somewhat too late for the ardour of youthful passion so feelingly given in his Sonnets; but on the other hand, if he had a first wife, we have no account of her, and the children he left are, I think, universally acknowledged to have been by the wife he now married.

The Four Hymns on Love and Beauty, which the author informs us were written in his youth, as a warning to thoughtless lovers, and the Prothalamion, in honour of the double marriages of the ladies Elizabeth and Catherine Somerset to H. Gilford and W. Peter, esqrs. were published in 1596. In the same year the second part of the Faerie Queene appeared, with a new edition of the former part accompanying it. This contained the fourth, fifth, and sixth books. Of the remaining six, which were to complete the original design, two imperfect cantos of Mutabilitie only have been recovered, and were first in-

troduced in the folio edition of the Faerie Queene, printed in 1609, as a part of the lost book, entitled The Legend of Constancy.

It is necessary, however, in this place, to notice a question which has been started, and contested with much eagerness by Spenser's biographers and critics, namely, whether any part of the Faerie Queene has been lost, or whether the author did not leave the work unfinished as we now have it. Sir James Ware informs us that the poet finished the latter part of the Faerie Queene in Ireland, "which was soone after unfortunately lost by the disorder and abuse of his servants, whom he had sent before him into England." The authority of sir James Ware, who lived so near Spenser's time, and gave this account in 1633, seems entitled to credit; but it has been opposed by Fenton, who thinks, with Dryden, that "upon sir Philip Sidney's death, Spenser was deprived both of the means and spirit to accomplish his design," and treats sir James Ware's account as a hearsay or a fiction. Dr. Birch, on the other hand, contends that the event of sir Philip Sidney's death was not sufficient to have prevented Spenser from finishing his poem, since he actually gave the world six books of it after his patron's death. The author of Spenser's life in the Biographia Britannica, after gaining some advantage over Dr. Birch's inferences from incorrect dates, argues against the probability of a manuscript of the last six books, principally from the shortness of the poet's life after the year 1596. The late Dr. Farmer is of the same opinion, but appears to me somewhat too hasty in asserting that the question may be effectually answered by a single quotation. The quotation is from Brown's Britannia's Pastorals, 1616, and merely amounts to this, that Spenser died

Ere he had ended his melodious song.

Mr. Todd has advanced a similar evidence from sir Aston Cokain, in 1658, intimating that Spenser would have exceeded Virgil had he lived so long

As to have finished his faery song.

But Mr. Todd produces afterwards a document, more to the purpose, in support of the belief that some of Spenser's papers were destroyed in the rebellion of 1598. This is an epigram written by John (afterwards sir John) Stradling, and published in 1607, and plainly intimates that certain manuscripts of Spenser were burnt in the rebellion. Two years after the publication of this epigram, part of the Legend of Constancy, the only manuscript that had escaped the fury of the rebels, was added to the second edition of the Faerie Queene. It appears therefore highly probable that among the manuscripts destroyed was some part of the six last books of the Faerie Queene, although they might not have been transcribed for the press, nor in that progress towards completion which ran in Fenton's mind when he contradicted sir James Ware with so little courtesy.

The same year, 1596, appears to have been the time when Spenser presented his political, and only prose work, The View of the State of Ireland, to the queen. Mr. Todd, having seen four copies of it in manuscript, concludes that he had presented it also to the great officers of state, and perhaps to others. Why it was allowed to remain in manuscript so long as until 1633, when sir James Ware published it from archbishop Usher's copy, has not been explained. If, as Mr. Todd conjectures, it was written at the command of the queen, and in order to reconcile the Irish to her government, why did it not

receive the publicity which so important an object required? I am more inclined to think, from a perusal of this work, as we now have it, that it was not considered by the court as of a healing tendency; and the extracts from some of the manuscript copies which Mr. Todd had an opportunity of procuring, seem to confirm this conjecture. Viewed in another light, it displays much political knowledge, and traces the troubles of that country, in many instances, to their proper causes. It is valuable also on account of the author's skill in delineating the actual state of Ireland. "Civilization," says Mr. Ledwich, the learned Irish antiquary, "having almost obliterated every vestige of our ancient manners, the remembrance of them is only to be found in Spenser; so that he may be considered, at this day, as an Irish antiquary." It ought not to be omitted that in a note on one of the manuscript copies of this work, Spenser is styled, "clerke of the counsell of the province of Mounster."

In 1597 he is said to have returned to Ireland; and by a letter which Mr. Malone has discovered, from queen Elizabeth to the Irish government, dated Sept. 30, 1598, it appears that he was recommended to be sheriff of Cork. The rebellion of Tyrone, however, took place in October, and with such fury as to compel Spenser and his family to leave Kilcolman. In the confusion of flight, manuscripts would be forgotten, for even one of his children was left behind; and the rebels, after carrying off the goods, burnt the house, and this infant in it. Spenser arrived in England, with a heart broken by these misfortunes, and died January following, 1598-9, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

There are some circumstances respecting Spenser's death which have been variously represented. Mr. Todd, from unquestionable evidence, has fixed the day January 16, 1598-9; and the place, an inn, or lodging-house, in King-street, Westminster; the time, therefore, which elapsed from his arrival in England to his death was very short. But it has been asserted that he died in extreme poverty; which, considering how recently he was in England, and how highly favoured by the queen only a month before he was compelled to leave Ireland, seems wholly incredible. The only foundation for the report appears to be an expression of Camden, intimating that he returned to England *poor*; which surely might be true, without affording any reason to suppose that he remained poor. His pension of fifty pounds, no inconsiderable sum in his days, continued to be paid; and why he should have lost his superior friends, at a time when he was a sufferer in the cause of government, is a question which may be asked without the risk of a satisfactory answer. The whining of some contemporary poets[5] afford no proof of the fact, and may be rejected as authority; but the reception Mr. Warton has given to the report of Spenser's poverty, is entitled to higher regard. It might, indeed, be considered as decisive, if Mr. Todd's more successful researches did not prove that he founds all his argument upon the mistaken supposition that Spenser died in Ireland. Nor will Mr. Warton's agree with the lamentations of the poets; for they represent Spenser as poor by the neglect of his friends and country, and Mr. Warton, as dying amidst the desolations of rebellion.

Spenser's remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, near those of Chaucer, and the funeral expenses defrayed by the earl of Essex, a nobleman very erroneous in political life, but too much a friend to literature to have allowed Spenser to starve, and afterwards

[5] Phineas Fletcher, in his Purple Island, speaks most decisively in favour of Spenser's poverty at the time of his death. C.

insult his remains by a sumptuous funeral. His monument, however, which has been attributed to the munificence of Essex, was erected by Anne, countess of Dorset, about thirty years after Spenser's death. Stone was the workman, and had forty pounds for it. That at present in Westminster Abbey was erected, or restored, in 1778.

It does not appear what became of Spenser's wife and children. Two sons are said to have survived him, Sylvanus and Peregrine. Sylvanus married Ellen Nangle, or Nagle, eldest daughter of David Nangle, of Moneanymy, in the county of Cork, by whom he had two sons, Edmund and William Spenser. His other son, Peregrine, also married, and had a son, Hugolin, who, after the restoration of Charles II. was replaced by the court of claims in as much of the lands as could be found to have been his ancestor's. This Hugolin, however, attached himself to the cause of James II.; and, after the Revolution, was outlawed for treason and rebellion. Some time after, his cousin William, son of Sylvanus, became a suitor for the forfeited property, and recovered it by the interest of Mr. Montague, afterwards earl of Halifax, who was then at the head of the treasury. He had been introduced to Mr. Montague by Congreve, who, with others, was desirous of honouring the descendant of so great a poet. Dr. Birch describes him as a man somewhat advanced in years, but unable to give any account of the works of his ancestor which are wanting. The family has been since very imperfectly traced.

It remains to be observed, almost in the words of Mr. Todd, that Spenser is the author of four Sonnets, which are admitted into this edition of his works, of which three are prefixed to separate publications, and the fourth occurs in letters by his friend Harvey. He is conjectured to be the author of a Sonnet, signed E.S. addressed to master Henry Peacham, and entitled, A Vision upon his Minerva; and of some poor verses on Phillis, in a publication called Chorus Poetarum, 1684. The verses on queen Elizabeth's picture at Kensington, have been likewise given to Spenser; but lord Orford ascribes them to the queen herself. As Britain's Ida has been usually printed with the works of Spenser, it is here retained, although the critics are agreed that it was not written by him. The lost pieces of Spenser are said to be, 1. His Translation of Ecclesiasticus; 2. Translation of Canticum Canticorum; 3. The Dying Pelican; 4. The Hours of our Lord; 5. The Sacrifice of a Sinner; 6. The Seven Psalms; 7. Dreams; 8. The English Poet; 9. Legends; 10. The Court of Cupid; 11. The Hell of Lovers; 12. His Purgatory; 13. A Se'nnights Slumber; 14. Pageants; 15. Nine Comedies; 16. Stemmata Dudleiana; 17. Epithalamion Thamesis. If his pen was thus prolific, there is very little reason to suppose that he might not have had leisure and industry to have nearly completed his Faerie Queene, before the fatal rebellion, which terminated all his labours.

Of the personal character of Spenser, if we may be allowed to form an opinion from his writings, it will be highly favourable. With a few exceptions, their uniform tendency is in favour of piety and virtue. His religious sentiments assimilate so closely with those of the early reformers, that we may conjecture he had not only studied the controversies of his age, but was a man of devotional temper and affections.

Of Spenser, as a poet, little can be added to the many criticisms which have been published [6], since his importance in the history of English poetry became more justly

[6] Jortin, Hurd, Church, Upton, but, above all, Mr. Thomas Warton, in his Observations on the Faerie Queene. There are also some ingenious remarks in Pope's Discourse on Pastoral Poetry; and, indeed, in every writer who has treated the subject of English poetry. *C.*

appreciated. His lesser pieces contain many beauties. Dryden thought The Shepheards Calender the most complete work of the kind which imagination had produced since the time of Virgil. It has not, however, risen in estimation. The language is so much more obsolete than that of the Faerie Queene, the groundwork of which is the language of his age, that it required a glossary at the time of publication. It is, however, the Faerie Queene which must be considered as constituting Spenser one of the chief fathers of English poetry. Its predominant excellences are imagery, feeling, taste, and melody of versification. Its defects are partly those of his model, Ariosto, and partly those of his age. His own errours are the confusion and inconsistency admitted in the stories and allegorical personages of the ancients, and the absurd mixture of christian and heathenish allusions. Mr. Spence has fully exemplified these in his Polymetis. It is, indeed, impossible to criticise the Faerie Queene by any rules; but we find in it the noblest examples of all the graces of poetry, the sublime, the pathetic, and such powers of description as have never been exceeded. Bishop Hurd has therefore judiciously considered it under the idea of a Gothic rather than a classical poem. It certainly strikes with all the grand effect of that species of architecture; and perhaps it is not too much to say that, like that, its reputation has suffered by the predominant taste for the more correct, higher, and more easily practicable forms of the Grecian school.

Hume was among the first who endeavoured to depreciate the value of the Faerie Queene, by asserting that the perusal of it was rather a task than a pleasure, and challenging any individual to deny this. Pope[7] and lord Somers are two who might have accepted the challenge with hope of success. But, in fact, Spenser will not lose much if we admit the assertion. That the perusal of the Faerie Queene must be, at first, a task, and a very irksome one, will be confessed by all who are unacquainted with any English words but what are current. If that difficulty be surmounted, the reader of taste cannot fail to relish the beauties so profusely scattered in this poem. With respect to the objections that have been made to the allegorical plan, it is sufficient to refer to its antiquity; it was one of the earliest vehicles of pleasure blended with instruction; and although modern critics object to a continued allegory, which, indeed, it is extremely difficult to accomplish without falling into inconsistencies, yet specimens of it, detached personifications, aiming at the sublimity of Spenser, still continue to be among the efforts by which our best writers wish to establish their fame. Perhaps the same remark may be extended to the stanza of Spenser, which critics have censured, and poets, praised by those critics, have imitated. After all, it is to the language of Spenser that we must look for the reason why his popularity is less than that of many inferior poets. Spenser, Chaucer, and, indeed, all the early poets, can be relished, not by common readers, but by students; and not separately, but as connected with times, characters, and manners, the illustration of which demands the skill and industry of the antiquary.

7 "There is something," said Pope, "in Spenser, that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the Faerie Queene, when I was about twelve, with a vast deal of delight: and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year or two ago." Spence's Anecdotes, quoted by Dr. Warton, who very justly censures Pope's Imitation of Spenser. See Pope's Works, Bowles's edit. vol. ii. 289. *C.*

COMMENDATORY VERSES

ON SPENSER.

IF music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

From Shakspeare's Passionate Pilgrim, first published in 1599.

Live, Spenser! ever, in thy Fairy Queene;
Whose like (for deep conceit) was never seene.
Crown'd mayst thou be, unto thy more renowne,
As king of poets, with a lawrell crowne!

From a "Remembrance of some English Poets," at the end of R. Barnfield's Lady Pecunia, 4to. Lond. 1605.

AD EDM. SPENCER, HOMERUM BRITANNICUM.

Si nos Troiani, nova nobis Troia sit: Ipse
(Ut Græcis suus est) noster Homerus eris.

From Ioannis Stradlingi Epigrammat. Libb. iv. 12mo. Lond. 1607. Lib. i. p. 21.

AD SPENCER ET DANIEL, CELEBERRIMOS POETAS.

Dividitis primas inter vos, atque secundas:
Tertius à vobis quisquis erit, sat habet.

Ibid. Lib. iv. p. 165.

THE ENGLISH SHEPHERDS ROUND THE THRONE OF THETIS:

——————— all their pipes were still;
And Colin Clout began to tune his quill
With such deepe art, that every one was given
To thinke Apollo (newly slid from Heaven)
Had'tane a humane shape to win his love,
Or with the westerne swaines for glory strove.
He sung th' heroicke knights of faiery land
In lines so elegant, of such command,
That had the Thracian plaid but halfe so well
He had not left Eurydice in Hell.
But, ere he ended his melodious song,
An host of angels flew the clouds among,
And rapt the swan from his attentive mates,
To make him one of their associates [praise
In Heaven's faire quire; where now he sings the
Of him that is the first and last of dayes.
Divinest Spencer! heav'n-bred, happy Muse!
Would any power into my braine infuse
Thy worth, or all that poets had before,
I could not praise till thou deserv'st no more.

From Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, 1616.

OF EDMOND SPENCER.

Our Spencer was a prodigie of wit,
Who hath the Fairy Queen so stately writ.
Yield, Grecian poets, to his nobler style;
And, ancient Rome, submit unto our ile.
You, modern wits, of all the four-fold Earth,
(Whom princes have made laureates for your worth)
Give our great Spencer place, who hath out-song
Phœbus himself with all his learned throng.

From sir Aston Cokain's Poems, 1658.

Though daring Milton sits sublime,
In Spencer native Muses play;
Not yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay.

From Pope's Imitations of Horace.

Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son,
Who like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground;
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
Well moraliz'd shines through the gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
From Thomson's Summer.

ON THE CANTOS OF SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN, LOST IN THE PASSAGE FROM IRELAND.

Wo worth the man, who in ill hour assay'd
To tempt that western frith with ventrous keel;
And seek what Heaven, regardful of our weal,
Had hid in fogs and night's eternal shade:
Ill-starr'd Hibernia! well art thou appaid
For all the woes which Britain made thee feel
By Henry's wrath, and Pembroke's conquering steel,
Who sack'd thy towns, and castles disarray'd:
No longer now, with idle sorrow, mourn
Thy plunder'd wealth or liberties restrain'd,
Nor deem their victories thy loss or shame;
Severe revenge on Britain in thy turn,
And ample spoils thy treacherous waves obtain'd,
Which sunk one half of Spenser's deathless fame.
From the Sonnets of Tho. Edwards, esq. 1758.

GARDEN INSCRIPTIONS.

ON SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE.

Lo! here the place for contemplation made,
For sacred musing, and for solemn song!
Hence, ye profane! nor violate the shade:
Come, Spenser's awful genius, come along;
Mix with the music of the aërial throng!
Oh! breathe a pensive stillness through my breast,
While balmy breezes pant the leaves among,
And sweetly sooth my passions into rest.
Hint purest thoughts, in purest colours drest;
Even such as angels prompt, in golden dreams,
To holy hermit, high in raptures blest,
His bosom burning with celestial beams:
Ne less the raptures of my summer day,
If Spenser deign with me to moralize the lay.
By the Rev. William Thompson, M. A. late fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. From Fawke's and Woty's Poetical Calendar, vol. viii. p. 97. edit. 1763.

ON SPENSER'S SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

As large beneath this floating foliage laid
Of circling green, the crystal running by,
(How soft the murmur, and how cool the shade!)
While gentle-whispering winds their breath apply
To 'swage the fever of the sultry sky;
Smit with the sweet Sicilian's simple strain,
I try the rural reed, but fondly try
To match his pastoral airs and happy vein:
Next I assay the quill of Mantua's swain
Of bolder note, and of more courtly grace:
Ah, foolish emulation! They disdain
My awkward skill, and push me from the place.
Yet boast not, thou of Greece, nor thou of Rome;
My sweeter Colin Clout outpipes you both at home.
By the same, ibid. p. 98.

Here Chaucer first his comic vein display'd,
And merry tales in homely guise convey'd;
Unpolish'd beauties grac'd the artless song;
Though rude the diction, yet the sense was strong.
To smoother strains, chastising tuneless prose,
In plain magnificence great Spencer rose:
In forms distinct, in each creating line,
The virtues, vices, and the passions shine:
Subservient Nature aids the poet's rage,
And with herself inspires each nervous page.
From The Progress of Poetry, in Fawke's and Woty's Poetical Calendar, vol. iii. p. 22. edit. 1763.

Through Pope's soft song though all the graces breathe,
And happiest art adorn his Attic page;
Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
As, at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,
In magic Spenser's wildly-warbled song
I see deserted Una wander wide
Through wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,
Weary, forlorn; than whom the fated fair[1]
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
Lanches in all the lustre of brocade,
Amid the splendours of the laughing Sun:
The gay description palls upon the sense,
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss.
From the Rev. T. Warton's Pleasures of Melancholy.

Though join'd by magic skill, with many a rime,
The Druid frame, unhonour'd, falls a prey
To the slow vengeance of the wisard Time,
And fade the British characters away;
Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime
Those chiefs, shall live, unconscious of decay!
From the Rev. T. Warton's Sonnet on King Arthur's Round Table at Winchester.

ODE, SENT TO MR. UPTON, ON HIS EDITION OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

As oft, reclin'd on Cherwell's shelving shore,
I trac'd romantic Spenser's moral page,
And sooth'd my sorrows with the dulcet lore
Which Fancy fabled in her elfin age;
Much would I grieve, that envious Time so soon
O'er the lov'd strain had cast his dim disguise;
As lowering clouds, in April's brightest noon,
Mar the pure splendours of the purple skies.

[1] Pope's Belinda, Rape of the Lock.

Sage Upton came, from every mystic tale
To chase the gloom that hung o'er fairy ground:
His wisard hand unlocks each guarded vale,
And opes each flowery forest's magic bound.
Thus, never knight with mortal arms essay'd
The castle of proud Busyrane to quell,
Till Britomart her beamy shield display'd,
And broke with golden spear the mighty spell:
The dauntless maid with hardy step explor'd
Each room, array'd in glistering imagery;
And through the enchanted chamber, richly stor'd,
Saw Cupid's stately maske come sweeping by.—
At this, where'er, in distant regions sheen,
She roves, embower'd with many a spangled
Mild Una, lifting her majestic mien,
Braids with a brighter wreath her radiant brow.
At this, in hopeless sorrow drooping long,
Her painted wings Imagination plumes;
Pleas'd that her laureate votary's rescued song
Its native charm and genuine grace resumes.

By the Rev. T. Warton.

THE CONTEST OF THE SHEPHERDS FOR THE DAUGHTERS OF MENALCAS.

He (Tityrus) ended; and, as rolling billows loud,
His praise resounded from the circling crowd.
The clamorous tumult softly to compose,
High in the midst the plaintive Colin rose,
Born on the lilied banks of royal Thame,
Which oft had sung with Rosalinda's name;
Fair, yet neglected; neat, yet unadorn'd;
The pride of dress, and flowers of art, he scorn'd:
And, like the nymph who fir'd his youthful breast,
Green were his buskins, green his simple vest:
With careless ease his rustic lays he sung,
And melody flow'd smoothly from his tongue:
Of June's gay fruits, and August's corn he told,
The bloom of April, and December's cold;
The loves of shepherds, and their harmless cheer
In every month that decks the varied year.
Now on the flute with equal grace he play'd,
And his soft numbers died along the shade;
The skilful dancers to his accents mov'd,
And every voice his easy tune approv'd;
Ev'n Hyla, blooming maid, admir'd the strain,
While through her bosom shot a pleasing pain.
Now all was hush'd: no rival durst arise;
Pale were their cheeks, and full of tears their eyes:
Menalcas, rising from his flowery seat,
Thus, with a voice majestically sweet,
Address'd th' attentive throng; "Arcadians, hear!
The sky grows dark, and beamy stars appear:
Haste to the vale; the bridal bowers prepare,
And hail with joy Menalcas' tuneful heir.
Thou, Tityrus, of swains the pride and grace,
Shalt clasp soft Daphne in thy fond embrace:
And thou, young Colin, in thy willing arms
Shalt fold my Hyla, fair in native charms:
O'er these sweet plains divided empire hold,
And to your latest race transmit an age of gold.
What splendid visions rise before my sight,
And fill my aged bosom with delight!
Henceforth of wars and conquest shall you sing,
Arms and the man in every clime shall ring:
Thy Muse, bold Maro, Tityrus no more,
Shall tell of chiefs that left the Phrygian shore,
Sad Dido's love, and Venus' wandering son,
The Latians vanquish'd, and Lavinia won.
And thou, O Colin, Heaven-defended youth,
Shalt hide in fiction's veil the charms of truth;
Thy notes the sting of sorrow shall beguile,
And smooth the brow of anguish till it smile;
Notes, that a sweet Elysian dream can raise,
And lead th' enchanted soul through fancy's maze;
Thy verse shall shine with Gloriana's name,
And fill the world with Britain's endless fame."

From sir William Jones's Arcadia.

POEMS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER:

CONTEINING

TWELVE AEGLOGUES,

PROPORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE MONETHES.

ENTITLED TO THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS GENTLEMAN, MOST WORTHIE OF ALL TITLES, BOTH OF LEARNING AND CHIVALRY,

MAISTER PHILIP SIDNEY.

TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe, little booke! thy selfe present,
As childe whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the president
Of noblenesse and chevalree:
And if that Envie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succour flee
Under the shadow of his wing.
And, asked who thee forth did bring,
A shepheards swaine, say, did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And, when his honour has thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-hedde.
But, if that any aske thy name,
Say, thou wert base-begot with blame;
Forthy thereof thou takest shame.
And, when thou art past icopardee,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee.

Immerito.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LEARNED,

BOTH ORATOR AND POET,

MAISTER GABRIEL HARVEY,

His verie speciall and singular good friend E. K. commendeth the good lyking of this his good labour, and the patronage of the new poet.

UNCOUTH, unkist, said the old famous poet Chaucer: whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skill in making, his scholler Lidgate, a worthie scholler of so excellent a master, calleth the lodstarre of our language: and whom our Colin Clout in his Aeglogue calleth Tityrus the god of shepheards, comparing him to the worthinesse of the Roman Tityrus, Virgil. Which proverb, mine owne good friend M. Harvey, as in that good old poet it served well Pandares purpose for the bolstering of his bawdie brocage, so very well taketh place in this our new poet, who for that hee is uncouth (as sayde Chaucer) is unkist, and unknowne to most men, is regarded but of a fewe. But I doubt not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowledge of men, and his woorthinesse bee sounded in the trumpe of fame, but that hee shall bee not onely kist, but also beloved of all, imbraced of the most, and wondred at of the best. No lesse, I thinke, deserveth his wittinesse in devising, his pithinesse in uttoring, his complaints of love so lovely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastoral rudeness, his morall wisenesse, his due observing of decorum everie where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speech; and generallie, in all seemely simplicitie of handling his matters, and framing his wordes: the which of many things which in him be straunge, I know will seeme the strangest, and wordes themselves being so auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole period and compasse of speech so delightsom for the roundnesse, and so grave for the strangenesse. And first of the wordes to speake, I graunt they bee something hard, and of most men unused, yet both English, and also used of most excellent authours, and most famous poets. In whom, when as this our poet hath bin much travailed and throughly read, how could it be, (as that worthie

oratour sayde) but that walking in the Sunne, although for other cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt; and, having the sound of those auncient poets still ringing in his eares, he mought needes, in singing, hit out some of their tunes. But whether he useth them by such casualtie and custome, or of set purpose and choise, as thinking them fittest for such rustical rudenesse of shepheards, either for that their rough sound would make his rimes more ragged and rusticall; or else because such old and obsolete wordes are most used of country folke, sure I thinke, and thinke I think not amisse, that they bring great grace, and, as one would say, authoritie to the verse. For albe, amongst many other faults, it specially be objected of Valla against Livie, and of other against Salust, that with over much studie they affect antiquitie, as covering thereby credence and honour of elder yeares; yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the like, that those auncient solemne words, are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other: the one labouring to set forth in his worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of gravity and importance. For, if my memorie faile not, Tully in that booke, wherein he endevoureth to set forth the patterne of a perfect orator, saith that ofttimes an ancient worde maketh the stile seeme grave, and as it were reverend, no otherwise then we honour and reverence gray haires for a certaine religious regard which we have of old age. Yet neither every where must old wordes be stuffed in, nor the common dialect and maner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that, as in olde buildings, it seeme disorderly and ruynous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they use to blaze and portraict not only the daintie lineaments of beautie, but also round about it to shadowe the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that, by the baseness of such parts, more excellencie may accrew to the principall: for oftentimes we find our selves, I know not how, singularly delighted with the shew of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Even so doo those rough and harsh tearmes enlumine, and make more clearly to appeare, the brightnesse of brave and glorious wordes. So oftentimes a discorde in musike maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthie poet Alceus to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a well shaped bodie. But, if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choise of olde and unwonted wordes, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, or of witlesse headinesse in iudging, or of heedles hardinesse in condemning: for, not marking the compasse of his bent, he will iudge of the length of his cast: for in my opinion it is one especiall praise of many, which are due to this poet, that he hath labored to restore, as to their rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English wordes, as have beene long time out of use, and almost cleane disherited. Which is the only cause, that our mother tongue, which truly of itself is both full inough for prose, and stately inough for verse, hath long time been counted most bare and barren of both. Which default when as some endevoured to salve and recure, they patched up the holes with peeces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, every where of the Latin; not weighing how ill those tongues accord with themselves, but much worse with ours: so now they have made our English tong a gallimaufrey, or hodgepodge of all other speeches. Other some not so well seene in the English tongue, as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare an olde word, albeit very naturall and significant, cry out straightway, that we speake no English, but gibberish, or rather such as in olde time Evanders mother spake: whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tongue, to bee counted strangers and aliens. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they understand not, they straightway deeme to be senselesse, and not at all to be understoode. Much like to the mole in Aesops fable, that, being blind herself, would in no wise be perswaded, that any beast could see. The last, more shamefull then both, that of their owne country and natural speach, which together with their nurses milke they sucked, they have so base regard and bastard iudgement, that they wil not only themselves not labour to garnish and beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it should be embellished. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that himselfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungrie bullock, that so faine would feed: whose currish kinde, though it cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refraine from byting.

Now, for the knitting of sentences, which they call the ioynts and members therof, and for all the compasse of the speech, it is round without roughnesse, and learned without hardnesse, such in deede as may be perceyved of the least, understood of the most, but iudged onely of the learned. For what in most English writers useth to be loose, and as it were unright, in this authour is

well grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed up togither. In regarde whereof, I scorne and spew out the rakehelly rout of our ragged rymers (for so themselves use to hunt the letter) which without learning boast, without iudgment iangle, without reason rage and fome, as if some instinct of poetical spirit had newly ravished them above the meannesse of common capacitie. And being, in the midst of all their braverie, suddenly, either for want of matter, or rime; or having forgotten their former conceit; they seem to be so pained and travailed in their remembrance, as it were a woman in childbirth, or as that same Pythia, when the traunce came upon her. Os rabidum fera corda domans, &c.

Nethlesse, let them a Gods name feed on their owne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beams of others glorie. As for Colin, under whose person the authors selfe is shadowed, how farre he is from such vaunted titles and glorious shewes, both himselfe sheweth, where he sayth:

Of Muses Hobbin, I conne no skill.

and

Enough is me to paint out my unrest, &c.

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, wherein it seemeth he chose rather to unfold great matter of argument covertly then, professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Which moved him rather in aeglogues then otherwise to write, doubting perhaps his ability, which he little needed, or minding to furnish our tongue with this kinde, wherein it faulteth; or following the example of the best and most ancient poets, which devised this kinde of writing, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the maner, at the first to trie their habilities; and as yong birdes, that bee newly crept out of the nest, by little first proove their tender winges, before they make a greater flight. So flew Theocritus, as you may perceyve hee was alreadie full fledged. So flewe Virgil, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew Mantuane, as not being ful somd. So Petrarque. So Boccace. So Marot, Sannazarius, and also diverse other excellent both Italian and French poets, whose footing this author everie where foloweth: yet so as few, but they be well scuted, can trace him out. So finally flieth this our new poet as a birde whose principals be scarce growne out, but yet as one that in time shall be able to keepe wing with the best. Now, as touching the general drift and purpose of his aeglogues, I mind not to say much, himself laboring to conceal it. Only this appeareth, that his unstayed youth had long wandred in the common labirinth of love, in which time to mitigate and allay the heate of his passion, or else to warne (as he saith) the yong shepheards, his equals and companions, of his unfortunate folly, hee compiled these twelve aeglogues, which, for that they be proportioned to the state of the twelve moneths, he tearmeth it the Shepheards Calender, applying an olde name to a new work. Hereunto have I added a certaine Glosse, or scholion, for the exposition of olde wordes; and harder phrases which maner of glossing and commenting, well I wote, will seeme strange and rare in our tongue: yet, for so much as I knewe many excellent and proper devises, both in wordes and matter, would passe in the speedie course of reading either as unknowne, or as not marked; and that in this kinde, as in other, we might be equal to the learned of other nations; I thought good to take the paines upon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made privie to his counsaile and secret meaning in them, as also in sundrie other works of his. Which albeit I know he nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much have I adventured upon his friendship, himselfe being for long time farre estraunged; hoping that this will the rather occasion him to put foorth diverse other excellent workes of his, which sleep in silence; as his Dreams, his Legends, his Court of Cupid, and sundrie others, whose commendation to set out were verie vaine, the things though worthie of many, yet being knowne to fewe. These my present paines, if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine owne maister Harvey, to whom I have both in respect of your worthines generally, and otherwise upon some particular and speciall considerations, vowed this my labour, and the maidenheade of this our common friends poetrie; himselfe having alreadie in the beginning dedicated it to the noble and worthie gentleman, the right worshipfull maister Philip Sidney, a speciall favourer and maintainer of all kinde of learning. Whose cause, I pray you, sir, if envie shall stirre up any wrongfull accusation, defend with your mightie rhetoricke and other your rath gifts of learning, as you can, and shield with your good will, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know will bee set on fire with the sparkes of his kindled glorie. And thus recommending the authour unto you, as unto his most speciall good friend, and my selfe unto you both, as one making singular account of two so very

good and so choise friends, I bid you both most hartily farewell, and commit you and your commendable studies to the tuition of the Greatest.

Your owne assuredly to be commaunded,

E. K.

Post scr.

Now I trust, M. Harvey, that upon sight of your special friends and fellow poets doings, or else for envie of so many unworthy quidams, which catch at the garland which to you alone is due, you wil be perswaded to plucke out of the hatefull darknes those so many excellent English poems of yours which lie hid, and bring them forth to eternal light. Trust me, you do both them great wrong, in depriving them of the desired sun; and also your selfe, in smothering your deserved praises; and all men generally, in withholding from them so divine pleasures, which they might conceyve of your gallant English versés, as they have alreadie done of your Latin poems, which, in my opinion, both for invention and elocution are verie delicate and super-excellent. And thus againe I take my leave of my good M. Harvey. From my lodging at London this tenth of Aprill, 1579.

THE

GENERALL ARGUMENT

OF THE

WHOLE BOOKE.

Little, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first originall of aeglogues, having alreadie touched the same. But, for the worde aeglogues I know is unknowen to most, and also mistaken of some of the best learned, (as they thinke) I will say somewhat thereof, beeing not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inventours of them, called Aegiogai, as it were Aegon, or Aeginomon logi, that is, goteheardes tales. For although in Virgil and others the speakers be more shepheards than goatheards, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in Virgil, this specially from that deriving, as from the first heade and wellspring, the whole invention of these aeglogues, maketh goteheards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossnesse of such as by colour of learning would make us beleeve, that they are more rightly tearmed eclogai, as they would say, extraordinarie discourses of unnecessarie matter: which definition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the analysis and interpretation of the worde. For they be not tearmed eclogues, but aeglogues; which sentence this authour verie well observing, upon good indgement, though indeede fewe goatheards have to doe herein, nevertheless doubteth not to call them by the used and best knowen name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion.

These twelve aeglogues, every where aunswering to the seasons of the twelve moneths, may be well divided into three formes or rankes. For either they be plaintive, as the first, the sixt, the eleventh, and the twelfth; or recreative, such as all those bee, which containe matter of love, or commendation of speciall personages; or morall, which for the most part be mixed with some satyricall bitternesse; namely, the second, of reverence due to olde age; the fift, of coloured deceyte; the seventh and ninth, of dissolute shepheards and pastors; the tenth, of contempt of poetrie and pleasant wittes. And to this division may everie thing herein bee reasonable applyed; a few onelie except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not privie to. And thus much generally of these twelve aeglogues. Now will we speake particularlie of all, and first of the first, which hee calleth by the first monethes name, Iannarie: wherein to some hee may seeme fondly to have faulted, in that he erroniously beginneth with that moneth, which beginneth not the yeare. For it is well knowne, and stoutlie maintained with strong reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March; for then the Sunne renueth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasaunce thereof, being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter now worne away, reliveth.

This opinion maintaine the olde astrologers and philosophers, namely, the reverend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holy dayes of Saturne; which account also was generally observed both of Grecians and Romans. But, saving the leave of such learned heades, wee maintaine a custome of counting the seasons from the moneth Ianuarie, uppon a more speciall cause then the heathen philosophers ever could conceyve, that is, for the incarnation of our mightie Saviour, and eternall Redeemer the Lorde Christ, who as then renewing the state of the decayed worlde, and returning the compasse of expyred yeares to theyr former date and first commencement, left to us his heyres a memoriall of his byrth in the end of the last yeare and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our saluation, leaneth also upon good proofe of speciall indgement.

For albeeit that in elder tymes, when as yet the count of the yeare was not perfected, as afterward it was by Iulius Caesar, they began to tell the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is sayde in Scripture) commaunded the people of the Iewes, to count the moneth Abib, that which wee call March, for the first moneth, in remembraunce that in that moneth hee brought them out of the lande of Aegypt: yet, according to tradition of latter times it hath been otherwise observed, both in government of the church and rule of mightiest realmes. For from Iulius Cæsar who first observed the leape yeare, which he called bissextilem annum, and brought into a more certaine course the odde wandring dayes which of the Greekes were called hyperbainontes, of the Romans intercalares, (for in such matter of learning I am forced to use the tearmes of the learned) the moneths have beene numbred

twelve, which in the first ordinance of Romulus were but ten, counting but 304 dayes in everie yeare, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of al the Romane ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the Sunne nor the Moone, thereunto added two moneths, Ianuarie and Februarie; wherin it seemeth, that wise king minded upon good reason to begin the yeare at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called tanquam Ianua anni, the gate and enteraunce of the yeare; or of the name of the god Ianus, to which god for that the olde Paynims attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new comming into the world, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned the beginning and first entrance of the yeare. Which account for the most part hath hitherto continued: notwithstanding that the Egyptians beginne their yeare at September; for that, according to the opinion of the best Rabbines and verie purpose of the Scripture it selfe, God made the worlde in that moneth, that is called of them Tisri. And therefore he commanded them to keepe the feast of pavilions in the ende of the yeare, in the xv day of the seventh moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our authour respecting neither the subtiltie of the one part, nor the antiquitie of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicitie of common understanding, to begin with Ianuarie; weening it perhaps no *decorum* that shepheards should be seene in matter of so deep insight, or canvase a case of so doubtful iudgement. So therefore beginneth he, and so continueth he throughout.

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

JANUARIE.

AEGLOGA PRIMA.

ARGUMENT.

In this first aeglogue Colin Clout, a shepheards boy, complaineth himselfe of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as seemeth) enamoured of a country lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being verie sore travelled, he compareth his careful case to the sad season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleasance and delight, he breaketh his pipe in peeces, and casteth himselfe to the ground.

COLIN CLOUT.

A shepheards boy, (no better doe him call,)
When winters wastful spight was almost spent,
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent:
So faint they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
That now unnethes their feete could them uphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)
May seeme he loved, or else some care hee tooke;
Well couth hee tune his pipe and frame his stile:
Tho to a hill his fainting flocke hee ledde,
And thus him playnde, the while his sheepe thore fedde:

"Yee gods of love! that pitie lovers paine,
(If any gods the paine of lovers pitie)
Looke from above, where you in ioyes remaine,
And bow your eares unto my dolefull dittie.
And, Pan! thou shepheards god, that once didst love,
Pitie the paines that thou thyselfe didst prove.

"Thou barraine ground, whom winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a mirrour to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
Thy sommer prowde, with daffadillies dight;
And now is come thy winters stormie state,
Thy mantle mard wherein thou maskedst late.

"Such rage as winters raigneth in my hart,
My life-bloud freesing with unkindly cold;
Such stormie stoures do breede my balefull smart,
As if my yeare were wast and woxen old;
And yet, alas! but now my spring begonne,
And yet, alas! it is already donne.

"You naked trees, whose shadie leaves are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bowre,
And now are clothd with mosse and hoarie frost,
In steede of blossomes, wherewith your buds did flowre;
I see your teares that from your boughes do raine,
Whose drops in drerie ysicles remaine.

"All so my lustfull leafe is drie and sere,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted;
The blossome which my braunch of youth did beare,
With breathed sighes is blowne away and blasted;
And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

"Thou feeble flocke! whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake through fast and evill fare,
Maist witnesse well, by thy ill government,
Thy maisters mind is overcome with care:
Thou weake, I wanne; thou leane, I quite forlorne:
With mourning pyne I; you with pyning mourne.

"A thousand sithes I curse that carefull houre
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see,
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure
Wherein I sawe so faire a sight as shee:
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane.
Ah, God! that love should breed both ioy and paine!

"It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plaine,
Albee my love hee seeke with dayly suit;
His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
Ah, foolish Hobbinol! thy giftes bene vaine;
Colin them gives to Rosalind againe.

" I love thilke lasse, (alas! why doe I love?)
And am forlorne, (alas! why am I lorne?)
She deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.
Shepheards devise she hateth as the snake,
And laughes the songs that Colin Clout doth make.

" Wherefore, my pype, albee rude Pan thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would;
And thou, unluckie Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing minde, yet canst not when thou should;
Both pype and Muse shall sore the while abye."—
So broke his oaten pype, and down did lye.

By that, the welked Phœbus gan availe
His wearie waine; and now the frostie night
Her mantle black through Heaven gan overhaile:
Which seene, the pensive boy, halfe in despight,
Arose, and homeward drove his sunned sheepe,
Whose hanging heades did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

COLINS EMBLEME.

Anchora speme.

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

FEBRUARIE.

AEGLOGA SECUNDA.

ARGUMENT.

This aeglogue is rather morall and generall then bent to anie secret or particular purpose. It speciallie containeth a discourse of olde age, in the person of Thenot, an old shepheard, who, for his crookednesse and unlustinesse, is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappie heardmans boy. The matter verie well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies, there is a drie and withering cold, which congealeth the cruddled blood, and frieseth the weatherbeaten flesh, with stormes of Fortune and hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth the tale of the Oake and the Brier, so livelie, and so feelinglie, as, if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eies, more plainlie could not appeare.

CUDDIE, THENOT.

CUDDIE.

Ah for pittie! will Fancke, winters rage
These bitter blastes never gin t' asswage? —
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the body gride:
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,
As doen high towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the winde wagge their wriggle tayles
Perke as a peacocke; but now it availes.

THE. Lewdly complainest, thou lasie ladde,
Of winters wracke, for making thee sadde.
Must not the worlde wend in his common course,
From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
From worse unto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormie time,
Where will he live till the lustie prime?
Selfe have I worne out thrise thirtie yeres,
Some in much ioy, many in many teares,
Yet never complained of cold nor heate,
Of sommers flame, nor of winters threate,
Ne ever was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke that ungently came;
And ever my flocke was my chiefe care;
Winter or sommer they mought well fare.

CUD. No marveile, Thenot, if thou can beare
Cherefully the winters wrathfull cheare;
For age and winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold; this crooked, that wrye;
And as the lowring wether lookes downe,
So seemest thou like Good Friday to frowne:
But my flouring youth is foe to frost,
My shippe unwont in stormes to be tost.

THE. The soveraigne of seas he blames in vaine,
That, once sea-beate, will to sea againe:
So loytring live you little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes;
And, when the shining Sunne laugheth once,
You deemen the spring is come attonce;
Tho ginne you, fond flies! the cold to scorne,
And, crowing in pypes made of greene corne,
You thinken to be lords of the yeare;
But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the breme Winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinckles and frosty furrowes,
Drerily shooting his stormie darte,
Which cruddles the bloud and pricks the harte:
Then is your carelesse courage accoyed,
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoyed:
Then pay you the price of your surquedrie,
With weeping, and wailing, and miserie.

CUD. Ah! foolish old man! I scorne thy skill,
That wouldst me my springing youth to spill:
I deeme thy braine emperished bee
Through rustie elde, that hath rotted thee;
Or sicker thy head-verie tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hath lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp:
But were thy yeres greene, as now bene mine,
To other delightes they would encline:
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of love,
And hery with hymnes thy lasses glove;
Tho wouldest thou pype of Phillis praise;
But Phillis is mine for many dayes;
I wonne her with a girdle of golt,
Embost with bugle about the belt:
Such an one shepheards would make full faine;
Such an one would make thee young againe.

THE. Thou art a fon, of thy love to boste;
All that is lent to love will be loste.

CUD. Seest how brag yond bullocke beares,
So smirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares?
His hornes bene as broade as rainebow bent,
His dewelap as lythe as lasse of Kent:
See how he vouteth into the winde;
Weenest of love is not his minde?
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So lustlesse bene they, so weake, so wan;
Clothed with cold, and hoarie with frost,
Thy flockes father his courage hath lost.

Thy ewes, that woont to have blowen bags,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags;
The rather lambes bene starved with cold,
All for their maistor is lustlesse and old.

Tur. Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,
So vainely to advaunce thy headlesse hood;
For youngth is a bubble blowne up with breath,
Whose witte is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wildernesse, whose yrne penaunce,
And stoope gallaunt age, the hoast of greevaunce.
But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of Tityrus in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hilles of Kent?

Cup. To nought more, Thenot, my minde is bent
Then to heare novells of his devise;
They bene so well thewed, and so wise,
What ever that good old man bespake.

Tur. Many meete tales of youth did hee make,
And some of love, and some of chevalrie;
But none fitter then this to applie:
Now listen a while and hearken the end.

"There grewe an aged tree on the greene,
A goodly oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaves they were disarayde:
The bodie bigge, and mightily pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wonderous hight;
Whilome had bene the king of the fielde,
And mochell mast to the husbande did yielde,
And with his nuts larded many swine:
But now the gray mosse marred his rine;
His barad boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, and wasted with wormes,
His honour decayed, his braunches sere.
Hard by his side grewe a bragging brere,
Which prowdly thrust into th' element,
And seemed to threat the firmament:
It was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
And thereto aye wonted to repayre
The shepheards daughters to gather flowres,
To paynte their girlonds with his colowres;
And in his small bushes used to shrowde
The sweete nightingale singing so lowde;
Which made this foolish brere wexe so bold,
That on a time hee cast him to scold
And snebbe the good oake, for hee was old.

"'Why standst there,' quoth he, 'thou brutish blocke?
Nor for fruit nor for shadowe serves thy stocke;
Seest how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
Dyed in lilly white and cremsin redde,
With leaves engrained in lustie green;
Colours meete to clothe a mayden queene?
Thy waste bignes but combers the ground,
And dirks the beautie of my blossomes round:
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloyeth,
My sinamon smell too much annoyeth;
Wherefore soone I rede thee hence remove,
Least thou the price of my displeasure prove.'
So spake this bold brere with great disdaine:
Little him answered the oake againe,
But yeelded, with shame and grief adawed,
That of a weede hee was overcrawed.

"It chaunced after upon a day,
The husbandman selfe to come that way,
Of custome for to survewe his grounde,
And his trees of state in compasse rounde:
Him when the spightefull brere had espyed,
Causelesse complayned, and lowdly cryed
Unto his lord, stirring up sterne strife:

"'O my liege lord! the god of my life,
Pleaseth you ponder your suppliaunts plaint,
Caused of wrong and cruell constraint,
Which I your poore vassall daylie endure;
And, but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like for desperate doole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemie:'

"Greatly agast with this pitcous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And bad the brere in his plaint proceede.
With painted wordes tho gan this proude weede
(As most usen ambitious folke)
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

"'Ah, my soveraigne! lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hande,
To bee the primrose of all thy lande;
With flowring blossomes to furnish the prime,
And scarlet berries in sommer time?
Howe falls it then that this faded oake,
Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,
Unto such tyrannie doth aspire;
Hindering with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing mee of the sweete Sunnes sight?
So beate his old boughes my tender side,
That oft the bloude springeth from woundes wide;
Untimely my flowres forced to fall,
That bene the honour of your coronall:
And oft hee lets his cancker-wormes light
Upon my braunches, to worke me more spight;
And oft his hoarie locks down doth cast,
Wherewith my fresh flowrets bene defast:
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your goodlyhead to asswage
The rankorous rigour of his might;
Nought aske I, but onely to holde my right;
Submitting mee to your good sufferaunce,
And praying to be garded from greevaunce.'

"To this this oake cast him to replie
Well as hee couth; but his enemie
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the goodman noulde stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious heate,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threate:
His harmefull hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas! that it so readie should stand!)
And to the fielde alone hee speedeth,
(Ay little help to harme there needeth!)
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee;
But to the roote bent his sturdie stroake,
And made many woundes in the waste oake.
The axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe unwilling to cutte the graine;
Seemed, the senselesse yron did feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbeare;
For it had been an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mysteree,
And often crost with the priestes crewes,
And often hallowed with holy-water dewe:
But sike fancies weren foolerie,
And broughten this oake to this miserie;
For nought mought they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the goodman at him did laye.
The blocke oft groned under the blow,
And sighed to see his neere overthrow.
In fine, the steele had pierced his pith,
Tho downe to the earth hee fell forthwith.

His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
Th' earth shronke under him, and seemed to shake:
There lyeth the oake, pitied of none!
"Now stands the brere like a lord alone,
Puffed up with pryde and vaine pleasaunce;
But all this glee had no continuaunce:
For eftsoones winter gan to approche:
The blustring Boreas did encroche,
And beate upon the solitarie brere;
For nowe no succour was seene him neere.
Now gan hee repent his pride too late;
For, naked left and disconsolate,
The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
The watrie wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
That nowe upright hee can stand no more;
And, being downe, is trod in the durt
Of cattell, and bronzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was th' end of this ambitious brere,
For scorning eld—"

Cud. Now I pray thee, shepheard, tell it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So long have I listened to thy speeche,
That grassed to the ground is my breche;
My heartblood is well nigh frorne I feele,
And my galage growne fast to my heele;
But little ease of thy lewde tale I tasted:
Hie thee home, shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

THENOTS EMBLEME.

Iddio, perche è vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo essempio.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Niuno vecchio
Spaventa Iddio.

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

MARCH.

AEGLOGA TERTIA.

ARGUMENT.

In this aeglogue two shepheards boyes, taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of love, and other pleasance which to spring-time is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is, to give certaine marks and tokens, to know Cupid the poets god of love. But more particularly, I thinke, in the person of Thomalin, is meant some secret friend, who scorned Love and his knights so long, till at length himselfe was entangled, and unwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupids arrow.

WILLYE. THOMALEN.

WILLYE.

Thomalin, why sitten wee soe,
As weren overwent with woe,
Upon so fayre a morow?
The ioyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the winter sorow.

Tho. Sicker, Willye, thou wamest well;
For winters wrath beginnes to quell,
And pleasaunt spring appeareth:
The grasse nowe ginnes to be refresht,
The swallowe peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie welkin cleareth.

Wil. Seest not thilke same hawthorne studde,
How bragly it begins to budde,
And utter his tender head?
Flora nowe calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make readie Maias bower,
That newe is upryst from bedd:
Tho shall wee sporton in delight,
And dearne with Lettice to wexe light,
That scornefully lookes askaunce;
Tho will we little Love awake,
That nowe sleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Tho. Willye, I ween thou be assot;
For lusty Love still sleepeth not,
But is abroade at his game.

Wil. Howe kenst thou, that hee is awoke?
Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke?
Or made privie to the same?

Tho. No; but happily I him spide,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blewe;
And, were not that my sheepe would stray,
The privie markes I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knew.

Wil. Thomalin, have no care for-thy;
My selfe will have a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine;
For, alas! at home I have a syre,
A stepdame eke, as hote as fyre,
That dewly adayes counts mine.

Tho. Nay, but thy seeing will not serve,
My sheep for that may chaunce to swerve,
And fall into some mischiefe:
For sithens is but the third morow
That I chaunst to fall asleepe with sorow,
And waked againe with griefe;
The while thilke same unhappie ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a dell.
And there unioynted both her bones:
Mought her neck been ioynted attones,
She shoulde have neede no more spell;
Th' elfe was so yanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)
She mought ne gang on the greene.

Wil. Let be, as may be, that is past;
That is to come, let be forecast:
Now tell us what thou hast seene?

Tho. It was upon a holiday,
When shepheards groomes han leave to play,
I cast to go a shooting;
Long wandring up and downe the land,
With bow and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting,
At length within the ivie todde,
(There shrowded was the little god)
I heard a busie bustlings;
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listning if ought did rush,
But then heard no more rustling,
Tho, peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the moving of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not;
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage earned it to awake,
And manfully thereat shotte;

With that sprang forth a naked swayne,
With spotted winges like peacocks trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree;
His gylden quiver at his backe,
And silver bowe, which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at me:
That seeing, I leveld againe,
And shotte at him with might and maine,
As thicke as it had hayled.
So long I shott, that all was spent;
Tho pumie stones I hastly hent,
And threw; but nought avayled:
He was so wimble, and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light,
And oft the pumies latched:
Therewith affrayd I ranne away;
But he, that erst seemd but to play,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heele:
For then I little smart did feele,
But soone it sore increased;
And now it wrankleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore,
Ne wote I how to cease it.
Wil. Thomalin, I pitie thy plight,
Perdie with Love thou diddest light;
I know him by a token:
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught upon a day,
(Whereof he will be wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion crowes had set
That in our peare-tree haunted:
Tho said, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shaftes as then none had,
Els had he sore been daunted.
But see, the welkin thicks apace,
And stouping Phœbus steepes his face;
Yts time to haste us homeward.

WILLYES EMBLEME.

To be wise and eke to love,
Is graunted scarce to gods above.

THOMALINS EMBLEME.

Of hony and of gaule in love there is store;
The hony is much, but the gaule is more.

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

APRIL.

AEGLOGA QUARTA.

ARGUMENT.

This aeglogue is purposely intended to the honour and prayse of our most gratious soveraigne, queene Elizabeth. The speakers hereof bee Hobbinoll and Thenot, two shepheards: the which Hobbinoll, being before mentioned greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complaining him of that boyes great misadventure in love; whereby his mind was alienated and withdrawn not onely from him, who most loved him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasant pyping, as ounning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proofe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to record a song, which the said Colin sometime made in honour of her maiestie, whom abruptly he termeth Elisa.

THENOT. HOBBINOLL.

THENOT.

Tell me, good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete?
What! hath some wolfe thy tender lambes ytorne?
Or is thy bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?
Or art thou of thy loved lasse forlorne?
Or bene thine eyes attempred to the yeare,
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?
Like Aprill showre so stream the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quench thy thirstie paine.
Hob. Nor this, nor that, so much doth make me mourne,
But for the ladde, whom long I lovd so deare,
Now loves a lasse that all his love doth scorne:
He, plunged in paine, his tressed locks doth teare;
Shepheards delights he doth them all forsweare;
His pleasaunt pipe, which made us merriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
His wonted songs wherein he all outwent.
The. What is he for a ladde you so lament?
Ys love such pinching paine to them that prove?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to bridle love?
Hob. Colin thou kenst, the southerne shepheards boye;
Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte:
Whilome on him was all my care and joye,
Forcing with giftes to winne his wanton heart.
But now from me his maidding minde is start,
And wooes the widdowes daughter of the glenne;
So now fayre Rosalind hath bredde his smart;
So now his friend is chaunged for a frenne.
The. But if his ditties bene so trimly dight,
I pray thee, Hobbinoll, recorde some one,
The whiles our flockes do graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in this shade alone.
Hob. Contented I: then will I sing his laye
Of fair Elisa, queene of shepheards all,
Which once he made as by a spring he laye,
And tuned it unto the waters fall.

" Ye daintie Nymphs, that in this blessed brooke
Doe bathe your brest,
Forsake your watrie bowres, and hether looke,
At my request.
And eke you virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
Help me to blaze
Her worthy prayse,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

" Of fair Elisa be your silver song,
That blessed wight,
The flowre of virgins; may she florish long,
In princely plight!
For she is Syrinx daughter without spotte,
Which Pan, the shepheardes god, of her begotte:
So sprong her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

" See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight!)
Yclad in scarlot, like a mayden queene,
And ermines white:
Upon her head a cremosin coronet,
With damaske roses and daffadillies set;
Bayleaves betweene,
And primroses greene,
Embellish the sweete violet.

" Tell me, have ye seene her angelike face,
Like Phœbe fayre?
Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace,
Can you well compare?
The redde rose medled with the white yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten lively chere:
Her modest eye,
Her majestie,
Where have you seene the like but there?

" I sawe Phœbus thrust out his golden hede,
Upon her to gaze;
But, when he saw howe broade her beames did sprede,
It did him amaze.
Hee blusht to see another sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his firie face out showe.
Let him, if hee dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to have the overthrowe.

" Shewe thyself, Cynthia, with thy silver rays,
And be not abasht:
When shee the beames of her beautie displayes,
O how art thou dasht!
But I will not match her with Latonaes seede;
Such follie great sorow to Niobe did breede.
Now shee is a stone,
And makes daylie mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

" Pan may bee prowde that ever hee begot
Such a bellibone;
And Syrinx reioyce, that ever was her lot
To beare such an one.
Soone as my younglinges cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milkwhite lamb:
She is my goddesse plaine,
And I her shepheardes swain,
Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

" I see Calliope speede her to the place,
Where my goddesse shines;
And after her the other Muses trace,
With their violines.
Bene they not bay-braunches which they doe beare,
All for Elisa in her hand to weare?
So sweetelie they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a Heaven is to heare.

" Lo, how finely the Graces can it foote
To the instrument:
They daunce deftly, and singen soote,
In their meriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce even?
Let that rowme to my lasse bee yeven:
She shalbe a Grace,
To fill the fourth place,
And reigne with the resh in Heaven.

" And whither rennes this bevie of ladies bright,
Raunged in a rowe?
They bene all ladyes of the lake behight,
That unto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chiefest nymph of all,
Of olive braunches beares a coronall:
Olives bene for peace,
When warres do surcease:
Such for the princesse bene principall.

" Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
Hye you there apace:
Let none come there but that virgins bene,
To adorne her grace:
And, when you come whereas shee is in place,
See that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:
Binde your fillets faste,
And gird in your waste,
For more fineness, with a tawdrie lace.

" Bring hether the pincke and purple cullambine,
With gellislowres:
Bring coronations, and sops in wine,
Worne of paramoures:
Strowe mee the grounde with daffadowndillies,
And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lillies:
The pretie pawnce,
And the chevisaunce,
Shall match with a fayre flowre Delice.

" Now rise up, Elisa, decked as thou art
In royall aray;
And now yee daintie damsells may depart
Eche one her way.
I feare, I have troubled your troupes too long;
Let dame Elisa thanke you for her song:
And, if you come hether
When damsines I gether,
I will part them all you among."

THE. And was thilke same song of Colins owne making?
Ah! foolish boy! that is with love yblent;
Great pittie is, bee bee in such taking,
For naught caren that bene so lewdly bent.
HOB. Sicker I holde him for a greater fon,
That loves the thing hee cannot purchase.
But let us homeward, for night draweth on,
And twinckling starres the daylight hence chase.

THENOTS EMBLEME.

O quam te memorem Virgo!

HOBBINOLLS EMBLEME.

O Dea certe!

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

MAY.

ARGLOGA QUINTA.

ARGUMENT.

In this fift aeglogue, under the person of two shepheards, Piers and Palinode, be represented two formes of pastours or ministers, or the protestant and the catholike; whose chiefe talke

standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other; with whom having shewed that it is daungerous to maintaine any felowship, or give too much credite to their colourable and fained good wil, he telleth him a tale of the foxe, that, by such a counterpoint of craftinesse, deceyved and devoured the credulous kidde.

PALINODE. PIERS.

PALINODE.

Is not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When love-lads masken in fresh aray?
How falles it, then, wee no merrier beene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
Our bloncket liveries bene all to sadde
For thilke same season, when all is ycladde
With pleasaunce; the ground with grasse, the woods
With greene leaves, the bushes with bloosming buds.
Youngthes folke now flocken in every where,
To gather May-buskets and smelling brere;
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the kirk-pillours eare day-light,
With hawthorne buds, and sweete eglantine,
And girlonds of roses, and soppes in wine.
Such merimake holy saints doth queme,
But wee here sitten as drowned in dreme.

PIERS. For younkers, Palinode, such follies fitte,
But wee tway bene men of elder witte.

PAL. Sicker this morow, no longer agoe,
I sawe a shole of shepheardes outgoe
With singing, and shouting, and iolly chere:
Before them yode a lustie tabrere,
That to the many a horn-pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see those folks make such iovysaunce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce:
Tho to the greene wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall;
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king; and his queene attone
Was lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flocke of faeries, and a fresh bend
Of lovely nymphes. (O, that I were there,
To helpen the ladies their Maybush beare!)
Ah! Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke
How great sport they gaynen with little swinck?

PIERS. Perdie, so farre am I from envie,
That their fondnesse inly I pitie:
Those faytours little regarden their charge,
While they, letting their sheep runne at large,
Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
In lustihede and wanton meryment.
Thilke same bene shepheardes for the devils stedde,
That playen while their flockes be unfedde:
Well it is seene their sheepe bene not their owne,
That letten them runne at random alone:
But they bene hyred for litle pay
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,
And get all the gayne, paying but a peece.
I muse, what account both these will make;
The one for the hire, which he doth take,
And th' other for leaving his lordes taske,
When great Pan account of shepheards shall aske.

PAL. Sicker, now I see thou speakest of spight,
All for thou lackest somdele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be envied,
All were it of my foe, then fonly pitied;
And yet, if neede were, pitied would be,
Rather then other should scorne at me;
For pittied is mishap that nas remedie,
But scorned bene deedes of fond foolerie.
What shoulden shepheards other things tend,
Then, sith their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
The while they here liven at ease and leasure?
For, when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,
They sleepen in rest, well as other moe:
Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,
But what they left behinde them is lost.
Good is no good, but if it be spend;
God giveth good for none other end.

PIERS. Ah! Palinode, thou art a worldes child:
Who touches pitch, mought needs be defilde;
But shepheards (as Algrind used to say)
Mought not live ylike as men of the laye.
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:
They must provide for meanes of maintenaunce,
And to continue their wont countenaunce:
But shepheard must walke another way,
Sike worldly sovenance he must forsay.
The sonne of his loines why should he regard
To leave enriched with that he hath spard?
Should not thilke God, that gave him that good,
Eke cherish his child, if in his waies he stood?
For if he mislive in lewdness and lust,
Little bootes all the wealth, and the trust,
That his father left by inheritaunce;
All will be soon wasted with misgovernaunce:
But through this, and other their miscreaunce,
They maken many a wrong chevisaunce,
Heaping up waves of wealth and woe,
The flouds whereof shall them overflow.
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better than to the apes foolish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet, God wote, such cause had shee none,)
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
Shee stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So oftentimes, when as good is meant,
Evil ensueth of wrong entent.
The time was once, and may again retorne,
(For ought may happen, that hath been beforne,)
When shepheards had none inheritaunce,
Ne of land nor fee in sufferaunce,
But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
(Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
Well ywis was it with shepheards thoe:
Nought having, nought feared they to forgoe:
For Pan himselfe was their inheritaunce,
And little them served for their maintenaunce.
The shepheards God so well them guided,
That of nought they were unprovided;
Butter enough, honny, milke, and whay,
And their flockes fleeces them to araye:
But tract of time, and long prosperitie,
(That nourse of vice, this of insolencie,)
Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
That, not content with loyall obeysaunce,
Some gan to gape for greedie governaunce,
And match them selfe with mightie potentates,
Lovers of lordship, and troublers of states:
Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke aloft,
And leave to live hard, and learne to ligge soft:

Tho, under colour of shepheards, somewhile
There crept in wolves, full of fraud and guile,
That often devoured their owne sheepe,
And often the shopheards that did hem keep:
This was the first sourse of shepheards sorow,
That now nill be quitt with baile nor borow.

PAL. Three thinges to beare bene very burden-[ous,
But the fourth to forbeare is outragious:
Wemen, that of loves longing once lust,
Hardly forbearen; but have it they must:
So when choler is inflamed with rage,
Wanting revenge, is hard to asswage:
And who can counsell a thirstie soule,
With patience to forbeare the offred bowle?
But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Most is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I weene the geaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the Heavens height.
Thou findest fault where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke upon a weake ground:
Thou raylest on right withouten reason,
And blamest hem much for small encheason.
How shoulden shepheardes live, if not so?
What? should they pynen in payne and woe?
Nay, say I thereto, by my dear borow,
If I may rest, I nill live in sorow.

Sorow ne needs be hastened on,
For he will come, without calling, anone.
While times enduren of tranquillitie,
Usen we freely our felicitie;
For, when approchen the stormie stowres,
We mought with our shoulders bear off the sharp showres;
And, sooth to sayne, nought seemeth sike strife,
That shepheards so witen eche others life,
And layen her faults the worlds beforne,
The while their foes done eache of hem scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended;
So conteck soone by concord mought be ended.

PIERS. Shepheard, I list no accordaunce make
With shepheard, that does the right way forsake;
And of the twaine, if choise were to me,
Had lever my foe then my friend he be;
For what concord han light and darke sam?
Or what peace has the lion with the lambe?
Such faitors, when theyr false hearts bene hidde,
Will doe as did the foxe by the kidde.

PAL. Now, Piers, of fellowship, tell us that saying;
For the lad can keep both our flockes from straying.

PIERS. Thilke same kidde (as I can well devise)
Was too very foolish and unwise;
For on a time, in sommer season,
The gate her dame, that had good reason,
Yode forth abroad unto the greene wood,
To brouze, or play, or what she thought good:
But, for she had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
She set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and lovely to see,
And full of favour as kidde mought be.
His vellet head began to shoote out,
And his wreathed horns gan newly sprout;
The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,
And spring forth rankely under his chinne.
"My sonne," (quoth she, and with that gan weepe;
For carefull thoughtes in her heart did creepe;)
"God blesse thee, poore orphane! as he mought me,
And send thee joy of thy iollitie.
Thy father," (that worde shee spake with payne,
For nigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine,)
"Thy father, had he lived this day,
To see the braunche of his body displaye,
How would he have joyed at this sweete sight?
But ah! false Fortune such joy did him spight,
And cut off his dayes with untimely woe,
Betraying him into the traynes of his foe.
Now I, a wailefull widowe behight,
Of my olde age have this one delight,
To see thee succeede in thy fathers steade,
And flourish in flowres of lustihead;
For even so thy father his head upheld,
And so his haughty hornes did he weld."

Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throbe from her heart did arise,
And interrupted all her other speeche
With some olde sorow that made a new breache;
Seemed she saw in her younglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
At last her solein silence she broke,
And gan his new-budded beard to stroke.
"Kiddie," quoth she, "thou kenst the great care
I have of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wilde beastes liggen in waite
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the foxe, maister of collusion;
For he has vow'd thy last confusion.
Forthy, my kiddie, be rulde by me,
And never give trust to his trecheree;
And, if he chaunce come when I am abroade,
Sperre the yate fast, for fear of fraude;
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the dore at his request."

So schooled the gate her wanton sonne,
That aunswer'd his mother, all should be done.
Tho went the pensive damme out of dore,
And chaunst to stumble at the threshold flore;
Her stombling steppe somewhat her amazed,
(For such, as signes of ill lucke, bene dispraised;)
Yet forth she yode, thereat half agast;
And kiddie the dore sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after she was gone,
But the false foxe came to the dore anone;
Not as a foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
Bearing a trusse of trifles at his backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses, in his packe:
A biggen he had got about his braine;
For in his heddpeace he felt a sore paine:
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had got the gout:
There at the dore he cast me downe his pack,
And layd him downe, and groned, "Alack! alack!
Ah! dear Lord! and sweet Saint Charitee!
That some good body would once pitie mee!"

Well heard kiddie all this sore constraint,
And lengd to know the cause of his complaint;
Tho, creeping close behinde the wickets clink,
Privily he peeped out through a chinck,
Yet not so privily but the foxe him spyed;
For deceitful meaning is double-eyed.
"Ah! good young maister," then gan he cryc,
"Jesus blesse that sweete face I espye,
And keep your corpse from the carefull stounds
That in my carrion carcas abounds."

The kidd, pittying his heavinesse,
Asked the cause of his great distressse,
And also who, and whence that he were.

Tho he, that had well yeond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare;

" Sicke, sicke, alas! and little lacke of dead,
But I be relieved by your beastlyhead.
I am a poore sheepe, albe my colour donne,
For with long travaile I am brent in the sonne;
And if that, my grandsire me sayd, be true,
Sicker, I am very sybbe to you;
So be your goodlihead do not disdaine
The base kinred of so simple swaine.
Of mercy and favour then I you pray,
With your ayde to forestall my nere decay."
Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke,
Wherein while kiddie unwares did looke,
He was so enamored with the newell,
That nought he deemed deare for the iewell:
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The false foxe, as he were starke lame:
His tayle he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,
Lest he should be descried by his trayne.
Being within, the kidd made him good glee,
All for the love of the glasse he did see.
After his chere, the pedler can chat,
And tell many leasinges of this and that,
And how he could shew many a fine knack;
Tho shewed his ware and opened his packe,
All saye a bell, which he left behinde
In the basket for the kidd to finde;
Which when the kidd stouped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch;
Ne stayed he once the dore to make fast,
But ranne away with him in all hast.
Home when the doubtfull damme had her hide,
She mought see the dore stand open wide;
All agast, lowdly she gan to call
Her kidd; but he nould aunswere at all:
Tho on the flore she saw the merchaundise
Of which her sonne had sette too deere a prise.
What help! her kidd she knew well was gone:
She weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
Such end had the kidd, for he nould warned be
Of craft, coloured with simplicitie;
And such end, perdie, does all hem remayne,
That of such falsers friendship bene fayne.

PAL. Truely, Piers, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit.
Now, I pray thee, let me thy tale borow,
For our sir John, to say to morow
At the kerke when it is holiday;
For well he meanes, but little can say.
But, and if foxes bene so craftie as so,
Much needeth all shepheards hem to know.

PIERS. Of their falshode more could I recount,
But now the bright Sunne gynneth to dismount;
And, for the dewie night now doth nye,
I hold it best for us home to hye.

PALINODES EMBLEME.

Pas men apistos apistei,

PIERS HIS EMBLEME.

Tis d'ara pistis apisto;

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

IUNE.

AEGLOGA SEXTA.

ARGUMENT.

This aeglogue is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill successe in his love. For being (as is aforesaid) enamored of a country lasse Rosalind, and having (as seemeth) found place in her heart, hee lamenteth to his deare friend Hobbinoll, that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his steade Menalcas, another shepheard, received disloyally. And this is the whole argument of this aeglogue.

HOBBINOLL. COLIN CLOUT.

HOBBINOLL.

Lo! Colin, here the place whose pleasaunt syte
From other shades hath weand my wandring minde,
Tell mee, what wants mee here to worke delyte?
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling winde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I finde;
The grassie grounde with daintie daysies dight,
The bramble bush, where byrdes of every kinde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COL. O, happie Hobbinoll, I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast founde which Adam lost:
Here wander may thy flocke early or late,
Withouten dread of wolves to bene ytost;
Thy lovely layes here maist thou freely boste:
But I, unhappie man! whom cruell fate
And angrie gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can no where finde to shroude my lucklesse pate.

HOB. Then, if by mee thou list advised bee,
Forsake the soyle that so doth thee bewitch;
Leave mee those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holy-bush, nor brere, nor winding ditch;
And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritch,
And fruitful flocks, bene every where to see:
Here no night-ravens lodge, more black then pitch,
Nor elvish ghosts, nor gastly owles doe flee;

But friendly faeries, met with many graces,
And lightfoote nymphes, can chace the lingring night
With heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst Sisters nine, which dwell on Parnasse hight,
Doe make them musick for their more delight;
And Pan himselfe to kisse their christall faces
Will pype and daunce, when Phoebe shineth bright:
Such pierlesse pleasures have wee in these places.

COL. And I, whylst youth, and course of carelesse yeeres,
Did let mee walke withouten lincks of love,
In such delights did ioy amongst my peeres;
But ryper age such pleasures doth reproove:
My fansie eke from former follies moove
To stayed steps; for time in passing weares,
(As garments doen, which wexen olde above,)
And draweth newe delights with hoarie haires.

Tho couth I sing of love, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made;
Tho would I seeke for queene-apples unripe;
To give my Rosalind, and in sommer shade
Dight gaudie girlonds was my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks; but yeares more ripe,
And losse of her, whose love as lyfe I wayde,
Those weary wanton toyes away did wype.

HOB. Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
Which thou wert wont on wastefull hilles to sing,
I more delight then larke in sommer dayes,
Whose eccho made the neighbour groves to ring,

And taught the byrdes, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaves from sunny rayes,
Frame to thy songe their cheerefull cheriping,
Or holde their peace, for shame of thy sweete layes.

I sawe Calliope with Muses moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sounde,
Their yvory lutes and tamburins forgoe,
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,
Renne after hastely thy silver sound;
But, when they came where thou thy skill didst showe,
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound
Shepheard to see, them in their arte outgoe.

Cor. Of Muses, Hobbinoll, I conne no skill,
For they bene daughters of the highest Iove,
And holden scorne of homely shepheards quill;
For sith I heard that Pan with Phœbus strove,
Which him to much rebuke and daunger drove,
I never list presume to Parnasse hill,
But, pyping low in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please myselfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth praise or blame,
Ne strive to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
With shepheard fittes not followe flying Fame,
But feede his flocke in fieldes where falls hym best.
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest;
The fitter they my carefull case to frame:
Enough is mee to paint out my unrest,
And powre my piteous plaintes out in the same.

The god of shepheards, Tityrus, is dead,
Who taught mee homely, as I can, to make:
Hee, whilst hee lived, was the soveraigne head
Of shepheards all that bene with love ytake:
Well couth hee waile his woes, and lightly slake
The flames which love within his heart had bredde,
And tell us merry tales to keepe us wake,
The while our sheepe about us safely fedde.

Nowe dead hee is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
(O why should Death on him such outrage showe!)
And all his passing skill with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth daylie greater growe.
But, if on mee some little drops would flowe
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
I soone would learne these woods to waile my woe,
And teache the trees their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaintes, causde of discurtesee,
As messengers of this my plainfull plight,
Flye to my love where ever that shee bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight,
As shee deserves, that wrought so deadly spight.
And thou, Menalcas! that by trecheree
Didst undermine my lasse to wexe so light,
Shalt well be knowne for such thy villanee.

But sithe I am not as I wishe I were,
Ye gentle shepheards! whiich your flocks doe feede,
Whether on hylles, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of this so wicked deede;
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a weede,
And faultlesse faith is turn'd to faithlesse fere,
That shee the truest shepheards heart made bleede
That lyves on Earth, and loved her most dere.

Hob. O! carefull Colin, I lamen thy case;
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe!
Ah! faithlesse Rosalind, and voyde of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe!
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then rise, yee blessed flocks! and home apace,
Lest night with stealing steppes do you foresloe,
And wett your tender lambs that by you trace.

COLINS EMBLEME.

Gia speme spenta.

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

IULY.

AEGLOGA SEPTIMA.

ARGUMENT.

This aeglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepheards, and to the shame and dispraise of proud and ambitious pastours: such as Morrell is here imagined to be.

THOMALIN, MORRELL.

THOMALIN.

Is not thilke same a goteheard prowde,
That sittes on yonder bancke,
Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde
Emong the bushes ranecke?
Mor. What, ho, thou iolly shepheardes swaine,
Come up the hill to me;
Better is then the lowly plaine,
Als for thy flocke and thee.
Thom. Ah! God shield, man, that I should clime,
And learne to lopke alofte;
This rede is rife, that oftentime
Great clymbers fall unsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
The trode is not so tickle,
And though one fall through heedless hast,
Yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the Sunne hath reared upp
His fierie-footed teme,
Making his way between the cupp
And golden diademe;
The rampant lyon hunts he fast,
With dogges of noysome breath,
Whose balefull barking bringes in hast
Pyne, plagues, and dreerie death.
Against his cruell scorching heate,
Where thow hast coverture,
The wastefull hilles unto his threate
Is a plaine overture:
But, if thee lust to holden chat
With seely shepheardes swayne,
Come downe, and learne the little what,
That Thomalin can sayne.
Mor. Syker thous but a lewse loord,
And rekes much of thy swinck,
That with fond termes, and witlesse wordes,
To blere mine eyes doest thinke.

In evill houre thou hentst in hond
Thus holy hilles to blame,
For sacred unto saints they stond,
And of them han their name.
St. Michels Mount who does not know,
That wardes the western coast?
And of St. Brigets Bowre I trow
All Kent can rightly boast:
And they that con of Muses skill
Sayne most-what, that they dwell
(As gote-heardes wont) upon a hill,
Beside a learned well.
And wonned not the great good Pan
Upon mount Olivet,
Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,
Which did himselfe beget?
Thom. O blessed sheepe! O Shepheard great!
That bought his flocke so deare,
And them did save with bloudy sweat
From wolves that would them teare.
Mon. Beside, as holy Fathers sayne,
There is a holy place
Where Titan riseth from the mayne
To renne his dayly race,
Upon whose toppe the starres bene stayed,
And all the skie doth leane;
There is the cave where Phœbe layed
The shepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there used shepheardes all
To feede theyr flockes at will,
Till by his folly one did fall,
That all the rest did spill.
And, sithens shepheards bene foresayd
From places of delight,
For-thy I weene thou be afrayd
To clime this hilles height.
Of Synah can I tell thee more,
And of our Ladyes Bowre;
But little needes to strow my store,
Suffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy Faunes recourse,
And Sylvanes haunten rathe;
Here has the salt Medway his sourse,
Wherein the Nymphes doe bathe;
The salt Medway, that trickling stremes
Adowne the dales of Kent,
Till with his elder brother Themes
His brackish waves he meynt.
Here growes melampode every where,
And teribinth, good for gotes;
The one my madding kidds to smere,
The next to heale their throates.
Hereto, the hilles bene nigher Heaven,
And thence the passage ethe;
As well can proove the piercing levin,
That seldome falles beneath.
Thom. Syker thou speakes like a lewd lorrell,
Of Heaven to demen so;
How be I am but rude and borrell,
Yet nearer waies I know.
To kerke the nawre, from God more fawre,
Has bene an olde-said sawe;
And he, that strives to touche a starre,
Oft stombles at a strawe.
Alsoone may shepheard climbe to skie
That leades in lowly dales,
As gotcherd prowd, that, sitting hie,
Upon the mountayne sayles.
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
They weede not melampode,
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
And lyken their abode;
But, if they with thy gotes should yede,
They soone might be corrupted,
Or like not of the frowie fede,
Or with the weedes be glutted.
The hilles, where dwelled holy saints,
I reverence and adore,
Not for themselfe, but for the saincts
Which han bene dead of yore.
And now they bene to Heaven forewent,
Their good is with them goe;
Their sample onely to us lent,
That als we mought doe soe.
Shepheards they weren of the best,
And lived in lowly leas:
And, sith they soules be now at rest,
Why done we them disease?
Such one he was (as I have heard
Old Algrind often sayne),
That whilome was the first shepheard,
And lived with little gayne:
And meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
Simple as simple sheepe;
Humble, and like in eche degree
The flocke which he did keepe.
Often he used of his keepe
Sacrifice to bring,
Now with a kidd, now with a sheepe,
The altars hallowing.
So lowted he unto his lord,
Such favour couth he finde,
That never sithens was abhord
The simple shepheards kinde.
And such, I weene, the brethren were
That came from Canaän,
The brethren twelve, that kept yfere
The flockes of mightie Pan.
But nothing such thilke shepheard was
Whom Ida hill did beare,
That left his flocke to fetche a lasse,
Whose love he bought too deare:
For he was proud, that ill was payd,
(No such mought shepheards be!)
And with lewd lust was overlaid;
Tway things doen ill agree.
But shepheard mought be meeke and mild,
Well-eyed, as Argus was,
With fleshly follies undefiled,
And stoute as steede of brasse.
Sike one (sayd Algrind) Moses was,
That sawe his Makers face,
His face, more cleare then cristall glasse,
And spake to him in place.
This had a brother (his name I knewe)
The first of all his cote,
A shepheard true, yet not so true
As he that earst I hote.
Whilome all these were low and liefe,
And loved theyr flockes to feede;
They never stroven to be chiefe,
And simple was theyr weede:
But now (thanked be God therefore!)
The world is well amend,
Theyr weedes bene not so nighly wore;
Such simplesse mought them shend!
They bene yclad in purple and pall,
So hath theyr God them blist;
They reigne and rulen over all,
And lord it as they list;

Ygyrt with beltes of glitterand gold.
(Mought they good shepheards bene!)
Their Pan their sheepe to them has sold,
I say as some have seene.
For Palinode (if thou him ken)
Yode late on pilgrimage
To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then
He sawe thilke misusage;
For shepheardes (sayd he) there doen lead,
As lordes done other where;
Their sheep han crusts, and they the bread;
The chippes, and they the cheere:
They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
(O seely sheepe the while!)
The corne is theyrs, let other thresh,
Their handes they may not file.
They han great store and thriftie stockes,
Great friendes and feeble foes;
What needs hem careu for their flockes,
Theyr boyes can looke to those.
These wisards welter in wealths waves,
Pampred in pleasures deepe;
They han fat kernes, and leany knaves,
Their fasting flockes to keepe.
Sike mister men bene all misgone,
They heapen hilles of wrath;
Sike syrlie shepheards han we none,
They keepen all the path.
Mor. Here is a great deale of good matter
Lost for lacke of telling;
Now sicker I see thou dost but clatter,
Harme may come of melling.
Thou meddlest more, then shall have thank,
To witen shepheards wealth;
When folke bene fat, and riches ranck,
It is a signe of health.
But say mee, what is Algrind, hee
That is so oft bynempt?
Thom. Hee is a shepheard great in gree,
But hath bene long ypent:
One day hee sat upon a hill,
As now thou wouldest mee;
But I am taught, by Algrinds ill,
To love the lowe degree;
For sitting so with bared scalp;
An eagle sored hye,
That, weening his white head was chalke,
A shell-fish downe let flye;
Shee weend the shell-fish to have broke,
But therewith bruzd his brayne;
So now, astonied with the stroke,
Hee lyes in lingring payne.
Mor. Ah! good Algrind! his hap was ill,
But shall be better in time:
Now farewell, shepheard, sith this hill
Thou hast such doubt to clime.

PALINODES EMBLEME.
In medio virtus.

MORRELLS EMBLEME.
In summo felicitas.

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

AUGUST.

AEGLOGA OCTAVA.

ARGUMENT.

In this aeglogue is set forth a delectable controversie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgil fashioned his third and seventh aeglogue. They chose for umpere of their strife, Cuddy, a neat-heards boye; who, having ended their cause, receiteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin he saith was authour.

WILLIE, PERIGOT, CUDDIE.

WILLIE.

Tell mee, Perigot, what shalbe the game,
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy musick matche?
Or bene thy bagpypes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the crampe thy ioynts benomd with ache?
Per. Ah! Willie, when the hart is ill assayde,
How can bagpype or ioynts be well apayde?
Wil. What the foule evill hath thee so bestad?
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
And, wont to make the iolly shepheards glad,
With pyping and dauncing didst passe the rest.
Per. Ah! Willie, now I have learnd a new daunce;
My old musick mard by a new mischaunce.
Wil. Mischiefe mought to that mischaunce befall,
That so hath raft us of our merriment;
But tede me what paine doth thee so apall;
Or lovest thou, or bene thy younglinges miswent?
Per. Love hath misled both my younglinges and me;
I pine for payne, and they my paine to see.
Wil. Perdie, and well awaye! ill may they thrive;
Never knew I lovers sheepe in good plight:
But and if in rymes with me thou dare strive,
Such fond fantasies shall soone be put to flight.
Per. That shall I doe, though mochell worse I fared:
Never shall be sayde that Perigot was dared.
Wil. Then loe, Perigot, the pledge which I plight,
A mazer ywrought of the maple warre,
Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight
Of beares and tygers, that maken fiers warre;
And over them spred a goodly wilde vine,
Entrailed with a wanton yvy twine.

Thereby is a lambe in the wolves iawes;
But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swaine
To save the innocent from the beastes pawes,
And here with his sheepehooke hath him slaine.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou ever seene?
Well mought it beseeme any harvest queene.

Per. Thereto will I pawne yonder spotted lambe;
Of all my flocke there nis sike another,
For I brought him up without the dambe;
But Colin Clout rafte me of his brother,
That he purchast of me in the plaine field;
Sore against my will was I forst to yeeld.

Wil. Sicker, make like account of his brother;
But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?
Per. That shall yonder heardgrome and none other,
Which over the pousse hetherward doth post.
Wil. But, for the sunnbeame so sore doth us beate,
Were not better to shunne the scortching heate? [swayne;
Per. Well agreed, Willie; then set thee downe,
Sike a song never heardest thou but Colin sing. [twayne;
Cud. Gynne, when ye list, ye iolly shepheardes
Sike a iudge, as Cuddie, were for a king.
Per. "It fell upon a holy eve,
Wil. Hey, ho, holiday!
Per. When holy Fathers wont to shrieve;
Wil. Now gynneth this roundelay.
Per. Sitting upon a hill so hie,
Wil. Hey, ho, the high hill!
Per. The while my flocke did feede thereby;
Wil. The while the shepheard selfe did spill;
Per. I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
Wil. Hey, ho, Bonnibell!
Per. Tripping over the dale alone;
Wil. She can trip it very well.
Per. Well decked in a frocke of gray,
Wil. Hey, ho, gray is greet!
Per. And in a kirtle of greene saye,
Wil. The greene is for maydens meet.
Per. A chapelet on her head she wore,
Wil. Hey, ho, chapelet!
Per. Of sweete violets therein was store,
Wil. She sweeter then the violet.
Per. My sheepe did leave their wonted food,
Wil. Hey, ho, seely sheepe!
Per. And gazd on her as they were wood,
Wil. Wood as he that did them keepe.
Per. As the bonilasse passed bye,
Wil. Hey, ho, bonilasse!
Per. She royde at mee with glauncing eye,
Wil. As cleare as the cristall glasse:
Per. All as the sunny beame so bright,
Wil. Hey, ho, the sunne-beame!
Per. Glaunceth from Phœbus face forthright,
Wil. So love into thy heart did streame:
Per. Or as the thonder cleaves the cloudes,
Wil. Hey, ho, the thonder!
Per. Wherein the lightsome levin shroudes,
Wil. So cleaves thy soule asonder:
Per. Or as dame Cynthias silver ray,
Wil. Hey, ho, the moonelight!
Per. Upon the glittering wave doth play,
Wil. Such play is a pitteous plight.
Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Wil. Hey, ho, the glyder!
Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
Wil. Such woundes soon wexen wider.
Per. Hasting to raunch the arrowe out,
Wil. Hey, ho, Perigot!
Per. I left the head in my heart-root,
Wil. It was a desperate shot.
Per. There it ranckleth aye more and more,
Wil. Hey, ho, the arrow!
Per. Ne can I find salve for my sore,
Wil. Love is a careless sorrow.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Wil. Hey, ho, heavie cheere!
Per. Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought,
Wil. So you may buye golde too deere.
Per. But whether in paynefull love I pyne,
Wil. Hey, ho, pinching payne!
Per. Or thrive in wealth, she shal be mine,
Wil. But if thou can her obtaine.
Per. And if for gracelesse griefe I dye,
Wil. Hey, ho, gracelesse griefe!
Per. Witnesse she slue me with her eye,
Wil. Let thy folly be the priefe.
Per. And you, that sawe it, simple sheepe,
Wil. Hey, ho, the fayre flocke!
Per. For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,
Wil. And mone with many a mocke.
Per. So learnd I love on a holy eve,
Wil. Hey, ho, holy-day!
Per. That ever since my heart did greve,
Wil. Now endeth our roundelay."
Cud. Sicker, sike a roundle never heard I none;
Little lacketh Perigot of the best,
And Willie is not greatly overgone,
So weren his under-songes well addrest.
Wil. Heardgrome, I fear me thou have a squint eye;
Areede uprightly, who has the victorie.
Cud. Fayth of my soule, I deeme eche have gained;
Forthy let the lambe be Willie his owne;
And for Perigot, so well hath him payned,
To him be the wroughten mazer alone.
Per. Perigot is well pleased with the doome,
Ne can Willie wite the witelesse heardgroome.
Wil. Never dempt more right of beautie, I weene,
The shepheard of Ida that iudged beauties queene.
Cud. But tell me, shepheards, should it not yshend
Your roundels fresh, to heare a dolefull verse
Of Rosalind (who knowes not Rosalind?)
That Colin made? yike can I you rehearse.
Per. Now say it, Cuddie, as thou art a ladde;
With mery thing is good to medle sadde.
Wil. Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrouned be
In Colins steede, if thou this song areede;
For never thing on Earth so pleaseth me
As him to heare, or matter of his deede.
Cud. Then listen ech unto my heavie lay,
And tune your pypes as ruthfull as yee may.

"Ye wastefull woodes! bear witnesse of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resounde;
Ye carelesse byrds are privy to my eryes,
Which in your songs were woont to make a part:
Thou, pleasaunt spring, hast luld mee oft asleepe,
Whose streames my trickling teares did oft augment!

"Resort of people doth my griefes augment,
The walled towns doe work my greater woe;
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow eccho of my carefull cries:
I hate the house, since thence my love did part,
Whose wailefull want debars mine eyes of sleepe.

"Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe;
Let all, that sweete is, voyd; and all, that may augment [woe
My dole, draw neere!. More meete to waile my
Bene the wilde woods, my sorows to resound,
Then bed, nor bowre, both which I till with cries,
When I them see so waste, and finde no part

"Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastfull grove therefore, till my last sleep
Doo close mine eyes; so shall I not augment
With sight of such as chaunge my restlesse woe.
Help me, yee banefull byrds! whose shrieking sound
Is signe of dreery death, my deadly cries

" Most ruthfully to tune: and as my cryes
(Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
You heare all night, when Nature craveth sleep,
Increase, so let your yrksome yelles augment.
Thus all the nightes in plaintes, the daye in woe,
I vowed have to waste, till safe and sound

" She home returne, whose voyces silver sound
To cheerefull songes can chaunge my cheerelesse cries.
Hence with the nightingale will I take part,
That blessed byrd, that spendes her time of sleepe
In songes and plaintive pleas, the more t' augment
The memorie of his misdeede that bred her woe.

" And you that feel no woe, when as the sound
Of these my nightlie cries ye heare apart,
Let breake your sounder sleepe, and pitie augment."

Per. O Colin, Colin! the shepheardes ioye,
How I admire ech turning of thy verse;
And Cuddie, freshe Cuddie, the liefest boye,
How dolefully his dole thou didst rehearse!
Cud. Then blow your pypes, shepheards, till you be at home;
The night higheth fast, yts time to be gone.

PERIGOT HIS EMBLEME.

Vincenti gloria victi.

WILLYES EMBLEME.

Vinto non vitto.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Felice chi puo.

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

SEPTEMBER.

AEGLOGA NONA.

ARGUMENT.

Herein Diggon Davie is devised to be a shepheard, that, in hope of more gaine, drove his sheepe into a farre countrey. The abuses whereof, and loose living of popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demaund, he discourseth at large.

HOBBINOLL, DIGGON DAVIE.

HOBBINOLL.

Diggon Davie! I bid her god day;
Or Diggon her is, or I missay.
Dig. Her was her, while it was day-light,
But nowe her is a most wretched wight:
For day, that was, is wightly past,
And now at earst the dirke night doth hast.
Hob. Diggon, ariede who has thee so dight;
Never I wist thee in so poore a plight.
Where is the fayre flocke thou was wont to lead?
Or bene they chaffred, or at mischiefe dead!
Dig. Ah! for love of that is to thee most leefe,
Hobbinoll, I pray thee gall not my olde greefe;
Sike question rippeth up cause of new woe,
For one, opened, mote unfold many moe.
Hob. Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in heart,
I know, to keepe is a burdenous smart:
Ech thing imparted is more eath to beare:
When the rayne is fallen, the clouds waxen cleare.
And now, sithence I saw thy head last,
Thrise three moones bene fully spent and past;
Since when thou hast measured much grouud,
And wandred weele about the world round,
So as thou can many thinges relate;
But tell me first of thy flockes estate.
Dig. My sheepe bene wasted; (wae is me therefore!)
The iolly shepheard that was of yore,
Is now nor iolly, nor shepheard more.
In forreine coastes men sayd was plentie;
And so there is, but all of miserie:
I dempt there much to have eeked my store,
But such eeking hath made my heart sore.
In tho countries, whereas I have bene,
No beeing for those that truly mene;
But for such, as of guile maken gaine,
No such country as there to remaine;
They setten to sale theyr shops of shame,
And maken a mart of theyr good name:
The shepheards there robben one another,
And layen baytes to beguile her brother;
Or they will buye his sheepe out of the cote,
Or they will carven the shepheardes throte.
The shepheardes swayne you cannot well ken,
But it be by his pride, from other men;
They looken bigge as bulles that bene bate,
And bearen the oragge so stiffe and so state,
As cocke on his dunghill crowing craunck.
Hob. Diggon, I am so stiffe and so stanck,
That uneth may I stand any more;
And now the westerne winde bloweth sore,
That now is in his chiefe soveraigntee,
Beating the witherèd leafe from the tree;
Sitte we downe here under the hill;
Tho may we talke and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustering blast:
Now say on, Diggon, whatever thou hast.
Dig. Hobbin, ah Hobbin! I curse the stound
That ever I cast to have lorne this ground:
Wel-away the while I was so fond
To leave the good that I had in hond,
In hope of better that was unkouth;
So lost the dogge the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheepe (ah! seely sheepe!)
That here by there I wilome used to keepe,
All were they lustie as thou diddest see,
Bene all starved with pyne and penuree;
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke paine,
Driven for needs to come home againe.
Hob. Ah! fon, now by thy losse art taught
That seldom chaunge the better brought:
Content who lives with tryed state,
Needs feare no chaunge of frowning Fate;
But who will seeke for unknowne gayne,
Oft lives by losse, and leaves with payne.
Dig. I wote ne, Hobbin, how I was bewitcht
With vayne desire and hope to be enricht:
But, sicker, so it is, as the bright starre
Seemeth ave greater when it is farre:
I thought the soyle would have made me rich,
But now I wote it is nothing siche;
For eyther the shepheards bene ydle and still,
And ledde of theyr sheepe what way they will,

Or they ben false, and full of covetise,
And casten to compasse many wronge emprise:
But the more bene fraight with fraud and spight,
Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight,
But kindle coales of conteck and yre,
Where with they set all the world on fire;
Which when they thinken againe to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench.
They saye they con to Heaven the high-way,
But by my soule I dare undersaye
They never sette foote in that same troad,
But balke the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the Devill at commaund,
But aske hem therefore what they han paund:
Marrie! that great Pan bought with deare borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrow.
But they han sold thilke same long egoe,
For they woulden draw with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name;
As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.

Hob. Diggon, I praye thee speake not so dirke;
Such myster saying me seemeth to-mirke.

Dig. Then, plainly to speake of shepheards moste what,
Badde is the best; (this English is flat.)
Their ill haviour garres men missay
Both of theyr doctrine, and theyr fay.
They sayne the world is much war then it wont,
All for her shepheardes bene beastly and blont.
Other sayne, but howe truely I n'ote,
All for they holden shame of their cote:
Some sticke not to say, (hote cole on her tongue!)
That sike mischiefe graseth hem emong,
All for they casten too much of worldes care,
To deck her dame, and enrich her heire;
For such encheason, if you goe nie,
Fewe chimnies reeking you shall espie.
The fat oxe, that wont ligge in the stall,
Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in their steads,
Ylike as a monster of many heads:
But they, that shooten nearest the pricke,
Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick:
For bigge bulles of Basan brace hem about,
That with their hornes butten the more stoute;
But the leane soules treaden under foot,
And to seeke redresse mought little boote;
For liker bene they to pluck away more,
Then ought of the gotten good to restore:
For they bene like fowle wagmoires overgrast,
That, if thy galage once sticketh fast,
The more to winde it out thou dost swinck,
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sinck.
Yet better leave off with a little losse,
Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.

Hob. Nowe, Diggon, I see thou speakest too plaine,
Better it were a little to feine,
And cleanely cover that cannot be cured;
Such ill, as is forced, mought needes bee endured.
But of sike pastoures howe done the flocks creepe?

Dig. Sike as the shepheards, sike bene her sheepe,
For they nill listen to the shepheards voice;
But if he gall hem, at their good choice
They wander at will and stray at pleasure,
And to their folds yeade at their owne leasure.
But they had be better come at their call;
For many han unto mischiefe fall,
And bene of ravenous wolves yrent,
All for they would be buxome and bent.

Hob. Fie on thee, Diggon, and all thy foule leasing;
Well is knowne that, sith the Saxon king,
Never was wolf seene, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome;
But the fewer wolves (the sooth to saine)
The more bene the foxes that here remaine.

Dig. Yes, but they gang in more secret wise,
And with sheeps clothing doen hem disguise.
They walke not widely as they were wont,
For feare of raungers and the great hunt,
But prively prolling to and froe,
Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.

Hob. Or privie or pert if any bin,
We han great bandogs wil teare their skin.

Dig. In deede thy Ball is a bold bigge cur,
And could make a jolly hole in their fur:
But not good dogs hem needeth to chace,
But heedy shepheards to discerne their face;
For all their craft is in their countenaunce,
They bene so grave and full of maintenaunce.
But shall I tell thee what, my self knowe
Chaunced to Roffin not long ygoe?

Hob. Say it out, Diggon, whatever it hight,
For not but well mought him betight:
He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
And with his word his work is convenable.

Colin Clout, I weene, be his selfe boye,
(Ah, for Colin! he whilome my joye:)
Shepheards sich, God mought us many send,
That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend.

Dig. Thilke same shepheard mought I well marke,
He has a dogge to bite or to barke;
Never had shepheard so keene a cur,
That waketh and if but a leafe stur.
Whilome there wonned a wicked wolfe,
That with many a lambe had gutted his gulfe.
And ever at night wont to repayre
Unto the flocke, when the welkin shone fayre,
Yclad in clothing of seely sheepe,
When the good olde man used to sleepe;
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
(For he had eft learned a currës call)
As if a woolfe were emong the sheepe:
With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To raunge the fields with wide open throte.
Tho, when as Lowder was far away,
This wolvish sheepe woulde catchen his pray,
A lambe, or a kid, or a weanell wast;
With that to the wood would hee speede him fast.
Long time he used this slippery pranck,
Ere Rolly could for his labour him thanck.
At end, the shepheard his practise spyed,
(For Rolly is wise, and as Argus eyed,)
And, when at even he came to the flocke,
Fast in their foldes he did them locke,
And tooke out the woolfe in his counterfeit cote,
And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.

Hob. Marry, Diggon, what should him affraye
To take his owne where ever it laye?
For, had his wesand been a little widder,
He woulde have devoured both hidder and shidder.

Dig. Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,
Too good for him had bene a great deale worse;
For it was a perilous beast above all,
And eke had hee cond the shepheards call,
And oft in the night came to the sheepcote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if the olde man selfe had beene:
The dogge his maisters voice did it weene,

Yet halfe in doubt he opened the dore,
And ranne out as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but, swifter then thought,
Fast by the hyde the wolfe Lowder caught;
And, had not Roffy renne to the steven,
Lowder had bene slaine thilke same even.

Hob. God shield, man, hee should so ill have thrive,
All for he did his devoyre belive.
If sike bene wolves, as thou hast told,
How mought we, Diggon, hem behold?

Dig. How, but, with heede and watchfullnesse,
Forstallen hem of their wilinesse:
For-thy with shepheard sittes not play,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day;
But ever liggen in watch and ward,
From sodaine force their flocks for to gard.

Hob. Ah! Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to watch and waite:
We bene of flesh, men as other bee,
Why should we be bound to such miseree?
What-ever thing lacketh chaungeable rest,
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

Dig. Ah! but, Hobbinoll, all this long tale
Nought easeth the care that doth mee forhaile;
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and losse to amend?
Ah! good Hobbinoll, mought I thee pray
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

Hob. Now by my soule, Diggon, I lament
The haplesse mischiefe that has thee hent;
Nethelesse thou seest my lowly saile,
That froward Fortune doth ever availe:
But, were Hobbinoll as God mought please,
Diggon should soone finde favour and ease:
But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
So as I can I will thee comfort;
There mayst thou ligge in a vetchy bed,
Till fairer Fortune show forth his head.

Dig. Ah! Hobbinoll, God mought it thee requite;
Diggon on fewe such friendes did ever lite.

DIGGONS EMBLEME.

Inopem me copia fecit.

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

OCTOBER.

AEGLOGA DECIMA.

ARGUMENT.

In Cuddie is set out the perfect patern of a poet, which, finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of poetrie, and the causes thereof: specially having bene in all ages, and even amongst the most barbarous, alwayes of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthie and commendable an art; or rather no art, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the witte by a certaine enthousiasmos and celestiall inspiration, as the author hereof else where at large discourseth in his booke called The English Poet, which booke, being lately come to my handes, I minde also by Gods grace, upon further advisement, to publish.

PIERS. CUDDIE.

PIERS.

Cuddie, for shame, hold de up thy heavie head,
And let us cast with what delight to chace
And weary this long lingring Phœbus race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade
In rimes, in ridles, and in bydding base;
Nowe they in thee, and thou in sleepe arte, deade.

Cud. Piers, I have pyped erst so long with payne,
That all mine oten reedes ben rent and wore,
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the grashopper so poore,
And ligge so layd, when winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties, that I wont devise,
To feede youthes fansie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much; what I the bett forthy?
They han the pleasure, I a sclender prise:
I beate the bush, the byrdes to them do flie:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Piers. Cuddie, the praise is better then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an honour is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good advice,
Or pricke them foorth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trained willes entice!

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
O how the rural routes to thee do cleave!
Seemeth thou doest theyr soule of sense bereave,
All as the shepheard that did fetch his dame
From Plutoes balefull bowre withouten leave;
His musickes might the hellish hound did tame.

Cud. So praysen babes the peacocks spotted trayne,
And wondren at bright Argus blazing eye;
But who rewardes him ere the more forthy,
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the skie;
Sike words bene winde, and wasten soone in vaine.

Piers. Abandon then the base and viler clowne;
Lift up thy selfe out of the lowly dust,
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts;
Turne thee to those that weld the awfull crowne,
To doubted knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes unbruzed wexen daylie browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttring wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from east to west;
Whither thou list in fayre Elisa rest,
Or, if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advaunce the worthy whom shee loveth best,
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And, when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string,
Of love and lustihead tho maist thou sing,
And carroll lowde, and leade the millers rounde,
All were Elisa one of thilk same ring;
So mought our Cuddies name to Heaven sounde.

Cud. In deede the Romish Tityrus, I heare,
Through his Mecænas left his oaten reede,
Whereon her earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And labourd lands to yeeld the timely eare,
And eft to sing of warres and deadly dreede,
So as the Heavens did quake his verse to heare.

But ah! Mecænas is yclad in claye,
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead,
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for poets on to playe:
For ever, who in derring-doe were dread,
The loftie verse of hem was loyed aye.

But after Vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mightie manhood brought a bedde of ease,
The vaunting poets found nought worth a pease
To put in preace among the learned troupe;
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sunnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of poesie,
Yet of the old stocke, gan to shoote againe,
Or it mens follies mote to-force to fain,
And rolle with rest in rymes of ribaudrie;
Or, as it sprung, it wither must againe;
Tom Piper makes us better melodie.

Piers O pierlesse Po'esie! where is then thy place?
If nor in princes pallace thou doest sit,
(And yet is princes pallace the most fit)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace,
Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flie backe to Heaven apace.

Cud. Ah! Percy, it is all-to weake and wanne,
So high to sore and make so large a flight;
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight:
For Colin fits such famous flight to scanne;
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
Would mount as high and sing as soote as swanne.

Piers. Ah: fon; for love does teach him climbe so
And lyftes him up out of the loathsome myre; [hie,
Such immortal mirror, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones minde above the starrie skie,
And cause a caytive courage to aspire;
For loftie love doth loath a lowly eye.

Cud. All otherwise the state of poet stands;
For lordly Love is such a tyranne fell,
That, where he rules, all power he doth expell;
The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes,
Ne wont with crabbed Care the Muses dwell:
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who ever castes to compasse wightie prise,
And thinkes to throwe out thundring words of threat,
Let powre in lavish cups and thriftie bittes of meate,
For Bacchus fruite is friend to Phœbus wise;
And, when with wine the braine begins to sweat,
The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou kenst not, Percie, how the rime should rage;
O if my temples were distain'd with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wilde yvie twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my courage cooles ere it be warme:
Forthy content us in this humble shade,
Where no such troublous tydes han us assayde;
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.
Piers. And, when my gates shall han theyr bellyes layd,
Cuddie shall have a kidde to store his farme.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Agitante calescimus illo, &c.

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

NOVEMBER.

AEGLOGA UNDECIMA.

ARGUMENT.

In this xi aeglogue hee bewaileth the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogither unknowne, albeit of himselfe I often required the same. This aeglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Loyes the French queen; but farre passing his reach, and in mine opinion all other the aeglogues of this book.

THENOT. COLIN.

THENOT.

Colin, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou wert wont, songes of some iouisaunce?
Thy Muse too long slombreth in sorrowing,
Lulled asleepe through Loves misgovernaunce.
Now somewhat sing, whose endlesse sovenaunce
Emong the shepheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list thy loved lass advaunce,
Or honor Pan with himnes of higher vaine.

Col. Thenot, now nis the time of merrimake,
Nor Pan to herie, nor with Love to play;
Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or sommer shade, under the cocked hay.
But nowe sadde winter welked hath the day,
And Phœbus, wearie of his yearly taske,
Ystabled hath his steedes in lowly lay,
And taken up his ynne in fishes haske:
Thilk sollein season sadder plight doth aske,
And loatheth sike delights as thou doest prayse:
The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne maske,
As she was wont in youngth and sommer-dayes;
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of love to underfong,
Who but thy self deserves sike poets praise?
Relieve thy oaten pypes that sleepen long.

The. The nightingale is sovereigne of song,
Before him sits the titmouse silent bee;
And I, unfit to thrust in skilfull throng,
Should Colin make iudge of my fooleree:
Nay, better learne of hem that learned bee,
And han bene watered at the Muses well;
The kindely dewe drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell:

But if sadde winters wrath, and season chill,
Accord not with thy Muses merriment,
To sadder times thou maist attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreriment;
For deade is Dido, deade, alas! and drent;
Dido! the great shepheard his daughter sheene:
The fayrest May shee was that ever went,
Her like shee has not left behinde I weene:
And, if thou wilt bewayle my wofull teene,
I shall thee give yond cosset for thy payne;
And, if thy rymes as rounde and ruefull beene
As those that did thy Rosalind complayne,
Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
Than kid or cosset, which I thee bynempt:
Then up, I say, thou iolly shepheard swayne.
Let not my small demaunde be so contempt.
Cor. Thenot, to that I chose thou doest mee tempt;
But ah! too well I wote my humble vayne,
And how my rimes bene rugged and unkempt;
Yet, as I conne, my conning I will strayne.

" Up, then, Melpomene! the mournefulst Muse of Nine,
Such cause of mourning never hadst afore;
Up, grislie ghostes! and up my rufull rime!
Matter of myrth now shalt thou have no more;
For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore.
Dido, my deare, alas! is dead,
Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead.
O heavie herse!
Let streaming teares be powred out in store;
O carefull verse!

" Shepheards, that by your flocks of Kentish downes abyde,
Waile ye this woefull waste of Natures warke;
Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pryde;
Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke;
The Sunne of all the world is dimme and darke;
The Earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night.
O heavie herse!
Breake we our pipes, that shrild as lowde as larke;
O carefull verse!

" Why doe we longer live, (ah! why live we so long?)
Whose better dayes Death hath shut up in woe?
The fayrest flowre our girlond all emong
Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.
Sing now, ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe
The songs that Colin made you in her praise,
But into weeping turn your wanton layes.
O heavie herse!
Nowe is time to die: nay, time was long ygoe:
O carefull verse!

" Whence is it, that the flowret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale;
Yet, soone as Spring his mantle hath displayde,
It flowreth fresh, as it should never fayle?
But thing on Earth that is of most availe,
As vertues branch and beauties bud,
Reliven not for any good.
O heavie herse! [quaile;
The branch once dead, the bud eke needes must
O carefull verse!

" She, while she was, (that was, a wofull word to saine!)
For beauties praise and pleasaunce had no peere;
So well she couth the shepheards entertaine
With cakes and cracknells, and such countrey cheere:
Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine;
For she would call him often hem,
And give him curds and clouted creame.
O heavie herse!
Als Colin Cloute she would not once disdeine:
O carefull verse!

" But now sike happy cheere is turnde to heavy chaunce,
Such pleasaunce now displast by dolors dire;
All musick sleepes, where Death doth lead the daunce,
And shepheards wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray, is tinct;
The gaudy girlonds deck her grave,
The faded flowres her corse embrave.
O heavie herse! [besprint;
Morne now, my Muse, now morne with teares
O carefull verse!

" O thou great shepheard, Lobbin, how great is thy griefe!
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee?
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted rush-rings, and gilt rosemaree?
For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.
Ah! they bene all yclad in clay;
One bitter blast blewe all away.
O heavie herse!
There of nought remaynes but the memoree;
O carefull verse!

" Ay me! that dreerie Death should strike so mortall stroke,
That can undoe dame Natures kindely course;
The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
The flouds doe gaspe, for dryed is their sourse,
And flouds of teares flow in theyr stead perforce:
The mantled medowes mourne,
Theyr sundrie colours tourne.
O heavie herse!
The Heavens doe melt in teares without remorse;
O carefull verse!

" The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
And hang their heades as they would learne to weepe;
The beastes in forrest wayle as they were woode,
Except the wolves, that chase the wandring sheepe,
Now shee is gone that safely did hem keepe:
The turtle on the bared braunch
Laments the wounde that Death did launch.
O heavie herse!
And Philomele her song with teares doth steepe;
O carefull verse!

" The water nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girlond olive braunches beare,
Nowe balefull boughes of cypres doen advaunce;
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter eldre braunches feare;
The fatall Sisters eke repent
Her vitall threde so soone was spent.
O heavie herse! [cheare
Morne now, my Muse, now morne with heavy
O carefull verse!

" O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortall men, that swincke and sweate for nought,
And, shooting wide, doth misse the marked scope;
Now here I learnde (a lesson deerely bought)
That his on Earth assuraunce to be sought;
For what might bee in earthly mould,
That did her buried body hould.
O heavie herse!
Yet saw I on the beere when it was brought;
O carefull verse!

" But maugre Death, and dreaded Sisters deadly spight,
And gates of Hell, and fyrie furies force,
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule unbodied of the burdenous corse.
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?
O Lobb! thy losse no longer lament;
Dido is dead, but into Heaven hent.
O happie herse!
Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes sourse,
O ioyful verse!

" Why waile we then? why wearie we the gods with plaintes,
As if some evill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light,
And is enstalled nowe in Heavens hight.
I see thee, blessed soule! I see
Walk in Elisian fieldes so free.
O happie herse!
Might I once come to thee, (O that I might!)
O ioyfull verse!

" Unwise and wretched men, to weete what's good or ill,
Wee deeme of death as doome of ill desert;
But knewe wee, fooles, what it us bringes untill,
Dye would we daylie, once it to expert!
No daunger there the shepheard can assert;
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene;
The fieldes aye fresh, the grasse ay greene.
O happie herse!
Make haste, yee shepheards, thether to revert.
O ioyfull verse!

" Dido is gone afore; (whose turne shall be the next?)
There lives shee with the blessed gods in blisse,
There drincks she nectar with ambrosia mixt,
And ioyes enioyes that mortall men doe misse.
The honor now of highest gods she is,
That whilome was poore shepheards pride,
While here on Earth shee did abide.
O happie herse!
Cease now, my song, my woe now wasted is;
O ioyfull verse!"

The. Ay, franck shepheard, how bene thy verses meint
With dolefull pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte
Whether reioyce or weepe for great constraint!
Thine be the cossette, well hast thou it gotte.
Up, Collin up, ynough thou morned hast;
Now ginnes to mizzle, hye we homeward fast.

COLINS EMBLEME.

La mort ny mord.

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

DECEMBER.

AEGLOGA DUODECIMA.

ARGUMENT.

This aeglogue (even as the first began) is ended with a complaint of Colin to god Pan; wherein, as wearie of his former waies, he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare; comparing his youth to the spring time, when hee was fresh and free from loves follie. His manhood to the sommer, which, he saith, was consumed with great heate and excessive drouth, caused through a comet or blazing starre, by which hee meaneth love; which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His ripest yeares he resembleth to an unseasonable harvest, wherein the fruits fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winters chill and frostie season, now drawing neere to his last ende.

The gentle shepheard sat beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushye brere,
That Colin hight, which well coulde pype and singe,
For hee of Tityrus his songes did lere:
There, as he satte in secret shade alone,
Thus gan hee make of love his piteous mone.

" O soveraigne Pan! thou god of shepheardes all,
Which of our tender lambkins takest keepe,
And, when our flockes into mischaunce mought fall,
Doest save from mischiefe the unwarie sheepe,
Als of their maisters hast no lesse regard
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and ward;

" I thee beseeche (so be thou deigne to hear
Rude ditties, tunde to shepheardes oaten reede,
Or if I ever sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede,)
Hearken a while, from thy greene cabinet,
The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

" Whilome in youth, when flowrd my ioyfull spring,
Like swallow swift I wandred here and there;
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I oft doubted daunger had no feare:
I went the wastefull woodes and forrest wide,
Withouten dread of wolves to bene espide.

" I wont to raunge amid the mazie thicket,
And gather nuttes to make my Christmas-game,
And ioyed oft to chace the trembling pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare till she were tame.
What wreaked I of wintrie ages waste?—
Tho deemed I my spring would ever last.

" How often have I scaled the craggie oke,
All to dislodge the raven of her nest?
How have I wearied, with many a stroke,
The stately walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuttes at strife?
For like to me was libertie and life.

" And for I was in thilke same looser yeeres,
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my byrth,
Or I too much beleev'd my shepheard peeres,)
Somedele ybent to song and musickes mirth;
A good old shepheard, Wrenock was his name;
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

" Fro thence I durst in deering to compare
With shepheardes swayne whatever fed in field;
And, if that Hobbinoll right iudgement bare,
To Pan his own selfe pype I need not yield:
For, if the flocking nymphes did follow Pan,
The wiser Muses after Colin ran.

" But, ah! such pride at length was ill repayde;
The shepheards god (perdie god was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill upbraide,
My freedome lorne, my life he left to mone.
Love they him called that gave me check-mate,
But better mought they have behote him Hate.

" Tho gan my lovely spring bid me farewell,
And sommer season sped him to display
(For Love then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fire that kindled at his ray.
A comet stird up that unkindly heate,
That reigned (as men said) in Venus seate.

" Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
When choise I had to choose my wandring way.
But whether Luck and Loves unbridled lore
Would lead me forth on Fancies bitte to play:
The bush my bed, the bramble was my bowre,
The woodes can witnesse many a wofull stowre.

" Where I was wont to seeke the honie bee,
Working her formall rownes in wexen frame,
The grieslie todestoole growne there mought I see,
And loathed paddockes lording on the same:
And, where the chaunting birds luld me asleepe,
The ghastly owle her grievous ynne doth keepe.

" Then as the spring gives place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pride;
All so my age, now passed youthly prime,
To things of riper season selfe applied,
And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might save my sheepe and me fro shame.

" To make fine cages for the nightingale,
And baskets of bulrushes, was my wont:
Who to entrap the fish in winding sale
Was better seene, or hurtfull beastes to hont?
I learned als the signs of Heaven to ken,
How Phœbe failes, where Venus sits, and when.

" And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges;
The sodain rising of the raging seas,
The soothe of byrdes by beating of theyr winges,
The powre of herbes, both which can hurt and ease,
And which be wont t' enrage the restlesse sheepe,
And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

" But, ah! unwise and witlesse Colin Cloute,
That kydst the hidden kindes of many a weede,
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore heart-roote,
Whose ranckling wound as yet does rifely bleede.
[illegible] and yet hast thy deaths wound?

" Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
Thus is my harvest hastened all-to rathe;
The eare that budded fayre is burnt and blasted,
And all my hoped gaine is turn'd to scathe.
Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
Was none but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

" My boughs with bloosmes that crowned were at first,
And promised of timely fruite such store,
Are left both bare and barrein now at erst;
The flattering fruite is fallen to ground before,
And rotted ere they were halfe mellow ripe;
My harvest wast, my hope away did wipe.

" The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long;
Theyr rootes bene dryed up for lack of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be ever among.
Ah! who has wrought my Rosalind this spight,
To spill the flowres that should her giriond dight?

" And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype
Unto the shifting of the shepheards foote,
Sike follies now have gathered as too ripe,
And cast hem out as rotten and unsoote.
The loser lasse I cast to please no more;
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

" And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedie crop of care;
Which, when I thought have thresht in swelling sheave,
Cockle for corn, and chaffe for barley, bare:
Soon as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,
All blown away was of the wavering wynd.

" So now my yeere drawes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite;
My harvest hastes to stirre up winter sterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage his right:
So now he stormes with many a sturdy stoure;
So now his blustring blast eche coast doth scoure.

" The carefull cold hath nipt my rugged rynd,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
My head besprent with hoarie frost I finde,
And by myne eye the crowe his clawe doth wright:
Delight is layd abedd; and pleasure, past;
No sunne now shines; clouds han all overcast.

" Now leave, ye shepheards boyes, your merry glee;
My Muse is hoarse and wearie of this stound:
Here will I hang my pype upon this tree,
Was never pype of reede did better sound:
Winter is come that blowes the bitter blast,
And after winter dreerie death does hast.

" Gather together ye my little flocke,
My little flocke, that was to me so liefe;
Let me, ah! let me in your foldes ye lock,
Ere the breme winter breede you greater griefe.
Winter is come, that blows the balefull breath,
And after winter commeth timely death.

" Adieu, delightes, that lulled me asleepe;
Adieu, my deare, whose love I bought so deare;
Adieu, my little lambes and loved sheepe;
Adieu, ye woodes, that oft my witnesse were:

Adieu, good Eobbinoll, that was so true,
Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu."

COLINS EMBLEME.

Vivit ingenio: cætere mortis erunt.

EPILOGUE.

Lo! I have made a Calender for every yeare,
That steele in strength, and time in durance, shall outweare;
And, if I marked well the starres revolution,
It shall continue till the worldes dissolution,
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraude his folded flocke to keepe.
Goe, little Calender! thou hast a free passeporte;
Goe but a lowly gate amongst the meaner sorte:
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus his stile,
Nor with the pilgrim that the plough-man playd a while;
But follow them farre off, and their high steps adore;
The better please, the worse despise; I aske no more.

Merce non mercede.

THE

FAERIE QUEENE,

DISPOSED INTO TWELVE BOOKES,

FASHIONING

XII MORALL VERTUES.

TO THE MOST HIGH MIGHTIE AND MAGNIFICENT

EMPRESSE

RENOWMED FOR PIETIE VERTVE AND ALL

GRATIOVS GOVERNMENT

ELIZABETH

BY THE GRACE OF GOD QVEENE OF ENGLAND

FRAVNCE AND IRELAND AND OF VIRGINIA

DEFENDOVR OF THE FAITH &c.

HER MOST HUMBLE SERVAUNT

EDMVND SPENSER

DOTH IN ALL HUMILITIE

DEDICATE PRESENT AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOVRS

TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITIE OF HER FAME.

A

LETTER OF THE AUTHORS,

Expounding his whole intention in the course of this worke; which, for that it giueth great light to the reader, for the better understanding is hereunto annexed.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT.

LO. WARDEIN OF THE STANNERYES AND HER MAIESTIES LIEFTENAUNT OF THE COUNTY OF CORNEWAYLL.

SIR, knowing how doubtfully all allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I haue entituled The Faerie Queene, being a continued allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought good as well for auoyding of jealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded) to discouer unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I haue fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or by-accidents, therein occasioned. The general end therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline: which for that I conceiued shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historical fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter then for profite of the ensample, I chose the historye of king Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of enuy, and suspition of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique poets historicall; first Homere, who in the persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good gouernour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis; then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Æneas; after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando; and lately Tasso disseuered them again, and formed both parts in two persons, namely, that part which they in philosophy call *ethice*, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other named *politice* in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellente poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a braue knight, perfectly in the twelue priuate morall vertues, as Aristotle hath deuised; the which is the purpose of these first twelue bookes; which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encoraged to frame the other part of politicke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king. To some I know this methode will seem displeasaunt, which had rather haue good discipline deliuered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in allegorical deuises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these days, seeing all things accounted by their showes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one

This is the dedication of the edition of 1596. To the edition of 1590 the following brief compliment only is prefixed. "To the most mightie and magnificent empresse Elizabeth by the grace of God queene of England France and Ireland defender of the faith &c. Her most humble servant Ed. Spenser." Todd.

in the exquisitè depth of his iudgement, formed a commune welth, such as it should be; but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a gouernment, such as might best be: so much more profitable and gratious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to do in the person of Arthure: whom I conceiue, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin deliuered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the lady Igrayne, to haue seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queene, with whose excellent beauty rauished, he awaking resolued to seeke her out; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timoh throughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye Land. In that Faery Queene I meane *glory* in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceiue the most excellent and glorious person of our soueraine *the queene*, and her kingdom in *Faery Land*. And yet, in some places els, I do otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royal queene or empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull lady, this latter part in some places I doe express in Belphœbe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia: Phœbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana. So in the person of prince Arthure I sette forth *magnificence* in particular; which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deeds of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii other vertues, I make xii other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: of which these three bookes contayn three.

The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whom I expresse *holynes*: the seconde of sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth *temperaunce*: the third of Britomartis, a lady knight, in whome I picture *chastity*. But, because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights seuerall aduentures. For the methode of a poet historical is not such, as of an historiographer. For an historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a poet thrusteth into the middest, euen where it most concerneth him, and there recoursing to the thinges forepaste, and diuining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing analysis of all.

The beginning, therefore, of my history, if it were to be told by an historiographer, should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I deuise that the Faery Queene kept her annual feaste xii days; vppon which xii séuerall dayes, the occasions of the xii seuerall aduentures hapned, which, being vndertaken by xii seuerall knights, are in these xii books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented himselfe a tall clownishe younge man, who, falling before the queene of Faries, desired a boone, (as the manner then was) which, during that feast, she might not refuse; which was, that hee might haue the atchieuement of any aduenture, which, during that feaste, should happen. That being graunted, he rested him on the floore, vnfitte, through his rusticity, for a better place. Soone after entred a faire ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white asse, with a dwarfe behind her, leading a warlike steed, that bore the arms of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee, falling before the queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient king and queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew: and therefore besought the Faerie Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that exployt. Presently that clownish person, vpstarting, desired that aduenture: whereat the queene much wondering, and the lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the lady told him, that vnlesse that armour which she brought would serue him, (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by St. Paul, v. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise: which being forthwith put vpon him with dew furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the lady. And eftesoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge courser, he went forth with her on that aduenture: where beginneth the first booke, viz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne, &c.

The second day there came in a palmer, bearing an infant with bloody hands, whose parents he complained to have bene slayn by an enchauntresse called Acrasia: and therefore craved of the Faery Queene to appoint him some knight to performe that aduenture; which being assigned to sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same palmer; which is the beginning of the second booke, and the whole subiect thereof. The third day there came in a groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile enchaunter, called Busirane, had in hand a most faire lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon sir Scudamour, the lover of that lady, presently tooke on him that aduenture. But being vnable to performe it by reason of the hard enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his love.

But, by occasion hereof, many other aduentures are intermedled; but rather as accidents then intendments: as the love of Britomart, the ouerthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphœbe, the lasciviousnes of Helenora; and many the like.

Thus much, sir, I have briefly ouerronne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the history; that, from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handful gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seem tedious and confused. So, humbly craving the continuance of your honourable favour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leave.

23 Ianuary 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate,

ED. SPENSER.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR.

A VISION

UPON THIS CONCEIPT OF THE FAERY QUEENE.

Me thought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestall flame
Was want to burne; and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb faire Love, and fairer Virtue kept;
All suddeinly I saw *the Faery Queene:*
At whose approch the soule of Petrarke wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not seene;
(For they this *queene* attended); in whose steed
Oblivion laid him down on Lauras herse:
Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
And grones of buried ghostes the Hevens did perse:
Where Homers spright did tremble all for griefe,
And curst th' accesse of that celestiall theife.

W. R.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

The prayse of meaner wits this worke like profit brings,
As doth the cuckoes song delight when Philumena sings.
If thou hast formed right true Vertues face herein,
Vertue herselfe can best discerne to whom they written bin.

If thou hast Beauty praysd, let her sole lookes divine
Judge if ought therein be amis, and mend it by her eine.
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperaunce her dew,
Behold her princely mind aright, and write *thy queene* anew.
Meane while she shall perceive, how far her vertues sore
Above the reach of all that live, or such as were of yore:
And thereby will excuse and favour thy good will;
Whose vertue can not be exprest but by an angels quill.
Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,
(Of all which speak our English tongue) but those of thy device.

W. R.

TO

THE LEARNED SHEPHEARD.

Collyn, I see, by thy new taken taske,
Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
That leades thy Muse in haughty verse to maske,
And loath the layes that longs to lowly swaynes;
That liftes thy notes from shepheardes unto kinges:
So like the lively larke that mounting singes.

Thy lovely Rosalinde seemes now forlorne;
And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight:
Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,
Those prety pypes that did thy mates delight;
Those trusty mates that loved thee so well;
Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee the bell.

Yet, as thou carst with thy sweete roundelayes
Didste stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers;
So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes
Delight the daintie eares of higher powers.
And so mought they, in their deepe skanning skill,
Alow and grace our Collyns flowing quill.

And faire befall that *Faery Queene* of thine!
In whose faire eyes love linckt with vertue sittes;
Enfusing, by those bewties fyers divine,
Such high conceites to thy humble wittes,
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes
From rusticke tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy *Redcrosse knight* with happy hand
Victorious be in that faire ilands right,
(Which thou dost vayle in type of *Faery land*)
Elizas blessed field, that Albion hight: [foes,
That shieldes her friendes, and warres her mightie
Yet still with people, peace, and plentie, flowes.

[1] The two sonnets signed W. R. are understood to be written by sir Walter Raleigh, who was certainly a poet of no mean fame: the verses signed Hobynoll are the very elegant production of Gabriel Harvey, by which signature he is described in The Shepheards Calender: the poem R. S. may be attributed to Robert Southwell, or Richard Stanyhurst, or Richard Smith, or Richard Stapleton, who were poetical writers contemporary with Spenser; and of whom, Stapleton and Smith are known as authors of other *commendatory verses*; yet Mr. Upton would assign this little poem to Robert Sackville, eldest son of lord Buckhurst, the Sackvilles (he says) being not only patrons of learned men, but learned themselves: I am at a loss to whom to ascribe the poem signed *H. B.*, and can offer no other opinion in respect to the author of the next, subscribed W. L., than what the compiler of the Bibliographia Poetica has given, that it might be William Lisle, the poetical translator of part of Du Bartas, and (which the compiler of the Bib. Poet. appears not to have known) of part of Heliodorus: the last poem bears a signature assumed by several writers in the age of Elizabeth; and I am unable to fix on the author. Todd.

But, iolly shepheard, though with pleasing stile
Thou feast the humour of the courtly trayne;
Let not conceipt thy settled sence beguile,
Be daunted be through envy or disdaine.
Submit thy doome to her empyring spright,
From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light.

HOBYNOLL.

Fayre Thamis streame, that from Ludds stately towne
Runst paying tribute to the ocean seas,
Let all thy nymphes and syrens of renowne
Be silent, whyle this Bryttane Orpheus playes:
Nere thy sweet banks there lives that sacred crowne,
Whose hand strowes palme and never-dying bayes.
Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring sowne,
Present her with this worthy poets prayes:
For he hath taught hye drifts in shepherdes weedes,
And deepe conceites now singes in *Faeries* deedes.

R. S.

Grave Muses, march in triumph and with prayses;
Our goddesse here hath given you leave to land;
And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces
Bow downe his brow unto her sacred hand.
Deserte findes dew in that most princely doome,
In whose sweete brest are all the Muses bredde:
So did that great Augustus erst in Roome
With leaves of fame adorne his poets hedde.
Faire be the guerdon of your *Faery Queene*,
Even of the fairest that the world hath seene!

H. B.

When stout Achilles heard of Helens rape,
And what revenge the states of Greece devis'd;
Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,
In womans weedes himselfe he then disguis'd:
But this devise Ulysses soone did spy,
And brought him forth, the chaunce of warre to try.

When Spenser saw the fame was spredd so large,
Through *Faery land*, of *their* renowned *queene*;
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be seene;
To seeme a shepheard, then he made his choice;
But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis sonne
From his retyred life to menage armes:
So Spenser was, by Sidney's speaches, wonne
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes:
For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tyred
In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as Achilles, in those warlike frayes,
Did win the palme from all the Grecian peeres:
So Spenser now, to his immortal prayse,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feeres.
What though his taske exceed a humaine witt;
He is excus'd, sith Sidney thought it fitt.

W. L.

To looke upon a worke of rare devise
The which a workman setteth out to view,
And not to yield it the deserved prise
That unto such a workmanship is dew,
Doth either prove the iudgement to be naught,
Or els doth shew a mind with envy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
Which no man goes about to discommend,
Would raise a jealous doubt, that there did lurke
Some secret doubt whereto the prayse did tend:
For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,
'T is needless for the hoast to have a sygne.

Thus then, to shew my iudgement to be such
As can discerne of colours blacke and white,
As alls to free my minde from envies tuch,
That never gives to any man his right;
I here pronounce this workmanship is such
As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore;
(Not for to shew the goodness of the ware;
But such hath beene the custome heretofore,
And customes very hardly broken are;)
And when your tast shall tell you this is trew,
Then looke you give your hoast his utmost dew.

IGNOTO.

VERSES

ADDRESSED, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FAERIE QUEENE,

TO SEVERAL NOBLEMEN, &c.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON,

LORD HIGH CHAUNCELOR OF ENGLAND, &c.

Those prudent heads that with their counsels wise,
Whylom the pillours of th' Earth did sustaine,
And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise,
And in the neck of all the world to rayne;
Oft from those grave affaires were wont abstaine,
With the sweet lady Muses for to play:
So Ennius the elder Africane;
So Maro oft did Cæsars cares allay.
So you, great lord, that with your counsell sway
The burdein of this kingdom mightily,
With like delightes sometimes may eke delay
The rugged brow of carefull Policy;
And to these ydle rymes lend litle space,
Which for their titles sake may find more grace.

E. S.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE LORD BURLEIGH,

LORD HIGH THREASURER OF ENGLAND.

To you, right noble lord, whose carefull brest
To menage of most grave affaires is bent;
And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest
The burdein of this kingdome's government,
(As the wide compasse of the firmament
On Atlas mightie shoulders is upstayd)
Unfitly I these ydle rimes present,
The labor of lost time, and wit unstayd:
Yet if their deeper sence be inly wayd,
And the dim vele, with which from commune vew
Their fairer parts are hid, aside be layd,
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.
Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receave,
And wipe their faults out of your censure grave.

E. S.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARLE OF OXENFORD,

LORD HIGH CHAMBERLAYNE OF ENGLAND, &c.

Receive, most noble lord, in gentle gree,
The unripe fruit of an unready wit;
Which, by thy countenaunce, doth crave to bee
Defended from foule Envies poisnous bit.
Which so to doe may thee right well befit,
Sith th' antique glory of thine auncestry
Under a shady vele is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long living memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility:
And also for the love which thou doest beare
To th' Heliconian ymps, and they to thee;
They unto thee, and thou to them, most deare:
Deare as thou art unto thyselfe, so love
That loves and honours thee; as doth behove.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARLE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

The sacred Muses have made alwaies clame
To be the nourses of nobility,
And registres of everlasting fame,
To all that armes professe and chevalry.
Then, by like right, the noble progeny,
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are tyde
T' embrace the service of sweet poetry,
By whose endevours they are glorifide;
And eke from all, of whom it is envide,
To patronize the authour of their praise, [dide,
Which gives them life, that els would soone have
And crownes their ashes with immortall baies.
To thee therefore, right noble lord, I send
This present of my paines, it to defend.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARLE OF CUMBERLAND.

Renoubted lord, in whose corageous mind
The flowre of chevalry, now bloosming faire,
Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kind
Which of their praises have left you the haire;
To you this humble present I prepare,
For love of vertue and martial praise;
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
(As goodlie well ye shew'd in late assaies)
Yet brave ensample of long passed daies,
In which trew honor ye may fashiond see,
To like desire of honor may ye raise,
And fill your mind with magnanimitee.
Receive it, lord, therefore as it was ment,
For honor of your name and high descent.

E. S.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE AND EXCELLENT LORD

THE EARLE OF ESSEX,

GREAT MAISTER OF THE HORSE TO HER HIGHNESSE, AND KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

Magnificke lord, whose vertues excellent
Doe merit a most famous poets witt
To be thy living praises instrument;
Yet doe not sdeigne to let thy name be writt
In this base poeme, for thee far unfitt:
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby.
But when my Muse, whose fethers, nothing flitt,
Doe yet but flagg and lowly learne to fly,
With bolder wing shall dare alofte to sty
To the last praises of this Faery Queene;
Then shall it make most famous memory
Of thine heroicke parts, such as they beene:
Till then, vouchsafe thy noble countenaunce
To their first labours needed furtheraunce.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARLE OF ORMOND AND OSSORY.

Receive, most noble lord, a simple taste
Of the wilde fruit which salvage soyl hath bred;
Which, being through long wars left almost waste,
With brutish barbarisme is overspredd:
And, in so faire a land as may be redd,
Not one Parnassus, nor one Helicone,
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,
But where thyselfe hast thy brave mansione:
There indeede dwel faire graces many one,
And gentle nymphes, delights of learned wits;
And in thy person, without paragone,
All goodly bountie and true honour sits.
Such therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,
Receive, dear lord, in worth, the fruit of barren field.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LORD CHARLES HOWARD,

LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND, KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, AND ONE OF HER MAJESTIE'S PRIVIE COUNSEL, &c.

And ye, brave lord, whose goodly personage
And noble deeds, each other garnishing,
Make you ensample to the present age,
Of th' old heroës, whose famous offspring
The antique poets wont so much to sing;
In this same pageaunt have a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian king,
That vainly threatned kingdomes to displace,
Like flying doves ye did before you chace;
And that proud people, woxen insolent
Through many victories, didst first deface:
Thy praises everlasting monument
Is in this verse engraven semblably,
That it may live to all posterity.

E. S.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE LORD OF HUNSDON,

HIGH CHAMBERLAINE TO HER MAJESTY.

Renowmed lord, that for your worthinesse
And noble deeds, have your deserved place
High in the favour of that emperesse,
The worlds sole glory and her sexes grace;
Here eke of right have you a worthie place,
Both for your nearnes to that Faerie Queene,
And for your owne high merit in like cace:
Of which, apparaunt proofe was to be seene,
When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene
Of northerne rebels ye did pacify,
And their disloiall powre defaced clene,
The record of enduring memory.
Live, lord, for ever in this lasting verse,
That all posteritie thy honor may reherse.

E. S.

TO THE MOST RENOWMNED AND VALIANT LORD,

THE LORD GREY OF WILTON,

KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

Most noble lord, the pillor of my life,
And patrone of my Muses pupillage;
Through whose large bountie, poured on me rife
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe live bound yours by vassalage;
(Sith nothing ever may redeeme, nor reave
Out of your endlesse debt, so sure a gage)
Vouchsafe, in worth, this small guift to receeave,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave
Of all the rest that I am tyde t' account:
Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weave
In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso Mount,
And roughly wrought in an unlearned loome:
The which vouchsafe, dear lord, your favourable doome.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LORD OF BUCKHURST,

ONE OF HER MAJESTIES PRIVIE COUNSELL.

In vain I thinke, right honourable lord,
By this rude rime to memorize thy name,
Whose learned Muse hath writ her owne record
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame:
Thou much more fit (were leasure to the same)
Thy gracious soverains praises to compile,
And her imperiall majestie to frame
In loftie numbers and heroicke stile.
But, sith thou maist not so, give leave a while
To baser wit his power therein to spend,
Whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen may file,
And unadvised oversights amend.
But evermore vouchsafe, it to maintaine
Against vile Zoilus backbitings vaine.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM, KNIGHT,

PRINCIPALL SECRETARY TO HER MAJESTY, AND ONE OF HER HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNSELL.

That Mantuane poets incompared spirit,
Whose girland now is set in highest place,
Had not Mecænas, for his worthy merit,
It first advaunst to great Augustus grace,
Might long perhaps have lien in silence bace,
Ne bene so much admir'd of later age.
This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to trace,
Flies for like aide unto your patronage,
(That are the great Mecænas of this age,
As well to all that civil artes professe,
As those that are inspir'd with martial rage,)
And craves protection of her feeblenesse:
Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayse
In bigger tunes to sound your living prayse.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE LORD AND MOST VALIAUNT CAPTAINE

SIR JOHN NORRIS, KNIGHT,

LORD PRESIDENT OF MOUNSTER.

Who ever gave more honourable prize
To the sweet Muse then did the martiall crew,
That their brave deeds she might immortalize
In her shril tromp, and sound their praises dew?
Who then ought more to favour her then you,
Most noble lord, the honor of this age,
And precedent of all that armes ensue?
Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,
Tempred with reason and advizement sage,
Hath fild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile;
In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage;
And lately shakt the Lusitanian soile.
Sith then each where thou hast dispredd thy fame,
Love him that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS KNIGHT,

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

LORD WARDEIN OF THE STANNERYES, AND LIEFTENAUNT OF CORNEWAILE.

To thee, that art the sommers nightingale,
Thy soveraine goddesses most deare delight,
Why doe I send this rusticke madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare unseason quite?
Thou onely fit this argument to write, [bowre,
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her
And dainty Love learnd sweetly to endite.
My rimes I know unsavory and sowre,
To tast the streames that, like a golden showre,
Flow from thy fruitfull head of thy love's praise;
Fitter perhaps to thonder martiall stowre,
Whenso thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:
Yet, till that thou thy poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cinthias praises be thus rudely showne.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HON. AND MOST VERTUOUS LADY,

THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE.

Remembraunce of that most heroicke spirit
The Hevens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth (through immortall merit
Of his brave vertues) crown'd with lasting baies
Of hevenlie blis and everlasting praies;
Who first my Muse did lift out of the flore,
To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies;
Bids me, most noble lady, to adore
His goodly image living evermore
In the divine resemblaunce of your face;
Which with your vertues ye embellish more,
And native beauty deck with heavenly grace:
For his, and for your owne especial sake,
Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to take.

E. S.

TO THE MOST VERTUOUS AND BEAUTIFULL LADY,

THE LADY CAREW.

Ne may I, without blot of endlesse blame,
You, fairest lady, leave out of this place;
But, with remembraunce of your gracious name,
(Wherewith that courtly garlond most ye grace
And deck the world) adorne these verses base:
Not that these few lines can in them comprise
Those glorious ornaments of hevenly grace,
Wherewith ye triumph over feeble eyes,
And in subdued harts do tyranyse;
(For thereunto doth need a golden quill
And silver leaves, them rightly to devise;)
But to make humble present of good will:
Which, whenas timely meanes it purchase may,
In ampler wise itselfe will forth display.

E. S.

TO ALL THE GRATIOUS AND BEAUTIFULL

LADIES IN THE COURT.

The Chian peincter, when he was requir'd
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect hew;
To make his worke more absolute, desir'd
Of all the fairest maides to have the vew.
Much more me needs, (to draw the semblant trew
Of beauties queene, the worlds sole wonderment)
To sharpe my sence with sundry beauties vew,
And steale from each some part of ornament.
If all the world to seeke I overwent,
A fairer crew yet no where could I see
Then that brave court doth to mine eie present;
That the world's pride seemes gathered there to bee.
Of each a part I stole by cunning thefte:
Forgive it me, faire dames, sith lesse ye have not lefte.

E. S.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING THE

LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE.

LO! I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly shepheards weeds,
Am now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

Help then, O holy virgin, chiefe of nyne,
Thy weaker novice to perform thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights, and fayrest Tanaquill
Whom that most noble Briton prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong: [tong!
O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull

And thou, most dreaded impe of highest Jove,
Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart;
Lay now thy deadly heben bowe apart,
And, with thy mother mylde, come to mine ayde;
Come, both; and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle iollities arraid,
After his murdrous spoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

And with them eke, O goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and majestie divine,
Great ladie of the greatest isle, whose light
Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile:
The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest dread, a while.

CANTO I.

The patron of true Holinesse
Foule Errour doth defeate;
Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruel markes of many' a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living ever, him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious queene of Faery lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:
And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow;
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mourned, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
Their sceptors stretcht from east to westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld; [peld.
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far com-

Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry love an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain; [fain.
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that Heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr:
Faire harbour that them seems; so in they entred ar.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp elme; the poplar never dry;
The builder oake, sole king of forrests all;
The aspine good for staves; the cypresse funerall;

The laurell, meed of mighty conquerours
And poets sage; the firre that weepeth still;
The willow, worne of forlorne paramours;
The eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The birch for shaftes; the sallow for the mill;
The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
The fruitfull olive; and the platane round;
The carver holme; the maple seeldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustring storme is overblowne;
When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in wayes unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they nearest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene, [been.
That, which of them to take, in diverse doubt they

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollowe cave,
Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gave.

"Be well aware," quoth then that ladie milde,
"Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts; oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show: therefore your stroke,
Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made."
"Ah, ladie," sayd he, "shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade: [wade."
Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse for to

"Yea but," quoth she, "the perill of this place
I better wot then you: Though nowe too late
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisedome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
This is the Wandring Wood, this *Errours Den*,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware."—"Fly, fly," quoth then
The fearefull dwarfe; "this is no place for living men."

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful knight could not for ought be staide;
But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A little glooming light, much like a shade;
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th' other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting: of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisnous dugs; each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head; whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine, [plaine.
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay;
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst;
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd;
Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho, wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse [traine!

His lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, "Now, now, sir Knight, shew what ye bee;
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint;
Straugle her, els she sure will strangle thee."
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high disdaine;
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
A flood of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke
His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But, when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherin there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly femall, of his fruitful seed; [reed.
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That, wel-nigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceivd to shrinke,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
(*Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,*)
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Marks which doe byte their hasty supper best;
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
And stroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body, full of filthie sin,
He raft her hatefull heade without remorse:
A stream of coale-black blood forth gushed from her corse.

Her scattred brood, soone as their parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly all with troublous feare
Gathred themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth; but, being there withstood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mothers blond; [good.
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their

That detestable sight him much amazde,
To see th' unkindly impes, of Heaven accurst,
Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
Having all satisfide their bloudy thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
And, bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such, as drunke her life, the which them nurst!
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should contend.

His lady seeing all, that chaunst, from farre,
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie;
And said, "Faire knight, borne under happie starre,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye;
Well worthie be you of that armory,
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie;
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may!"

Then mounted he upon his steede againe,
And with the lady backward sought to wend:
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend;
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought:
Long way he traveiled, before he heard of ought.

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad;
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad;
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was;
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
"Ah! my dear sonne," quoth he, "how should, alas!
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such thinges to mell.

"But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrie farre and neare."
"Of such," saide he, "I chiefly doe inquere;
And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space."

"Far hence," quoth he, "in wastfull wildernesse
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse."
"Now," saide the ladie, "draweth toward night;
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be; for what so strong,
But, wanting rest, will also want of might?
The Sunne, that measures Heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves emong.

"Then with the Sunne take, sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best."
"Right well, sir Knight, ye have advised bin,"
Quoth then that aged man; "the way to win
Is wisely to advise: now day is spent;
Therefore with me ye may take up your in
For this same night." The knight was well content:
So with that godly father to his home they went.

A litle lowly hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In travell to and froe: a litle wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things each morne and eventyde:
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth away.

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement, where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas;
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue, as smooth as glas:
He told of saintes and popes, and evermore
He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast;
And the sad humor loading their eye-liddes,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast [biddes.
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes; and there amiddes
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seeks out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy minds.

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read!) thereof did verses frame:
With which, and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes grisely dame;
And cursed Heven; and spake reprochful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.
A bold bad man! that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night;
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of sprights, the which, like litle flyes,
Fluttring about his ever-damned hedd,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by himselfe staide other worke to doo.

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of watʼrs wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the Earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed, [spred.
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast;
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes; of nothing he takes keepe.

And, more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimyes.

The messenger approching to him spake;
But his waste wordes retourned to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

The sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lompish head, with blame
Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
"Hether," quoth he, "me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false Dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent."

The god obayde; and, calling forth straight way
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of careful carke;
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
He, backe returning by the yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull larke;
And on his litle winges the Dreame he bore
In hast unto his lord, where he him left afore.

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a lady of that other spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

Now when that ydle Dreame was to him brought,
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy;
In sort as he him schooled privily.
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

Thus, well instructed, to their worke they haste;
And, comming where the knight in slomber lay,
The one upon his hardie head him plaste,
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play;
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy.
Then seemed him his lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false winged boy
Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne dame Pleasures toy.

And she her selfe, of beautie soveraigne queene,
Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he, waking, evermore did weene
To bee the chastest flowre that aye did spring
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose leman to vile service bound:
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,
Hymen Iõ Hymen, dauncing all around;
Whylst freshest Flóra her with yvie girlond crownd.

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amiss,
He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo, there before his face his ladie is,
Under blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke;
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and lovely looke, [took.
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought have slaine her in his fierce despight;
But, hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
He stayde his hand; and gan himselfe advise
To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands, in wemens pittcous wise,
Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

And sayd, "Ah, sir, my liege lord, and my love,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
And mightie causes wrought in Heaven above,
Or the blind god, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my dew; yet rew my wretched state,
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently:

"Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave
My fathers kingdom"—There she stopt with teares;
Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave;
And then againe begun; "My weaker yeares,
Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde:
Let me not die in languor and long teares."
"Why, dame," quoth he, "what hath ye thus dismayd? [frayd?"
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me af-

"Love of yourselfe," she saide, "and deare constraint,
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
In secret anguish and unpitied plaint,
Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight."
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suspect her truth; yet since no untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foule disdainefull spight
He would not shend; but said, "Deare dame, I rew,
That for my sake unknowne such griefe unto you grew:

"Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
For all so deare, as life is to my hart,
I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound:
Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none, but to your rest depart."
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words, that could not chose but please:
So, slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much griev'd to thinke that gentle dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last dull wearines of former fight
Having yrockt asleepe his irkesome spright,
That troublous Dreame gan freshly tosse his braine
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
But, when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe.

CANTO II.

The guilefull great enchaunter parts
The Redcrosse knight from Truth:
Into whose stead faire Falshood steps,
And workes him woefull ruth.

By this the northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all that in the wide deepe wandring arre;
And chearefull chaunticlére with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
Full envious that Night so long his roome did fill:

When those accursed messengers of Hell,
That feigning Dreame, and that faire-forged spright,
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootelesse paines, and ill-succeeding night:
Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright.
But, when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes againe.

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated Faire,
And that false other spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young squire, in loves and lustyhed
His wanton dayes that ever lousily led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight;
Those two he tooke, and in a secrete bed,
Covered with darkenes and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned-faithfull hast
Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights
And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast;
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
And to him calls; "Rise, rise, unhappy swaine,
That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
Have knit themselves in Venus shameful chaine:
Come, see where your false lady doth her honor staine."

All in a maze he suddenly up start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who soone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment
In wanton lust and lewd enbracëment:
Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire;
The eie of reason was with rage yblent;
And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restreined of that aged sire.

Retourning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,
He could not rest; but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night.
At last faire Hesperus in highest skie [light;
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily; [do fly.
The dwarfe him brought his steed: so both away

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire;
And the high hils Titan discovered;
The royall virgin shooke off drousyhed:
And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to waite each howre:—
Then gan she wail and weepe to see that woeful stowre.

And after him she rode with so much speede,
As her slowre beast could make; but all in vaine:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine:
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest;
But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whome she loved best.

But subtill Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts;
And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
(Th' end of his drift,) he praised his divelish arts,
That had such might over true-meaning harts:
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smarts:
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell;
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell [spell!
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of magick

But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:—
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield; upon his coward brest
A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
A bounch of heares discolourd diversly.
Full jolly knight he seemde, and well addrest;
And, when he sate upon his courser free, [to be.
Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him

But he, the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare:
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin, all armde to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy; full large of limbe and every joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly lady clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay;
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave:
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bels and bosses brave.

With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce,
She intertainde her lover all the way:
But, when she saw the knight his speare advaunce,
Shee soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray;
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickte with pride,
And hope to winne his ladies hearte that day,
Forth spurred fast; adowne his coursers side [ride.
The red bloud trickling staind the way, as he did

The knight of the Redcrosse, when him he spide,
Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That, daunted with their forces hideous,
Their steeds doe staggar, and amazed stand;
And eke themselves, too rudely vigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebutte, and each to other yeeldoth land.

As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meete, that, with the terrour of the shocke
Astonied, both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idëly
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissance envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does seeke to perce; repining courage yields
No foote to foe: the flashing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields;
And streams of purple bloud new die the verdant fields.

" Curse on that crosse," quoth then the Sarazin,
" That keeps thy body from the bitter fitt;
Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt:
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
And hide thy head." Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing downe his shield from blame him fairly blest.

Who[illegible] thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive;
And, at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head: he, tumbling downe alive,
With bloody mouth his mother Earth did kis,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whether the soules doe fly of men, that live amis.

The lady, when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall;
But from him fled away with all her powre:
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure:
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay:
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

Shee turning backe, with ruefull countenaunce,
Cride, " Mercy, mercy, sir, vouchsafe to show
On silly dame, subiect to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty will." Her humblesse low
In so ritch weedes, and seeming glorious show,
Did much enmove his stout heroicke heart;
And said, " Deare dame, your suddein overthrow
Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
And tel, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part."

Melting in teares, then gan shee thus lament;
" The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandëment,
Before that angry Heavens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
Was, (O what now availeth that I was!)
Borne the sole daughter of an emperour;
He that the wide west under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pas,

" He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me unto the onely haire
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
Was never prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was never prince so meeke and debonaire!
But, ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest lord fell from high honors staire
Into the hands of hys accursed fone,
And cruelly was slaine; that shall I ever mone!

" His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convaid,
And fro me hid; of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to mee unhappy maid,
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid!
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
A virgin widow; whose deepe-wounded mind
With love long time did languish, as the striken hind.

" At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
To meete me wandring; who perforce me led
With him away; but yet could never win
The fort, that ladies hold in soveraigne dread.
There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sansfoy,
The eldest of three brethren; all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sansloy; [sloy.
And twixt them both was born the bloody bold San-

" In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
Now miserable I Fidessa dwell,
Craving of you, in pitty of my state,
To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well."
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eies, her face to view,
Then his dull eares, to heare what shee did tell;
And said, " Faire lady, hart of flint would rew
The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

" Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe that did you molest:
Better new friend then an old foe is said."
With chaunge of cheare the seeming-simple maid
Let fal her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,
And yeelding soft, in that she nought gainsaid.
So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
And shee coy lookes: so dainty, they say, maketh derth.

Long time they thus together traveiled;
Til, weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast;
And their greene leaves, trembling with every blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:
The fearefull shepheard, often there aghast,
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His mery oaten pipe; but shund th' unlucky ground.

But this good knight, soone as he them can spie,
For the coole shade him thither hastly got:
For golden Phoebus, now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

Faire-seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purposes, there as they sit;
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight, that lived yit;
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit;
And, thinking of those braunches greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rifte there came
Smal drops of gory blood, that trickled down the same.

Therewith a pitcous yelling voice was heard,
Crying, " O spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynd embard;
But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap, that happened to me heare,
And to this wretched lady, my deare love;
O too deare love, love bought with death too deare!"
Astond he stood, and up his heare did hove;
And with that suddein horror could no member move.

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake;
Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake:
"What voice of damned ghost from Limbo lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
(Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake)
Sends to my doubtful eares these speaches rare,
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood to spare?"

Then, groning deep; "Nor damned ghost," quoth he,
"Nor guileful sprite, to thee these words doth speake;
But once a man Fradubio, now a tree;
Wretched man, wretched tree! whose nature weake
A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,
Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines;
For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines."

"Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,"
Quoth then the knight; "by whose mischievous arts
Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see?
He oft finds med'cine who his griefe imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing harts;
As raging flames who striveth to suppresse."
"The author then," said he, "of all my smarts,
Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse,
That many errant knights hath broght to wretchednesse.

"In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
The fire of love and ioy of chevalree
First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
To love this gentle lady, whome ye see
Now not a lady, but a seeming tree;
With whome as once I rode accompanyde,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire lady by his syde;
Lyke a faire lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde;

"Whose forged beauty he did take in hand
All other dames to have exceded farre;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the morning starre.
So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre;
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare; such is the dye of warre.
His lady, left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

"So doubly lov'd of ladies unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede;
A rosy girlond was the victors meede.
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee;
So hard the discord was to be agreede.
Frælissa was as faire, as faire mote bee,
And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

"The wicked witch, now seeing all this while
The doubtfull balloonce equally to sway,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile;
And, by her hellish science, raisd streight way
A foggy mist that overcast the day,
And a dull blast that breathing on her face
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace:
Then was she fayre alone, when none was faire in place.

"Then cride she out, 'Fye, fye, deformed wight,
Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
To have before bewitched all mens sight:
O leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine!'
Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,
Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
And would have kild her; but with faigned paine
The false witch did my wrathfull hand withhold:
So left her, where she now is turnd to treën mould.

"Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my dame,
And in the witch unweeting ioyd long time;
Ne ever wist, but that she was the same:
Till on a day (that day is everie prime,
When witches wont do penance for their crime,)
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

"Her neather partes misshapen, monstruous,
Were hidd in water, that I could not see;
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleeve to bee.
Thensforth from her most beastly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,
Soone as appeard safe opportunitie:
For danger great, if not assurd decay,
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

"The divelish hag, by chaunges of my cheare,
Perceiv'd my thought; and, drownd in sleepie night,
With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare
My body, all through charmes and magicke might,
That all my senses were bereaved quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me pight;
Where now enclosd in wooden wals full faste,
Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we waste."

"But how long time," said then the Elfin knight,
Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?"
"We may not chaunge," quoth he, "this evill plight,
Till we be bathed in a living well:
That is the terme prescribed by the spell."
"O how," sayd he, "mote I that well out find,
That may restore you to your wonted well?"
"Time and suffised fates to former kynd bynd."
Shall us restore; none else from hence may us unbynd.

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight,
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
When all this speech the living tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:
Then turning to his lady, dead with feare her fownd.

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew;
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew,
And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew,
At last she up gan lift; with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew)
And oft her kist. At length, all passed feare,
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

CANTO III.

Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
And makes the lyon mylde;
Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
In hand of leachour vylde.

Nought is there under Heav'ns wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
Or through alleageance, and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pitty I could dy.

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches shayre.

Yet she, most faithfull ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who, subtily betrayd
Through that late vision which th' enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond: she, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydinges none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight;
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight;
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layd her stole aside: her angels face,
As the great eye of Heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lyon rushed suddeinly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse:
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong;
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion;
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

"The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:—
But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord
As the god of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayed champion if she might attayne.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard:
From her fayre eyes he took commandëment,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

Long she thus traveiled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandring knight shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde;
Till that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore:
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzel spyde slow-footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

To whom approching she to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand:
But the rude wench her answerd nought at all;
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand:
Till, seeing by her side the lyon stand,
With suddein feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away: for never in that land
Face of fayre lady she before did vew,
And that dredd lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night; nought could she say;
But, suddeine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere:

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where, of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
Shee found them both in darksome corner pent:
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent:
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say.

And, to augment her painefull penaunce more,
Thrise every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackecloth wore,
And thrise-three times did fast from any bitt:
But now for feare her beads she did forgett.
Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fitt:
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

The day is spent; and commeth drowsie night,
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe:
Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,
And at her feete the lyon watch doth keepe:
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe,
For the late losse of her deare-loved knight,
And sighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night; [light.
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye
Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That ready entraunce was not at his call;
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall.

He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents:
The holy saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept;
And spoild the priests of their habiliments;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

And all, that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
With whom he whoredome usd that few did know,
And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow;
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings:
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he bett;
Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,
(The lyon frayed them) him in to lett;
He would no longer stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is; when that disdainfull beast,
Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surprize;
And, seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath suppresst.

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand;
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty land
Dronke up his life; his corse left on the straud.
His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
The heavie hap, which on them is alight;
Affrayd, least to themselves the like mishapen might.

Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke;
And on their former iourney forward pas,
In waies unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
With paines far passing that long-wandring Greeke,
That for his love refused deitye:
Such were the labours of this lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did flye; [nye.
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twayne,
That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,
Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine there slayne,
For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare:
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,
Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill:

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow houling, and lamenting cry;
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flowre of faith and chastity:
And still, amidst her rayling, she did pray
That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery,
Might fall on her, and follow all the way;
And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

But, when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,
Shee backe retourned with some labour lost;
And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost;
But subtill Archimag, that Una sought
By traynes into new troubles to have toste:
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a lady shee could tellen ought.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
Saying, that harlott she too lately knew,
That causd her shed so many a bitter teare;
And so forth told the story of her feare.
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
And after for that lady did inquere;
Which being taught, he forward gan advaunce
His fair enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

Ere long he came where Una traveild slow,
And that wilde champion wayting her besyde;
Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not show
Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hil; from whence when she him spyde,
By his like-seeming shield her knight by name
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
Approching nigh she wist it was the same; [came:
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee

And weeping said, "Ah my long-lacked lord,
Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight?
Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might;
That should as death unto my deare heart light:
For since mine eie your ioyous sight did mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is: [blis!"
But welcome now, my light, and shining lampe of

He thereto meeting said, "My dearest dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leave that have me loved stil,
And chose in Faery court, of meere goodwil,
Where noblest knights were to be found on Earth.
The Earth shall sooner leave her kindly skil
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
Then I leave you, my liefe, yborn of hevenly berth.

"And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place;
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
But knight he now shall never more deface:
Good cause of mine excuse that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas
Have vowd you to defend: now then your plaint appease."

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines: one loving howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence;
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.
She has forgott how many a woeful stowre
For him she late endurd; she speakes no more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe; his eies be fixt before. [so sore.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,
Oft soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare;
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With blustring breath of Heaven, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orion's hound;
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearfull whistle merily doth sound,
And Nereus crownes with cups; his mates him pledg around.

Such joy made Una, when her knight she found;
And eke th' enchaunter joyous, seemde no lesse
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
His ship far come from watrie wildernesse;
He hurles out vows, and Neptune oft doth blesse.
So forth they past; and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the lyon ment;
Who told, her all that fell in iourney, as she went.

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free
That through his fiersnesse fomed all with sweat,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chaunfed side;
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde:
And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloody lines was dyde.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
And saw the red crosse, which the knight did beare,
He burnt in fire; and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to batteill with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
To taste th' unbryed dint of deadly steele:
But yet his lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele;
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.

But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce
And full of wrath, that, with his sharp-head speare,
Through vainly crossed shield he quite did perce;
And, had his staggering steed not shronke for feare,
Through shield and body eke he should him beare:
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his sadle quite he did him beare:
He tombling rudely downe to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of blood did gush.

Dismounting lightly from his lofty steed,
He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,
And proudly said; "Lo, there the worthie meed
Of him, that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife;
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen over Lethe lake;
When mourning altars, purgd with enimies life,
The black infernall Furies doen aslake: [thee take."
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, "O hold that heavie hand,
Dear sir, what ever that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
Now at thy mercy; mercy not withstand;
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquered now he lye on lowly land;
And, whilest him fortune favourd, fayre did thrive
In bloudy field; therefore of life him not deprive."

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage;
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slayne him straight: but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amased hold,
And, halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight:
For that old man well knew he, though untold,
In charmes and magicke to have wondrous might;
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight:

And said, "Why Archimago, lucklesse syre,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
Instead of foe to wound my friend amiss?"
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit; which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay:

But to the virgin comes; who all this while
Amased stands, herselfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie:
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold,

But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
And high disdaine, whenas his soveraine dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
And, ramping on his shield, did weene the same
Have reft away with his sharp rending clawes:
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His corage more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his shield redeemd; and forth his sword he drawes.

O then, too weake and feeble was the forse
Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand!
For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand;
And feates of armes did wisely understand.
Eftsoones he perced through his chanfed chest
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his lordly hart: with death opprest
He ror'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
Her faithfull gard remov'd; her hope dismaid;
Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill!
He now, lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches and disdaineful spight
Her vildy entertaines; and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courser light: [might.
Her prayers nought prevaile: his rage is more of

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaintes, she filleth his dull eares,
That stony hart could riven have in twaine;
And all the way she wetts with flowing teares;
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But follows her far off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe.
More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

CANTO IV.

To sinfull hous of Pryde Duessa guydes the faithfull knight;
Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansioy
Doth chaleng him to fight.

Young knight whatever, that dost armes professe,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice, and chaunge, of thy deare-loved dame;
Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love; [prove.
That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly

Who, after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light misleeming of her loialtie;
And false Duessa in her stead had borne,
Called Fidess', and so supposd to be;
Long with her traveild; till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished;
The house of mightie prince it seemd to be;
And towards it a broad high way that led, [ed.
All bare through peoples feet, which thether travail-

Great troupes of people traveild thetherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place;
But few returned, having scaped hard,
With balefull beggery, or foule disgrace;
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace;
For she is wearie of the toilsom way;
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

A stately pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres;
And on the top a diall told the timely howres.

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans witt:
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sitt:
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie:
That every breath of Heaven shaked itt:
And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Arrived there, they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide:
Yet charge of them was to a porter hight,
Cald Malvenú, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight:
Infinite sortes of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the lady of that pallace bright.

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the presence mount; whose glorious vew
Their frayle amazed senses did confound.
In living princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumpteous shew;
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride,
Like ever saw: and there a noble crew
Of lords and ladies stood on every side, [beautifide.
Which, with their presence fayre, the place much

High above all a cloth of state was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;
On which there sate, most brave embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden queene that shone, as Titans ray,
In glistring gold and perelesse pretious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone:

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus fayrest childe,
That did presume his fathers fyrie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde,
Through highest Heaven with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
And, rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to shyne.

So proud she shyned in her princely state,
Looking to Heaven; for Earth she did disdayne:
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo, underneath her scornefull feete was layne
A dreadfull dragon with an hideous trayne;
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

Of grisely Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the queene of Hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell;
And thundring Iove, that high in Heaven doth dwell
And wield the world, she claymed for her syre;
Or if that any else did Iove excell;
For to the highest she did still aspyre;
Or, if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made her selfe a queene, and crowned to be;
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie;
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the soepter, which she now did hold:
Ne ruld her realme with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong advizement of six wisards old,
That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.

Sonne as the Elfin knight in presence came,
And false Duessa, seeming lady fayre,
A gentle husher, Vanitie by name,
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:
So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
Of her high throne; where they, on humble knee
Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her roiall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great maiestee.

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
She thanckedd them in her disdainefull wise;
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to showe
Of princesse worthy; scarse them bad arise.
Her lordes and ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:
Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guise;
Some prancke their ruffes; and others trimly dight
Their gay attyre: each others greater pride does spight.

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew;
But to Duess' each one himselfe did payne
All kindnesse and fayre courtesie to shew;
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
And that great princesse too exceeding prowd,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

Suddein upriseth from her stately place
The roiall dame, and for her coche doth call:
All hurtlen forth; and she, with princely pace,
As faire Aurora, in her purple pall,
Out of the east the dawning day doth call,
So forth she comes; her brightnes brode doth blaze.
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other, upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eies amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
Great Iunoes golden chayre; the which, they say,
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Ioves high hous through Heavens bras-paved way,
Drawne of fayre peacocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden wide.

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kindes applyde:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of sin;
Upon a slouthfull asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin;
Like to an holy monck, the service to begin.

And in his hand his portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little redd;
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drowned in sleepe, and most of his dues dedd:
Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hedd,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seeme the wayne was very evil ledd,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went or else astray.

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
And greatly shunned manly exercise;
Fom everie worke he chalenged essoyne,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise
His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
By which he grew to grievous malady:
For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
A shaking fever raigned continually:
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne;
His belly was upblowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;
And like a crane his neeke was long and fyne,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne:
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not wear for heate:
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the sweat:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarse upholden can:
In shape and life more like a monster then a man.

Unfit he was for any wordly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go;
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
That from his frend he seeldome knew his fo:
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery
Upon a bearded gote, whose rugged heare,
And whally eies, (the signe of gelosy)
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:
Who rough, and blacke, and filthy, did appeare;
Unseemely man to please fair ladies eye:
Yet he of ladies oft was loved deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O who does know the bent of womens fantasy!

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse;
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies and new-fangleuesse:
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse;
And learned had to love with secret lookes;
And well could daunce; and sing with ruefulnesse;
And fortunes tell; and read in loving bookes:
And thousandother waies, to bait his fleshly hookes.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all, that he did love;
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But ioyd weake wemens hearts to tempt, and prove,
If from their loyall loves he might them move:
Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain
Of that foule evill, which all men reprove,
That rotts the marrow, and consumes the braine:
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camell loaden all with gold:
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold;
And in his lap an heap of coine he told:
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto Hell him selfe for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade; [waide.
And, right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste;
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware;
Ne scarse good morsell all his life did taste;
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare:
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise;
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store;
Whose need had end, but no end covetise; [pore;
Whose welth was want; whose plenty made him
Who had enough, yett wished ever more;
A vile disease: and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore;
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand:
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band!

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neibors welth, that made him ever sad;
For death it was, when any good he saw;
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;
But, when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

All in a kirtle of discolourd say
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes:
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse;
And grudged at the great felicitee
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companee.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse, that any like did use;
And, who with gratious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse:
And eke the verse of famous poets witt
He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt:
Such one vile Envy was, that fifte in row did sitt.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed:
His eies did hurle forth sparcles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld;
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held, [sweld.
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent;
Through unadvized rashnes woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no governement,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
But, when the furious fitt was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast, [thust.
How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse

Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath;
Abhorred Bloodshed, and tumultuous Strife,
Unmanly Murder, and unthrifty Scath,
Bitter Despight with Rancours rusty knife;
And fretting Griefe, the enemy of life:
All these, and many evils moe haunt Ire,
The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,
The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire:
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

And, after all, upon the wagon beame
Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the lagsy teme,
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Shouting for joy; and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land;
And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay
Dead sculls and bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

So forth they marchen in this goodly sore,
To take the solace of the open aire,
And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport:
Emongst the rest rode that false lady faire,
The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
Of proud Lucifer, as one of the traine:
But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
Him selfe estraunging from their ioyaunce vaine,
Whose fellowship seemd far unfitt for warlike swaine.

So, having solaced themselves a space
With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
They backe retourned to the princely place;
Whereas an errant knight in armes yoled,
And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red
Was writt *Sans ioy*, they new arrived find:
Enflam'd with fury and fierce hardyhed,
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nourish bloody vengeaunce in his bitter mind.

Who, when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy
He spide with that same Fary champions page,
Bewraying him that did of late destroy
His eldest brother; burning all with rage,
He to him lept, and that same envious gage
Of victors glory from him snatcht away:
But th' Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray;
And, him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hy;
That with their sturre they troubled all the traine:
Till that great queene, upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine;
And, if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

"Ah, dearest dame," quoth then the Paynim bold,
"Pardon the error of enraged wight,
Whome great griefe made forgett the raines to hold
Of reasons rule, to see this recreaunt knight,
(No knight, but treachour full of false despight
And shameful treason,) who through guile hath slayn
The prowest knight, that ever field did fight,
Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn?)
Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heap disdayn.

"And, to augment the glorie of his guile,
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe
Is there possessed of the traytour vile;
Who reapes the harvest sowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloodie field, and bought with woe:
That—brothers hand shall dearely well requight,
So be, O queene, who equall favour showe."
Him litle answerd th' angry Elfin knight;
He never meant with words, but swords, to plead his right:

But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledg,
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with harts on edg
To be avenged each on his enimy.
That night they pas in joy and jollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For steward was excessive Gluttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all:
Which doen, the chamberlain Slowth did to rest them call.

Now whenas darksome Night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye;
The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Uprose Duessa from her resting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace:

Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fitt,
Fore-casting, how his foe he might annoy;
And him amoves with speaches seeming fitt,
"Ah deare Sansjoy, next dearest to Sansfoy,
Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new joy;
Joyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
And greeved, to thinke how foe did him destroy
That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;
Lo, his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye."

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
And bad say on the secrete of her hart:
Then, sighing soft; "I learne that litle sweet
Oft tempred is," quoth she, "with muchell smart:
For, since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
Of deare Sansfoy, I never joyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
And for his sake have felt full many an heavy stowre.

"At last, when perils all I weened past,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast
By this false faytor, who unworthie ware
His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull snare
Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave:
Me silly maid away with him he bare,
And ever since hath kept in darksom cave;
For that I would not yeeld that to Sansfoy I gave.

"But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
Under your beames I will be safely shrowd
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
To you th' inheritance belonges by right
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his love.
Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,
Be unrevengd, that calles to you above
From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth endlesse move."

Thereto said he, "Faire dame, be nought dismaid
For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them gone.
Ne yet of present perill be affraid:
For needlesse feare did never vantage none;
And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
Though greeved ghost for vengeance deep to grone:
He lives, that shall him pay his dewties last,
And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast."

"O, but I feare the fickle freakes," quoth shee,
"Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field."
"Why, dame," quoth he, "what oddes can ever bee,
Where both doe fight alike, to win or yield?"
"Yea, but," quoth she, "he beares a charmed shield,
And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce;
Ne none can wound the man, that does them wield."
"Charmd or enchaunted," answerd he then fierce,
"I no whitt reck; ne you the like need to reherce.

"But, faire Fidessa, sithens fortune's guile,
Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
Returne from whence ye come, and rest a while,
Till morrow next, that I the elfe subdew,
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew."
"Ay me, that is a double death," she said,
"With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew:
Where ever yet I be, my secret aide
Shall follow you." So, passing forth, she him obaid.

CANTO V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
Subdewes his faithlesse foe;
Whom false Duessa saves, and for
His cure to Hell does goe.

The noble hart that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with childe of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing, how that doughtie turnament
With greatest honour he atchieven might:
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

At last, the golden orientall gate
Of greatest Heaven gan to open fayre;
And Phœbus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre;
And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy ayre.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streightway
He started up, and did him selfe prepayre
In sunbright armes, and battailous array;
For with that Pagan proud he combatt will that day.

And forth he comes into the commune hall;
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
And many bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly;
And many chronicles, that can record
Old loves, and warres for ladies doen by many a lord.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily;
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And daintie spices fetch from furthest Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily;
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
T' observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

At last forth comes that far renowmed queene.
With royall pomp and princely maiestie
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,
And placed under stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th' other side in all mens open vew
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody hew:
Both those, the lawfull girlonds to the victor dew.

A shrilling trompett sownded from on hye,
And unto battaill bad themselves addresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
And burning blades about their heades do blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heavinesse:
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle:
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and fraile.

The Sarazin was stout and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;
For after blood and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For all for praise and honour did he fight.
Both stricken stryke, and beaten both doe beat;
That from their shields forth flyeth firie light,
And helmets, hewen deepe, shew marks of either's might.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right:
As when a gryfon, seized of his pray,
A dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away:
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so sore, that they the Heavens affray:
The wise southsayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortal fight.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right;
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh, the streames of blood down flow;
With which the armes, that earst so bright did show,
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
His suddein eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And said; "Ah! wretched sonne of wofull syre,
Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
Whylest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre?
And, sluggish german, doest thy foroes slake
To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?

"Go, caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And soone redeeme from his long-wandring woe:
Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit from dying foe."
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall:
End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
The lookers on; and lowd to him gan call
The false Duessa, "Thine, the shield, and I, and all!"

Soone as the Faerie heard his ladie speake,
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake;
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake;
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast avong'd to be,
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee:
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

And to him said; "Goe now, proud miscreant,
Thyselfe thy message do to german deare;
Alone he, wandring, thee too long doth want:
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare."
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine; when lo! a darkesome clowd
Upon him fell; he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
But answer none receives; the darkness him does shrowd.

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running sayd; "O prowest knight,
That ever ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terrour of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight
And bloodie vengeance: lo! th' infernall powres,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres:
The conquest yours; I yours; the shield and glory yours!"

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
He sought, all round about, his thristy blade
To bathe in blood of faithlesse enimy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He standes amazed how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets triumph sound on hie;
And running heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie;
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine queene;
And, falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene:
Which she accepts with thankes and goodly gree,
Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree:
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people followe with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the ayre it fils, and flyes to Heaven bright.

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptuous bed:
Where many skilfull leaches him abide
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly blad.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
And softly gan embalme on everie side.
And all the while most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony:
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

As when a wearie traveiler, that strayes
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,
Which, in false griefe hyding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender tears;
The foolish man, that pities all this while
His mournefull plight, is swallowed up unwares;
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes all others cares.

So wept Duessa untill eventyde,
That shyning lampes in Joves high house were light:
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide;
But comes unto the place, where th' Hethen knight,
In slombring swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
But to the easterne coast of Heaven makes speedy way:

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus chearefull face durst never vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darksome mew;
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Already harnessed for iourney new,
And cole-blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,
Adornd with gold and iewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to feare;
(For never did such brightnes there appeare)
And would have backe retyred to her cave,
Untill the witches speach she gan to heare,
Saying; "Yet, O thou dreaded dame, I crave
Abyde, till I have told the message which I have."

She stayd; and foorth Duessa gan proceede;
"O thou, most auncient grandmother of all,
More old than Jove, whom thou at first didst breede,
Or that great house of gods cælestiall;
Which wast begot in Dæmogorgons hall,
And sawst the secrets of the world unmade;
Why suffredst thou thy nephewes deare to fall
With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade?
Lo, where the stout Sansioy doth sleepe in deadly shade!

"And, him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold Sansfoy shrinck underneath his speare;
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on grouing beare,
That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
O! what of gods then boots it to be borne,
If old Aveugles sonnes so evill beare?
Or who shall not great Nightës children scorne,
When two of three her nephews are so fowle forlorne?

"Up, then; up, dreary dame, of darknes queene;
Go, gather up the reliques of thy race;
Or else goe, them avenge; and let be seene
That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of fayre Light deface."
Her foeling speaches some compassion mov'd
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:
Yet pitty in her hart was never prov'd
Till then; for evermore she hated, never lov'd:

And said, "Deare daughter, rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successes, which their foes ensew:
But who can turne the streame of destinee,
Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
Which fast is tyde to Joves eternall seat?
The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.

"Yet shall they not escape so freely all;
For some shall pay the price of others guilt:
And he, the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.
But what art thou, that telst of nephews kilt?"
"I, that do seeme not I, Duessa ame,"
Quoth she, "how ever now, in garments gilt
And gorgeous gold arrayd, I to thee came;
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame."

Then, bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying; "In that fayre face
The false resemblaunce of Deceipt, I wist,
Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarse in darksome place
Could it discerne; though I the mother bee
Of Falshood, and robe of Duessaes race.
O welcome, child, whom I have long'd to see,
And now have seene unwares! Lo, now I go with thee."

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welfavourd witch:
Through mirkesome aire her ready way she makes.
Her twyfold teme (of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich)
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to twitch;
Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would champ,
And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay
Devoid of outward sence and native strength,
Covered with charmed cloud from view of day
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy blood congeald
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heald:
So lay him in her charett, close in night conceald.

And, all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay;
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
With which her yron wheeles did them affray,
And her darke griesly looke them much dismay.
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With drery shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole:
By that same hole, an entrance darke and base,
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to Hell: there creature never past,
That backe retournèd without heavenly grace;
But dreadfull furies, which their chaines have brast,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mournefull charett, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive:
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stonie eies; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully;
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shriek do bootlesse cry,
Cursing high love, the which them thither sent.
The House of endlesse Paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venemous;
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, untill Dayes enemy
Did him appease: then downe his taile he hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly:

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the queene of Heaven to sin;
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin;
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;
Typhoeus ioynts were stretched on a gin;
Theseus condemnd to endlesse slouth by law;
And fifty sisters water in leke vessels draw.

They, all beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
Till they be come unto the furthest part;
Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,
In which sad Aesculapius far apart
Emprisond was in chaines remedilesse;
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
That wont in charett chace the foming bore:
He all his peeres in beauty did surpas;
But ladies love, as losse of time, forbore:
His wanton stepdame loved him the more;
But, when she saw her offred sweets refusd,
Her love she turnd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treason false accusd,
And with her gealous termes his open eares abusd:

Who, all in rage, his sea-god syre besought
Some cursed vengeaunce on his sonne to cast:
From surging gulf two monsters streight were brought;
With dreadfull whereof his chacing steedes aghast
Both charett swifte and huntsman overcast.
His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite dismembred, and his members chast
Scattered on every mountaine as he went,
That of Hippolytus was lefte no moniment.

His cruell step-dame, seeing what was donne,
Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne.
Which hearing, his rash syre began to rend
His heare, and lasty tong that did offend:
Tho, gathering up the reliques of his smart,
By Dianes meanes who was Hippolyts frend,
Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and ioyned every part.

Such wondrous science in mans wit to rain
Whom love avizd, that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renew again,
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive;
But unto Hell did thrust him downe alive,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
Where, long recouping, he did alwales strive
Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
And slake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

There auncient Night arriving did alight
From her high-weary wayne, and in her armes
To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight:
Whom having softly disarayd of armes,
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,
If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,
A lordlonne wight from dore of death mote raise,

"Ah, dame," quoth he; "thou temptest me in vaine
To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew;
And the old cause of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renew.
Is not enough, that, thrust from Heaven dew,
Here endlesse penaunce for one fault I pay;
But that redoubled crime with vengeaunce new
Thou biddest me to eeke? can Night defray
The wrath of thundring Jove, that rules both Night and Day?"

"Not so," quoth she; "but, sith that Heavens king
From hope of Heaven hath thee excluded quight,
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;
And fearest not that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
Goe to then, O thou far renowmed sonne
Of great Apollo, shew thy famous might
In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne [donne."
Great paine, and greater praise, both never to be

Her words prevaild: and then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things els, the which his art did teach:
Which having seene, from thence arose away
The mother of dredd darknesse, and let stay
Avengles sonne there in the leaches cure;
And, backe returning, took her wonted way
To ronne her timely race, whilst Phoebus pure
In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

The false Duessa, leaving noyous Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of dame Pryde:
Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
Departed thence; albee (his woundes wyde
Not throughly heald) unready were to ryde.
Good cause he had to haisten thence away;
For on a day his wary dwarfe had spyde
Where, in a dungeon deepe, huge nombers lay
Of kaytive wretched thralls, that wayled night and day;

(A ruefull sight, as could be scene with eie;)
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivitie;
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
Through wastfull pride and wanton riotise,
They were by law of that proud tyrannesse,
Provokt with Wrath and Envyes false surmise,
Condemned to that dongeon mercilesse, [mosse.
Where they should live in woe, and dye in wretched-

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore
And him, as onely God, to call upon;
Till, through celestiall doome thrown out of doore,
Into an oxe he was transformd of yore.
There also was king Croesus, that enhaunst
His hart too high through his great richesse store;
And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altares daunst.

And, them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd;
And after him old Ninus far did pas
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd.
There also was that mightie monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide; [bide.
Till, scorned of God and man, a shamefull death he

All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carkases of beastes in butchers stall.
And, in another corner, wide were strowne
The antique ruins of the Romanes fall:
Great Romulus, the grandsyre of them all;
Proud Tarquin; and too lordly Lentulus;
Stout Scipio; and stubborne Hannibal;
Ambitious Sylla; and sterne Marius;
High Caesar; great Pompey; and fiers Antonius.

Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches spoke:
Fayre Sthenoboea, that her selfe did choke
With wilfull chord, for wanting of her will;
High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill: [fill.
And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon

Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thralles,
Which thether were assembled, day by day,
From all the world, after their woefull falles
Through wicked pride and wasted welthes decay.
But most, of all which in that dongeon lay,
Fell from high princes courtes, or ladies bowres;
Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods and thriftlesse howres,
And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy stowres.

Whose case whenas the careful dwarfe had tould,
And made ensample of their mournfull sight
Unto his maister; he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But early rose; and, ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to Heaven wyde,
He by a privy posterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde:
For, doubtlesse, death ensewd if any him descryde.

Sonne could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corses, like a great lay-stall,
Of murdred men, which therein strowed lay
Without remorse or decent funerall; [fall,
Which all through that great princesse Pryde, did
And all to shamefull end: and them besyde,
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A donghill of dead carcases he spyde;
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad House of Pryde.

CANTO VI.

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
Fayre Una is releast:
Whom salvage nation does adore,
And learnes her wise beheast.

As when a ship, that flyes fayre under sayle,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile;
The mariner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To joy at his foolhappie oversight:
So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed
The fayre Duess' had forst him leave behind;
And yet more sad, that Una, his deare dreed,
Her truith had staynd with treason so unkind;
Yet cryme in her could never creature find:
But for his love, and for her own selfe sake,
She wandred had from one to other Vnd,
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake;
Till her unwares the fierce Sansloy did overtake:

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forest wilde;
And, turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde.
Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes,
Her to persuade that stubborne fort to yilde:
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, than he that it constraines.

With fawning wordes he courted her a while;
And, looking lovely and oft sighing sore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile:
But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did abhore;
As rock of diamond stedfast evermore.
Yet, for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the vele that hong her face before:
Then gan her beautie shyne as brightest skye,
And burnt his beastly hart t'enforce her chastitye.

So when he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,
And subtile engines bett from batteree;
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,
And win rich spoile of ransacke chastitee.
Ah Heavens! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance just so long withhold,
And hurle not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold?

The pitteous mayden, carefull, comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shrickes, and shrieking cryes,
(The last vaine helpe of wemens greatte distresse)
And with loud plaintes importunetli the skyes;
That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes;
And Phœbus, flying so most shameful sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hydes for shame. What wit of mortall wight
Can now devise to quitt a thrall from such a plight?

Eternall Providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appeares can make her selfe a way!
A wondrous way it for this lady wrought,
From lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.
Her shrill outcryes and shrieks so loud did bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did resownd:
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd:

Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
In haste forsooke their rurall merriment,
And ran towardes the farr rebownded noyce,
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde,
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place,
There find the virgin, doolfull, desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late;
And trembling yet through feare of former hate:
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unlappie state;
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of so wofull plight.

She, more amazd, in double dread doth dwell;
And every tender part for feare does shake.
As when a greedy wolfe, through hunger fell,
A seely lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
A lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake;
Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim
With chaunge of feare, to see the lyon looke so grim.

Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart;
Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move, she had:
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her countenance sad;
Their frowning forheads, with rough hornes yclad
And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay;
And, gently grenning, shew a semblaunce glad
To comfort her; and, fayre to put away,
Their backward-bent knees teach her humbly to

The doubtfull damzell dare not yet committ
Her single person to their barbarous truith;
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,
Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th;
They, in compassion of her tender youth
And wonder of her beautie soveravne,
Are wonne with pitty and unwonted ruth;
And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with countenance fayne.

Their harts she ghesseth by their humble guise,
And yields her to extremitie of time:
So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
They, all as glad as birdes of joyous prime,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme;
And, with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
Do worship her as queene with olive girlond crownd.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with doubled eccho ring;
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;
Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out
To weet the cause, his weake steps governing
And aged limbs on cypresse stadle stout;
And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad,
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad:
They, drawing nigh, unto their god present
That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent:
The god himselfe, vewing that miracle rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent:
His owne fayre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.

The wood-borne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as goddesse of the wood;
And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not, what
To thinke of wight so fayre; but gazing stood
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood:
Sometimes dame Venus selfe he seemes to see;
But Venus never had so sober mood:
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be;
But Diana never had so chaste a face for chastitie.

By vew of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse;
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this;
And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly blisse:
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after joy;
But pynd away in anguish and selfwild annoy.

The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thether runne apace;
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
Flocke all about to see her lovely face:
But, when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malicious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace:
But all ufe Satyres scorne their woody kind.
And henceforth hatefull fairie, but her, on Earth they find.

Glad of such haplesse lucke the luckelesse lucky mayd
Did hope contcntt to please their feeble eyes;
And long time with that salvage people stayd,
To gather breath in many miseryes.
During which space her gentle wit she plyes,
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
And made them fond image of idolatryes:
But, when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne
From her own worship, they her asse would worship fayn.

It fortuned, a noble warlike knight
By straunge occasion to that forrest came
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right
From whence he tooke his well-deserved name:
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And fild farr landes with glorie of his might;
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enimy of shame,
And ever lov'd to fight for ladies right:
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

A satyres sonne yborne in forrest wyld,
By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a lady myld,
Fayre Thyamis the daughter of Labryde;
That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,
Who had more joy to raunge the forrest wyde,
And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,
Then serve his ladies love, and waste in pleasures vayne.

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne,
And could not lacke her lovers companyy;
But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,
And seeke her spouse, that from her still does fly
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde;
And, kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
The loyall links of wedlocke did unbinde,
And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captive to his sensuall desyre;
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
And bore a boy unto that salvage syre:
Then home he sufired her for to retyre;
For ransome leaving him the late-borne childe:
Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,
He nousled up in life and manners wilde,
Emongst wild beastes and woods, from lawes of men exilde.

For all he taught the tender ymp, was but
To banish cowardize and bastard feare:
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Upon the lyon and the rugged beare;
And from the she-beares teats her whelps to teare;
And eke wyld roving bulls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes not made to beare;
And the róbuckes in flight to overtake:
That everie beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

Thereby so fearelesse and so full he grew,
That his owne syre and maister of his guise
Did often tremble at his horrid vow;
And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise
The angry beastes not rashly to despise,
Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne
The lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
(A lesson hard) and make the libbard sterne
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

And, for to make his powre approved more,
Wyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell;
The spotted panther, and the tusked bore,
The pardale swift, and the tigre cruell,
The antelope and wolfe, both fiers and fell;
And them constreine in equall teme to draw.
Such joy he had their stubborne harts to quell,
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw;
That his beheast they feared, as a tyrans law.

His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the wondes, to see her little sonne;
And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
After his sportes and cruell pastime donne;
When after him a lyonesse did runne,
That roaring all with rage did lowd requere
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:
The lyon whelps she saw how he did beare,
And full in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

The fearefull dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning backe gan fast to fly away;
Untill, with love revokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say:
"Ah, Satyrane, my dearling and my joy,
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;
To dally thus with death is no fit toy:
Go, find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy."

In these and like delightes of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper yeares he raught;
And there abode, whylst any beast of name
Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force: and then his courage haught
Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought;
In which his might was never overthrowne;
But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blown.

Yet evermore it was his manner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his syre and ofspring auncient.
And now he thether came for like intent;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Straunge lady, in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred love, which from her sweet lips did re-
sound.

He wondred at her wisedome hevenly rare,
Whose like in womens wit he never knew;
And, when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And loyd to make proofe of her cruelty
On gentle dame, so hurtlesse and so trow:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her discipline of faith and verity.

But she, all vowd unto the Rederosse knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight;
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent;
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
How with that pensive maid he best might thence arise.

So on a day, when Satyres all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
He led away with corage stout and bold.
Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe;
In vaine he seekes that, having, cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are past, and come now to the plaine.

The better part now of the lingring day
They travelld had, whenas they far espide
A weary wight forwandring by the way;
And towards him they gan in hast to ride,
To weete of newes that did abroad betyde,
Or tidings of her knight of the Rederosse;
But he, them spying, gan to turne aside,
For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse:
More greedy they of newes fast towards him do crosse.

A silly man, in simple weeds forworne,
And soild with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had travelld many a sommers day
Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde;
And in his hand a Iacobs staffe, to stay
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

The knight, approching nigh, of him inquerd
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures, none he herd.
Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew
Of one, that did a broad of late pursew
That in his armour bare a croslet red.
"Ay me! deare dame," quoth he, "well may I rew
To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red;
These eies did see that knight both living and ded.

That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,
That suddein cold did ronne through every vaine,
And stony horrour all her senses fild
With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
Then, wonne from death, she bad him to ten plaine
The further processe of her hidden griefe. chiefe-
The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the

Then gan the pilgrim thus; "I chaunst this day,
This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,
To see two knights, in travell on my way,
(A sory sight) arraung'd in batteill new,
Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew:
My fearefull flesh did tremble at their strife,
To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
That, dronke with blood, yet thristed after life:
What more? the Rederosse knight was slain with Paynim knife."

"Ah! dearest lord," quoth she, "how might that be,
And he the stoutest knight, that ever wonne?" thee,
"Ah! dearest dame," quoth he, "how might I see
The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne?"
"Where is," said Satyrane, "that Paynims sonne,
That him of life, and us of joy, hath rafte?"
"Not far away," quoth he, "he hence doth wonne,
Forby a fountaine, where I late him left [were cleft."
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele

Therewith the Knight then marched forth in hast,
While Una, with huge heavie sad oppresst,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
Whereas that Pagan proud himselfe did rest
In secret shadow by a fountaine side;
Even he it was, that earst would have suppresst
Faire Una; whom when Satyrane espide,
With foule reprochful words he boldly him defide;

And said, "Arise, thou cursed miscreaunt, [train,
That hast with knightlesse guile, and treacherous
Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
That good knight of the Rederosse to have slain:
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield."
The Saracin, this hearing, rose amain,
And, catching up in hast his three-square shield
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field;

And, drawing nigh him, said; "Ah! misborn Elfe,
In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent
Another's wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe:
Yet ill thou blamest me, for having blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent:
That Rederosse knight, perdie, I never slew;
But had he beene, where earst his armes were lent,
The enchaunter vaine his errour should not rew:
But thou his errour shalt, I hope, now proven trew."

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile
Each other, bent his chiefe to quell;
That with their force they perst both plate and maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
That it would pitty any living eie:
Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile;
But floods of blood could not them satisfie:
Both hongred after death; both chose to win, or die.

So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,
That, fainting, each themselves to breathen lett;
And, ofte refreshed, battell oft renue.
As when two bores, with rancling malice mett,
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely frett;
Til breathlesse both themselves aside retire,
Where, foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whett,
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire;
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

So fiersly, when these knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight retourne; increasing more
Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
With heaped strokes more hugely then before;
That with their drery wounds, and bloody gore,
They both deformed, scarsely could bee knowen.
By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,
Led with their noise which through the aire was thrown,
Arriv'd, wher they in earth their fruitles blood had sown.

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan revive the memory
Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin;
And lefte the doubtfull battel hastily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie:
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,
And sternely bad him other business plie
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted maid:
Whorewith he al enrag'd these bitter speaches said;

"O foolish Faeries sonne, what fury mad
Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better I that lady had
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
Most sonneelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate
To love another: lo then, for thine ayd,
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate."
So they to fight; the whiles the royall mayd
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afrayd.

But that false pilgrim, which that leasing told,
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay
In secret shadow all this to behold;
And much reioyced in their bloody fray:
But, when he saw the damsell passe away,
He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay.
But for to tell her lamentable cace,
And eke this battels end, will need another place.

CANTO VII.

The Redcrosse knight is captive made
By gyaunt proud oppresst:
Prince Arthure meets with Una greatly with those newes distrest.

What man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,
As to disery the crafty cunning traine,
By which Deceipt doth maske in visour faire,
And cast her coulours died deepe in graine,
To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faine,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
Great maistresse of her art was that false dame,
The false Duessa, cloked with fidessaes name.

Who when, returning from the drery Night,
She found not in that perilous Hous of Pryde,
Where she had left the noble redcrosse knight,
Her hoped pray; she would no longer byde,
But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate
To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine syde,
Disarmed all of yron-coted plate;
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd
Doe chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mynd:
The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnes unkynd
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony sweet.

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the ioyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And, with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like a girlond made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:
The sacred nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

The cause was this: one day, when Phoebe fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,
Satt downe to rest in middest of the race:
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters wexed dull and slow; [grow.
And all, that drinke thereof, do faint and feeble

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was;
And, lying downe upon the sandie graile,
Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall glas:
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle.
His chaunged powres at first themselves not felt;
Till crudled cold his corage gan assayle,
And cheareful blood in faintnes chill did melt,
Which, like a fever fit, through all his bodie swelt.

Yet goodly court he made still to his dame,
Pourd out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
That all the Earth for terror seemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith astownd,
Upstarted lightly from his looser make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or gett his shield, his monstrous enimy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
And hideous geaunt, horrible and hye,
That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye;
The ground eke groned under him for dreed:
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

The greatest Earth his úncouth mother was,
And blustring Æolus his boasted syre; [pas,
Who with his breath, which through the world doth
Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,
And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,
That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time,
In which the wombes of wemen do expyre,
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slyme.
Puft up with emptie wynd, and fild with sinfull cryme.

So growen great, through arrogant delight
Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,
And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to losse; his stalking steps are stayde
Upon a snaggy oke, which he had torne
Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made [mayde.
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dis-

That, when the knight he spyde, he gan advaunce
With huge force and insúpportable mayne,
And towardes him with dreadfull fury praunce;
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
Did to him pace sad battaile to darrayne,
Disarmd, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde;
And eke so faint in every ioynt and vayne,
Through that fraile fountain, which him feeble made,
That scarsely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

The geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
That could have overthrowne a stony towre;
And, were not hevenly grace that did him blesse,
He had beene pouldred all, as thin as flowre;
But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
And lightly lept from underneath the blow:
Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,
That with the winde it did him overthrow,
And all his sences stoond, that still he lay full low.

As when that divelish yron engin, wrought
In deepest Hell, and framd by Furies skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
Conceiveth fyre; the Heavens it doth fill
With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smoke;
That th' only breath him daunts, who hath escapt the stroke.

So daunted when the geaunt saw the knight,
His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
And him to dust thought to have battred quight,
Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye;
"O great Orgoglio, greatest under skye,
O! hold thy mortall hand for ladies sake;
Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,
But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy leman take."

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
To gayne so goodly guerdon as she spake:
So willingly she came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was possessed of his newfound make.
Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse;
And, ere he could out of his swowne awake,
Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
And in a dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

From that day forth Duessa was his deare,
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye:
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
And her endowd with royall maiestye:
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,
A monstrous beast ybredd in filthy fen [den.
He chose, which he had kept long time in darkness

Such one it was, as that renowmed snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake:
Whose many heades out-budding ever new
Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew.
But this same monster much more ugly was;
For seven great heads out of his body grew,
An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,
And all embrewd in blood his eyes did shine as glas.

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the hous of hevenly gods it raught;
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The everburning lamps from thence it braught,
And prowdly threw to ground, as things of naught;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred thinges, and holy heastes foretaught.
Upon this dreadfull beast with sevenfold head
He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

The wofull dwarfe, which saw his maister fall,
(Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed)
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall;
When all was past, touke up his forlorne weed;
His mightie armour, missing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse;
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed;
The rueful moniments of heavinesse; [tresse.
And with them all departes, to tell his great dis-

He had not travaild long, when on the way
He wofull lady, wofull Una, met
Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,
Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let:
Who when her eyes she on the dwarf had set,
And saw the signes that deadly tydinges spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And lively breath her sad brest did forsake;
Yet might her pitteous hart be seen to pant and quake.

The messenger of so unhappie newes
Would faine have dyde; dead was his hart within;
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:
At last, recovering hart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
And everie tender part does tosse and turne:
So hardly he the flitted life does win
Unto her native prison to retourne. [mourne:
Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and

"Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruell fates the carefull threads unfould,
The which my life and love together tyde?
Now let the stony dart of sencelesse Cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through everie side;
And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hyde.

" O, lightsome Day, the lampe of highest love,
First made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,
When Darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove;
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
And shut up Heavens windowes shyning wyde:
For earely sight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed, [meed."
But seeled up with death, shall have their deadly

Then downe againe she fell unto the ground;
But he her quickly reared up againe:
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.
At last when Life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enimy,
With following tong, and trembling everie vaine,
" Tell on," quoth she, " the wofull tragedy,
The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye:

" Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling Sorrow throwne his utmost dart:
Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare eph part.
If death it be; it is not the first wound,
That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;
If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have found."

Then gan the dwarfe the whole discourse declare;
The subtile traines of Archimago old;
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,
Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold;
The wretched payre transformd to treen mould;
The House of Pryde, and perilles round about;
The combat, which he with Sansioy did hould;
The lucklesse conflict with the gyaunt stout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

She heard with patience all unto the end;
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
Which greater grew, the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay:
For greater love, the greater is the losse.
Was never lady loved dearer day
Then she did love the knight of the Rederosse;
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
Alive or dead; and forward forth doth pas,
All as the dwarfe the way to her assynd;
And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale:
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and low adowne the dale, [vale.
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
Together with his squyre, arrayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may:
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most
pretious rare;
And, in the midst thereof, one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shapt like a ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yvory sheath, yearv'd with curious slights,
Whose hilts were burnisht gold; and handle strong
Of mother perle; and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd:
For all the crest a dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
His golden wings; his dreadfull hideous hedd,
Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
That suddeine horrour to faint hartes did show;
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full
low.

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bunch of heares discolourd diversly,
With sprinckled pearle and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for jollity;
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath, that under Heaven is blowne.

His warlike shield all closely covered was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene;
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
(Such earthly mettals soon consumed beene)
But all of diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hewn out of adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it never perced could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But whenso monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying Heavens he would affray:
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That Phœbus golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
And silver Cynthia wexed pale and faynt, [straint.
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts con-

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody wordes of bold enchaunters call;
But all that was not such as seemd in sight
Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall:
And, when him list the raskall routes appall,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all:
And, when him list the proudest lookes subdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

Ne let it seeme that credence this exceedes;
For he, that made the same, was knowne right well
To have done much more admirable deedes:
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke spell:
All living wightes in might of magicke spell:
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
For this young prince, when first to armes he fell;
But, when he dyde, the Faery queene it brought
To Faerie lond; where yet it may be seene, if sought.

A gentle youth, his dearely loved squire,
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whose harmeful head, thrise heated in the fire,
Had riven many a brest with pikehead square;
A goodly person; and could menage faire
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bitt,
Who under him did trample as the aire,
And chauft, that any on his backe should sitt;
The yron rowels into frothy fome he bitt.

Whenas this knight nigh to the lady drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertaine;
But when he heard her answers loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine:
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
And, for her humor fitting purpose faine,
To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray; [to say:
Wherewith emovd, these bleeding words she gan

"What worlds delight, or ioy of living speach,
Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefull Cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale.
Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keep,
Then rip up griefe, where it may not availe;
My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and waile."

"Ah, lady deare," quoth then the gentle knight,
"Well may I weene your griefe is wondrous great;
For wondrous great griefe groneth in my spright,
Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
But, woefull lady, let me you intreate
For to unfold the anguish of your hart:
Mishaps are mastred by advice discrete,
And counsell mitigates the greatest smart;
Found never help, who never would his hurts impart."

"O! but," quoth she, "great griefe will not be tould,
And can more easily be thought then said."
"Right so," quoth he; "but he, that never would,
Could never: will to might gives greatest aid."
"But griefe," quoth she, "does greater grow displaid,
If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire."
"Despaire breeds not," quoth he, "where faith is staid." [paire."
"No faith so fast," quoth she, "but flesh does
"Flesh may empaire," quoth he, "but reason can repaire."

His goodly reason, and well-guided speach,
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach
Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought;
And said, "Faire sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquere the secrets of my griefe;
Or that your wisdome will direct my thought,
Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe;
Then heare the bitter tary sad, which I shall tell you.

"The fatall end of Ollyphant, whom your eies have seene
The lamentable worke of Fortunes mockeries,
An the vnruly daughter of a king and queene,
Whose parents deare (whiles equal destinies
Did runne their race, and their felicities
The iealous Heavens did not envy)
Did spred their rule through all the territories,
Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually:

"Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
An huge great dragon, horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
With murdrous ravine, and devouring might,
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight:
Themselves, for feare into his iawes to fall,
He forst to castle strong to take their flight;
Where, fast embard in mighty brasen wall,
He has them now fowr years besiegd to make them thrall.

"Full many knights adventurous and stout,
Have enterpriz'd that mouster to subdew:
From every coast, that Heaven walks about,
Have thither come the noble martial crew,
That famous harde atchievements still pursew;
Yet never any could that girlond win,
But all still shrunke; and still he greater grew:
All thine for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The pitteous pray of his fiers cruelty have bin.

"At last, yled with far reported praise,
Which flying fame throughout the world had spred,
Of doughty knights, whom Fary land did raise,
That noble order hight of Maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
Of Gloriane, great queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red;
There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,
That parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

"Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and good)
There for to find a fresh unproved knight;
Whose manly hands imbrewd in guilty blood
Had never beene, ne ever by his might
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right:
Yet of his prowesse proofe he since hath made
(I witnes am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

"And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His biting Sword, and his devouring Speare,
Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,
Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,
And well could rule; now he hath left you heare
To be the record of his ruefull losse,
And of my dolefull disaventurous deare:
O heavie record of the good Pyrrochisse,
Where have ye left your lord, that could so well you tosse?

"Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captive langnor should redeeme:
Till all unweeting an enchaunter bad
His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme
My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,
That rather death desire then such despight.
Be iudges ye Heavens, that all things right esteeme,
How I him lovd, and love with all my might!
So thought I ofte of him, and think I thought aright.

"Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
To wander, where wilde Fortune would me lead,
And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
Where never foote of living wight did tread,
That brought not backe the balefull body dead;
In which him chaunced false Duessa meete,
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread;
Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming sweete,
Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeete.

" At last, by subtile sleights she him betraid
Unto his foe, a gyaunt huge and tall;
Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall
The monster mercilesse him made to fall,
Whose life did never foe before behold:
And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remedilesse, for aie he doth him hold: [told."
This is my cause of griefe, more great then may be

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint:
But he her comforted, and faire bespake;
" Certes, madame, ye have great cause of plaint,
That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take;
For, till I have acquit your captive knight,
Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake."
His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse spright:
So forth they went, the dwarfe them guiding ever right.

CANTO VIII.

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
Brings Arthure to the fight:
Who slayes the gyaunt, wounds the beast,
And strips Duessa quight.

Ay me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast Truth acquite him out of all!
Her love is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he, through his own foolish pride
Or weakenes, is to sinfull bands made thrall:
Els should this redeemesse knight in bands have dyde,
For whose deliverance she this prince doth thether guyd.

They sadly travelld thus, untill they came
Nigh to a castle builded strong and hye:
Then cryde the dwarfe, " Lo! yonder is the same,
In which my lord, my liege, doth luckelesse ly
Thrall to that gyaunts hatefull tyranny:
Therefore, deare sir, your mightie powres assay."
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie steed, and badd the ladie stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

So with his squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towardes that castle wall;
Whose gates he fownd fast shutt, ne living wight
To warde the same, nor answere commers call.
Then tooke that squire an horne of bugle small,
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold
And tasselles gay; wyde wonders over all
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approved bene in sundry manifold.

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sownd,
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine:
Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
And echoes three answer'd it selfe againe:
No faulse enchauntment, nor deceiptfull traine,
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vaine:
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.

The same before the geaunts gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the grownd,
And every dore of free-will open flew.
The gyaunt selfe dismaied with that sownd,
Where he with his Duessa dalliaunce townd,
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenaunce sterne, as one astownd,
And staggering steps, to weet what suddein stowre
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded powre.

And after him the proud Duessa came,
High mounted on her many-headed beast;
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creast,
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.
That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
Upon his manly arme he soone addrest,
And at him fiersly flew, with corage fild,
And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.

Therewith the gyaunt buckled him to fight,
Inflamd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All armd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first oncounter to have slaine.
But wise and wary was that noble pere;
And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did fayre avoide the violence him nere; [beare;
It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts to

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might:
The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
So deepely dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw:
The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow;
And, trembling with strange feare, did like an erthquake show.

As when almightie Iove, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
The fiers thereforked engin, making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay; [clay.
And, shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
He could not readen up againe so light,
But that the knight him at advantage fownd;
And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smott off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might;
Large streames of blood out of the trunckod stock
Forth gushed, like fresh-water streame from riven rocke.

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling sownd,
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe:
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing: [ring.
The neighbor woods arownd with hollow murmur

That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw
The evil stownd that daungerd her estate,
Unto his aide she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast; who, swolne with blood of late,
Came ramping forth with proud presumpteous gate,
And threatned all his heades like flaming brandes.
But him the squire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fiers with single sword in hands;
And twixt him and his lord did like a bulwarke stand.

The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight
And fiers disdaine, to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple beast with all her might,
That stop out of the way to overthroe,
Scorning the let of so unequall foe:
But nathemove would that corageous swayne
To her yeeld passage, gainst his lord to goe;
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

Then tooke the angry witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inner partes;
Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded harts:
Which, after charmes and some enchauntments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes:
Therewith his sturdie corage soon was quayd,
And all his sences were with suddein dread dismayd.

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest:
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
That when the carefull knight gan well avise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise;
For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loved squyre into such thraldom brought:

And, high advaunсing his blood-thirstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heades so sore,
That of his puissaunce proud ensample made;
His monstrous scalpe down to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more:
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wownd,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field arownd;
That over shoes in blood he waded on the grownd.

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,
That, to have heard, great horror would have bred;
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long trayne,
Through great impatience of his grieved hed,
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
Would have cast downe, and trodd in durty myre,
Had not the gyaunt soone her succoured;
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre, [tyre.
Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the knight re-

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand he now unites, [erst;
Which is through rage more strong than both were
With which his bloudie club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
That strongest oake might seeme to overthrow:
The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low:—
What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow?

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew;
The light whereof, that Heavens light did pas,
Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
Which when the gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on highe,
For to have slain the man, that on the ground did lye.

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amazd
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
Became stark blind, and all his sences dazd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Unto the gyaunt lowdly she gan call;
"O! helpe, Orgoglio; helpe, or els we perish all."

At her so pitteous cry was much amoov'd
Her champion stout; and, for to ayde his frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd,
But all in vaine; for he has redd his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
Themselves in vaine: for, since that glauncing sight,
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend.
As where th' Almightie's lightning brond does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the senses quight.

Whom when the prince, to batteill new addrest
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did see,
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quite his left leg by the knee,
That downe he tombled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hart-strings with keene steele nigh hewen be;
The mightie trunck halfe rent with ragged rift
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

Or as a castle, reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malitious slight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falls; and with her heaped hight
Her hastie ruine does more heavie make,
And yields it selfe unto the victours might:
Such was this gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfast globe of Earth, as it for feare did quake.

The knight then, lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
Which flowd from his wounds in wondrous store.
But, soone as breath out of his brest did pas,
That huge great body, which the gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite; and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader was.

Whose grievous fall when false Duessa spyde,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde:
Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull stound;
But, leaving all behind her, fled away:
The light-foot squire her quickly turnd around,
And, by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his lord, as his deserved pray.

The roiall virgin which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie,
With sober gladnesse and myld modestie;
And, with sweet ioyous cheare, him thus bespake:
"Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How shall I quite the paynes, ye suffer for my sake?

"And you, fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto Deaths dore,
What hath poore virgin for such perill past
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple selfe, and service evermore.
And He that high does sit, and all things see
With equall eye, their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for mee;
And, what I cannot quite, requite with usuree!

"But sith the Heavens, and your faire handëling,
Have made you master of the field this day;
Your fortune maister eke with governing,
And, well begonne, end all so well, I pray!
Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my lord bethrall,
My dearest lord, and deepe in dongeon lay;
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all:
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call!"

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his squyre,
That scarlot whore to keepen carefully;
Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre
Into the castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye:
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call;
But no man car'd to answere to his crye:
There raigned a solemne silence over all;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or hall!

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow;
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guyde his weanie gate both too and fro;
For his eye sight him fayled long ygo:
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which unused rust did overgrow:
Those were the keyes of every inner dore; [store.
But he could not them use, but kept them still in

But very uncouth sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his untoward pace;
For as he forward moov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrincled face:
Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the gyaunt dead;
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

His reverend heares and holy gravitee
The knight much honord, as beseemed well;
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell:
Who answerd him full soft, *He could not tell.*
Again he askt, where that same knight was layd,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissance fell
Had made his captive thrall: againe he sayde,
He could not tell; ne ever other answere made.

Then asked he, which way he in might pas:
He could not tell, againe he answered.
Thereat the courteous knight displeased was,
And said; "Old syre, it seemes thou hast not red
How ill it sits with that same silver hed,
In vaine to mocke, or mock in vaine to beo:
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With Natures pen, in ages grave degree,
Aread in graver wise what I demaund of thee."

His answere likewise was, *He could not tell.*
Whose senceless speach, and doted ignorance,
Whenas the noble prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance;
And calm'd his wrath with goodly temperance.
Then, to him stepping, from his arme did reache
Those keyes, and made himselfe free entrance.
Each dore he opened without any breache:
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeache.

There all within full rich arayd he found,
With royall arras, and resplendent gold,
And did with store of every thing abound,
That greatest princes presence might behold.
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
Which there were slaine, as shampe out of the fold,
Defiled was; that dreadfull was to vew;
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

And there beside of marble stone was built
An altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery;
On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,
And holy martyrs often doom to dye,
With cruell malice and strong tyranny:
Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,
To God for vengeance cryde continually;
And with great griefe were often heard to grone;
That hardest heart would bleede to hear their piteous mone.

Through every rowme he sought, and everie bowr;
But no where could he find that wofull thrall.
At last he came unto an yron doore,
That fast was lockt; but key found not at all
Emongst that bounch to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These pitteous plaintes and dolours did resound;
"O! who is that, which bringes me happy choyce
Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
Yet live perforce in lalefull darknesse bound?
For now three moones have changed thrice their hew,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the Heavens chearefull face did vew:
O welcome, thou, that doest of death bring tydings trew."

Which when that champion heard, with percing point
Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled sore;
And trembling horrour ran through every ioynt,
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore
With furious force and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe descent, as dark as Hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

But neither darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zele and corage bold,
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the meanes that prisoner up to reare;
Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarse to light could beare;
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly drere.

His sad dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted Sunne to view;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs
Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,
Were clene consum'd; and all his vitall powres
Decayd; und al his flesh shronk up like withered flowres.

Whome when his lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty ioy: to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan;
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho, when her well of teares she wasted had,
She said; "Ah, deare lord! what evil starre
On you hath frowned, and powrd his influence bad,
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre, [marre?
And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth

"But welcome now, my lord in wele or woe;
Whose presence I have lackt too long a day:
And fye on Fortune mine avowed foe,
Whose wrathful wreakes themselves doe now alay;
And for these wronges shall treble penaunce pay
Of treble good: good growes of evils priefe."
The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;
His long endured faimine needed more reliefe.

"Faire lady," then said that victorious knight,
"The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare:
But th' only good, that growes of passed feare,
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
This daies ensample hath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

"Henceforth, sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
And maister these mishaps with patient mind;
Loe, where your foe lies stretcht in monstrous length,
And loe, that wicked woman in your hind,
The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her live, or die."
"To doe her die," quoth Una, "were despight,
And shame t'avenge so weake an enimy;
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly."

So, as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
And robd of rich attire, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then, when they had despoyld her tire and call,
Such, as she was, their eies might her behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall;
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And, as in hate of honorable eld,
Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
And her sowre breath abhominably smeld;
Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wynd,
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind,
So scabby was, that would have loathed all womankind.

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write:
But at her rompe she growing had behind
A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight:
And eke her feete most monstrous were in sight;
For one of them was like an eagles claw,
With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight;
The other like a beares uneven paw:
More ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

Which when the knights beheld, amazd they were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
"Such then," said Una, "as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of Falshood; such the sight
Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne."
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander waies unknowne.

Shee, flying fast from Heavens hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
From living eies her open shame to hide;
And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unespide.
But that fa re crew of knights, and Una faire,
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest themselves, and weary powres repaire:
Where store they fownd of al, that dainty was and rare.

CANTO IX.

His loves and lignage Arthure tells:
The knights knitt friendly bands:
Sir Trevisan flies from Despeyre,
Whom Redcros knight withstands.

O! goodly golden chayne, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wize;
And noble minde of yore allyed were,
In braue poursuitt of chevalrous emprize,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid envy to him, in need that stands;
But friendly each did others praise devize,
How to advaunce with fauourable hands,
As this good prince redeemd the Rederosse knight from bands.

Who when their powres, empayred through labor long,
With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now wexed strong;
Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell:
But, ere they parted, Una faire besought
That straunger knight his name and nation tell;
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankles thought.

"Faire virgin," said the prince, "yee me require
A thing without the compas of my witt:
For both the lignage, and the certein sire,
From which I sprong, from me are hidden yitt.
For all so soone as life did me admitt
Into this world, and shewed Hevens light,
From mother's pap I taken was unfitt,
And straight deliver'd to a Fary knight, [might.
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall

"Unto old Timon he me brought bylive;
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on Earth I weene:
His dwelling is, low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
His tombling billowes rolls with gentle rore;
There all my daies he traind me up in vertuous lore.

"Thether the great magicien Merlin came,
As was his use, ofttimes to visitt mee;
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And tutors nouriture to oversee.
Him oft and oft I askt in privity,
Of what loines and what lignage I did spring,
Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
That I was sonne and heire unto a king, [bring."
As time in her iust term the truth to light should

"Well worthy impe," said then the lady gent,
"And pupil fitt for such a tutors hand!
But what adventure, or what high intent,
Hath brought you hether into Fary land,
Aread, prince Arthure, crowne of martiall band?"
"Full hard it is," quoth he, "to read aright
The course of heavenly cause, or understand
The secret meaning of th' eternall Might,
That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of living wight.

"For whether he, through fatal deepe foresight,
Me hither sent, for cause to me unghest;
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,
With forced fury following his behest,
Me hether brought by wayes yet never found;
You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest."
"Ah! courteous knight," quoth she, "what secret wound [ground?"
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on

"Dear dame," quoth he, "you sleeping sparkes awake,
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will grow;
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life doe lye in ashes low.
Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
But, told, it flames; and, hidden, it does glow;
I will revele what ye so much desire; [spyre.
Ah! Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I may re-

"It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
When corage first does creepe in manly chest;
Then first that cole of kindly heat appeares
To kindle love in every living brest:
But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
As miserable lovers use to rew, [new.
Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe stil wexeth

"That ydle name of love, and lovers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enimy,
I ever scorn'd, and ioyd to stirre up strife,
In middest of their mournfull tragedy;
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent:
Their god himselfe, grievd at my libertie,
Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;
But I them warded all with wary government.

"But all in vaine; no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sownd,
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
Or unawares at disadvantage fownd:
Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd.
And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
And boastes in beauties chaine not to be bownd,
Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight, [spight.
And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most do-

"Ensample make of him your haplesse ioy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee.
For on a day, prickt forth with iollitee
Of looser life and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the Heavens, with one consent,
Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

"Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd:
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmett fayre displayd;
Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

"Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and badd me love her deare;
For dearely sure her love was to me bent,
As, when iust time expired, should appeare.
But, whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
As she to me delivered all that night;
And at her parting said, she queene of Faries hight.

"When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
And nought but pressed gras where she had lyen,
I sorrowed all so much as earst I ioyd,
And washed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne;
From that day forth I cast in carefull mynd,
To seek her out with labor and long tyne,
And never vowd to rest till her I fynd: [bynd."
Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet ni'll that vow un-

Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,
And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;
Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire display;
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say;
"O nappy queene of Faries, that hast fownd,
Mongst many, one that with his prowes o may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd!
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on grownd."

"Thine, O! then," said the gentle Redcrosse knight,
"Next to that ladies love, shal be the place,
O fayrest virgin, full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
And you, my lord, the patrone of my life,
Of that great queene may well gaine worthie grace;
For onely worthie you through prowes priefe,
Yf living man mote worthie be, to be her liefe."

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,
And sad remembraunce now the prince amoves
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew:
Als Una earnd her travelll to renew.
Then those two knights, fast frendship for to bynd,
And love establish each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
And eke, as pledges firme, right hands together joynd.

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of diamond sure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were clos'd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wownd could heale incontinent.
Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight him gave
A booke, wherein his Saveours Testament
Was writt with golden letters rich and brave;
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to save.

Thus beene they parted; Arthur on his way
To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pray.
But she, now weighing the decayed plight
And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,
Would not a while her forward course pursew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew:
For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

So as they travelld, lo! they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other grisly thing, that him aghast.
Still, as he fledd, his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behynd:
Als flew his steed, as he his bandes had brast,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
As he had been a fole of Pegasus his kynd.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To be unarmd, and curld uncombed heares
Upstaring stiffe dismaid with uncouth dread:
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
Nor life in looke; and, to increase his feares,
In fowle reproch of knighthoodes fayre degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his glistring armes does ill agree:
But he of rope, or armes, has now no memoree.

The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet what mister wight was so dismayd:
There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
That of himselfe he seemd to be afrayd;
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
Till he these wordes to him deliver might;
"Sir Knight, aread who hath you thus arayd,
And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight?
For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight."

He answerd nought at all; but adding new
Feare to his first amazment, staring wyde
With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
Infernall Furies with their chaines untyde.
Him yett againe and yett againe bespake
The gentle knight; who nought to him replyde;
But, trembling every joynt, did inly quake,
And foltring tongue at last these words seemd forth to shake;

"For Gods deare love, sir Knight, doe me not stay;
For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee!"
Eft looking back would faine have runne away;
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secrete cause of his perplexitie:
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach
Could his blood-frosen hart emboldned bee,
But through his boldnes rather feare did reach;
Yett, forst, at last he made through silence suddein breach:

"And am I now in safetie sure," quoth he,
"From him, that would have forced me to dye?
And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
That I may tell this haplesse history?"
"Fear nought," quoth he, "no danger now is nye."
"Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,"
Said he, "the which with this unlucky eye
I late beheld; and, had not greater grace
Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

"I lately chaunst (would I had never chaunst!)
With a fayre knight to keepen companee,
Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
In all affayres, and was both bold and free;
But not so happy as mote happy bee:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a lady gent,
That him againe lov'd in the least degree;
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And ioyd to see her lover languish and lament:

"From whom returning sad and comfortlesse,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villen, (God from him me blesse!)
That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
A man of Hell, that calls himselfe *Despayre:*
Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes
Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare:
So creeping close, as snake in hidden weedes,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

"Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
Embost with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
Which Love had launched with his deadly darts;
With wounding words, and termes of foule repriefe,
He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe,
That earst us held in love of lingring life:
Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife;
To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife:

"With which sad instrument of hasty death,
That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
A wyde way made to let forth living breath.
But I, more fearfull or more lucky wight,
Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, sir Knight,
Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare:
But God you never let his charmed speaches heare!"

"How may a man," sāid he, "with idle speach
Be wonne to spoyle the castle of his health?"
"I wote," quoth he, "whom tryall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth.
His subtile tong, like dropping honny, meal'th
Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine;
That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is reft, and weakned doth remaine.
O never, sir, desire to try his guilefull traine!"

"Certes," sayd he, "hence shall I never rest,
Till I that treachours art have heard and tryde:
And you, sir Knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde."
"I, that hight Trevisan," quoth he, "will ryde,
Against my liking, backe to doe you grace:
But not for gold nor glee will I abyde
By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
For lever had I die then see his deadly face."

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and howle:

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcases were scattred on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and doleful teene,
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare;
But th' other forst him staye, and comforted in feare.

That darkesome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind:
His griesie lockes, long growen and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
Were shronke into his iawes, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts:
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
When as the gentle Redcrosse knight did vew;
With fierce zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold;
And to the villein sayd; "Thou damned wight,
The authour of this fact we here behold,
What iustice can but iudge against thee right,
With thine owne blood to price his blood, here shed in sight?"

"What franticke fit," quoth he, "hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
What iustice ever other iudgement taught,
But he should dye, who merites not to live?
None els to death this man despayring drive,
But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.
Is then iniust to each his due to give?
Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?

"Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay;
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good;
And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast;
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas the flood?

"He there does now enioy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little payne the passage have,
That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter wave;
Is not short payne well borne, that brings long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."

The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,
And sayd; "The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it:
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
Nor leave his stand untill his captaine bed."
"Who life did limit by Almightie doome,"
Quoth he, "knowes best the termes established;
And he, that points the centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome."

"Is not his deed, what ever thing is donne
In Heaven and Earth? Did not he all create
To die againe? All ends, that was begonne:
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are written sure, and have their certein date.
Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still chaunging state;
Or shunne the death ordayned by destinie?
When houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor why.

"The longer life, I wote the greater sin;
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win
Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,
Now prayse, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
Is not enough thy evill life forespent?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

"Then doe no further goe, no further stray;
But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may.
For what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Feare, sickenesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Payne, hunger, cold that makes the heart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife;
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life.

"Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;
For never knight, that dared warlike deed,
More luckless dissaventures did amate:
Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
Thy life shutt up for death so oft did call;
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou maist happen fall.

"Why then doest thou, O man of sin, desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy faith with periuree,
And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defild?

"Is not he iust, that all this doth behold
From highest Heven, and beares an equall eie?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impietie?
Is not his law, Let every sinner die,
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be donne,
Is it not better to doe willinglie,
Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?
Death is the end of woes: die soone, O Faries sonne."

The knight was much enmoved with his speach,
That as a sword poynt through his hart did perse,
And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,
And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes;
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed with enchaunted rimes;
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement when the miscreaunt
Perceived him to wayver weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
Hee shewd him painted in a table plaine
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,
And thousand feends, that doe them endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eies he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighties law.
Then gan the villein him to overcraw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose, what death he would desire:
For death was dew to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

But, whenas none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake
And trembly like a leafe of aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seene
To come and goe, with tidings from the heart,
As it a ronning messenger had beene.
At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
The crudded cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne: but soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said; "Fie, fie, faint hearted knight,
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
Is this the battaile, which thou vaunts to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?

"Come; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight;
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright:
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art?
Where iustice growes, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface:
Arise, sir Knight; arise, and leave this cursed place."

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight;
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hong himselfe, unbid, unblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,
Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

CANTO X.

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
To House of Holinesse;
Where he is taught repentaunce, and
The way to hevenly blesse.

What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the fielde most cowardly doth fly!
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory:
If any strength we have, it is to ill;
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

By that which lately happned, Una saw
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfitt for bloody fight.
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

There was an auncient house not far away,
Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore
And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisedome of a matrone grave and hore;
Whose onely ioy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore:
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

Dame Cælia men did her call, as thought
From Heaven to come, or thether to arise;
The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
The eldest two, most sober, chast, and wise,
Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were;
Though spousd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
But faire Charissa to a lovely fere
Was linckèd, and by him had many pledges dere.

Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes; but, when they knockt,
The porter opened unto them streight way.
He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight Humiltá. They passe in, stouping low;
For streight and narrow was the way which he did show.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin;
But, entred in, a spatious court they see,
Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in;
Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee;
His name was Zele, that him right well became:
For in his speaches and behaveour hee
Did labour lively to expresse the same, [came.
And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they

There fayrely them receives a gentle squyre,
Of myld demeanure and rare courtesee,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre;
In word and deede that shewd great modestee,
And knew his good to all of each degree;
Hight Reverence: he them with speaches meet
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee,
But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,
As might become a squyre so great persons to greet.

And afterwardes them to his dame he leades,
That aged dame, the lady of the place,
Who all this while was busy at her beades;
Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace.
Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,
Her heart with joy unwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld:

And, her embracing, said; "O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!
Most vertuous virgin, borne of hevenly berth,
That, to redeeme thy woeful parents head
From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,
Hast wandred through the world now long a day,
Yett ceassest not thy weary soles to lead;
What grace hath thee now hether brought this way?
Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hether stray?

"Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place; or any other wight,
That hether turnes his steps: so few there bee,
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right!
All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to goe astray,
And be partakers of their evill plight,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way:
O! foolish men, why hast ye to your own decay?"

"Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
O matrone sage," quoth she, "I hether came;
And this good knight his way with me addrest,
Ledd with thy prayses, and broad-blazed fame,
That up to Heven is blowne." The auncient dame
Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
And enterteynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies that she could devyse,
Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges devise,
Loe! two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme, in lovely wise;
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbred even steps and equall pace:
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her christall face
That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like Heavens light.

She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the hight,
In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horrour made to all that did behold;
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood;
Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be understood.

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell;
And ever up to Heven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

They, seeing Una, towardes her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesee;
Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
And greatly joy each other for to see:
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request,
And him salute with well beseeming glee;
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

Then Una thus; "But she, your sister deare,
The deare Charissa, where is she become?
Or wants she health, or busie is elswhere?" [come;
"Ah! no," said they, "but forth she may not
For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
That her to see should be but troublesome."
"Indeed," quoth she, "that should her trouble sore;
But thankt be God, and her encrease for evermore!"

Then said the aged Cælia; "Deare dame,
And you, good sir, I wote that of youre toyle
And labors long, through which ye hether came,
Ye both forwearied be: therefore a whyle
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle."
Then called she a groome, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd.
His name was meeke Obedience rightfully arayd:

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,
To have her knight into her schoolehous plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisedom of her wordes divine.
She graunted; and that knight so much agraste,
That she him taught celestiall discipline, [shine.
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them

And that her sacred booke, with blood ywritt.
That none could reade except she did them teach,
She unto him disclosed every whitt;
And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker witt of man could never reach;
Of God; of grace; of iustice; of free-will;
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:
For she was hable with her wordes to kill,
And rayse againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

And, when she list poure out her larger spright,
She would commaund the hasty Sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from Hevens hight:
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay;
Dry-shod to passe she parts the flouds in tway;
And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
She would commaund themselves to beare away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat:
Almightie God her gave such powre and puissaunce great.

The faithfull knight now grew in little space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all hevenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath as thing forlore;
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
That he desirde to end his wretched dayes:
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes!

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
Els has his sinnes so great and manifold
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agony,
When him his dearest Una did behold
Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity;

And came to Cælia to declare her smart;
Who well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and advisement right;
And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grieved conscience, [tience.
And well could cure the same; his name was Pa-

Who, comming to that sowle-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief:
Which knowne, and all, that noyd his heavie spright,
Well searcht, eftsoons he gan apply relief
Of salves and med'cines, which had passing prief;
And thereto added wordes of wondrous might:
By which to ease he him recured brief,
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And festring sore did rankle yett within,
Close creeping twixt the marow and the skin:
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate;
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate;
And made him pray both earely and eke late:
And ever, as superfluous flesh did rott,
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers fyrie whott,
That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted iott.

And bitter Penaunce, with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to disple every day:
And sharp Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play:
And sad Repentance used to embay
His body in salt water smarting sore,
The filthy blottes of sin to wash away.
So in short space they did to health restore [dore.
The man that would not live, but erst lay at deathes

In which his torment often was so great,
That, like a lyon, he would cry and rore;
And rend his flesh; and his owne synewes eat.
His owne deare Una, hearing evermore
His ruefull shriekes and groanings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments and her golden heare,
For pitty of his payne and anguish sore:
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare;
For well she wist his eryme could els be never cleare.

Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience
And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought;
Who, ioyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest:
To her fayre Una brought this unacquainted guest.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on Earth not easie to compare;
Full of great love; but Cupids wanton snare
As Hell she hated; chaste in worke and will;
Her necke and brests were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes, that ioyd her to behold;
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake and young,
But thrust them forth still as they wexed old:
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adornd with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
Whose passing price uneath was to be told:
And by her syde there sate a gentle payre
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chayre.

The knight and Una entring fayre her greet,
And bid her ioy of that her happy brood:
Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
And entertaynes with friendly chearefull mood.
Then Una her besought, to be so good
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood
In that sad House of Penaunce, where his spright
Had past the paines of Hell and long-enduring night.

She was right ioyous of her iust request;
And, taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
Gan him instruct in everie good behest,
Of love; and righteousnes; and well to donne;
And wrath and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne;
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to Heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisedome well descryde;
Her name was Mercy; well knowne over all
To be both gratious and eke liberall:
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To leade aright, that he should never fall
In all his waies through this wide worldes wave;
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

The godly matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with bushy thornes and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And ever when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and fimely did upbeare;
As carefull nourse her child from falling oft does reare.

Eftsoones unto an holy hospitall,
That was foreby the way, she did him bring;
In which seven bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high Heavens King,
Did spend their daies in doing godly thing;
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the wearie way were traveiling;
And one sate wayting ever them before,
To call in commers-by, that needy were and pore.

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
Of all the house had charge and governement,
As guardian and steward of the rest:
His office was to give entertainement
And lodging unto all that came and went;
Not unto such as could him feast againe,
And double quite for that he on them spent;
But such, as want of harbour did constraine:
Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

The second was an almner of the place:
His office was the hungry for to feed,
And thirsty give to drinke; a worke of grace:
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede:
The grace of God he layd up still in store,
Which as a stocke he left unto his seede:
He had enough; what need him care for more?
And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.

The third had of their wardrobe custody,
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity,
But clothes meet to keep keene cold away,
And naked nature seemely to array;
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And, if that no spare clothes to give he had,
His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office was
Poore prisoners to relieve with gratious ayd,
And captives to redeeme with price of bras
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd;
And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
That God to us forgiveth every howre
Much more then that why they in bands were layd;
And he, that harrowd Hell with heavie stowre,
The faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly bowre.

The fift had charge sick persons to attend,
And comfort those in point of death which lay;
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When Sin, and Hell, and Death, doe most dismay
The feeble soule departing hence away.
All is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
In seemely sort their corses to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,
That to their heavenly Spouse both sweet and brave
They might appeare, when he their soules shall save.
The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gave
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be not defould!

The seventh, now after death and burjall done,
Had charge the tender orphans of the dead
And wydowes ayd, least they should be undone:
In face of iudgement he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence; nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread:
And, when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

There when the Elfin knight arrived was,
The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towardes him did pas;
Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare
And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare:
For of their order she was patronesse,
Albe Charissa were their chiefest founderesse.

There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest,
That to the rest more hable he might bee:
During which time, in every good behest,
And godly worke of almes and charitee,
Shee him instructed with great industree.
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That, from the first unto the last degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas
Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy;
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a litle hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
That day and night said his devotion,
Ne other worldly busines did apply:
His name was Hevenly Contemplation;
Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

Great grace that old man to him given had;
For God he often saw from Heavens hight:
All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his spright,
As eagles eie, that can behold the Sunne.
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,
Gan faile; but, by her helpe, the top at last he wonne.

There they doe finde that godly aged sire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed;
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And every sinew seene, through his long fast:
For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed;
His mind was full of spirituall repast,
And pyn'd his flesh to keep his body low and chast.

Who, when these two approching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
That forst him lay his hevenly thoughts aside;
And had he not that dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the knight.
They him saluted, standing far afore;
Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious hight?

"What end," quoth she, "should cause us take such paine,
But that same end, which every living wight
Should make his marke, high Heaven to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious House, that glistreth bright
With burning starres and everliving fire,
Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight
By wise Fidelia? She doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire."

"Thrise happy man," said then the father grave,
"Whose staggering steps thy steadly hand doth lead,
And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save!
Who better can the way to Heaven aread
Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred
In hevenly throne, where thousand angels shine?
Thou doest the prayers of the righteous sead
Present before the Maiesty Divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

"Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shal be donne.
Then come, thou man of Earth, and see the way,
That never yet was seene of Faries sonne;
That never leads the traveiler astray,
But, after labors long and sad delay,
Brings them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis."

That done, he leads him to the highest mount;
Such one, as that same mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes like a walled front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty daies upon; where, writt in stone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone?

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adornd with fruitfull olives all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowring girlond crownd:
Or like that pleasaunt mount, that is for ay
Through famous poets verse each where renownd,
On which the thrise three learned ladies play
Their hevenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A little path, that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly citty led his vew;
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song!
The citty of the Greate King hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed angels to and fro descend
From highest Freven in gladsome compaunce,
And with great ioy into that citty wend,
As commonly as frend does with his frend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquere,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
And what unknowen nation there empeopled were.

"Faire knight," quoth he, "Hierusalem that is,
The New Hierusalem, that God has built
For those to dwell in, that are chosen his,
His chosen people purg'd from sinful guilt
With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted Lam,
That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:
Now are they saints all in that citty sam,
More dear unto their God then younglings to their dam."

"Till now," said then the knight, "I weened well,
That great Cleopolis where I have beene,
In which that fairest Fary queene doth dwell,
The fairest citty was that might be scene;
And that bright towre, all built of christall clene,
Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was:
But now by proofe all otherwise I weene;
For this great citty that does far surpas,
And this bright angels towre quite dims that towre of glas."

"Most trew," then said the holy aged man;
"Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest peece that eie beholden can;
And well beseemes all knights of noble name,
That covett in th' immortall booke of fame
To be eternized, that same to haunt,
And doon their service to that soveraigne dame,
That glory does to them for guerdon graunt:
For she is hevenly borne, and Heaven may iustly vaunt.

"And thou, faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
How ever now accompted Elfins sonne,
Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
To aide a virgin desolate fordonne.
But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
Thenceforth the suitt of earthly conquest shonne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows, yield.

"Then seek this path that I to thee presage,
Which after all to Heaven shall thee send;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:
For thou emongst those saints, whom thou doest see,
Shalt be a saint, and with owne nations frend
And patrone: thou *Saint George* shalt called bee,
Saint George of mery *England*, the signe of victoree."

"Unworthy wretch," quoth he, "of so great grace,
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine!"
"These, that have it attayned, were in like case,"
Quoth he, "as wretched, and liv'd in like paine."
"But deeds of armes must I at last be faine
And ladies love to leave, so dearely bought?"
"What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,"
Said he, "and battailes none are to be fought?
As for loose loves, they' are vaine, and vanish into nought."

"O let me not," quoth he, "then turne againe
Backe to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are;
But let me here for aie in peace remaine,
Or streightway on that last long voiage fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare."
"That may not be," said he, "ne maist thou yitt
Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand committ,
Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quitt."

"Then shall I soone," quoth he, "so God me grace,
Abett that virgins cause disconsolate,
And shortly backe returne unto this place,
To walke this way in pilgrims poore estate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?"
"That word shall I," said he, "avouchen good,
Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.

"For well I wote thou springst from ancient race
Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
And many bloody battailes fought in place,
High reard their royall throne in Britane land,
And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:
From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slept in tender swadling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
Such, men do chaungelings call, so chaung'd by Faeries theft.

"Thence she thee brought into this Faery lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde;
Where thee a ploughman all unweeting fond,
As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
And brought thee up in ploughmans state to byde,
Whereof Georgos he thee gave to name;
Till priokt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
To Faery court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
And prove thy puissant armes, as seemes thee best became."

"O holy sire," quoth he, "how shall I quight
The many favours I with thee have fownd,
That hast my name and nation redd aright,
And taught the way that does to Heaven bownd!"
This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd
To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne
Through passing brightnes, which didquite confound
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne. [vine!
So darke are earthly thinges compard to things di-

At last, whenas himself he gan to fynd,
To Una back he cast him to retyre;
Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.
Great thankes, and goodly meed, to that good syre
He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre.
So came to Una, who him ioyd to see;
And, after litle rest, gan him desyre
Of her adventure mindfull for to bee.
So leave they take of Cœlia and her daughters three.

CANTO XI.

The knight with that old dragon fights
Two dayes incessantly:
The third, him overthrowes; and gayns
Most glorious victory.

High time now gan it wex for Una fayre
To thinke of those her captive parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre:
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest manner thus bespake;
"Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake, [take!
High Heven behold the tedious toyle, ye for me

"Now are we come unto my native soyle,
And to the place where all our perilles dwell;
Here hauntes that feend, and does his daily spoyle;
Therefore henceforth bee at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell:
The sparke of noble corage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
That shall ye evermore renowmed make
Above all knights on Earth, that batteill undertake."

And pointing forth, "Lo! yonder is," said she,
"The brasen towre, in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisond be;
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;
That, O my parents, might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!"

With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast grownd.
Eftsoones that dreadful dragon they espyde,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill:
But, all so soone as he from far descryde
Those glistring armes that Heven with light did fill,
He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them untill.

Then badd the knight his lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde;
From whence she might behold that battailles proof,
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.—
Now, O thou sacred Muse, most learned dame,
Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,
The nourse of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall name;

O, gently come into my feeble brest,
Come gently; but not with that mightie rage,
Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
And hartes of great heroës doest enrage,
That nought their kindled corage may aswage:
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
The god of warre with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd;
And scared nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

Fayre goddesse, lay that furious fitt asyde,
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
And Bryton fields with Sarazin blood bedyde,
Twixt that great Faery queene and Paynim king,
That with their horror Heven and Earth did ring;
A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse:
But now a while lett downe that haughtie string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

By this, the dreadful beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste;
As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste;
Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and with bloody gore;

And over all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated cote of steele, so couched neare
That nought mote perce; ne might his corse be harmd
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare:
Which, as an eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze full ridely dight;
So shaked he, that horror was to heare:
For, as the clashing of an armor bright, [knight.
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the Heavens stood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long tayle, wownd up in hundred foldes,
Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,
Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he unfoldes,
And thick-entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;
And at the point two stinges infixed arre, [farre.
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden

But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes:
Dead was it sure, as sure as death indeed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes:
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell,
Does tremble; for his deepe devouring jawes
Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of Hell,
Through which into his darke abysse all ravin fell.

And, that more wondrous was, in either iaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
In which yett trickling blood, and gobbets raw,
Of late devoured bodies did appeare;
That sight thereof bred cold congealed feare:
Which to increase, and all at once to kill,
A cloud of smoothering smoke, and sulphure seare,
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still, [fill.
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:
As two broad beacons, sett in open fieldes,
Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
And warning give, that enemies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre:
But far within, as in a hollow glade, [shade.
Those glaring lampes were sett, that made a dreadfull

So dreadfully he towardes him did pas,
Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great ioyaunce of his new come guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest;
As chaufed bore his bristles doth upreare;
And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,
(That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake for feare)
As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might:
The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,
His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,
But, glauncing by, foorth passed forward right:
Yet, sore amoved with so puissant push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did rush.

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towardes him addrest:
But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
To be avenged of so great despight;
For never felt his impreceable brest
So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight: he, cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round;
At last, low stouping with unweldy sway, [away.
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as ewghen bow a shaft may send;
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flightës end:
As hagard hauke, presuming to contend
With hardy fowle above his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight; [fight.
Which, comming down to ground, does free itselfe by

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare again assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength unto the stroake he layd;
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the uncouth smart the monster lowdly
cryde.

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat;
The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,
As they the Earth would shoulder from her seat;
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blustring brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite asunder broke: forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill, [thrill.
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nose-

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd;

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell;
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But, when he saw them come, he did them still
forsake.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
And smot againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyld,
And left not any marke where it did light,
As if in adamant rocke it had beene pight.
The beast, impatient of his smarting wound
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his winges to stye above the ground;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

Then, full of grief and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard;
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,
Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:
The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace, [lace.
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to un-

Not that great champion of the antique world,
Whom famous poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt,
With Centaures blood and bloody verses charmd;
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him armd;
That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him
harmd.

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent, [fire,
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward
That never man such mischiefes did torment;
Death better were; death did he oft desire;
But death will never come, when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld, [feld.
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him

It fortuned, (as fayre it then befell)
Behind his backe, unweeting where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good:
Whylome, before that cursed dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The Well of Life; ne yet his vertues had forgot:

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
Those, that with sicknesse were infected sore,
It could recure; and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Iordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well:
Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in ocean deepe,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest;
When that infernall monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Can high advaunce his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

Which when his pensive lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre;
And gan to highest God entirely pray
That feared chaunce from her to turne away:
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
All night she watcht; ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

The morrow next gan earely to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enimy.

At last she saw, where he upstarted brave
Out of the well wherein he drenched lay;
As eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
Like eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly-budded pineons to assay,
And marveiles at himselfe, stil as he flies: [rise.
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did

Whom when the damned feend so fresh bid spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enimy
It were, or other new supplied knight.
He now, to prove his late-renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

I wote not, whether the revenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell; or sharper edge did feele;
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
Or other secret vertue did ensew;
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew:
For, till that stownd, could never wight him harme
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping lions seemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine.
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yielden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore:

The same advauncing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead;
Ne living wight would have him life behott:
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott:
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his raneling paine with patience be appeasd.

But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare
Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
From lothed soile he can him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixed sting:
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite asonder clefte; [lefte.
Five ioints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him

Hart cannot thinke, what outrage and what cries,
With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
That all was covered with darknesse dire:
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged yre,
He cast at once him to avenge for all;
And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire
With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall [all.
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast with-

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yett, how his talaunts to unfold;
Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy iaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the griped gage away:
Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray

Tho, when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid;
As sparkles from the andvile use to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedg are swaid;
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him constraine
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledg to yield;
He smott thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine:
Upon the ioint the lucky steele did light,
And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine;
The paw yett missed not his minisht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

For griefe thereof and divelish despight,
From his infernall fournace fourth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the Hevens light,
Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew:
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblacke clowds and filthy smoke,
That all the land with stench, and Heven with horror, choke.

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,
So sore him annoyd, that forst him to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst, (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoiled backeward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide, [side.
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terri-

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues over all were redd:
For happy life to all which thereon fedd,
And life eke everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed stedd
With his almighty hand, and did it call
The Tree of Life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

In all the world like was not to be fownd,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dredd dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
Both good and ill: O mournfull memory! [to dy!
That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
A trickling streame of balme, most soveraine
And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave;
And deadly wounds could heale; and reare againe
The sencelesse corse appointed for the grave:
Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

For nigh thereto the ever-damned beast
Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,
And al that life preserved did detest;
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
By this the drouping Day-light gan to fade,
And yield his rowme to sad succeeding Night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of Earth and wayes of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in Heaven bright.

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who, weary of long fight
And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,
But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Besmeard with pretious balme, whose vertuous might
Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay;
Againe she strieken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray, [day.
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous

The ioyous day gan early to appeare;
And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red:
Her golden locks, for hast, were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
From Heven high to chace the chearelesse darke;
With merry note her lowd salutes the mounting larke.

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare;
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare;

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,
And rusht upon him with outragious pryde;
Who him rencounting fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted back: the weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open iaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
And, back retyrd, his life blood forth withall did draw.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell, that th' Earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose falso foundacion waves have washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And, rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay:
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

The knight himselfe even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;
And his deare lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approch for dread which she misdeemd:
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright
She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end:
Then God she praysd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchievde so great a conquest by his might.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Una to to the Redcrosse knight
Betrouthed is with ioy:
Though false Duessa, it to barre,
Her false sleightes doe imploy.

Behold I see the haven nigh at hand,
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,
The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms that may offend:
There this fayre virgin wearie of her way
Must landed bee, now at her iourneyes end;
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.

Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming east
Yett harnessed his fyrie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the Earth his flaming creast;
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
Unto the watchman on the castle-wall,
Who thereby dead that balefull beast did deeme,
And to his lord and lady lowd gan call,
To tell how he had seene the dragons fatall fall.

Uprose with hasty ioy, and feeble speed,
That aged syre, the lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed
Those tydinges were, as he did understand:
Which whenas trew by tryall he out fond,
He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,
Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his state;
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

Then gan triumphant trompets sownd on hye,
That sent to Heven the ecchoed report
Of their new ioy, and happie victory
Gainst him, that had them long oppresst with tort,
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

Forth came that auncient lord, and aged queene,
Arayd in ant'que robes downe to the grownd,
And sad habiliments right well beseene:
A noble crew about them waited rownd
Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd;
Whom far before did marche a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd,
But now they laurell braunches bore in hand;
Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

Unto that doughtie conquerour they came,
And, him before themselves prostráting low,
Their lord and patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.
Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As fresh as flowres in medow greene doe grow,
When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light;
And in their handes sweet timbrells all upheld on hight.

And, them before, the fry of children yong
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
And to the maydens sounding tymbrels song
In well attuned notes a ioyous lay,
And made delightfull musick all the way,
Untill they came where that faire virgin stood:
As fayre Diana in fresh sommers day
Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in shady wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood;

So she beheld those maydens meriment
With chearefull vew; who, when to her they came,
Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
And her ador'd by honorable name,
Lifting to Heven her everlasting fame:
Then on her head they sett a girlond greene,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game:
Who, in her self-resemblance well beseene,
Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly maiden queene.

And after all the raskall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To see the face of that victorious man,
Whom all admired as from Heaven sent,
And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment.
But when they came where that dead dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The sight with ydle feare did them dismay,
Ne durst approch him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

Some feard, and fledd: some feard, and well it faynd;
One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
Of many dragonettes, his fruitfull seede;
Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparckling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

One mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyld,
And to her gossibs gan in counsell say;
"How can I will, but that his talants may
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?"
So diversly themselves in vaine they fray;
Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh stand,
To prove how many acres he did spred of land.

Thus flocked all the folke him rownd about;
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arrived where that champion stout
After his foes defeasaunce did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne
With princely gifts of yvory and gold,
And thousand thankes him yeeldes for all his paine.
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

And after to his pallace he them bringes,
With shaumes, and trompets, and with clarions sweet;
And all the way the ioyous people singes,
And with their garments strowes the paved street;
Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce meet
Of all, that royall princes court became;
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,
On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose frame.

What needes me tell their feast and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needes of dainty dishes to devize,
Of comely services, or courtly trayne?
My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne
The large discourse of roiall princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and playne;
For th' antique world excesse and pryde did hate:
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

Then, when with meates and drinkes of every kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad
Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demaund of his renowmed guest:
Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance sad,
From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

Great pleasure, mixt with pittiful regard,
That godly king and queene did passionate,
Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard;
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too importune fate
That heapd on him so many wrathfull wreakes;
(For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes;) [cheaks.
And all the while salt teares bedeawd the hearers

Then sayd that royall pere in sober wise;
"Deare sonne, great beene the evils which ye bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I no'te, whether praise or pitty more:
For never living man, I weene, so sore
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest;
But since now safe ye seised have the shore,
And well arrived are, (high God be blest!)
Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest."

"Ah, dearest lord," said then that doughty knight,
"Of ease or rest I may not yet devize;
For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,
I bownden am streight after this emprize,
As that your daughter can ye well advize,
Backe to retourne to that great Faery queene,
And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize,
Gainst that proud Paynim king that works her teene:
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have beene."

" Unhappy falls that hard necessity,"
Quoth he, " the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowed foe of my felicity;
Ne I against the same can justly preace.
But since that band ye cannot now release,
Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be vayne,)
Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
Ye then shall bether backe retourne agayne,
The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twayn:

" Which, for my part, I covet to performe,
In sort as through the world I did proclame,
That whoso kild that monster most deforme,
And him in hardy battayle overcame,
Should have mine onely daughter to his dame,
And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee:
Therefore since now to thee perteynes the same,
By dew desert of noble chevalree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome lo! I yield to thee."

Then forth he called that his daughter fayre,
The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter and his onely hayre;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the east, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long-wished light:
So faire and fresh that lady shewd herselfe in sight:

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;
For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her wearie iourney she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did weare
All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,
That seemd like silke and silver woven neare;
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshyny face,
To tell, were as to strive against the streame:
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for her own deare loved knight,
All were she daily with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight:
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

So fairely dight when she in presence came,
She to her syre made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence:
Who with great wisedome and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say—But, eare he thus had sayd,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismayd,
A messenger with letters, which his message sayd.

All in the open hall amazed stood
At suddeinnesse of that unwary sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood;
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat great humblesse he did make,
And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
Which he disclosing, read thus, as the paper spake;

" To thee, most mighty king of Eden fayre,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest
The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre
Of that great emperour of all the west;
And bids thee be advized for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linck, in holy band
Of wedlocke, to that new unknowen guest:
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

" To me sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affyaunced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
False erraunt knight, infamous, and forsworne!
Witnesse the burning altars, which he swore,
And guilty Heavens of his bold periury:
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for iudgement iust doe fly,
And them conioure t' avenge this shamefull iniury:

" Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
Withhold, O soverayne prince, your hasty hond
From knitting league with him, I you areed;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
Through weaknesse of my widowhed or woe:
For truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
And shall finde friends, if need requireth soe.
So bids thee well to fare, thy neither friend nor foe.
" FIDESSA."

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
That still he sate long time astonished,
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
At last his solemn silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;
" Redoubted knight, that for myne only sake
Thy life and honor late adventurest;
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

" What meane these bloody vowes and idle threats,
Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd?
What Hevens? what altars? what enraged heates,
Here heaped up with tenmes of love unkynd,
My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bynd?
High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse ame!
But if yourselfe, sir Knight, ye faulty fynd,
Or wrapped be in loves of former dame,
With cryme doe not it cover, but disclose the same."

To whom the Rederosse knight this answere sent;
" My lord, my king; be nought hereat dismayd,
Till well ye wote by grave intendiment,
What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
With breach of love and loialty betrayd.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard;
That day should faile me ere I had them all declard.

" There did I find, or rather I was fownd
Of this false woman that Fidessa hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest dame on grownd,
Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,
That easy was t' inveigle weaker sight:
Who by her wicked arts and wiely skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill."

Then stepped forthithe goodly royall mayd,
And, on the ground herselfe prostráting low,
With sober countenance thus to him sayd;
" O pardon me, my soveraine lord, to show
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse:
Shee, onely she, it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in daily wretchednesse.

" And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and unprovided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine;
Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
The falsest man alive; who tries, shall find no lesse."

The king was greatly moved at her speach;
And, all with suddein indignation fraight,
Bad on that messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the gard, which on his state did wait,
Attacht that faytor false, and bound him strait:
Whose seeming sorely chaufed at his band,
As chained beare whom cruell dogs doe bait,
With ydle force did faine them to withstand;
And often semblaunce made to scape out of their hand.

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains;
And with continual watch did warely keepe.
Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains
He could escape fowle death or deadly pains?
Thus, when that princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden baine,
And to the knight his daughter dear he tyde
With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,
That none but death for ever can divide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
The housling fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinckled wide;
At which the bushy teade a groome did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,
And made great feast to solemnize that day:
They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great array:
And all the while sweete musicke did apply
Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard sownd through all the pallace pleasantly,
Like as it had bene many an angels voice
Singing before th' Eternall Maiesty,
In their trinall triplicities on hye:
Yett wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
Himselfe thereby refte of his sences meet,
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
And solemne feast proclaymd throughout the land,
That their exceeding merth may not be told:
Suffice it heare by signes to understand
The usuall ioyes at knitting of loves band.
Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
Possessed of his ladies hart and hand;
And ever, when his eie did her behold,
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

Her ioyous presence, and sweet company,
In full content he there did long enioy;
Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosy,
His deare delights were liable to annoy:
Yet, swimming in that sea of blissfull ioy,
He nought forgott how he whilome had sworne,
In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
Unto his Faery queene backe to retourne;
The which he shortly did; and Una left to mourne.

Now, strike your sailes, yee jolly mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode.
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supplide; and then againe abroad
On the long voiage whereto she is bent:
Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent!

III

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE.

RIGHT well I wote, most mighty soveraine,
That all this famous ántique history
Of some th' aboundance of an ydle braine
Will indged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of iust memory;
Sith none that breatheth living aire doth know
Where is that happy land of Faëry,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show;
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

But let that man with better sence advize,
That of the world least part to us is red;
And daily how through hardy enterprize
Many great regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous vessell measured
The Amazon huge river, now found trew?
Or fruitfullest Virginia who did ever vew?

Yet all these were, when no man did them know,
Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene;
And later times thinges more unknowne shall show.
Why then should witlesse man so much misweene,
That nothing is, but that which he hath seene?
What, if within the Moones fayre shining spheare,
What, if in every other starre unseene
Of other worldes he happily should heare?
He wonder would much more; yet such to some
appeare.

Of Faery lond yet if he more inquyre,
By certein signes, here sett in sondrie place,
He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,
But yield his sence to bee too blunt and bace,
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
And thou, O fayrest princesse under sky,
In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faëry,
And in this ántique ymage thy great auncestry.

The which O! pardon me thus to enfold
In covert vele, and wrapt in shadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which ells could not endure those beamës bright,
But would bee dazled with exceeding light.
O! pardon, and vouchsafe with patient eare
The brave adventures of this Faery knight,
The good sir Guyon, gratiously to heare;
In whom great rule of temp'raunce goodly doth
appeare.

CANTO I.

Guyon, by Archimage abusd,
The Redcrosse knight awaytes;
Fyndes Mordant and Amavia slaine
With pleasures poisoned baytes.

That conning architect of cancred guyle,
Whom princes late displeasure left in bands,
For falsed letters, and suborned wyle;
Soone as the Redcrosse knight he understands
To beene departed out of Eden landes,
To serve againe his soveraine Elfin queene;
His artes he moves, and out of caytives handes
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes unseene;
His shackles emptie lefte, himselfe escaped cleene;

And forth he fares, full of malicious mynd,
To worken mischiefe, and avenging woe,
Whereever he that godly knight may fynd,
His onely hart-sore and his onely foe;
Sith Una now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious handes did earst restore
To native crowne and kingdom late ygoe;
Where she enioyes sure peace for evermore,
As wetherbeaten ship arryv'd on happie shore.

Him therefore now the obiect of his spight
And deadly food he makes: him to offend
By forged treason, or by open fight,
He seekes, of all his drifte the aymed end:
Thereto his subtile engins he does bend,
His practick witt and his fayre fyled tonge,
With thousand other sleightes; for well he kend
His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong:
For hardly could bee hurt, who was already stong.

Still, as he went, he craftie stales did lay,
With cunning traynes him to entrap unwares,
And privy spyals plast in all his way,
To weete what course he takes, and how he fares;
To ketch him at a vauntage in his snares.
But now so wise and wary was the knight
By tryall of his former harmes and cares,
That he descryde, and shonned still, his slight:
The fish, that once was caught, new bayt wil hardly byte.

Nath'lesse th' enchaunter would not spare his payne,
In hope to win occasion to his will:
Which when he long awaited had in vayne,
He chaung'd his mynd from one to other ill:
For to all good he enimy was still.
Upon the way him fortuned to meete,
Fayre marching underneath a shady hill,
A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse meete,
That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

His carriage was full comely and upright;
His countenance demure and temperate;
But yett so sterne and terrible in sight,
That cheard his friendes, and did his foes amate:
He was an Elfin borne, of noble state
And mickle worship in his native land;
Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,
And knighthood tooke of good sir Huons hand,
When with king Oberon he came to Fary land.

Him als accompanyd upon the way
A comely palmer, clad in black attyre,
Of rypest yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,
That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
Least his long way his aged limbes should tire:
And, if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He seemd to be a sage and sober syre;
And ever with slow pace the knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to tread.

Such whenas Archimago them did view,
He weened well to worke some uncouth wyle:
Eftsoones, untwisting his deceiptfull clew,
He gan to weave a web of wicked guyle;
And, with faire countenance and flattring style
To them approching, thus the knight bespake;
"Fayre sonne of Mars, that seeke with warlike spoyle,
And great atchiev'ments, great yourselfe to make,
Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake."

He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,
And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt:
Who feigning then in every limb to quake
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faynt,
With piteous mone his percing speach gan paynt;
"Dear lady! how shall I declare thy cace,
Whom late I left in languorous constraynt?
Would God! thyselfe now present were in place
To tell this wofull tale, that sight could win thee

"Or rather would, O! would it so had chaunst,
That you, most noble sir, had present beene
When that lude rybauld, with vyle lust advaunst,
Laid first his filthie hands on virgin cleene,
To spoyle her dainty corps, so faire and sheene
As on the Earth, great mother of us all,
With living eye more fayre was never seene
Of chastity and honour virginall: [call!
Witnes, ye Heavens, whom she in vaine to help did

"How may it be," sayd then the knight halfe wroth,
"That knight should knighthood ever so have shent?" [troth,
"None but that saw," quoth he, "would weene for
How shamefully that mayd he did torment:
Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,
And drew her on the ground; and his sharpe sword
Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
And threatned death with many a bloodie word;
Tounge hates to tell the rest that eye to see abhord."

Therewith amoved from his sober mood, [act?
"And lives he yet," said he, "that wrought this
And doen the Heavens afford him vitall food?"
"He lives," quoth he, "and boasteth of the fact,
Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt."
"Where may that treachour then," sayd he, "be found,
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?"
"That I shall shew," said he, "as sure as hound
The stricken deare doth chaleng by the bleeding wound."

He stayd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre
And zealous haste away is quickly gone
To seeke that knight, where him that crafty squyre
Supposd to be. They do arrive anone
Where sate a gentle lady all alone,
With garments rent, and heare discheveled,
Wringing her handes, and making piteous mone:
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

The knight, approching nigh, thus to her said;
"Faire lady, through fowle sorrow ill bedight,
Great pitty is to see you thus dismayd,
And marre the blossom of your beauty bright:
Forthy appease your griefe and heavy plight,
And tell the cause of your conceived payne;
For, if he live that hath you doen despight,
He shall you doe dew recompence agayne,
Or els his wrong with greater puissance maintaine."

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with ghastly d erlment;
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed beene:

Till her that squire bespake; "Madame, my liefe,
For Gods deare love be not so wilfull bent,
But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,
The which good fortune doth to you present.
For what booces it to weepe and to wayment
When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
And the weake minde with double woe torment?"
When she her squyre heard speake, she gan appease
Her voluntarie mone, and feele some soorot ease.

Eftsoone she said, "Ah! gentle trustie squyre,
What comfort can I, wofull wretch, conceave!
Or why should ever I henceforth desyre
To see faire Heavens face, and life not leave;
Sith that false traytour did my honour reave?"
"False traytour certes," saide the Faerie knight,
"I read the man, that ever would deceave
A gentle lady, or her wrong through might:
Death were too little paine for such a fowle despight.

"But now, fayre lady, comfort to you make,
And read who hath ye wrought this shamefull plight,
That short revenge the man may overtake,
Where so he be, and soone upon him light."
"Certes," said she, "I wote not how he hight,
But under him a gray steede he did wield,
Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight;
Upright he rode, and in his silver shield
He bore a bloodie crosse, that quartred all the field."

"Now by my head," said Guyon, "much I muse,
How that same knight should doe so fowle amis,
Or ever gentle damzell so abuse:
For may I boldly say, he surely is
A right good knight, and true of word ywis:
I present was, and can it witnesse well,
When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris
Th' adventure of the errant damozell;
In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare tell.

"Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
And fairely quit him of th' imputed blame;
Els, be ye sure, he dearely shall abyde,
Or make you good amendment for the same:
All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of shame.
Now therefore, lady, rise out of your paine,
And see the salving of your blotted name."
Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faine;
For she was inly glad her purpose so to game.

Her purpose was not such as she did faine,
Ne yet her person such as it was seene;
But under simple shew, and semblant plaine,
Lurkt false Duessa secretly unseene,
As a chaste virgin that had wronged beene;
So had false Archimago her disguysd,
To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene;
And eke himselfe had craftily devisd
To be her squire, and do her service well aguisd.

Her, late forlorne and naked, he had found
Where she did wander in waste wildernesse,
Lurking in rockes and caves far under ground,
And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse
To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,
Sith her prince Arthur of proud ornaments
And borrowd beauty spoyld: her mathelesse
Th' enchaunter finding fit for his intents
Did thus revest, and deckt with dew habiliments.

For all he did was to deceive good knights,
And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame
To slug in sloth and sensuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowmed shame.
And now exceeding griefe him overcame,
To see the Redcrosse thus advaunced hye;
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stirre up enmitye
Of such, as vertues like mote unto him allye.

So now he Guyon guydes an uncouth way
Through woods and mountaines, till they came at last
Into a pleasant dale that lowly lay
Betwixt two hils, whose high heads, overplast,
The valley did with coole shade overcast;
Through midst thereof a little river rold,
By which there sate a knight with helme unlaste,
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his travell long and labours manifold.

"Lo! yonder he," cryde Archimage alowd,
"That wrought the shamefull fact which I did
And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
To fly the vengeaunce for his outrage dew;
But vaine; for ye shall dearely do him rew:
(So God ye speed and send you good successe!)
Which we far off will here abide to vew."
So they him left inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
That streight against that knight his speare he did addresse.

Who, seeing him from far so fierce to pricke,
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
And in the rest his ready speare did sticke;
Tho, whenas still he saw him towards pace,
He gan rencounter him in equall race.
They bene ymett, both ready to astrap,
When suddeinly that warriour gan abace
His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap;

And cryde, "Mercie, sir Knight! and mercie, lord,
For mine offence and heedelesse hardiment,
That had almost committed crime abhord,
And with reproachfull shame mine honour shent,
Whiles cursed steele against that badge I bent,
The sacred badge of my Redeemers death,
Which on your shield is set for ornament!"
But his fierce foe his steed could stay uneath,
Who, prickt with courage kene, did cruell battell breath.

But, when he heard him speake, streight way he
His errour; and, himselfe inclyning, sayd; [knew
"Ah! deare sir Guyon, well becommeth you,
But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,
Whose hastie hand so far from reason strayd,
That almost it did baynous violence
On that fayre ymage of that heavenly mayd,
That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:
Your court'sie takes on you anothers dew offence."

So beene they both atone, and doen upreare
Their bevers bright each other for to greet;
Goodly comportaunce each to other beare,
And entertaine themselves with court'sies meet.
Then said the Redcrosse knight, "Now mote I weet,
Sir Guyon, why with so fierce saliaunce,
And fell intent, ye did at earst me meet;
For, sith I know your goodly gouvernaunce,
Great cause, I woene, you guided, or some uncouth chaunce."

"Certes," said he, "well mote I shame to tell
The fond encheason that me hether led.
A false infamous faitour late befell
Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
And playnd of grievous outrage, which he red
A knight had wrought against a lady gent;
Which to avenge, he to this place me led,
Where you he made the marke of his intent,
And now is fled: foule shame him follow wher he went!"

So can he turne his earnest unto game,
Through goodly handling and wise temperaunce.
By this his aged guide in presence came;
Who, soone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,
Eftsoones of him had perfect cognizaunce,
Sith him in Faery court he late avizd; [chaunce,
And said; "Fayre sonne, God give you happy
And that deare crosse uppon your shield devizd,
Wherewith above all knights ye goodly seeme aguizd!

"Joy may you have, and everlasting fame,
Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne,
For which enrolled is your glorious naine
In heavenly regesters above the Sunne,
Where you a saint with saints your seat have wonne!
But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,
Must now anew begin like race to ronne.
God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke,
And to the wished haven bring thy weary barke!"

"Palmer," him answered the Redcrosse knight,
"His be the praise, that this atchiev'ment wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his might!
More then goodwill to me attribute nought;
For all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you, faire sir, whose pageant next ensewes,
Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your thought,
That home ye may report thrise happy newes!
For well ye worthy bene for worth and gentle thewes."

So courteous congé both did give and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make
With his blacke palmer, that him guided still:
Still he him guided over dale and hill,
And with his steedy staffe did point his way;
His race with reason, and with words his will,
From fowle intemperaunce he ofte did stay,
And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.

In this faire wize they travelld long yfere,
Through many hard assayes which did betide;
Of which he honour still away did beare,
And spred his glory through all countryes wide.
At last, as chaunst them by a forest side
To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride
With percing shriekes and many a dolefull lay;
Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

"But if that carelesse Heavens," quoth she, "despise
The doome of just revenge, and take delight
To see sad pageaunts of mens miseries,
As bownd by them to live in lives despight;
Yet can they not warne Death from wretched wight.
Come, then; come soone; come, sweetest Death, to me,
And take away this long lent loathed light;
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines be,
That long captived soules from weary thraldome free.

"But thou, sweete babe, whom frowning froward fate
Hath made sad witnesse of thy fathers fall,
Sith Heavn thee deignes to hold in living state,
Long maist thou live, and better thrive withall
Then to thy luckelesse parents did befall!
Live thou! and to thy mother dead attest,
That cleare she dide from blemish criminall:
Thy little hands embrewd in bleeding brest
Loe! I for pledges leave! So give me leave to rest!"
With that a deadly shrieke she forth did throw
That through the wood re-echoed againe;
And after gave a grone so deepe and low
That seemd her tender hart was rent in twaine,
Or thrild with point of thorough-piercing paine:
As gentle hynd, whose sides with cruell steele
Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine,
Whiles the sad pang approching shee does feele,
Braies out her latest breath, and up her eies doth seele.

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting straict
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,
And soone arrived where that sad pourtraict
Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick;
In whose white alabaster brest did stick
A cruell knife that made a grisly wownd,
From which forth gusht a stream of goreblood thick,
That all her goodly garments staind arownd,
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy grownd.

Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubling fountaine low she lay,
Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray:
Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
For in her streaming blood he did embay
His little hands, and tender joints embrew:
Pitifull spectacle, as ever eie did vew!

Besides them both, upon the soiled gras
The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
Whose armour all with blood besprincled was;
His ruddy lips did smyle, and rosy red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being ded;
Seemd to have beene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest flowre of lustyhed,
Fitt to inflame faire lady with loves rage,
But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his age.

Whom, when the good sir Guyon did behold,
His hart gan wexe as starke as marble stone,
And his fresh blood did frieze with fearefull cold,
That all his sences seemd bereft attone:
At last his mighty ghost gan deepe to grone,
As lion, grudging in his great disdaine,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone;
Til ruth and feare affection did constraine [paine,
His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his inward

Out of her gored wound the cruell steel
He lightly snatcht, and did the floodgate stop
With his faire garment: then gan softly feel
Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
Of living blood yet in her veynes did hop:
Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire
To call backe life to her forsaken shop:
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the last she gan to breath out living aire.

Which he perceiving, greatly gan rejoice,
And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
Is meetest med'cine, tempred with sweete voice;
"Ay me! deare lady, which the ymage art
Of ruefull pitty and impatient smart,
What direfull chaunce armd with avenging fate,
Or cursed hand, hath plaid this cruell part,
Thus foule to hasten your untimely date? [late."
Speake, O dear lady, speake; help never comes too

Thorewith her dim eie-lids she up gan reare,
On which the dreary Death did sitt as sad
As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare:
But when as him, all in bright armour clad,
Before her standing she espied had,
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakely started, yet she nothing drad:
Streight downe againe herselfe in great despight
She groveling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

The gentle knight her soone with carefull paine
Uplifted light, and softly did uphold:
Thrise he her reard, and thrise she sunck againe,
Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
And to her said; "Yet, if the stony cold
Have not all seized on your frozen hart,
Let one word fall that may your griefe unfold,
And tell the secrete of your mortall smart: [part."
He oft finds present helpe, who does his griefe im-

Then, casting up a deadly looke, full low
She sigh'd from bottome of her wounded brest;
And, after many bitter throbs did throw,
With lips full pale and foltring tong opprest,
These words she breathed forth from riven chest;
"Leave, ah! leave off, whatever wight thou bee,
To lett a weary wretch from her dew rest,
And trouble dying soules tranquilitee; [time."
Take not away now'got, which none would give to

"Ah! far be it," said he, "deare dame, fro mee,
To hinder soule from her desired rest,
Or hold sad life in long captivitee:
For, all I seeke, is but to have redrest
The bitter pangs that doth your heart infest.
Tell them, O lady, tell what fatall priefe
Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest;
That I may cast to compas your relieefe,
Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your griefe."

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
As Heven accusing guilty of her death,
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
In these sad wordes she spent her utmost breath;
"Heare then, O man, the sorrowes that uneath
My tong can tell, so far all sence they pas!
Loe! this dead corpse, that lies here underneath,
The gentlest knight, that ever on greene gras
Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good sir Mordant was:

"Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now!)
My lord, my love, my deare lord, my deare love,
So long as Heven iust with equall brow,
Vouchsafed to behold us from above.
One day, whom him high corage did emmove,
(As wont ye knightes to seeke adventures wilde)
He pricked forth his puissaunt force to prove,
Me then he left enwombed of this childe, [fild.
This luckles childe, whom thus ye see with blood de-

"Him fortuned (hard fortune ye may ghesse!)
To come where vile Acrasia does wonne;
Acrasia, a false enchaunteresse,
That many errant knightes have fowle fordonne;
Within a wandring island, that doth ronne
And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is:
Fayre sir, if ever there ye travell, shonne
The cursed land where many wend amis,
And know it by the name; it hight the *Bowre of Blis.*

"Her blis is all in pleasure, and delight,
Wherewith she makes her lovers dronken mad;
And then with wordes, and weedes, of wondrous might,
On them she workes her will to uses bad:
My liefest lord she thus beguiled had;
For he was flesh: (all flesh doth frayltie breed!)
Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,
(Weake wretch) I wrapt myselfe in palmers weed
And cast to seek him forth through danger and great dreed.

"Now had fayre Cynthia by even tournes
Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrice three tymes had filld her crooked hornes,
Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbeare,
And bad me call Lucina to me neare.
Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought: [weare:
The woods, the nymphes, my bowres, my midwyves,
Hard help at need! so deare thee, babe, I bought;
Yet nought too deare I deemd, while so my deare I sought.

"Him so I sought; and so at last I fownd,
Where him that witch had thralled to her will,
In chaines of lust and lewde desyres ybownd,
And so transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, nether his owne ill;
Till, through wise handling and faire governaunce,
I him recured to a better will,
Purged from drugs of fowle intemperaunce:
Then meanes I gan devise for his deliverance.

"Which when the vile enchaunteresse perceiv'd,
How that my lord from her I would reprive,
With cup thus charmd him parting she deceivd;
Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,
And losse of love to her that loves to live,
So soone as Bacchus with the nymphe does lincke!
So parted we, and on our iourney drive;
Till, coming to this well, he stoupt to drincke:
The charme fulfild, dead suddeinly he downe did sincke.

"Which when I, wretch"—Not one word more she
But breaking off the end for want of breath, [sayd,
And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That seeing, good sir Guyon could uneath
From teares abstayne; for griefe his hart did grate,
And from so heavie sight his head did wreath,
Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,
Which plonged had faire lady in so wretched state:

Then, turning to his palmer, said; "Old syre,
Behold the ymage of mortalitie,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre!
When raging Passion with fierce tyranny
Robs Reason of her dew regalitie,
And makes it servaunt to her basest part;
The strong it wonkens with infirmitie,
And with bold furie armes the weakest hart:
The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the weake through smart."

"But Temperaunce," said he, "with golden squire
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane;
Nether to melt in pleasures whott desyre,
Nor frye in hartlesse griefe and dolefull teene:
Thrise happy man, who fares them both atweene!
But sith this wretched woman overcome
Of anguish, rather then of crime, hath bene,
Reserve her cause to her eternall doome;
And, in the meane, vouchsafe her honorable toombe."

"Palmer," quoth he, "death is an equall doome
To good and bad, the common in of rest;
But after death the tryall is to come,
When best shall bee to them that lived best:
But both alike, when death hath both supprest,
Religious reverence doth burial teene;
Which whoso wants, wants so much of his rest:
For all so greet shame after death I weene,
As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene.

So both agree their bodies to engrave:
The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
And with sad cypresse seemely it embrave;
Then, covering with a clod their closed eye,
They lay therein their corses tenderly,
And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace.
But, ere they did their utmost obsequy,
Sir Guyon more affection to increace, [leace.
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should ay re-

The dead knights sword out of his sheath he drew,
With which he cutt a lock of all their heare,
Which medling with their blood and earth he threw
Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare;
"Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,
And worse and worse, young orphane, be thy payne,
If I, or thou, dew vengeaunce doe forbeare,
Till guiltie blood her guerdon doe obtayne!"—
So, shedding many teares, they closd the earth
agayne.

CANTO II.

Babes bloody handes may not be clensd.
The face of Golden Meane:
Her sisters, Two Extremities,
Strive her to banish cleane.

Thus when sir Guyon with his faithful guyde
Had with dew rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad tragedie uptyde,
The litle babe up in his armes he hent;
Who with sweet pleasaunce, and bold blandishment,
Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen; that ruth emperced deepe
In that knightes hart, and wordes with bitter teares
did steepe:

"Ah! lucklesse babe, borne under cruell starre,
And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
Full little weenest thou what sorrowes are
Left thee for porcion of thy livelyhed;
Poore orphane! in the wide world scattered,
As budding braunch rent from the native tree,
And throwen forth, till it be withered!
Such is the state of men! thus enter we
Into this life with woe, and end with miseree!"

Then, softly himselfe inclyning on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(So love does loath disdainefull nicitee)
His guiltie handes from bloody gore to cleene:
Howwash them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
For all his washing cleaner: still he strove;
Yet still the litle handes were bloody seene:
The which him into great amaz'ment drove,
And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder clove.

He wist not whether blott of fowle offence
Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To shew how sore bloodguiltinesse he hath;
Or that the charme and veneme, which they dronck,
Their blood with secret filth infected hath,
Being diffused through the senceless tronck
That, through the great contagion, direful deadly
stonck.

Whom thus at gaze the palmer gan to bord
With goodly reason, and thus fayre bespake;
"Ye bene right hard amated, gratious lord,
And of your ignorance great merveill make,
Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake.
But know, that secret vertues are infusd
In every fountaine, and in everie lake,
Which, who hath skill them rightly to have chusd,
To proofe of passing wonders hath full often usd:

"Of those, some were so from their sourse indewd
By great dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
Their welheads spring, and are with moisture deawd;
Which feeds each living plant with liquid sap,
And filles with flowres fayre Floraes painted lap:
But other some, by guifte of later grace,
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had vertue pourd into their waters bace,
And thencеforth were renowmd, and sought from
place to place.

"Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge,
Which to her nymph befell. Upon a day,
As she the woodes with bow and shaftes did raunge,
The hartlesse hynd and roebucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
And, kindling fire at her faire-burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
And chaced her, that fast from him did fly;
As hynd from her, so she fled from her enimy.

"At last, when fayling breath began to faint,
And saw no meanes to scape; of shame affrayd,
She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint;
And, to Diana calling lowd for ayde,
Her deare besought to let her die a mayd.
The goddesse heard; and suddeine, where she sate
Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd
With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
Transformd her to a stone fro a stedfast virgins state.

"Lo! how she is that stone, from whose two heads,
As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
Yet colde through feare and old conceived dreads;
And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,
Shapt like a maide, that sweet ye may her know;
And yet her vertues in her water byde:
For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,
Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde;
But ever, like herselfe, unstayned hath beene tryde.

"From thence it comes, that this babes bloody
May not be clensd with water of this well:
Ne certes, sir, strive you it to withstand,
But let them still be bloody, as befell,
That they his mothers innocence may tell,
As she bequeathd in her last testament;
That, as a sacred symbole, it may dwell
In her sonnes flesh, to mind revengement,
And be for all chaste dames an endlesse moniment."

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He hearkned to his reason; and the childe
Uptaking, to the palmer gave to beare;
But his sad fathers armes with blood defilde,
An heavie load, himselfe did lightly reare;
And turning to that place, in which whyleare
He left his loftie steed with golden sell
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare;
By other accident, that earst befell,
He is convaide; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

Which when sir Guyon saw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
And fairely fare on foot, however loth:
His double burden did him sore disease.
So, long they traveiled with like ease,
Till that at last they to a castle came,
Built on a rocke adioyning to the seas:
It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
And wondrous strong by nature and by skilfull frame.

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one syre by mothers three;
Who, dying whylome, did divide this fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee:
But stryfull mind and diverse qualitee
Drew them in partes, and each made others foe:
Still did they strive and daily disagree;
The eldest did against the youngest goe,
And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

Where when the knight arriv'd, he was right well
Receiv'd, as knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excell
The other two; Medina was her name,
A sober, sad, and comely courteous dame:
Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guize,
In goodly garments that her well became,
Fayre marching forth in honorable wize,
Him at the threshold mett and well did enterprize.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie;
Ne in her speach, ne in her haviour,
Was lightnesse seene or looser vanitie,
But gratious womanhood, and gravitie,
Above the reason of her youthly yeares:
Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye
In breaded tramels, that no looser heares
Did out of order stray about her daintie eares.

Whilest she her self thus busily did frame
Seemely to entertain her new-come guest,
Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
Accourting each his frend with lavish fest:
They were two knights of perelesse puissaunce,
And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
Which to these ladies love did countenaunce,
And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to advaunce.

He, that made love upto the eldest dame,
Was higlit sir Huddibras, an hardy man;
Yet not so good of deedes as great of name,
Which he by many rash adventures wan,
Since errant armes to sew he first began.
More huge in strength then wise in workes he was,
And reason with foole-hardize over-ran;
Sterne melancholy did his courage pas;
And was, for terrour more, all armd in shyning bras.

But he, that lov'd the youngest, was Sansloy;
He, that faire Una late fowle outraged,
The most unruly and the boldest boy
That ever warlike weapons menaged,
And all to lawlesse lust encouraged
Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might;
Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right;
He, now this ladies champion, chose for love to fight.

These two gay knights, vowd to so diverse loves,
Each other does envy with deadly hate,
And daily warre against his fooman moves,
In hope to win more favour with his mate,
And th' others pleasing service to abate,
To magnifie his owne. But when they heard
How in that place straunge knight arrived late,
Both knights and ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fercely unto battell storne themselves prepar'd.

But, ere they could proceede unto the place
Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
And cruell combat ioyned in middle space:
With horrible assault, and furie fell,
They heapt huge strokes the scorned life to quell,
That all on uprore from her settled seat
The house was raysd, and all that in did dwell;
Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great
Did rend the ratling skies with flames of fouldring heat.

The noyse thereof cald forth that straunger knight,
To weet what dreadfull thing was there in hond;
Where whenas two brave knightes in bloody fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond,
And shyning blade unsheathd, with which he ran
Unto that stead, their strife to understond;
And, at his first arrivall, them began
With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

But they, him spying, both with greedy forse
Attonce upon him ran, and him beset
With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
And on his shield like yron sledges bet.
As when a beare and tygre, being met
In cruell fight on Lybicke ocean wide,
Espye a traveiler with feet surbet,
Whom they in equall pray hope to divide,
They stint their strife, and him assayle on everie side.

But he, not like a weary traveilere,
Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,
And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
But with redoubled buffes them backe did put:
Whose grieved mindes, which choler did englut,
Against themselves turning their wrathfull spight,
Gan with new rage their shieldes to hew and cut.
But still, when Guyon came to part their fight,
With heavie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whom raging windes, threatning to make the pray
Of the rough rockes, doe diversly disease,
Meetes two contrarie billowes by the way,
That her on either side doe sore assay,
And boast to swallow her in greedy grave; [way,
Shee, scorning both their spights, does make wide
And, with her brest breaking the fomy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire herself doth save:

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade.
Wondrous great prowesse and heroick worth
He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,
When two so mighty warriours he dismade:
Attonce he wards and strikes; he takes and paies;
Now forst to yield, now forcing to invade;
Before, behind, and round about him laies:
So double was his paines, so double be his praise.

Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights to see
Three combates ioine in one, and to darraine
A triple warre with triple enmitee,
All for their ladies froward love to gaine,
Which, gotten, was but hate. So Love does raine
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yett his peace is but continual iarre:
O miserable men, that to him subiect arre!

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,
The faire Medina with her tresses torne
And naked brest, in pitty of their harmes,
Emongst them ran; and, falling them beforne,
Besought them by the womb which them had born,
And by the loves which were to them most deare,
And by the knighthood which they sure had sworn,
Their deadly cruell discord to forbeare,
And to her iust conditions of faire peace to heare.

But her two other sisters, standing by,
Her lowd gainsaid; and both their champions bad
Pursew the end of their strong enmity,
As ever of their loves they would be glad:
Yet she with pitthy words, and counsell sad,
Still strove their stubborne rages to revoke;
That at the last, suppressing fury mad,
They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
And hearken to the sober speaches which she spoke;

"Ah! puissaunt lords, what cursed evill spright,
Or fell Erinnys, in your noble harts
Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
And stird you up to worke your wilfull smarts?
Is this the ioy of armes? be these the parts
Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,
And not regard dew right and iust desarts?
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory uniust, [trust.
That more to mighty hands then rightfull cause doth

"And were there rightfull cause of difference,
Yet were not better fayre it to accord,
Then with blood-guiltinesse to heape offence,
And mortal vengeaunce ioyne to crime abhord?
O! fly from wrath; fly, O my liefest lord!
Sad be the sights, and bitter fruites of warre,
And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword:
Ne ought the praise of prowesse more doth marre
Then fowle revenging rage, and base contentious iarre.

"But lovely concord, and most sacred peace,
Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds;
Weake she makes strong, and strong thing does in-
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds: [creace,
Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
By which she triumphes over yre and pride,
And winnes an olive girlond for her meeds.
Be therefore, O my deare lords, pacifide,
And this misseeming discord meekely lay aside."

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
And suncke so deepe into their boyling brests,
That downe they lett their cruell weapons fall,
And lowly did abase their lofty crests
To her faire presence and discrete behests.
Then she began a treaty to procure,
And stablish terms betwixt both their requests,
That as a law for ever should endure; [sure.
Which to observe, in word of knights they did as-

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
After their weary sweat and bloody toile,
She them besought, during their quiet treague,
Into her lodging to repaire a while,
To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
They soone consent: so forth with her they fare;
Where they are well receivd, and made to spoile
Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare [fare.
Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to dainty

And those two froward sisters, their faire loves,
Came with them eke, all were they wondrous loth,
And fained cheare, as for the time behoves;
But could not colour yet so well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeard in both:
For both did at their second sister grutch
And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
The inner garment frett, not th' utter touch;
One thought her cheare too litle, th' other thought too mutch.

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme
As discontent for want of merth or meat;
No solace could her paramour intreat
Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliaunce;
But with bent lowring browes, as she would threat,
She scould, and frownd with froward countenaunce;
Unworthy of faire ladies comely governaunce.

But young Perissa was of other mynd,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sisters kynd;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight:
In wine and meats she flowd above the banck,
And in excesse exceeded her owne might;
In sumptuous tire she ioyd her selfe to pranck,
But of her love too lavish: litle have she thanck!

Fast by her side did sitt the bold Sansloy,
Fitt mate for such a minning mincon,
Who in her looseness tooke exceeding ioy;
Might not be found a francker franion,
Of her leawd parts to make companion.
But Huddibras, more like a malecontent,
Did see and grieve at his bold fashion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment;
Yett still he satt, and inly did himselfe torment.

Betwixt them both the faire Medina sate
With sober grace and goodly carriage:
With equall measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage;
That forward paire she ever would asswage,
When they would strive dew reason to exceed;
But that same froward twaine would accorage,
And of her plenty adde unto their need:
So kept she them in order, and herselfe in heed.

Thus fairely shee attempered her feast,
And pleasd them all with meete satiety:
At last, when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,
She Guyon deare besought of curtesie
To tell from whence he came through icopardy,
And whether now on new adventure bownd:
Who with bold grace, and comely gravity,
Drawing to him the eies of all arownd,
From lofty siege began these words aloud to sownd.

"This thy demaund, O lady, doth revive
Fresh memory in me of that great queene,
Great and most glorious virgin queene alive,
That with her soveraine power, and scepter shene,
All Faery lond does peaceably sustene.
In widest ocean she her throne does reare,
That over all the earth it may be seene;
As morning Sunne her beames dispredden cleare;
And in her face faire peace and mercy doth appeare.

In her the richnesse of all heavenly grace
In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye:
And all that els this worlds enclosure bace
Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
Adornes the person of her maiestye;
That men, beholding so great excellence
And rare perfection in mortalitye,
Doe her adore with sacred reverence,
As th' idole of her Makers great magnificence.

"To her I homage and my service owe,
In number of the noblest knightes on ground,
Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe
Order of Maydenhead, the most renownd,
That may this day in all the world be found.
An yearely solemne feast she wontes to make,
The day that first doth lead the yeare arownd,
To which all knights of worth and courage bold
Resort, to heare of straunge adventures to be told.

"There this old palmer shewd himselfe that day,
And to that mighty princesse did complaine
Of grievous mischiefes, which a wicked Fay
Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,
Whereof he crav'd redresse. My soveraine,
Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and joyes
Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
Eftsoone devisd redresse for such annoyes:
Me, all unfit for so great purpose, she employes.

"Now hath faire Phœbe with her silver face
Thrise seene the shadowes of the neather world,
Sith last I left the honorable place,
In which her royall presence is entrold;
Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
Till I that false Acrasia have wonne;
Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to bee told,
I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne
Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordonne."

"Tell on, fayre sir," said she, "that dolefull tale,
From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,
That we may pitty such unhappie bale,
And learne from Pleasures poyson to abstaine:
Ill, by ensample, good doth often gayne."
Then forward he his purpose gan pursew,
And told the story of the mortall payne,
Which Mordant and Amavia did rew;
As, with lamenting eyes, himselfe did lately vew.

Night was far spent; and now in ocean deep
Orion, flying fast from hissing Snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
When of his pitteous tale he end did make:
Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake
Those guestes beguyled did beguyle their eyes
Of kindly sleepe, that did them overtake.
At last, when they had markt the chaunged skyes,
They wist their houre was spent; then each to rest him hyes.

CANTO III.

Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guyons horse, is made the scorne
Of knighthood trew; and is of fayre Belphœbe fowle forlorne.

Soone as the morrow fayre with purple beames
Disperst the shadowes of the misty night,
And Titan, playing on the eastern streames,
Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light;
Sir Guyon, mindfull of his vow yplight,
Uprose from drowsie couch, and him addrest
Unto the iourney which he had behight:
His puissant armes about his noble brest,
And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

Then, taking congè of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earnestly committ, and her conjure
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensuth;
And that, so soone as ryper yeares he raught,
He might, for memory of that dayes ruth,
Be called Ruddymane; and thereby taught
T' avenge his parents death on them that had it wrought.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone;
Patience perforce: helplesse what may it boot
To frett for anger, or for griefe to mone?
His palmer now shall foot no more alone.
So fortune wrought, at under greene woodes syde
He lately heard that dying lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
And rushed in on foot to ayd her ere she dyde.

The whyles a losell wandring by the way,
One that to bountie never cast his mynd,
Ne thought of honour ever did assay
His baser brest, but in his kestrell kynd
A pleasing vaine of glory he did fynd,
To which his flowing toung and troublous spright
Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclynd;
He, that brave steed there finding ready dight,
Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full light.

Now gan his hart all swell in iollity,
And of himselfe great hope and help conceiv'd,
That puffed up with smoke of vanity,
And with selfe-loved personage deceiv'd,
He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd
For such, as he him thought, or faine would bee:
But for in court gay portaunce he perceiv'd,
And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
Eftsoones to court he cast t' advaunce his first de-

And by the way he chanced to espy
One sitting ydle on a sunny banck,
To whom avaunting in great bravery,
As peacocke that his painted plumes doth pranck,
He smote his courser in the trembling flanck,
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare:
The seely man, seeing him ryde so ranck
And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
And crying, "Mercy," loud, his pitious handes
gan reare.

Thereat the scarcrow wexed wondrous prowd,
Through fortune of his first adventure fayre,
And with big thundring voice revyld him lowd;
"Vile caytive, vassall of dread and despayre,
Unworthie of the commune breathed ayre,
Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
And doest not unto death thyselfe prepayre?
Dy, or thyselfe my captive yield for ay: [stay."
Great favour I thee graunt for aunswere thus to

"Hold, O deare lord, hold your dead-doing hand,"
Then loud he cryde, "I am your humble thrall."
"Ah, wretch," quoth he, "thy destinies withstand
My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
I give thee life: therefore prostrated fall,
And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee."
The miser threw himselfe, as an offall,
Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

So happy peace they made and faire accord.
Eftsoones this liegeman gan to wexe more bold,
And, when he felt the folly of his lord,
In his owne kind he gan himselfe unfold:
For he was wylie witted, and growne old
In cunning sleightes and practick knavery.
From that day forth he cast for to uphold
His ydle humour with fine flattery,
And blow the bellowes to his swelling vanity.

Trompart, fitt man for Braggadocchio
To serve at court in view of vaunting eye;
Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring windidoes blow
In his light winges, is lifted up to skye;
The scorne of knighthood and trew chevalrye,
To thinke, without desert of gentle deed
And noble worth, to be advaunced hye;
Such prayse is shame; but honour, vertues meed,
Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honourable seed.

So forth they pas, a well consorted payre,
Till that at length with Archimage they meet:
Who seeing one, that shone in armour fayre,
On goodly courser thondring with his feet,
Eftsoones supposed him a person meet
Of his revenge to make the instrument:
For sithe the Redcrosse knight he erst did weet
To been with Guyon knitt in one consent,
The ill, which earst to him, he now to Guyon ment.

And comming close to Trompart gan inquere
Of him, what mightie warriour that mote bee,
That rode in golden sell with single spere,
But wanted sword to wreake his enmitee.
"He is a great adventurer," said he,
"That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee
Of that despight, never to weare none;
That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone."

Th' enchaunter greatly joyed in the vaunt,
And weened well ere long his will to win,
And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt:
Tho to him louting lowly did begin
To plaine of wronges, which had committed bin
By Guyon, and by that false Redcrosse knight;
Which two, through treason and deceiptfull gin,
Had slayne sir Mordant and his lady bright:
That mote him honour win, to wreak so foule despight.

Therewith all suddeinly he seemd enrag'd,
And threatned death with dreadfull countenaunce,
As if their lives had in his hand beene gag'd;
And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
Thus said; "Old man, great sure shal be thy meed,
If, where those knights for feare of dew vengeaunce
Doe lurke, thou certeinly to mee areed, [deed."
That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefal

"Certes, my lord," said he, "that shall I soone,
And give you eke good helpe to their decay.
But mote I wisely you advise to doon;
Give no ods to your foes, but doe purvay
Yourselfe of sword before that bloody day;
(For they be two the prowest knights on grownd,
And oft approvd in many hard assay;)
And eke of surest steele, that may be fownd,
Do arme yourselfe against that day, them to confownd."

"Dotard," saide he, "let be thy deepe advise;
Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,
Els never should thy iudgement be so frayle
To measure manhood by the sword or mayle.
Is not enough fowre quarters of a man,
Withouten sword or shield, an hoste to quayle?
Thou litle wotest that this right-hand can:
Speake they, which have beheld the battailes which it wan."

The man was much abashed at his boast;
Yet well he wist that whoso would contend
With either of those knightes on even coast,
Should needs of all his armes him to defend;
Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend;
When Braggadocchio saide; "Once I did swere,
When with one sword seven knightes I brought to end,
Thenceforth in battaile never sword to beare,
But it were that which noblest knight on earth doth weare."

"Perdy, sir Knight," saide tho th' enchaunter blive,
"That shall I shortly purchase to your bond:
For now the best and noblest knight alive
Prince Arthur is, that wonnes in Faerie lond;
He hath a sword, that flames like burning brond:
The same, by my device, I undertake
Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond."
At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
And wondred in his minde what mote that monster make.

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
Was suddein vanished out of his sight:
The northerne winde his wings did broad display
At his commaund, and reared him up light
From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
They lookt about, but no where could espye
Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright
They both nigh were, and each bad other flye:
Both fled attonce, ne ever backe retourned eye,

Till that they come unto a forrest greene, [feare;
In which they shrowd themselves from causeles
Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene:
Eachtrembling leafe and whistling wind they heare,
As ghastly bug, does greatly them affeare:
Yet both doe strive their fearfulnesse to faine.
At last they heard a horne that shrilled cleare
Throughout the wood that echoed againe,
And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in twaine.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush;
With noyse whereof he from his lofticé steed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dying dreed.
But Trompart stoutly stayd to taken heed
Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped foorth
A goodly ladie clad in hunters weed,
That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance borne of heavenly birth.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
But heavenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
Hable to heale the sicke and to revive the ded.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' heavenly Makers light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:
In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For, with dredfull maiestie and awfull yre, [syre.
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace de-

Her yvorie forhead, full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did itselfe dispred,
For Love his lofties triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red;
For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake,
Sweete words, like dropping honny, she did shed;
And, twixt the pearles and rubins softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even browes,
Working belgardes and amorous retrate;
And everie one her with a grace endowes,
And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes:
So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How shall fraylle pen descrive her heavenly face,
For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace!

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,
She seemd, when she presented was to sight;
And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
All in a silken Camus lilly whight,
Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinckled was throughout
With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,
Like twinckling starres; and all the skirt about
Was hemd with golden fringe.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat trayne,
And her streight legs most bravely were embayld
In gilden buskins of costly cordwayne,
All bard with golden bendes, which were entayld
With curious antickes, and full fayre aumayld:
Before, they fastned were under her knee
In a rich iewell, and therein entrayld
The ends of all the knots, that none might see
How they within their foldings close enwrapped bee.

Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,
Which doe the temple of the gods support,
Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
And honour in their festivall resort;
Those same with stately grace and princely port
She taught to tread, when she herselfe would grace;
But with the woody nymphes when she did play,
Or when the flying libbard she did chace,
She could them nimbly move, and after fly apace.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
Stuft with steel-headed dartes wherewith she queld
The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldricke which forelay
Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
Her daintie paps; which, like young fruit in May,
Now little gan to swell, and being tide
Through her thin weed their places only signifide.

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And, when the winde emongst them did inspyre,
They waved like a penon wyde despred,
And low behinde her backe were scattered:
And, whether art it were or heedlesse hap,
As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did enwrap.

Such as Diana by the sandy shore
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene,
Where all the nymphes have her unwares forlore,
Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
To seeke her game: or as that famous queene
Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,
The day that first of Priame she was seene,
Did shew herselfe in great triumphant ioy,
To succour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

Such when as hartlesse Trompart her did vew,
He was dismayed in his coward minde,
And doubted whether he himselfe should shew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behinde;
Both feare and hope he in her face did finde:
When she at last him spying thus bespake; [hynde,
"Hayle, groome; didst not thou see a bleeding
Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow strake?
If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake."

Wherewith revivd, this answere forth he threw;
"O goddesse; (for such I thee take to bee)
For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,
Nor voyce sound mortall; I avow to thee,
Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
Sith earst into this forrest wild I came.
But mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,
To weete which of the gods I shall thee name,
That unto thee dew worship I may rightly frame."

To whom she thus—But ere her words ensewd,
Unto the bush her eye did suddein glaunce,
In which vaine Braggadocchio was mewd,
And saw it stirre: she lefte her piercing launce,
And towards gan a deadly shafte advaunce,
In minde to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
Out crying; "O! whatever hevenly powre,
Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre!

"O! stay thy hand; for yonder is no game
For thy fiers arrowes, them to exercize;
But loe! my lord, my liege, whose warlike name
Is far renowmd through many bold emprize;
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies."
She staid: with that he crauld out of his nest,
Forth creeping on his caitive hands and thies;
And standing stoutly up his lofty crest [rest.
Did fiercely shake, and rowze as comming late from

As fearfull fowle, that long in secret cave
For dread of soring hauke herselfe hath hid,
Not caring how, her silly life to save,
She her gay painted plumes disordeid;
Seeing at last herselfe from daunger rid,
Peeps forth, and soone renews her native pride;
She gins her feathers fowle disfigured
Prowdly to prune, and sett on every side; [hide.
She shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her

So when her goodly visage he behold,
He gan himselfe to vaunt: but, when he vewd
Those deadly tooles which in her hand she held,
Soone into other fitts he was transmewd,
Till she to him her gracious speach renewd;
"All haile, sir Knight, and well may thee befall,
As all the like, which honor have pursewd
Through deeds of armes and prowesse martiall!
All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all.

To whom he thus; "O fairest under skie,
Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
That warlike feats doest highest glorifie,
Therein I have spent all my youthly daies,
And many battailes fought and many fraies
Throughout the world, wherso they might be found,
Endevoring my dreaded name to raise
Above the Moone, that Fame may it resound
In her eternall tromp with laurell girlond crownd.

"But what art thou, O lady, which doest raunge
In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
And doest not it for ioyous court exchaunge,
Emongst thine equall peres, where happy blis
And all delight does raigne much more than this?
There thou maist love, and dearly loved be,
And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis;
There mai'st thou best be seene, and best maist see:
The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fitt for thee."

"Whoso in pompe of prowd estate," quoth she,
"Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,
Does waste his daies in darke obscuritee,
And in oblivion ever buried is:
Where ease abounds yt's eath to doe amis:
But who his limbs will labours, and his mynd
Behaves with care, cannot so easy mis.
Abrood in armes, at home in studious kynd;
Who seeks with painfull toile, shall Honour soonest find.

"In woods, in waves, in warres, she wonts to dwell
And wil be found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man, that moulds in ydle cell;
Unto her happy mansion attaine:
Before her gate high God did Sweate ordaine,
And wakefull Watches ever to abide:
But easy is the way and passage plaine
To Pleasures pallace; it may soone be spide,
And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

"In princes court"—The rest she would have sayd,
But that the foolish man (fild with delight
Of her sweete words that all his sence dismayd,
And with her wondrous beauty ravisht quight,)
Gan burne in filthy lust; and, leaping light,
Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
With that she, swarving backe, her iavelin bright
Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:
So turned her about, and fled away apace.

Which when the peasant saw, amazd he stood,
And grieved at her flight; yet durst he not
Pursew her steps through wild unknowen wood;
Besides he feard her wrath, and threatened shott,
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgott:
Ne card he greatly for her presence vayne,
But turning said to Trompart; "What fowle blott
Is this to knight, that lady should ngayne
Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud disdayne!"

"Perdy," said Trompart, "lett her pas at will,
Least by her presence daunger mote befall.
For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
But that shee is some powre celestiall?
For, whiles she spake, her great words did appall
My feeble corage, and my heart oppresse,
That yet I quake and tremble over all."
"And I," said Braggadocchio, "thought no lesse,
When first I heard her horn sound with such ghastlinesse.

"For from my mothers wombe this grace I have
Me given by eternall destiny,
That earthly thing may not my corage brave
Dismay with feare, or cause one foote to fly;
But either hellish feends, or powres on hy:
Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,
Weening it had beene thunder in the skye,
I hid my selfe from it, as one afeard;
But, when I other knew, my self I boldly reard.

"But now, for feare of worse that may betide,
Let us soone hence depart." They soone agree:
So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride
As one unfitt therefore, that all might see
He had not trayned bene in chevalree.
Which well that valiaunt courser did discerne;
For he despisd to tread in dew degree,
But chaufd and fom'd with corage fiers and sterne,
And to be easd of that base burden still did erne.

CANTO IV.

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
And stops Occasion:
Delivers Phaon, and therefore
By Strife is rayld uppon.

In brave poursuitt of honorable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influence;
As feates of armes; and love to entertaine:
But chiefly skill to ride seemes a sciónce
Proper to gentle blood: some others faine
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

But he, the rightfull owner of that steede,
Who well could menage and subdew his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed
With that blacke palmer, his most trusty guide,
Who suffred not his wandring feete to slide;
But when strong passion, or weake fleshlinesse,
Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,
He would, through temperaunce and stedfastnesse,
Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the strong suppresse.

It fortuned, forth faring on his way,
He saw from far, or seemed for to see,
Some troublous uprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in hast it to agree.
A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the heare along upon the grownd
A handsom stripling with great crueltee,
Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a wownd,
That cheekes with teares, and sydes with blood, did all abownd.

And him behynd a wicked hag did stalke,
In ragged robes and filthy disaray;
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay:
Her locks, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosly hong unrold;
But all behinde was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold;
And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinckles old.

And, ever as she went, her toung did walke
In fowle reproch and shamefull villanye,
Provoking him, by her outrageous talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight:
Sometimes she raught him stones, wherwith to smite;
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which she could not goe upright;
Ne any evil meanes she did forbeare,
That might him move to wrath, and indignation reare.

The noble Guyon, mov'd with great remorse,
Approching, first the hag did thrust away;
And after, adding more impetuous forse,
His mighty hands did on the madman lay,
And pluckt him backe; who, all on fire straightway,
Against him turning all his fell intent,
With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
And gnott, and bitt, and kickt, and scratcht, and rent,
And did he wist not what in his avengement.

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had governaunce it well to guyde:
But, when the frantick fitt inflamd his spright,
His force was vaine, and strooke more often wyde
Then at the aymed marke which he had eyde:
And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt unwares,
Whylest reason, blent through passion, nought descryde;
But, as a blindfold bull, at random fares,
And where he hits nought knowes, and whom he hurts nought cares.

His rude assault and rugged handeling
Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe
In fayre defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight: yet nathemoe
Was he abashed now, not fighting so;
But, more enfierced through his currish play,
Him sternly grypt, and, hailing to and fro,
To overthrow him strongly did assay,
But overthrew himselfe unwares, and lower lay:

And being downe the villein sore did beate
And bruze with clownish fistes his manly face:
And eke the hag, with many a bitter threat,
Still cald upon to kill him in the place.
With whose reproch, and odious menace,
The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart
Knitt all his forces, and gan soone unbrace
His grasping hold: so lightly did upstart,
And drew his deadly weapon to maintaine his part.

Which when the palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
"Not so, O Guyon, never thinke that so
That monster can be maistred or destroyd:
He is not, ah! he is not such a foe,
As steele can wound, or strength can overthroe.
That same is Furor, cursed cruel wight,
That unto knighthood workes much shame and woe;
And that same hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion; the roote of all wrath and despight.

"With her, whoso will raging Furor tame,
Must first begin, and well her amenage:
First her restraine from her reprochfull blame
And evill meanes, with which she doth enrage
Her frantick sonne, and kindles his corage;
Then, when she is withdrawne or strong withstood,
It 's oath his yelle fury to aswage,
And calm the tempest of his passion wood:
The bankes are overflowne when stopped is the flood."

Therewith sir Guyon left his first emprise,
And, turning to that woman, fast her hent
By the hoare lockes that hong before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n' ould she stent
Her bitter rayling and foule revilement;
But still provokt her sonne to wreake her wrong:
But nathelesse he did her still torment,
And, catching hold of her ungrations tong,
Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme and strong.

Then, whenas use of speach was from her reft,
With her two crooked handes she signes did make,
And beckned him; the last help she had left:
But he that last left helpe away did take,
And both her handes fast bound unto a stake,
That she no'te stirre. Then gan her sonne to flye
Full fast away, and did her quite forsake:
But Guyon after him in hast did hye,
And soone him overtooke in mad perplexitye.

In his strong armes he stifly him embraste,
Who him gain-striving nought at all prevaild;
For all his power was utterly defaste,
And furious fitts ab earst quite weren quaild:
Oft he reinforst, and oft his forces fayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor slacke.
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,
And both his feet in fetters to an yron racke.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots, that did him sore constraine:
Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind
And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine:
His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fyre;
And, more for ranck despight then for great paine,
Shakt his long locks colourd like copper-wyre,
And bitt his tawny beard to shew his raging yre.

Thus whenas Guyon Furor had captivd,
Turning about he saw that wretched squyre,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late deprivd,
Lying on ground, all soild with blood and myre:
Whom whenas he perceived to respyre,
He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse.
Being at last recured, he gan inquyre
What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
And made that caytives thrall, the thrall of wretchednesse.

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
"Fayre sir," quoth he, "what man can shun the hap,
That hidden lyes unwares him to surprise?
Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
The man most wary in her whelming lap.
So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,
Unweeting and unware of such mishap,
She brought to mischiefe through occasion,
Where this same wicked villein did me light upon.

" It was a faithlesse squire, that was the sourse
Of all my sorrow and of these sad teares,
With whom from tender dug of commune nourse
Attonce I was upbrought; and eft, when yeares
More rype us reason lent to chose our peares,
Ourselves in league of lowed love we knitt;
In which we long time, without gealous feares,
Or faultie thoughts, continewd as was fitt;
And, for my part I vow, dissembled not a whitt.

" It was my fortune, commune to that age,
To love a lady fayre of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And set in highest seat of dignitee,
Yet seemd no lesse to love then loyd to bee:
Long I her serv'd, and found her faithfull still,
Ne ever thing could cause us disagree:
Love, that two harts makes one, makes eke one will:
Each strove to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

" My friend, hight Philemon, I did partake
Of all my love and all my privitie;
Who greatly joyous seemed for my sake,
And gratious to that lady, as to mee;
Ne ever wight, that more so welcome bee
As he to her, withouten blott or blame;
Ne ever thing, that she could think or see,
But unto him she would impart the same:
O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle dame!

" At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that lady to my spouse had wonne;
Accord of friendes, consent of parents spought,
Affyaunce made, my happinesse begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
Which marriage make: that day too farre did seeme!
Most ioyous man, on whom the shining Sunne
Did shew his face, myselfe I did esteeme,
And that my falser friend did no less ioyous deeme.

" But, ere that wished day his beame disclosd,
He, either envying my toward good,
Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd,
One day unto me came in friendly mood,
And told, for secret, how he understood
That lady, whom I had to me assynd,
Had both distaind her honorable blood,
And eke the faith which she to me did bynd;
And therefore wisht me stay, till I more truth should fynd.

" The gnawing anguish, and sharp gelosy,
Which his sad speach infixed in my brest,
Rankled so sore, and festred inwardly,
That my engreeved mind could find no rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did out wrest;
And him besought, by that same sacred band
Betwixt us both, to counsell me the best:
He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
Assurd, ere long the truth to let me understand.

" Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,
And that it was a groome of base degree,
Which of my love was partner paramoure:
Who used in a darkesome inner bowre
Her oft to meete: which better to approve,
He promised, to bring me at that howre,
When I should see that would me nearer move,
And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love.

" This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmayd of my lady deare,
Who, glad t' embosome his affection vile,
Did all she might more pleasing to appeare.
One day, to worke her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus; 'Pryené,' (so she hight)
'What great despight doth fortune to thee bare,
Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
That it should not deface all others lesse light?

" 'But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
T' adorne thy forme accord'ing thy desart,
Their blazing pride thou soudest soone have blent,
And staynd their prayses with the least good part;
Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,
Tho' she thy lady be, approch thee neare:
For proofe thereof, this evening, as thou art,
Aray thyselfe in her most gorgeous geare,
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.'

" The mayden, proud through praise and mad through love,
Him hearkned to, and soone herselfe arayd;
The whiles to me the treachour did remove
His craftie engin; and, as he had sayd,
Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
The sad spectatour of my tragedie:
Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
Disguised like that groome of base degree,
Whom he had feigned th' abuser of my love to bee.

" Estsoones he came unto th' appointed place,
And with him brought Pryené, rich arayd,
In Claribellaes clothes: her proper face,
I not descerned in that darkesome shade,
But weend it was my love with whom he playd.
Ah, God! what horrour and tormenting griefe
My hart, my handes, mine eies, and all assayd!
Me liefer were ten thousand deathes prieſe
Then wounde of geulous worme, and shame of such repriefe.

" I home retourning, fraught with fowle despight,
And chawing vengeaunce all the way I went,
Soone as my loathed love appeard in sight,
With wrathful hand I slew her innocent;
That after soone I dearely did lament:
For, when the cause of that outrageous deede
Demaunded I made plaine and evident,
Her faultie handmayd, which that bale did breede,
Confest how Philemon her wrought to chaunge her weede.

" Which when I heard, with horrible affeight
And hellish fury all enraged, I sought
Upon myselfe that vengeable despight
To punish: yet it better first I thought
To wreake my wrath on him, that first it wrought:
To Philemon, false faytour Philemon,
I cast to pay that I so dearely bought:
Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

" Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,
To losse of love adioyning losse of frend,
I meant to purge both with a third mischiefe,
And in my woes beginner it to end:
That was Pryené; she did first offend,
She last should smart: with which cruell intent,
When I at her my murdrous blade did bend,
She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
And I, poursewing my fell purpose, after went.

" Feare gave her winges, and rage enforst my flight;
Through woods and plaines so long I did her chace,
Till this mad man, whom your victorious might
Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space:
As I her, so he me poursewd apace,
And shortly overtooke: I, breathing yre,
Soone chaufled at my stay in such a cace,
And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre; [spyre.
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage in-

" Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye,
Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborne handling,
That death were better then such agony,
As griefe and fury unto me did bring;
Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
That dooing life will never be appeasd!"
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Said Guyon; " Squyre, sore have ye beene diseasd;
But all your hurts may soone through temperance be easd."

Then gan the palmer thus; " Most wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend!
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through sufferance growe to fearefull end:
Whiles they are weake, betimes with them contend;
For, when they once to perfect strength do grow,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrow: [thus low.
Wrath, Gelosy, Griefe, Love, this squyre have laide

" Wrath, Gealosie, Griefe, Love, do thus expell:
Wrath is a fire; and Gealosie a weede;
Griefe is a flood; and Love a monster fell;
The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede,
The flood of drops, the monster filth did breede:
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth, do thus delay;
The sparks soone quench, the springing seed outweed,
The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away:
So shall Wrath, Gealosy, Griefe, Love, die and decay."

" Unlucky squire," saide Guyon, " sith thou hast
Falne into mischiefe through intemperaunce,
Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,
And guyde thy waies with warie governaunce,
Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce.
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin."
" Phaon I hight," quoth he, " and do advaunce
Mine ancestry from famous Coradin,
Who first to rayse our house to honour did begin."

Thus as he spake, lo! far away they spyde
A varlet ronning towardes hastily,
Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
Which, mingled all with sweate, did dim his eye.
He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot,
And all so soyld, that none could him descry;
His countenaunce was bold, and bashed not
For Guyons lookes, but scornefull ey-glaunce at him shot.

Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,
On which was drawen faire, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I doe burne: right well beseemed it
To be the shield of some redoubted knight:
And in his hand two dartes exceeding fit
And deadly sharp he held, whose heads were dight
In poyson and in blood of malice and despight.

When he in presence came, to Guyon first
He boldly spake; " Sir Knight, if knight thou bee,
Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee;
Or bide the chaunce at thine owne icopardee."
The knight at his great boldnesse wondered;
And, though he scorn'd his ydle vanitee,
Yet mildly him to purpose answered;
For not to grow of nought he is coniectured;

" Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
Yielded by him that held it forcibly:
But whence should come that harme, which thou dost seeme
To threat to him that mindes his chaunce t'abye?"
" Perdy," sayd he, " here comes, and is hard by,
A knight of wondrous powre and great assay,
That never yet encountred enemy,
But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay."

" How hight he," then sayd Guyon, " and from whence?"
" Pyrochles is his name, renowmed farre
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
Full oft approvd in many a cruell warre;
The brother of Cymochles; both which arre
The sonnes of old Acrates and Despight;
Acrates, sonne of Phlegeton and Iarre;
But Phlegeton is sonne of Herebus and Night;
But Herebus sonne of Aeternitie is hight.

So from immortall race he does proceede,
That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
Drad for his derring doe and bloody deed;
For all in blood and spoile is his delight.
His am I Atin, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke upon,
And stirre him up to strife and cruell fight.
Fly therefore, fly this fearefull stead anon,
Least thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion."

" His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,"
Sayd he: " but whether with such hasty flight
Art thou now bownd? for well mote I discerne
Great cause, that carries thee so swifte and light."
" My lord," quoth he, " me sent, and streight be-
To seeke Occasion; where so she bee: [hight
For he is all disposd to bloody fight,
And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltee;
Hard is his hap, that first fals in his ieopardee."

" Mad man," said then the palmer, " that does
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife; [seeke
Shee comes unsought, and shonned followes eke.
Happy'! who can abstaine, when Rancor rife
Kindles revenge, and threats his rusty knife:
Woe never wants, where every cause is caught;
And rash Occasion makes unquiet life!" [sought,"
" Then loe! wher bound she sits, whom thou hast
Said Guyon; " let that message to thy lord be brought."

That when the varlett heard and saw, streightway
He wexed woudrous wroth, and said; " Vile knight,
That knights and knighthood doest with shame up-
bray,
And shewst th' ensample of thy childishe might,
With silly weake old woman thus to fight!
Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou gott,
And stoutly prov'd thy puissaunce here in sight!
That shall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,
And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott."

With that, one of his thrillant darts he threw,
Headed with yre and vengeable despight:
The quivering steele his aymed end well knew,
And to his brest itselfe intended right:
But he was wary, and, ere it empight
In the meant marke, advaunst his shield atweon,
On which it seizing no way enter might,
But backe rebounding left the forckhead keene;
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be seene.

CANTO V.

Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chayne unlyes;
Who him sore wounds; whiles Atin to
Cymochles for ayd flyes.

Whoever doth to Temperaunce apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shal find no greater enimy,
Than stubborne Perturbation, to the same;
To which right wel the wise doe give that name;
For it the goodly peace of staied mindes
Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclame:
His owne woes author, who so bound it findes,
As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbindes.

After that varlets flight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon spide
One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
That, as the sunny beames do glaunce and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemd him to enflame on every side:
His steed was bloody red, and fomed yre, [stire.
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly

Approching nigh, he never staid to greete,
Ne chaffar words, prowd corage to provoke,
But prickt so fiers, that underneath his feete
The smouldring dust did rownd about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And, fayrly couching his steeleheaded speare,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
It booted nought sir Guyon, comming neare,
To thincke such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare;

But lightly shunned it; and, passing by,
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
That the sharpe steele, arriving forcibly
On his broad shield, litt not, but glaunceing fell
On his horse necke before the quilted sell,
And from the head the body sundred quight:
So him dismounted low he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
The trunckèd beast fast bleeding did him fowly dight.

Sore bruzed with the fall he slow uprose,
And all enraged thus him loudly shent;
" Disleall knight, whose coward corage chose
To wreake itselfe on beast all innocent,
And shund the marke at which it should be ment;
Therby thine armes seem strong, but manhood
frayl:
So hast thou oft with guile thine honor blent;
But little may such guile thee now avayl,
If wonted force and fortune doe me not much fayl."

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
Of his seuenfolded shield away it tooke,
And, glaunoing on his helmet, made a large
And open gash therein: were not his targe
That broke the violence of his intent,
The weary sowle from thence it would discharge;
Nathelesse so sore a buff to him it lent,
That made him reele, and to his brest his bever bent.

Exceeding wroth was Guyon for that blow,
And much ashamd that stroke of living arme
Should him dismay, and make him stoup so low,
Though otherwise it did him little harme:
Tho, hurling high his yron-braced arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
That all his left side it did quite disarme;
Yet there the steel stayd not, but inly bate
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

Deadly dismayd with horror of that dint
Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre;
Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
But added flame unto his former fire,
That wel-nigh molt his hart in raging yre:
Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,
Or strike, or handle rownd in warlike gyre,
Remembred he, ne car'd for his saufgard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell tygre far'd.

He hewd, and lasht, and foynd, and thondred blowes,
And every way did seeke into his life;
No plate, no mayle, could ward so mighty throwes,
But yielded passage to his cruell knife.
But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
Was wary wise, and closely did awayt
Avauntage, whilest his foe did rage most rife;
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him strayt,
And falsed oft his blowes t' illude him with such bayt.

Like as a lyon, whose imperiall powre
A prowd rebellious unicorn defyes,
T' avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,
And when him ronning in full course he spyes,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne, sought of his enimyes,
Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

With such faire sleight him Guyon often fayld,
Till at the last all breathlesse, weary, faint,
Him spying, with fresh onsett he assayld,
And, kindling new his corage seeming queint,
Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
He made him stoup perforce unto his knee,
And doe unwilling worship to the saint,
That on his shield depainted he did see;
Such homage till that instant never learned hee.

Whom Guyon seeing stoup, pourseed fast
The present offer of faire victory,
And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
Therewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,
That streight on grownd made him full low to lye;
Then on his brest his victor foote he thrust:
With that he cryde; "Mercy, doe me not dye,
Ne deeme thy force by Fortunes doome unjust,
That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust."

Estsoones his cruel hand sir Guyon stayd,
Tempring the passion with advizement slow,
And maistring might on enimy dismayd;
For th' equall die of warre he well did know:
Upp to him said; "Live, and alleagaunce owe
To him, that gives thee life and liberty;
And henceforth by this daies ensample trow,
That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardry,
Doe breede repentaunce late, and lasting infamy."

So up he let him rise; who, with grim looke
And countenaunce sternly upstanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
His sandy locke, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in blood and dust, for grief of mind
That he in ods of armes was conquered;
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
That him so noble knight had maystered; [dered,
Whose bounty more than might, yet both, he won-

Which Guyon marking said; "Be nought agriev'd,
Sir Knight, that thus ye now subdewed are:
Was never man, who most conquestes atchiev'd,
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre;
Yet shortly gayned, that losse exceeded farre:
Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse than foe;
But to bee lesser than himselfe doth marre
Both losers lott, and victours prayse alsoe:
Vaine others overthrowes who selfe doth overthrow.

"Fly, O Pyrochles, fly the dreadful warre
That in thyselfe thy lesser partes do move;
Outrageous Anger, and woe-working Iarre,
Direfull Impatience, and hart-murdring Love:
Those, those thy foes, those warriours, far remove,
Which thee to endlesse bale captived lead.
But, sith in might thou didst my mercy prove,
Of courtesie to me the cause arend
That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread."

"Dreadlesse," said he, "that shall I soone declare:
It was complaind that thou hadst done great tort
Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,
And thralled her in chaines with strong effort,
Voide of all succour and needfull comfort:
That ill beseemes thee, such as I thee see,
To worke such shame: therefore I thee exhort
To chaunge thy will, and set Occasion free,
And to her captive sonne yield his first libertee."

Thereat sir Guyon smylde; "And is that all,"
Said he, "that thee so sore displeased hath?
Great mercy sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest scath!
Nath'lesse now quench thy whott emboyling wrath:
Loe! there they bee; to thee I yield them free."
Thereat he, wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
And gan to breake the bands of their captivitee.

Soone as Occasion felt her selfe untyde,
Before her sonne could well assoyled bee,
She to her use returnd, and streight defyde
Both Guyon and Pyrochles; th' one (said shee)
Byecause he wonne; the other, because hee
Was wonne: so matter did she make of nought,
To stirre up strife, and garre them disagree:
But, soone as Furor was enlargd, she sought
To kindle his quencht fyre, and thousand causes wrought.

It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algates with Pyrochles fight,
And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
Because he had not well maintoind his right,
But yielded had to that same straunger knight.
Now gan Pyrochles wax as wood as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fiers engraspad bee, [see.
Whyles Guyon standing by their uncouth strife does

Him all that while Occasion did provoke
Against Pyrochles, and new matter fram'd
Upon the old, him stirring to bee wroke
Of his late wronges, in which she oft him blam'd
For suffering such abuse as knighthood sham'd,
And him dishabled quyte: but he was wise,
Ne would with vaine occasions be inflam'd;
Yet others she more urgent did devise:
Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

Their fell contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased Furors might,
That he his foe has hurt and wounded sore,
And him in blood and dart deformed quight.
His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
Now brought to him a flaming fyer-brond,
Which she in Stygian lake, ay burning bright,
Had kindled: that she gave into his hond, [stond.
That armd with fire more hardly he mote him wi h-

Tho gan that villein wex so fiers and strong,
That nothing might sustaine his furious forse:
He cast him downe to ground, and all along
Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
And fowly battered his comely corse,
That Guyon much disdeigned so loathly sight.
At last he was compeld to cry perforse,
"Help, O sir Guyon! helpe, most noble knight,
To ridd a wretched man from handes of hellish wight!"

The knight was greatly moved at his playnt,
And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
Till that the palmer, by his grave restraynt,
Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse, [presse,
And said; "Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth re-
Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitty vayne:
He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
And his foe fettred would release agayne,
Deserves to taste his follies fruit, repented payne."

Guyon obayd: so him away he drew
From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to poursew.
But rash Pyrochles varlett, Atin hight,
When late he saw his lord in heavie plight,
Under sir Guyons puissaunt stroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sight,
Fledd fast away to tell his funerall
Unto his brother, whom Cymochles men did call.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,
And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight:
Full many doughtie knightes he in his dayes
Had doon to death, subdewde in equall frayes;
Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,
Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayes,
And hong their conquerd armes for more defame
On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest dame.

His dearest dame is that enchaunteresse,
The vyle Acrasia, that with vaine delightes,
And ydle pleasures in her Bowre of Blisse,
Does charme her lovers, and the feeble sprightes
Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes;
Whom then she does trasforme to monstrous hewes,
And horribly misshapes with ugly sightes,
Captiv'd eternally in yron mewes
And darksom dens, where Titan his face never shewes.

There Atin fownd Cymochles soiourning,
To serve his lemans love: for he by kynd
Was given all to lust and loose living,
Whenever his fiers handes he free mote fynd:
And now he has pourd out his ydle mynd
In daintie delices and lavish ioyes,
Having his warlike weapons cast behynd,
And flowes in pleasures and vaine pleasing toyes,
Mingled emongst loose ladies and lascivious boyes.

And over him Art, stryving to compayre
With Nature, did an arber greene dispred,
Framed of wanton yvie, flouring fayre,
Through which the fragrant eglantine did spred
His prickling armes, entrayld with roses red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw:
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That, when myld Zephyrus emongst them blew,
Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted colors shew.

And fast beside there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay:
The wearie traveiler, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thristy heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
(Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
His former payne) and wypt away his toilsom sweat.

And on the other syde a pleasaunt grove
Was shott up high, full of the stately tree
That dedicated is t' Olympick Iove,
And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee
In Nemus gayned goodly victoree:
Therein the mery birdes of every sorte
Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonee,
And made emongst themselves a sweete consort,
That quickned the dull spright with musicall comfort.

There he him found all carelesly displaid,
In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of damzelles fresh and gay,
That rownd about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies and light meriment;
Every of which did loosely disaray
Her upper partes of meet habiliments, [ments.
And shewd them naked, deckt with many orna-

And every of them strove with most delights
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew:
Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening lights;
Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew;
Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
The sugred licour through his melting lips:
One boastes her beautie, and does yield to vew
Her dainty limbes above her tender hips;
Another her out boastes, and all for tryall strips.

He, like an adder lurking in the weedes,
His wandring thought in deepe desire does steepe,
And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes:
Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe
To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
Whereby close fire into his hart does creepe:
So he them deceives, deceivd in his deceipt,
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

Atin, arriving there, when him he spyde
Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approching to him loudly cryde;
"Cymochles; oh! not out Cymochles shade,
In which that manly person late did fade!
What is become of great Acrates sonne?
Or where hath he hung up his mortall blade,
That hath so many haughty conquests wonne?
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?"

Then, pricking him with his sharp-pointed dart,
He said; "Up, up, thou womanish weake knight,
That here in ladies lap entombed art,
Unmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
And weetlesse eke of lately-wrought despight;
Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on senceless ground,
And groneth out his utmost grudging spright
Through many a stroke and many a streaming wound,
Calling thy help in vaine, that here in ioyes art dround."

Suddeinly out of his delightfull dreame
The man awoke, and would have questiond more;
But he would not endure that wofull theame
For to dilate at large, but urged sore,
With perceing wordes and pittifull implore,
Him hasty to arise: as one affright
With hellish feends, or furies mad uprore,
He then uprose, inflamd with fell despight,
And called for his armes; for he would algates fight:

They bene ybrought; he quickly does him dight,
And lightly mounted passeth on his way;
Ne ladies loves, ne sweete entreaties, might
Appease his heat, or haste passage stay;
For he has vowd to beene avengd that day
(That day itselfe him seemed all too long)
On him, that did Pyrochles deare dismay:
So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
And Atin ay him pricks with spurs of shame and wrong.

CANTO VI.

Guyon is of immodest merth
Led into loose desyre;
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his brother burnes in furious fyre.

A harder lesson to learne continence
In ioyous pleasure then in grievous paine:
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
So strongly, that uneathes it can refraine
From that which feeble nature covets faine:
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, she better can restraine:
Yet Vertue vaunts in both her victories;
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly maysteries.

Whom bold Cymochles traveiling to finde,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A little gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a little forrest seemed outwardly.

And therein sate a lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweete solace to herselfe alone:
Sometimes she song as loud as larke in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was gone;
Yet was there none with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of merriment:
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none,
She could devise; and thousand waies invent
To feede her foolish humour and vaine iolliment.

Which when far off Cymochles heard and saw,
He lowdly cald to such as were aboord
The little banke unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deepe ford.
The merry mariner unto his word
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streightway
Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike lord
She in receivd; but Atin by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift then swallow sheres the liquid skye,
Withouten oare or pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly:
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave,
(Ne cared she her course for to apply)
For it was taught the way which she would have,
And both from rocks and flats itselfe could wisely save.

And all the way the wanton damsell found
New merth her passenger to entertaine;
For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,
And greatly ioyed merry tales to fayne,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine;
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became:
For all her wordes she drowned with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasaunce to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would devize,
As her fantasticke wit did most delight:
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
About her necke, or rings of rushes plight:
Sometimes, to do him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light,
Or to behold the water worke and play
About her little frigot, therein making way.

Her light behaviour and loose dalliaunce
Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no sovenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight;
But to weake wench did yield his martiall might.
So easie was to quench his flamed minde
With one sweete drop of sensuall delight!
So easie is t'appease the stormy winde
Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt womankind!

Diverse discourses in their way they spent;
Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned
Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
Which in her cott she daily practized:
"Vaine man," saide she, "that wouldest be reckoned
A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
Of Phædria, (for so my name is red)
Of Phædria, thine owne fellow servaunt;
For thou to serve Acrasia thy selfe doest vaunt.

"In this wide inland sea, that hight by name
The Idle Lake, my wandring ship I row,
That knowes her port, and whether sayles by ayme,
Ne care ne feare I how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend or whether slow:
Both slow and swift alike do serve my tourne;
Ne swelling Neptune ne lowd-thundring Iove
Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever mourne:
My little boat can safely passe this perilous bourne."

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
They were far past the passage which he spake,
And come unto an island waste and voyd,
That floted in the midst of that great lake;
There her small gondelay her port did make,
And that gay payre issewing on the shore
Disburdned her: their way they forward take
Into the land that lay them faire before,
Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plentifull great store.

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
Emongst wide waves sett, like a litle nest,
As if it had by Natures cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best:
No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
No arborett with painted blossomes drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and her sweete smels throwe al arownd.

No tree, whose braunches did not bravely spring;
No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt;
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetely sing;
No song, but did containe a lovely ditt.
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were framed fitt
For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt
Was overcome of thing that did him please:
So pleased did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

Thus when shee had his eyes and senses fed
With false delights, and fild with pleasures vayn,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And layd him downe upon a grassy playn;
And her sweete selfe without dread or disdayn
She sett beside, laying his head disarmd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
Where soone he slumbred fearing not be harmd:
The whiles with a love lay she thus him sweetly charmd:

"Behold, O man, that toilesome paines doest take,
The flowrs, the fields, and all that pleasaunt growes,
How they themselves doe thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throwes
Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,
They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,
And decke the world with their rich pompous showes;
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

"The lilly, lady of the flowring field,
The flowre-deluce, her lovely paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
And soone leave off this toylsome weary stoure:
Loe! loe, how brave she decks her bounteous boure,
With silkin curtens and gold coverletts,
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous belamoure!
Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
But to her mother nature all her care she letts.

"Why then dowst thou, O man, that of them all
Art lord, and eke of nature soveraine,
Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,
And waste thy joyous howres in needelesse paine,
Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
What bootes it al to have and nothing use?
Who shall him rew that swimming in the maine
Will die for thrist, and water doth refuse? [chuse."
Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take:
Then she with liquors strong his eies did steepe,
That nothing should him hastily awake.
So she him left, and did herselfe betake
Unto her boat again, with which she clefte
The slouthfull wave of that great griesy lake:
Soone shee that island far behind her lefte; [wefte.
And now is come to that same place where first she

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
Unto the other side of that wide strond
Where she was rowing, and for passage sought:
Him needed not long call; shee soone to hond
Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond
With his sad guide: himselfe she tooke aboord,
But the blacke palmer suffred still to stond,
Ne would for price or prayers once afloord
To ferry that old man over the perlous foord.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
Yet being entred might not backe retyre;
For the flitt barke, obaying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly as she did desire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
Whom nether wind out of their seat could forse,
Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish sourse.

And by the way, as was her wonted guize,
Her mery fitt she freshly gan to reare,
And did of joy and jollity devize,
Herselfe to cherish, and her guest to eheare.
The knight was courteous, and did not forbeare
Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake;
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
Her dalliaunce he despis'd and follies did forsake.

Yet she still followed her former style,
And said, and did, all that mote him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleasaunt ile,
Where sleeping late she lefte her other knight.
But, whenas Guyon of that land had sight,
He wist himselfe amisse, and angry said;
"Ah! dame, perdy ye have not doen me right,
Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid:
Me litle needed from my right way to have straid."

"Faire sir," quoth she, "be not displeasd at all;
Who fares on sea may not commaund his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
The sea is wide, and easy for to stray;
The wind unstable, and doth never stay.
But here a while ye may in safety rest,
Till season serve new passage to assay:
Better safe port then be in seas distrest." [iest.
Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in

But he, halfe discontent, mote nathëlesse
Himselfe appease; and issu'd forth on shore:
The joyes whereof and happy fruitfulnesse,
Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,
And all, though pleasaunt, yet she made much more.
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore;
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

And she, more sweete then any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,
And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
Their native musicke by her skilful art:
So did she all, that might his constant hart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
Where noise of armes, or vew of martiall guize,
Might not revive desire of knightly exercize:

But he was wise, and wary of her will;
And ever held his hand upon his hart;
Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
As to despise so durteous seeming part
That gentle lady did to him impart:
But, fairly tempring, fond desire subdewd,
And ever her desired to depart.
She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
And ever bad him stay till time the tide renewd.

And now by this Cymochles howre was spent,
That he awoke out of his ydle dreme;
And, shaking off his drowsy dreriment,
Gan him avize, howe ill did him beseme
In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
And quench the brond of his conceived yre.
Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme,
Ne staied for his damsell to inquire,
But marched to the strond, there passage to require.

And in the way he with sir Guyon mett,
Accompanyde with Phædria the faire:
Eftsoones he gan to rage, and fly frett,
Crying; "Let be that lady debonaire,
Thou recreaunt knight, and soone thyselfe prepaire
To batteile, if thou meane her love to gayn.
Loe! loe already, how the fowles in aire
Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn
Thy carcas for their pray; the guerdon of thy payn."

And thore-withall he fiersly at him flew,
And with importune outrage him assayld;
Who, soone prepard to field, his sword forth drew,
And him with equall valew countervayld:
Their mightie strokes their habergeons dismayld,
And naked made each others manly spalles;
The mortall steele despiteously entayld
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron walles,
That a large purple streame adown their giambeux falles.

Cymochles, that had never mett before
So puissant foe, with envious despight
His prowd presumed force increased more,
Disdeigning to bee held so long in fight.
Sir Guyon, grudging not so much his might
As those unknightly raylinges which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres redoubled every stroke.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
And both attonce their huge blowes down did sway:
Cymochles sword on Guyons shield yglaunst,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away:
But Guyons angry blade so fiers did play
On th' others helmett, which as Titan shone,
That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
And bared all his head unto the bone; [stone.
Where-with astonisht still he stood as senceless

Still as he stood, fayre Phædria, that beheld
That deadly daunger, soone atweene them ran;
And at their feet herselfe most humbly feld,
Crying with pitteous voyce, and countnance wan,
"Ah, well away! most noble lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,
To shed your lives on ground? Wo worth the man,
That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
In his owne flesh, and make way to the living spright!

"If ever love of lady did empierce
Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
Withhold your bloody handes from battaill fierce;
And, sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yield, to stay your deadly stryfe a space."
They stayd a while; and forth she gan proceede;
"Most wretched woman and of wicked race,
That am the authour of this hainous deed,
And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights do breed!

"But, if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterve,
And doolefull sorrowe heape with deadly harmes:
Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes.
Another warre, and other weapons, I
Doe love, where Love does give his sweet alarmes
Without bloodshed, and where the enimy
Does yield unto his foe a pleasaunt victory.

"Debatefull strife, and cruell enmity,
The famous name of knighthood fowly shend;
But lovely peace, and gentle amity,
And in amours the passing howres to spend,
The mightie martiall handes doe most commend;
Of love they ever greater glory bore
Then of their armes: Mars is Cupidoes frend,
And is for Venus loves renowmed more [yore.
Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They, though full
To prove extremities of bloody fight, [beut
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight:
Such powre have pleasing wordes! Such is the might
Of courteous clemency in gentle hart!
Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight
Besought that damzell suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other part.

She no lesse glad then he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her joy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy;
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and unquiet jarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amove him farre.

Tho him she brought abord, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand;
The which on the dull waves did lightly flote,
And soone arrived on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome Guyon salid forth to land,
And to that damsell thankes gave for reward.
Upon that shore he spyed Atin stand,
There by his maister left, when late he far'd
In Phædrias flitt barck over that perlous shard.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with Pyrochles sharp debatement made;
Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate,
As shepheardes curre, that in darke evenynges shade
Hath bracted forth some salvage beastes trade:
"Vile miscreaunt," said he, "whether dost thou flye
The shame and death, which will thee soone invade?
What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,
That art thus fowly fledd from famous enimy?"

With that he stifly shooke his steelhead dart:
But sober Guyon hearing him so rayle,
Though somewhat moved in his mightie hart,
Yet with stroug reason maistred passion fraile,
And passed fayrely forth: he, turning taile,
Backe to the strond retyrd, and there still stayd,
Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
The whiles Cymochles with that wanton mayd
The hasty heat of his avowd revenge delayd.

Whylest there the varlet stood, he saw from farre
An armed knight that towardes him fast ran;
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
His forborne steed from him the victour wan:
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan,
And all his armour sprinckled was with blood,
And soyld with durtie gore, that no man can
Discerne the hew thereof: he never stood,
But bent his hastie course towardes the Ydle flood.

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came
How without stop or stay he fiersly lept,
And deepe himselfe beducked in the same,
That in the lake his loftie crest was stept,
Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept;
But with his raging armes he rudely flasht
The waves about, and all his armour swept,
That all the blood and filth away was washt;
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote bee;
For much he wondred at that uncouth sight:
Whom should he but his own deare lord there see,
His owne deare lord Pyrochles in sad plight,
Ready to drowne himselfe for fell despight:
"Harrow now, out and well away!" he cryde,
"What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
To see my lord so deadly damnifyde?
Pyrochles, O Pyrochles, what is thee betyde?"

"I burne, I burne, I burne," then lowd he cryde,
"O how I burne with implacable fyre!
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde,
Nor sea of liquour cold, nor lake of myre;
Nothing but death can doe me to respyre."
"Ah! be it," said he, "from Pyrochles farre
After pursewing death once to respyre,
Or think, that ought these puissant hands may marre,
Death is for wretches borne under unhappy starre."

"Perdye, then is it fitt for me," said he,
"That am I weene most wretched man alive;
Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
And, dying dayly, dayly yet revive:
O Atin, helpe to me last death to give!"
The varlet at his plaint was grieved so sore,
That his deepe-wounded hart in two did rive;
And, his owne health remembring now no more,
Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

Into the lake he lept his lord to ayd,
(So love the dread of daunger doth despise)
And, of him catching hold, him strongly stayd
From drowning; but more happy he then wise
Of that seas nature did him not avise:
The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
Engrost with mud which did them fowle agvise,
That every weighty thing they did upbeare,
Ne ought mote ever sincke downe to the bottom there.

Whyles thus they strugled in that Ydle wave,
And strove in vaine, the one himselfe to drowne,
The other both from drowning for to save;
Lo! to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
Whose hoary locks great gravitie did crowne,
Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
By fortune came, ledd with the troublous sowne:
Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull ford
The carefull servaunt stryving with his raging lord.

Him Atin spying knew right well of yore,
And lowdly cald; "Help! helpe, O Archimage,
To save my lord in wretched plight forlore;
Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell sage:
Weake handes, but counsell is most strong in age."
Him when the old man saw, he woundred sore
To see Pyrochles there so rudely rage:
Yet sitheins helpe, he saw, he needed more
Then pitty, he in hast approched to the shore.

And cald; "Pyrochles, what is this I see?
What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent?
Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
Yet never in this straunge astonishment."
"These flames, these flames," he cryde, "doe me torment!"
"What flames," quoth he, "when I thee present see
In daunger rather to be drent then brent?"
"Harrow! the flames which me consume," said he,
"Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowelles bee.

"That cursed man, that cruel feend of Hell,
Furor, oh! Furor hath me thus bedight:
His deadly woundes within my liver swell,
And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralles bright,
Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,
Sith late with him I battell vaine would boste;
That now I weene Joves dreaded thunder-light
Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned ghoste
In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly roste."

Which whenas Archimago heard, his griefe
He knew right well, and him attonce disarm'd:
Then searcht his secret woundes, and made a priefe
Of every place that was with bruzing harmd,
Or with the hidden fier inly warmd.
Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
And evermore with mightie spells them charmd;
That in short space he has them qualifyde,
And him restord to helth, that would have algates dyde.

CANTO VII.

Guyon findes Mammon in a delve
Sunning his threasure hore;
Is by him tempted, and led downe
To see his secrete store.

As pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
And cover'd Heaven with hideous dreriment;
Upon his card and compas firmes his eye,
The maysters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steddy helme apply,
Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly:

So Guyon having lost his trustie guyde,
Late left beyond that Ydle Lake, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanyde;
And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes
Of his own vertues and praise-worthie deedes.
So, long he yode, yet no adventure found,
Which Fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes:
For still he traveild through wide wastfull ground,
That nought but desert wildernesse shewd all around.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from Heavens light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
Of griesly hew and fowle ill-favour'd sight;
His face with smoke was tand, and eies were bleard,
His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have ben seard
In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes appeard.

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold;
Whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy dust,
Well yet appeared to have beene of old
A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery:
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
And covetous desire with his huge threasury.

And round about him lay on every side
Great heapes of gold that never could be spent;
Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
Of Mulcibers devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great ingowes and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment:
But most were stampt, and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of kings and Kesars straung and rare.

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
And haste he rose for to remove aside
Those pretious hils from straungers envious sight,
And downe them poured through an hole full wide
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide:
But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand that trembled as one terrifyde;
And though himselfe were at the sight dismayd,
Yet him perforce restrayned, and to him doubtfull sayd;

"What art thou, man, (if man at all thou art)
That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
And these rich hils of wealth doest hide apart
From the worldes eye, and from her right usaunce?"
Thereat, with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
In great disdaine he answerd; "Hardy Elfe,
That darest view my direful countenaunce!
I read thee rash and heedlesse of thyselfe, [pelfe.
To trouble my still seate and heapes of pretious

"God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
That of my plenty poure out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envye:
Riches, renowme, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternall brood.

"Wherefore if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
At thy commaund lo! all these mountaines bee:
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew,
All these may not suffise, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be nombred francke and free."
"Mammon," said he, "thy godheads vauntis vaine,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine
Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts entertaine.

"Me ill befits, that in derdoing armes
And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,
Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing charmes,
With which weake men thou witchest, to attend;
Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend
And low abase the high heroicke spright,
That joyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend:
Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes, be my delight;
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight."

"Vaine glorious Elfe," saide he, "doest not thou
That money can thy wantes at will supply? [weet
Shields, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee
Is can purvay in twinckling of an eye; [meet,
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne
Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly,
And him that raigned into his rowme thrust downe;
And, whom I lust, do heape with glory and renowne?"

"All otherwise," saide he, "I riches read,
And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;
First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread
And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
Leaving behind them griefe and heavinesse:
Infinite mischiefes of them doe arize;
Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitternesse,
Outrageous wrong and hellish covetize;
That noble heart, as great dishonour, doth despize.

"Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;
But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,
And loyall truth to treason doest incline:
Witnesse the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on ground;
The crowned often slaine; the slayer cround;
The sacred diademe in peeces rent;
And purple robe gored with many a wound;
Castles surprizd; great cities sackt and brent:
So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull government!

"Long were to tell the troublous stormes that tosse
The private state, and make the life unsweet:
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet."
Then Mammon wexing wroth; "And why then,"
"Are mortall men so fond and undiscreet [sayd,
So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd; [brayd?"
And, having not, complaine; and, having it, up-

"Indeed," quoth he, "through fowle intempe-
Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise: [raunce,
But would they thinke with how small allowaunce
Untroubled nature doth herselfe suffise,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares empeach our native joyes.
At the well-head the purest streames arise;
But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave accloyes,

" The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
Fownd no defect in his Creators grace;
But with glad thankes, and unreproved truth,
The guifts of soveraine bounty did embrace:
Like angels life was then mens happy cace:
But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abusd her plenty and fat-swolne encreace
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane and naturall first need.

" Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great grandmother with steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
With sacriledge to dig: therein he fownd
Fountaines of gold and silver to abownd,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did compownd;
Then Ayarice gan through his veines inspire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire."

" Sonne," said he then, " lett be thy bitter scorne,
And leave the rudenesse of that antique age
To them, that liv'd therin in state forlorne.
Thou, that doest live in later times, must wage
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.
If then thee list my offred grace to use,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse:
But thing refused doe not afterward accuse."

" Me list not," said the Elfin knight, " receave
Thing offred, till I know it well be gott;
Ne wote I but thou didst these goods bereave
From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,
Or that blood-guiltinesse or guile them blott."
" Perdy," quoth he, " yet never eie did vew,
Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not;
But safe I have them kept in secret mew [saw."
From Hevens sight and powre of al which them pour-

" What secret place," quoth he, " can safely hold
So huge a masse, and hide from Heavens eie?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?"
" Come thou," quoth he, " and see." So by and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and fownd
A darksome way, which no man could descry,
That deep descended through the hollow grownd,
And was with dread and horror compassed arownd.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne;
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That streight did lead to Plutoes grisely rayne:
By that wayes side there sate infernall Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
The other brandished a bloody knife;
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threat-
en life.

On th' other side in one consort there sate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Gealosy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitten lips did bight;
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place where safe he shroud him might:
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye;
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

And over them sad Horror with grim hew
Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings;
And after him owles and night-ravens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings;
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint asonder could have rifte;
Which having ended after him she flyeth swifte.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay;
By whom they passing spake unto them nought.
But th' Elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At last him to a little dore he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought:
Betwixt them both was but a little stride, [vide.
That did the House of Richesse from Hell-mouth di-

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard:
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thether-ward
Approch, albe his drowsy den were next;
For next to Death is Sleepe to be compard;
Therefore his house is unto his annext: [betwext.
Here Sleep, there Richesse, and Hel-gate them both

So soon as Mammon there arrivd, the dore
To him did open, and afforded way:
Him followed eke sir Guyon evermore,
Ne darknesse him ne daunger might dismay.
Soone as he entred was, the dore streightway
Did shutt, and from behind it forth there lept
An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day;
The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
And ever as he went dew watch upon him kept.

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,
If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing that likt him best,
Or ever sleepe his eie-strings did untye,
Should be his pray: and therefore still on hye
He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him dye,
And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
If ever he transgrest the fatall Stygian lawes.

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky clifte,
From whose rough vaut the ragged breaches hong,
Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,
And with rich metall loaded every rifte,
That heavy ruine they did seeme to threatt;
And over them Arachne high did lifte
Her cunning web, and spred her subtile nett,
Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more black
than nett.

Both roofe, and floore, and walls, were all of gold,
But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darknes, that none could behold
The hew thereof: for vew of cherefull day
Did never in that house itselfe display,
But a faint shadow of uncertain light;
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away;
Or as the Moone, clothed with cloudy night,
Does shew to him that walkes in feare and sad affright.

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene
But huge great yron chests, and coffers strong,
All bard with double bends, that none could weene
Them to enforce by violence or wrong;
On every side they placed were along.
But all the grownd with sculs was scattered
And dead mens bones, which round about were flong;
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburied.

They forward passe; ne Guyon yet spoke word,
Till that they came unto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shewd of richesse such exceeding store,
As eie of man did never see before,
Ne ever could within one place be fownd,
Though all the wealth, which is or was of yore,
Could gatherd be through all the world arownd,
And that above were added to that under grownd.

The charge thereof unto a covetous spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous feends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
Then Mammon, turning to that warriour, said;
"Loe, here the worldes blis! loe, here the end,
To which al men do aymne, rich to be made!
Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid."

"Certes," sayd he, "I will thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy doe intend!
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happines, another end.
To them, that list, these base regardes I lend:
But I in armes, and in atchievements brave,
Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
And to be lord of those that riches have,
Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile sclave."

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And grievd, so long to lacke his greedie pray;
For well he weened that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay:
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away
More light than culver in the faulcons fist:
Eternall God thee save from such decay!
But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

Thence, forward he him ledd and shortly brought
Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright
To him did open as it had beene taught:
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred fournaces all burning bright;
By every fournace many feends did byde,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight;
And every feend his busie paines applyde
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

One with great bellowes gathered filling ayre,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repayre
With yron tongs, and sprinckled ofte the same
With liquid waves, fiers Vulcans rage to tame,
Who, maystring them, renewd his former heat:
Some scumd the drosse that from the metall came;
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great:
And every one did swincke, and every one did sweat.

But, when an earthly wight they present saw
Glistring in armes and battailous array,
From their whot work they did themselves withdraw
To wonder at the sight; for, till that day,
They never creature saw that cam that way:
Their staring eyes sparckling with fervent fyre
And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That, were it not for shame, he would retyre;
Till that him thus bespake their soveraine lord and syre:

"Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
That living eye before did never see!
The thing, that thou didst crave so earnestly,
To weet whence all the wealth, late shewd by mee
Proceeded, lo! now is revcald to thee.
Here is the fountaine of the worldes good!
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
Avise thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood;
Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood."

"Suffise it then, thou money-god," quoth hee,
"That all thine ydle offers I refuse.
All that I need I have; what needeth mee
To covet more then I have cause to use?
With such vaine shewes thy worldlinges vyle abuse;
But give me leave to follow mine emprise."
Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te he chuse
But beare the rigour of his bold mespise;
And thence him forward ledd, him further to entise.

He brought him, through a darksom narrow strayt,
To a broad gate all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open; but therein did wayt
A sturdie villein, stryding stiffe and bold,
As if the highest God defy he would:
In his right hand an yron club he held,
But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and sence, and well could weld
That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

Disdayne he called was, and did disdayne
To be so cald, and who so did him call:
Sterne was his looke, and full of stomacke vayne;
His portaunce terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th' hight of men terrestriall;
Like an huge gyant of the Titans race;
That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others powre deface:
More fitt emongst black fiendes then men to have his place.

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,
That with their brightnesse made that darknes light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
And threaten battell to the Faery knight;
Who likewise gan himselfe to battell dight,
Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight;
For nothing might abash the villein bold,
Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

So having him with reason pacifyde,
And that fiers carle commaunding to forbeare,
He brought him in. The rowme was large and wyde,
As it some gyeld or solemne temple weare;
Many great golden pillours did upheare
The massy roofe, and riches huge sustayne;
And every pillour decked was full deare
With crownes, and diadernes, and titles vaine,
Which mortall princes wore whiles they on Earth did rayne.

A route of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under skye,
Which with great uprore preaced to draw nere
To th' upper part, where was advaunced hye
A stately siege of soveraine maiestye;
And thereon satt a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly cladd in robes of royaltye,
That never earthly prince in such aray
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pryde display.

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see;
Yet was not that same her owne native hew,
But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
Nath'lesse most heavenly faire in deed and vew
She by creation was, till she did fall; [withall.
Thencefonth she sought for helps to cloke her crime

There, as in glistring glory she did sitt,
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
Whose upper end to highest Heven was knitt,
And lower part did reach to lowest Hell;
And all that preace did rownd about her swell
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell:
That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,
And every linck thereof a step of dignity.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward;
Some by close shouldring; some by flatteree;
Others through friendes; others for base regard;
And all, by wrong waies, for themselves prepard.
Those, that were up themselves, kept others low;
Those, that were low themselves, held others hard,
Ne suffred them to ryse or greater grow;
But every one did strive his fellow downe to throw.

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that preace about that ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspyre?
Him Mammon answered; "That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with such contention
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is:
Honour and dignitie from her alone
Derived are, and all this worldes blis, [mis:
For which ye men doe strive; few gett, but many

"And fayre Philotime she rightly hight,
The fairest wight that wonneth under skie,
But that this darksom neather world her light
Doth dim with horror and deformity,
Worthie of Heven and hye felicitie,
From whence the gods have her for envy thrust:
But, sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust; [just."
That she may thee advance for works and merits

"Gramercy, Mammon," said the gentle knight,
"For so great grace and offred high estate;
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
Unworthy match for such immortall mate
Myselfe well wote, and mine unequall fate;
And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
And love avowd to other lady late,
That to remove the same I have no might:
To chaunge love cuiuslesse is reproch to warlike knight."

Mammon emmoved was with inward wrath;
Yet, forcing it to fayne, him forth thence ledd,
Through grieslv shadowes by a beaten path,
Into a gardin goodly garnished [redd
With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be
Not such as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well savored,
But direfull deadly black, both leafe and bloom,
Fitt to adorne the dead and deck the drery toombe.

There moumfull cypresse grew in greatest store;
And trees of bitter gall; and leaden sad;
Dead sleeping poppy; and black hellebore;
Cold coloquintida; and tetra mad;
Mortall samnitis; and cicuta bad,
With which th' unjust Athenians made to dy
Wise Socrates, who, thereof quaffing glad,
Pourd out his life and last philosophy
To the fayre Critias, his dearest belamy!

The Gardin of Proserpina this hight:
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick arber goodly over-dight,
In which she often usd from open heat
Herselfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat:
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With braunches brond dispreild and bolly great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold;
On Earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold;
For those, which Hercules with conquest bold
Got from great Atlas daughters, hence began,
And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold;
And those, with which th' Eubœan young man wan
Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out ran.

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which Acontius got his lover trew,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit:
Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
The which emongst the gods false Ate threw;
For which th' Idæan ladies disagreed,
Till partiall Paris dempt in Venus vew,
And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greekes and Trojans made to bleed.

The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,
So fayre and great, that shadowed all the ground;
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
Of this great gardin, compast with a mound;
Which over-hanging, they themselves did steepe
In a blacke flood, which ran about it round;
That is the river of Cocytus deepe,
In which full many soules do endlesse wayle and weepe.

Which to behold he clomb up to the bancke;
And, looking downe, saw many damned wightes
In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stancke,
Plonged continually of cruell sprightes,
That with their pitious cryes, and yelling shrightes,
They made the further shore resounden wide:
Emongst the rest of those same wofull sightes,
One cursed creature he by chaunce espide,
That drenched lay full deepe under the garden side.

Deepe was he drenched to the upmost cbin,
Yet gaped still as coveting to drinke
Of the cold liquour which he waded in;
And, stretching forth his hand, did often thinke
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brincke;
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth,
Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swincke;
The whiles he sterv'd with hunger, and with drouth
He daily dyde, yet never througly dyen couth.

The knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,
Askt who he was, and what he meant thereby?
Who, groning deepe, thus answerd him againe;
"Most cursed of all creatures under skye,
Lo Tantalus, I here tormented lye!
Of whom high Love wont whylome feasted bee;
Lo, here I now for want of food doe dye!
But, if that thou be such as I thee see,
Of grace I pray thee give to eat and drinke to mee!"

"Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus," quoth he,
"Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
And, unto all that live in high degree,
Ensample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to use their present state."
Then gan the cursed wretch alowd to cry,
Accusing highest Love and gods ingrate;
And eke blaspheming Heaven bitterly,
As author of iniustice, there to let him dye.

He lookt a litle further, and espyde
Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent
Within the river which the same did hyde:
But both his handes, most filthy feculent,
Above the water were on high extent,
And fayned to wash themselves incessantly,
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fowler seemed to the eye;
So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

The knight, him calling, asked who he was?
Who, lifting up his head, him answerd thus;
"I Pilate am, the falsest iudge, alas!
And most iniust; that, by unrighteous
And wicked doome, to Iewes despiteous
Delivered up the Lord of Life to dye,
And did acquite a murdrer felonous;
The whiles my handes I washt in purity,
The whiles my soule was soyld with fowle iniquity."

Infinite moe tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told:
Ne Mammon would there let him long remayne,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned soules he did behold,
But roughly him bespake: "Thou fearefull foole,
Why lakest not of that same fruite of gold?
Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole,
To rest thy weary person in the shadow coole?"

All which he did to do him deadly fall
In frayle intemperaunce through sinfull bayt;
To which if he inclyned had at all,
That dreadfull fiend, which did behinde him wayt,
Would him have rent in thousand pecces strayt:
But he was wary wise in all his way,
And well perceived his deceiptfull sleight,
Ne suffred lust his safety to betray:
So goodly did beguile the guyler of his pray.

And now he has so long remained theare,
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan
For want of food and sleepe, which two upbeare,
Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,
That none without the same endnren can:
For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardy enterprize began:
Forthy great Mammon fayrely he besought
Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him brought.

The god, though loth, yet was constraynd t' obay;
For longer time, then that, no living wight
Below the Earth might suffred be to stay:
So backe againe him brought to living light.
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his sences were with deadly fit oppprest.

CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, layd in swowne, is by
Acrates sonnes despoyld;
Whom Arthure soone hath reskewed,
And Paynim brethren foyld.

And is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the cace
Of men then beasts: But O! th' exceeding grace
Of highest God that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,
Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward:
O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard!

During the while that Guyon did abide
In Mammons house, the palmer, whom whyleare
That wanton mayd of passage had denide,
By further search had passage found elsewhere;
And, being on his way, approached neare
Where Guyon lay in traunce; when suddeinly
He heard a voyce that called lowd and cleare,
"Come hether, come hether, O! come hastily!"
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

The palmer lent his eare unto the noyce,
To weet who called so importunely:
Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,
That bad him come in haste: he by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delve him brought at last;
Where Mammon erst did sunne his threasury:
There the good Guyon he found slumbring fast
In senseles dreame; which sight at first him sore aghast.

Beside his head there satt a faire young man,
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
And florish faire above his equall peares:
His snowy front, curled with golden heares,
Like Phoebus face adorned with sunny rayes,
Divinely shone, and two sharpe winged sheares,
Decked with diverse plumes, like painted jayes,
Were fixed at his backe to cut his ayery wayes.

Like as Cupido on Idæan hill,
When having laid his cruell bow away
And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murdrous spoiles and bloody pray,
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, Graces three;
The goddesse, pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers herselfe through sleepe beguild to bee,
The whiles the other ladies mind theyr merry glee.

Whom when the palmer saw, abasht he was
Through fear and wonder, that he nought could say,
Till him the childe bespoke; "Long lackt, alas,
Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay!
Whiles deadly fitt thy pupill doth dismay,
Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend sire!
But dread of death and dolor doe away;
For life ere long shall to her home retire,
And he, that breathlesse seems, shal corage bold respire.

"The charge, which God doth unto me arrett,
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett
The care thereof mysolfe unto the end,
But evermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine: watch thou, I pray;
For evill is at hand him to offend."
So having said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

The palmer seeing his lefte empty place,
And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore afraid, and standing still a space
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight:
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try;
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
He much reioyst, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

At last he spide where towards him did pace
Two Paynim knights al armd as bright as skie,
And them beside an aged sire did trace,
And far before a light-foote page did flie
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie.
Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,
Who, meeting earst with Archimago slie
Foreby that Idle strond, of him were told
That he, which earst them combatted, was Guyon bold.

Which to avenge on him they deanly vowd,
Whereever that on ground they mote him find:
False Archimage provokt their corage prowd,
And stryful Atin in their stubborne mind
Coles of contention and whot vengeaunce tind.
Now bene they come whereas the palmer sate,
Keeping that slombred corse to him assind;
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.

Whom when Pyrochles saw, inflam'd with rage
That sire he fowl bespake; "Thou dotard vile,
That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age,
Abandon soone, I read, the caytive spoile
Of that same outcast carcas, that erewhile
Made itselfe famous through false trechory,
And crownd his coward crest with knightly stile;
Loe! where he now inglorious doth lye,
No proove he lived il, that did thus fowly dye."

To whom the palmer fearelesse answered;
"Certes, sir Knight, ye bene too much to blame,
Thus for to blott the honor of the dead,
And with fowle cowardize his carcas shame
Whose living handes immortalizd his name.
Vile is the vengeaunce on the ashes cold;
And envy base to barke at sleeping fame:
Was never wight that treason of him told:
Yourselfe his prowesse prov'd, and found him fiers and bold."

Then sayd Cymochles; "Palmer, thou doest dote,
Ne canst of prowesse ne of knighthood deeme;
Save as thou seest or hearst: but well I wote,
That of his puissaunce tryall made extreeme:
Yet gold all is not that doth golden seeme;
Ne al good knights that shake well speare and shield:
The worth of all men by their end esteeme;
And then dew praise or dew reproch them yield:
Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies dead on field."

"Good or bad," gan his brother fiers reply,
"What do I recke, sith that he dide entire?
Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
The greedy hunger of revenging yre,
Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?
Yet, since no way is lefte to wreake my spight,
I will him reave of armes, the victors hire,
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?"

"Fayr sir," said then the palmer suppliaunt,
"For knighthoods love doe not so fowle a deed,
Ne blame your honor with so shamefull vaunt
Of vile revenge: to spoile the dead of weed
Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed:
But leave these relicks of his living might,
To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke steed."
"What herce or steed," said he, "should he have diglit,
But be entombed in the raven or the kight?"

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
And th' other brother gan his helme unlace;
Both fiercely bent to have him disarmid:
Till that they spyde where towards them did pace
An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
Whose squire bore after him an hebenn launce
And coverd shield: well kend him so far space
Th' enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
When under him he saw his Lybian steed to praunce;

And to those brethren sayd: "Rise, rise bylive,
And unto battell doe yourselves addresse;
For yonder comes the prowest knight alive,
Prince Arthur, flowre of grace and nobilesse,
That hath to Paynim knights wrought gret distresse,
And thousand Sarzins fowly donne to dye."
That word so deepe did in their harts impresse,
That both eftsoones upstarted furiously,
And gan themselves prepare to battell greedily.

But fiers Pyrochles, lacking his owne sword,
The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
And Archimage besought, him that afford
Which he had brought for Bragadocchio vaine.
" So would I," said th' enchaunter, "glad and faine
Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend;
Or ought that els your honour might maintaine;
But that this weapons powre I well have kend
To be contrary to the worke which ye intend:

" For that same knights owne sword this is, of yore
Which Merlin made by his almightie art
For that his noursling, when he knighthood swore,
Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart.
The metall first he mixt with medæwart,
That no enchauntment from his dint might save;
Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,
And seven times dipped in the bitter wave
Of hellish Styx, which hidden vertue to it gave.

" The vertue is, that nether steele nor stone
The stroke thereof from entraunce may defend;
Ne ever may be used by his fone;
Ne forst his rightful owner to offend;
Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend;
Wherefore *Morddure* it rightfully is hight.
In vaine therefore, Pyrochles, should I lend
The same to thee, against his lord to fight;
Forsure yt would deceive thy labour and thy might."

" Foolish old man," said then the Pagan, wroth,
" That weenest words or charms may force withstand:
Soone shalt thou see, and then beleeve for troth,
That I can carve with this inchaunted brond
His lords owne flesh." Therewith out of his hond
That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away;
And Guoyns shield about his wrest he bond:
So ready dight, fierce battaile to assay,
And match his brother proud in battailous aray.

By this, that straunger knight in presence came,
And goodly salved them; who nought againe
Him answered, as courtesie became;
But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disdaine,
Gave signes of grudge and discontentment vaine:
Then, turning to the palmer, he gan spy
Where at his feet, with sorrowfull demayne
And deadly hew an armed corse did lye,
In whose dead face he redd great magnanimity.

Sayd he then to the palmer; " Reverend syre,
What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?
However, sure I rew his pitteous plight."
" Not one, nor other," sayd the palmer grave,
" Hath him befalne; but cloudes of deadly night
Awhile his heavy eylids cover'd have,
And all his sences drowned in deep senceless wave:

" Which those his cruell foes, that stand hereby,
Making advantage, to revenge their spight,
Would him disarme and treaten shamefully;
Unworthie usage of redoubted knight!
But you, faire sir, whose honourable sight
Doth promise hope of helpe and timely grace,
Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble cace? [face."
First prayse of knighthood is, fowle outrage to de-

" Palmer," said he, " no knight so rude, I weene,
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost:
Ne was there ever noble corage seene,
That in advauntage would his puissaunce bost:
Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.
May bee, that better reason will aswage
The rash revengers heat. Words, well dispost,
Have secrete powre t' appease inflamed rage:
If not, leave unto me thy knights last patronage.

Tho, turning to those brethren, thus bespoke;
" Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might,
It seemes, iust wronges to vengeaunce doe provoke,
To wreake your wrath on this dead-seeming knight,
Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
And settle patience in so furious heat?
Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
But for his carkas pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest seat."

To whom Cymochles said; " For what art thou,
That mak'st thyselfe his dayes-man, to prolong
The vengeaunce prest? or who shall let me now
On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,
And make his carkas as the outcast dong?
Why should not that dead carrion satisfye
The guilt, which, if he lived had thus long,
His life for dew revenge should deare abye?
The trespass still doth live, albee the person dye."

" Indeed," then said the prince, " the evill donne
Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leave;
But from the grandsyre to the nephewes sonne
And all his seede the curse doth often cleave,
Till vengeaunce utterly the guilt bereave:
So streightly God doth iudge. But gentle knight,
That doth against the dead his hand upreare,
His honour staines with rancour and despight,
And great disparagment makes to his former might."

Pyrochles gan reply the second tyme,
And to him said; " Now, felon, sure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his cryme:
Therefore by Termagaunt thou shalt be dead."
With that, his hand, more sad than lomp of lead,
Uplifting high, he weened with Morddure,
His owne good sword Morddure, to cleave his head.
The faithfull steele such trenson no'uld endure,
But, swarving from the marke, his lordes life did assure.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reele asyde:
Nath'lesse the prince would not forsake his sell,
(For well of yore he learned had to ryde)
But full of anger fiersly to him cryde;
" False traitour, miscreaunt, thou broken hast
The law of armes, to strike foe undefide:
But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt taste
Right sowre, and feele the law, the which thou hast defast."

With that his balefull speare he fiercely bent
Against the Pagans brest, and therewith thought
His cursed life out of her lodg have rent:
But, ere the point arrived where it ought,
That seven-fold shield which he from Guyon brought,
He cast between to ward the bitter stownd:
Through all those foldes the steelehead passage wrought,
And through his shoulder perst; whorewith to ground
He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
And fowly saide; "By Mahounc, cursed thiefe,
That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby."
Then, hurling up his harmefull blade on hy,
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,
That from his saddle forced him to fly:
Els mote it needes downe to his manly brest
Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispossest.

Now was the prince in daungerous distresse,
Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight:
His single speare could doe him small redresse
Against two foes of so exceeding might,
The least of which was match for any knight.
And now the other, whom he erst did daunt,
Had reard himselfe againe to cruel fight
Three times more furious and more puissaunt,
Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

So both attonce him charge on either syde
With hideous strokes and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to traverse wyde,
And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre:
For on his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,
Their strokes did raine; yet did he never quaile,
Ne backward shrinke; but as a stedfast towre,
Whom foe with double battry doth assaile,
Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nought availe.

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay;
Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,
His poynant speare he thrust with puissaut sway
At proud Cymochles, whiles his shield was wyde,
That through his thigh the mortall steele did gryde:
He, swarving with the force, within his flesh
Did breake the launce, and let the head abyde:
Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,
That underneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

Horribly then he gan to rage and rayle,
Cursing his gods, and himselfe damning deepe:
Als when his brother saw the red blood rayle
Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
And said; "Caytive, curse on thy cruell hond,
That twise hath spedd; yet shall it not thee keepe
From the third brunt of this my fatall brond:
Lo, where the dreadfull Death behynd thy backe doth stond!"

With that he strooke, and th' other strooke withall,
That nothing seemd mote beare so monstrous might:
The one upon his covered shield did fall,
And glauncing downe, would not his owner byte:
But th' other did upon his troncheon smyte;
Which hewing quite asunder, further way
It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte;
The which dividing with importune sway,
It seizd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
Red as the rose, thence gushed grievously;
That when the Paynym spyde the streaming blood,
Gave him great hart and hope of victory.
On th' other side, in huge perplexity
The prince now stood, having his weapon broke;
Nought could he hurt, but still at warde did ly:
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cymochles twise, that twise him forst his foot revoke.

Whom when the palmer saw in such distresse,
Sir Guyons sword he lightly to him raught,
And said; "Bayre sonne, great God thy right hand
To use that sword so well as he it ought!" [blesse,
Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught,
When as againe he armed felt his hond:
Then like a lyon, which had long time saught
His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
Emongst the shepheard swaynes, then wexeth wood and yond:

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:
Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told;
Eft to Cymochles twise so many fold;
Then, backe againe turning his busie hond,
Them both attonce compeld with courage bold
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not both withstond.

As salvage bull, whom two fierce mastives bayt,
When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,
But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treades downe in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
That all the forest quakes to hear him rore:
So raged prince Arthur twixt his foemen twaine,
That neither could his mightie puissaunce sustaine.

But ever at Pyrochles when he smitt,
(Who Guyons shield cast ever him before,
Whereon the Faery queenes portract was writt,)
His hand relented and the stroke forbore,
And his deare hart the picture gan adore;
Which oft the Paynim sav'd from deadly stowre:
But him henceforth the same can save no more;
For now arrived is his fatall howre,
That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

For when Cymochles saw the fowle reproch,
Which them appeached; prickt with guiltie shame
And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approch,
Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
Or dye with honour and desert of fame;
And on the haubergh stroke the prince so sore,
That quite disparted all the linked frame,
And pierced to the skin, but bit no more; [afore.
Yet made him twise to reele, that never moov'd

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharp regret,
He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
That it empierst the Pagans burganet;
And, cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade
Into his head, and cruell passage made
Quite through his brayne: he, tombling downe on ground,
Breath'd out his ghost, which, to th' infernall shade
Fast flying, there eternall torment found
For all the sinnes wherewith his lewd life did abound.

Which when his german saw, the stony feare
Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd;
Ne thenceforth life ne corage did appeare:
But, as a man whom hellish feendes have frayd,
Long trembling still he stoode; at last thus sayd;
"Traytour, what hast thou doen! how ever may
Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd
Against that knight! harrow and well away!
After so wicked deede why liv'st thou longer day!"

With that all desperate, as loathing light,
And with revenge desyring soone to dye,
Assembling all his force and utmost might,
With his owne sword he fierce at him did flye,
And strooke, and foynd, and lasht outrageously,
Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
The prince, with pacience and sufferaunce sly,
So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew; [renew.
Tho, when this breathlesse wose, that battell gan

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,
That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
The clowds, as thinges affrayd, before him flye;
But, all so soone as his outrageous powre
Is layd, they fiercely thom begin to showre;
And, as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
Now all attonce their malice forth do poure:
So did prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,
And suffred rash Pyrochles waste his ydle might.

At last whenas the Sarazin perceiv'd
How that straunge sword refusd to serve his neede,
But, when he stroke most strong, the dint deceiv'd;
He flong it from him; and, devoyd of dreed,
Upon him lightly leaping without heed
Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
Thinking to overthrowe and downe him tred:
But him in strength and skill the prince surpast,
And through his nimble sleight did under him down-
cast.

Nought booted it the Paynim then to strive;
For as a bittur in the eagles clawe,
That may not hope by flight to scape alive,
Still waytes for death with dreed and trembling aw;
So he, now subiect to the victours law,
Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,
For vile disdaine and rancour, which did gnaw
His hart in twaine with sad melancholy;
As one that loathed life, and yet despysd to dye.

But, full of princely bounty and great mind,
The conqueror nought cared him to slay;
But, casting wronges and all revenge behind,
More glory thought to give life then decay,
And sayd; "Paynim, this is thy dismall day;
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreaunce,
And my trew liegeman yield thyselfe for ay,
Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce, [naunce."
And all thy wronges will wipe out of my sove-

"Poole," sayd the Pagan, "I thy gift defye;
But use thy fortune, as it doth befall;
And say, that I not overcome doe dye,
But in despight of life for death doe call."
Wroth was the prince, and sory yet withall,
That he so wilfully refused grace;
Yet, sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
His shining helmet he gan soone unlace,
And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

By this, sir Guyon from his traunce awakt,
Life having maystered her senceless foe;
And looking up, whenas his shield he lakt
And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
But when the palmer, whom he long ygoe
Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he grew,
And saide; "Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro
I long have lackt, I joy thy face to vew! [drew.
Firme is thy faith, whom danger never fro me

"But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
Of my good sword and shield?" The palmer, glad
With so fresh hew uprysing him to see,
Him answered; "Fayre sonne, be no whit sad
For want of weapons; they shall soone be had."
So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
Which that straunge knight for him sustained had,
And those two Sarazins confounded late,
Whose carcases on ground were horribly prostrate.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
His hart with great affection was embayd,
And to the prince, with bowing reverence dew,
As to the patrone of his life, thus sayd;
"My lord, my liege, by whose most gratious ayd
I live this day, and see my foes subdewd,
What may suffice to be for meede repayd
Of so great graces as ye have me shewd,
But to be ever bound"—

To whom the infant thus; "Fayre sir, what need
Good turnes be counted, as a servile bond,
To bind their doers to receive their meed?
Are not all knightes by oath bound to withstond
Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond?
Suffise, that I have done my dew in place."
So goodly purpose they together fond
Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace;
The whiles false Archimage and Atin fled apace.

CANTO IX.

The House of Temperaunce, in which
Doth sober Alma dwell,
Besiegd of many foes, whom straunger knightes to flight compell.

Of all Gods workes, which doe this worlde adorne,
There is no one more faire and excellent
Then is mans body, both for powre and forme,
Whiles it is kept in sober government;
But none then it more fowle and indecent,
Distempred through misrule and passions base;
It grows a monster, and incontinent
Doth lose his dignity and native grace:
Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The Briton prince recov'ring his stolne sword,
And Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passed on their way in fayre accord,
Till him the prince with gentle court did bord;
"Sir Knight, mote I of you this court'sy read,
To weet why on your shield, so goodly scord,
Beare ye the picture of that ladies head?
Full lively is the semblaunt, though the substance
dead."

"Fayre sir," sayd he, "if in that picture dead
Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew;
What mote ye weene, if the trew lively-head
Of that most glorious visage ye did vew!
But yf the beauty of her mind ye knew,
That is, her bounty, and imperiall powre,
Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew,
O! how great wonder would your thoughts devoure,
And infinite desire into your spirite poure!

" She is the mighty queene of Faëry,
Whose faire retraitt I in my shield doe beare;
Shee is the flowre of grace and chastity,
Throughout the world renowmed far and neare,
My life, my liege, my soveraine, my deare,
Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
And with her light the Earth enlumines cleare;
Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in warre."

" Thrise happy man," said then the Briton knight,
" Whom gracious lott and thy great valiaunce
Have made thee soldier of that princesse bright,
Which with her bounty and glad countenaunce
Doth blesse her servaunts, and them high advaunce!
How may straunge knight hope ever to aspire,
By faithfull service and meete amenaunce,
Unto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
For losse of thousand lives, to die at her desire."

Said Guyon, " Noble lord, what meed so great,
Or grace of earthly prince so soveraine,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
But were your will her sold to entertaine,
And numbred be mongst knights of Maydenhed,
Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,
And in her favor high be reckoned,
As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored."

" Certes," then said the prince, " I God avow,
That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
To serve that queene with al my powre and might.
Now hath the Sunne with his lamp-burning light
Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
Sith of that goddesse I have sought the sight,
Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
Heven doth to me envy and fortune favourlesse."

" Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce,
Seldom," said Guyon, " yields to vertue aide,
But in her way throwes mischiefe and mischaunce,
Whereby her course is stopt and passage staid.
But you, faire sir, be not herewith dismaid,
But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;
Which were it not that I am els delaid
With hard adventure, which I have in hand,
I labour would to guide you through al Fary land."

" Gramercy sir," said he; " but mote I weete
What straunge adventure doe ye now pursew?
Perhaps my succour or advizement meete
Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew."
Then gan sir Guyon all the story shew
Of false Acrasia, and her wicked wiles,
Which to avenge, the palmer him forth drew
From Faery court. So talked they, the whiles
They wasted had much way, and measurd many miles.

And now faire Phoebus gan decline in haste
His weary wagon to the westerne vale,
Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plaste
Forehy a river in a pleasaunt dale;
Which chosing for that evenings hospitale,
They thether marcht: but when they came in sight,
And from their sweaty coursers did avale,
They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
And every loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch
Was to them doen, their entraunce to forstall;
Till that the squire gan nigher to approch,
And wind his horne under the castle wall,
That with the noise it shooke as it would fall.
Estsoones forth looked from the highest spire
The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call,
To weete what they so rudely did require:
Who gently answered, They entraunce did desire.

" Fly fly, good knights," said he, " fly fast away,
If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should;
Fly fast, and save yourselves from neare decay;
Here may ye not have entraunce, though we would:
We would and would againe, if that we could;
But thousand enemies about us rave,
And with long siege us in this castle hould:
Seven yeares this wize they us besieged have,
And many good knights slaine that have us sought to save."

Thus as he spoke, lo! with outragious cry
A thousand villeins rownd about them swarmd
Out of the rockes and caves adjourning nye;
Vile caitive wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,
All threatning death, all in straunge manner armd;
Some with unweldy clubs, some with long speares,
Some rusty knives, some staves in fier warmd:
Sterne was their looke; like wild amazed steares,
Staring with hollow eies, and stiffe upstanding heares.

Fiersly at first those knights they did assayle,
And drove them to recoile: but, when againe
They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to fayle,
Unhable their encounter to sustaine;
For with such puissaunce and impetuous maine
Those champions broke on them, that forst them fly,
Like scattered sheepe, whenas the shepherds swaine
A lion and a tigre doth espye
With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nye.

A while they fled, but soone retourned againe
With greater fury then before was found;
And evermore their cruell capitaine
Sought with his raskall routs t' enclose them rownd,
And overronne to tread them to the grownd:
But soone the knights, with their bright-burning blades
Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confownd,
Hewing and slashing at their idle shades;
For though they bodies seem, yet substaunce from them fades.

As when a swarme of gnats at eventide
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
Their murmuring small trompetts sownden wide,
Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beast may rest or take repast
For their sharpe wounds and noyous iniuries,
Till the fierce northerne wind with bluistring blast
Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean cast.

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
Unto the castle gate they come againe,
And entraunce crav'd, which was denied erst.
Now when report of that their perlous paine,
And dumbrous conflict which they did sustaine,
Came to the ladies eare which there did dwell,
Shee forth issewed with a goodly traine
Of squires and ladies equipaged well,
And entertained them right fairely, as befell,

Alma she called was; a virgin bright,
That had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage;
Yet was shee woo'd of many a gentle knight,
And many a lord of noble parentage,
That sought with her to lincke in marriage:
For shee was faire, as faire mote ever bee,
And in the flowre now of her freshest age;
Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
That even Heven reioyced her sweete face to see.

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,
That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught;
The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,
Braunched with gold and perle most richly wrought,
And borne of two faire damsels which were taught
That service well: her yellow golden heare
Was trimly woven and in tresses wrought,
Ne other tire she on her head did weare,
But crowned with a garland of sweete rosiere.

Goodly shee entertaind those noble knights,
And brought them up into her castle hall;
Where gentle court and gracious delight
Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
Shewing herselfe both wise and liberall.
There when they rested had a season dew,
They her besought of favour speciall
Of that faire castle to afforord them vew: [did shew.
Shee graunted; and, them leading forth, the same

First she them led up to the castle wall,
That was so high as foe might not it clime,
And all so faire and sensible withall;
Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that Ægyptian slime,
Whereof king Nine whilome built Babell towre:
But O great pitty, that no lenger time
So goodly workmanship should not endure! [sure.
Soone it must turne to earth: no earthly thing is

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,
And part triangulare; O worke divine!
Those two the first and last proportions are;
The one imperfect, mortall, feminine;
Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine;
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
Proportiond equally by seven and nine;
Nine was the circle sett in Heavens place:
All which compacted made a goodly diapase.

Therein two gates were placed seemly well:
The one before, by which all in did pas,
Did th' other far in workmanship excell;
For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was:
Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
That, when it locked, none might thorough pas,
And, when it opened, no man might it close;
Still opened to their friendes, and closed to their foes.

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
Stone more of vulew, and more smooth and fine,
Then iett or marble far from Ireland brought;
Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine:
And over it a fayre portcullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline
With comely compasse and compacture strong,
Nether unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

Within the barbican a porter sate,
Day and night duely keeping watch and ward;
Nor wight nor word mote passe out of the gate,
But in good order, and with due regard;
Utterers of secrets he from thence debard,
Backlers of folly, and blazers of cryme:
His larum-bell might lowd and wyde be hard
When cause requyrd, but never out of time;
Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

And rownd about the porch on every syde
Twise sixteene warders satt, all armed bright
In glistring steele, and strongly fortifyde:
Tall yeomen seemed they and of great might,
And were enraunged ready still for fight.
By them as Alma passed with her guestes,
They did obeysaunce, as beseemed right,
And then againe retourned to their restes:
The porter eke to her did lout with humble gestes.

Thence she them brought into a stately hall,
Wherein were many tables fayre dispred,
And ready dight with drapets festivall,
Against the viaundes should be ministred.
At th' upper end there sate, yclad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
That in his hand a white rod menaged;
He steward was, hight Diet; rype of age,
And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

And through the hall there walked to and fro
A iolly yeoman, marshall of the same,
Whose name was Appetite; he did bestow
Both guestes and meate, whenever in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the steward badd. They both attone
Did dewty to their lady, as became;
Who, passing by, forth ledd her guestes anone
Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse none.

It was a vaut ybuilt for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall,
And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence
The smoke forth threw: and in the midst of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall
Upon a mightie furnace, burning whott,
More whott then Aetn', or flaming Mongiball:
For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron gott.

But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce
It might breake out and set the whole on fyre,
There added was by goodly ordinaunce
An huge great payre of bellowes, which did styre
Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.
About the caudron many cookes accoyld
With hookes and ladles, as need did requyre;
The whyles the viaundes in the vessell boyld,
They did about their businesse sweat, and sorely toyld.

The maister cooke was cald Concoction;
A carefull man, and full of comely guyse:
The kitchin clerke, that hight Digestion,
Did order all th' achátes in seemely wise,
And set them forth, as well he could devise.
The rest had severall offices assynd;
Some to remove the scum as it did rise;
Others to beare the same away did mynd;
And others it to use according to his kynd.

But all the liquour, which was fowle and waste,
Not good nor serviceable elles for ought,
They in another great rownd vessell plaste,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought;
And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,
By secret wayes, that none might it espy,
Was close convaid, and to the backgate brought,
That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby
It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

Which goodly order and great workmans skill
Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare delight
And gazing wonder they their mindes did fill;
For never had they seene so straunge a sight.
Thence backe againe faire Alma led them right,
And soone into a goodly parlour brought,
That was with royall arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrahed nor wrought;
Not wrought nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought:

And in the midst thereof upon the floure
A lovely bevy of faire ladies sate,
Courted of many a iolly paramoure,
The which them did in modest wise amate,
And each one sought his lady to aggrate:
And eke emongst them litle Cupid playd
His wanton sportes, being returned late
From his fierce warres, and having from him layd
His cruell bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

Diverse delights they fownd themselves to please;
Some song in sweet consort; some laught for ioy;
Some playd with strawes; some ydly satt at ease;
But other some could not abide to toy,
All pleasaunce was to them griefe and annoy:
This frownd; that fawnd; the third for shame did blush;
Another seemed envious, or coy;
Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush:
But at these straungers presence every one did hush.

Soone as the gracious Alma came in place,
They all at once out of their seates arose,
And to her homage made with humble grace:
Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose
Themselves to court, and each a damzell chose:
The prince by chaunce did on a lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
But somwhat sad and solemne eke in sight,
As if some pensive thought constraind her gentle spright.

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
Was fretted all about, she was arayd;
And in her hand a poplar braunch did hold:
To whom the prince in courteous maner sayd;
"Gentle madame, why beene ye thus dismayd,
And your faire beautie doe with sadnes spill?
Lives any that you hath thus ill apayd?
Or doen you love, or doen you lack your will?
Whatever bee the cause, it sure beseemes you ill."

"Fayre sir," said she, halfe in disdaineful wise,
"How is it that this word in me ye blame,
And in yourselfe doe not the same advise?
Him ill beseemes anothers fault to name,
That may unwares be blotted with the same:
Pensive I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
Through great desire of glory and of fame;
Ne ought I weene are ye therein behynd,
That have twelve months sought one, yet no where can her find."

The prince was inly moved at her speach,
Well weeting trew what she had rashly told;
Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hyde the breach,
Which chaunge of colour did perforce unfold,
Now seeming flaming whott, now stony cold:
Tho, turning soft aside, he did inquyre
What wight she was that poplar braunch did hold:
It answered was, her name was Prays-desire,
That by well doing sought to honour to aspyre.

The whiles the Faery knight did entertaine
Another damsell of that gentle crew,
That was right fayre and modest of demayne,
But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew:
Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
Close rownd about her tucked with many a plight:
Upon her fist the bird, which shonneth vew
And keepes in coverts close from living wight,
Did sitt, as yet ashamd how rude Pan did her dight.

So long as Guyon with her communed,
Unto the grownd she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anone with rosy red
The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye,
That her became, as polisht yvory
Which cunning craftesman hand hath overlayd
With fayre vermilion or pure castory.
Great wonder had the knight to see the mayd
So straungely passioned, and to her gently said;

"Fayre damzell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,
That either me too bold ye weene, this wise
You to molest, or other ill to feare
That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, aryse:
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But, if ought else that I mote not devyse,
I will, if please you it discure, assay
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may."

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame
Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face
The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth cace;
Till Alma him bespake; "Why wonder yee,
Faire sir, at that which ye so much embrace?
She is the fountaine of your modestee;
You shamefast are, but Shamefastnes itselfe is shee."

Thereat the Elfe did blush in privitee,
And turnd his face away; but she the same
Dissembled faire, and faynd to oversee.
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game
Themselves did solace each one with his dame,
Till that great lady thence away them sought
To vew her castles other wondrous frame:
Up to a stately turret she them brought,
Ascending by ten steps of alablaster wrought.

That turrets frame most admirable was,
Like highest Heaven compassed around,
And lifted high above this earthly masse,
Which it survewd, as hils doen lower ground:
But not on ground mote like to this be found;
Not that, which antique Cadmus whylome built
In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;
Nor that proud towre of Troy, though richly guilt,
From which young Hectors blood by cruell Greekes was spilt.

The roofe hereof was arched over head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
Two goodly beacons, set in watchies stead,
Therein gave light, and flamd continually:
For they of living fire most subtilly
Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance sly,
That readily they shut and open might.
O, who can tell the prayses of that Makers might!

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell,
This parts great workemanship and wondrous powre,
That all this other worldes worke doth excell,
And likest is unto that heavenly towre
That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
Therein were divers rowmes, and divers stages;
But three the chiefest and of greatest powre,
In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their ages.

Not he, whom Greece, the nourse of all good arts,
By Phœbus doome the wisest thought alive,
Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
Nor that sage Pylian syre, which did survive
Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,
By whose advise old Priams cittie fell,
With these in praise of pollicies mote strive.
These three in these three rowmes did sondry dwell,
And counselled faire Alma how to governe well.

The first of them could things to come foresee;
The next could of thinges present best advize;
The third things past could keep in memoree:
So that no time nor reason could arize,
But that the same could one of these comprize.
Forthy the first did in the forepart sit,
That nought mote hinder his quicke preindize;
He had a sharpe foresight and working wit
That never idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

His chamber was dispainted all within
With sondry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of thinges dispersed thin;
Some such as in the world were never yit,
Ne can devized be of mortall wit;
Some daily seene and knowen by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies do flit;
Infernall hags, centaurs, feendes, hippodames,
Apes, lyons, aegles, owles, fooles, lovers, children, dames.

And all the chamber filled was with flyes
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound
That they encombred all mens eares and eyes;
Like many swarmes of bees assembled round
After their hives with honny do abound.
All those were idle thoughtes and fantasies,
Devices, dreames, opinions unsound,
Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophesies;
And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

Emongst them all sate he which wonned there,
That hight Phantastes by his nature trew;
A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,
That him full of melancholy did shew;
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,
That mad or foolish seemd: one by his vew
Mote deeme him borne with ill-disposed skyes,
When oblique Saturne sate in th' house of agonyes.

Whom Alma having shewed to her guestes,
Thence brought them to the second rowme, whose walls
Were painted faire with memorable gestes
Of famous wisards; and with picturals
Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of commen wealthes, of states, of pollicy,
Of lawes, of judgementes, and of decretals,
All artes, all science, all philosophy,
And all that in the world was ay thought wittily.

Of those that rowme was full; and them among
There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long,
That through continuall practise and usage
He now was growne right wise and wondrous sage:
Great plesure had those straunger knightes to see
His goodly reason and grave personage,
That his disciples both desyrd to bee: [three.
But Alma thence them led to th' hindmost rowme of

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was removed far behind,
Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,
Right firme and strong, though somwhat they declind;
And therein sat an old old man, halfe blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
And recompenst them with a better scorse: [forse.
Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled

This man of infinite remembraunce was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded still as they did pas,
Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,
As all things els the which this world doth weld;
But laid them up in his immortall scrine,
Where they for ever incorrupted dweld:
The warres he well remembred of king Nine,
Of old Assaracus, and Inachus divine.

The yeares of Nestor nothing were to his,
Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest liv'd;
For he remembred both their infancis:
Ne wonder then if that he were depriv'd
Of native strength now that he them surviv'd.
His chamber all was hangd about with rolls
And old records from auncient times derivd,
Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes.

Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was unhable them to fett,
A little boy did on him still attend
To reach, whenever he for ought did send;
And oft when thinges were lost, or laid amis,
That boy them sought and unto him did lend:
Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is;
And that old man Eumnestes, by their propertis.

The knightes there entring did him reverence dew,
And wondred at his endlesse exercise.
Then as they gan his library to vew,
And antique rogestors for to avise,
There chaunced to the princes hand to rize
An auncient booke, hight *Briton Moniments*,
That of this lands first conquest did devize,
And old division into regiments,
Till it reduced was to one mans governements.

Sir Guyon chaunst eke on another booke,
That bight *Antiquitee of Faery Lond:*
In which whenas he greedily did looke,
Th' ofspring of Elves and Faryes there he fond,
As it delivered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they, burning both with fervent fire
Their countreys auncestry to understond,
Crav'd leave of Alma and that aged sire [desire.
To read those bookes; who gladly graunted their

CANTO X.

A chronicle of Briton kings,
From Brute to Uthers rayne:
And rolls of Elfin emperours,
Till time of Gloriane.

Who now shall give unto me words and sound
Equall unto this haughty enterprise?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from ground
My lowly verse may loftily arise,
And lift itselfe unto the highest skyes?
More ample spirit than hetherto was wount
Here needes me, whiles the famous auncestryes
Of my most dreaded soveraigne I recount,
By which all earthly princes she doth far surmount.

Ne under Sunne that shines so wide and faire,
Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,
Lives ought that to her linage may compaire;
Which though from Earth it be derived right,
Yet doth itselfe stretch forth to Heavens hight,
And all the world with wonder overspred;
A labor huge, exceeding far my might!
How shall fraile pen, with fear disparaged, [shed!
Conceive such soveraine glory and great bountie-

Argument worthy of Mæonian quill;
Or rather worthy of great Phoebus rote,
Whereon the nimes of great Ossa hill,
And triumphes of Phlegræan love, he wrote,
That all the gods admird his lofty note.
But, if some relish of that heavenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report
To decke my song withall, I would assay
Thy name, O soveraine queene, to blazon far away.

Thy name, O soveraine queene, thy realme, and race,
From this renowmed prince derived arre,
Who mightily upheld that royall mace,
Which now thou beau'st, to thee descended farre
From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,
Thy fathers and great grandfathers of old,
Whose noble deeds above the northern starre
Immortall Fame for ever hath enrold;
As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

The land which warlike Britons now possesse,
And, therein have their mighty empire raysd,
In antique times was salvage wildernesse,
Unpeopled, unmanured, unprovd, unpraysd;
Ne was it island then, ne was it paysd
Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought
Of merchants farre for profits therein praysd;
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to have bene from the Celticke mayn-land brought.

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
Till that the venturous mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,
Which all along the southerne sea-coast lay
Threatning unheedy wrecke and rash decay,
For safety that same his sea-marke made,
And nam'd it Albion: but later day,
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

But far in land a salvage nation dwelt
Of hideous giaunts, and halfe-beastly men,
That never tasted grace, nor goodnes felt;
But wild like beastes lurking in lothsome den,
And flying fast as roebucke through the fen,
All naked without shame or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling liveden;
Of stature huge, and eke of corage bold,
That sonnes of men dmazd their sternesse to behold.

But whence they sprong, or how they were begott,
Uneath is to assure; uneath to wene
That monstrous error which doth some assott,
That Diocletians fifty daughters shene
Into this land by chaunce have driven bene;
Where, companing with feends and filthy sprights
Through vaine illusion of their lust uncleane,
They brought forth geaunts, and such dreadful wights
As far exceeded men in their immeasurd mights.

They held this land, and with their filthinesse
Polluted this same gentle soyle long time;
That their owne mother loathd their beastlinesse,
And gan abhorre her broods unkindly crime,
All were they borne of her owne native slime:
Until that Brutus, anciently deriv'd
From roiall stocke of old Assaracs line,
Driven by fatall error hore arriv'd,
And them of their unjust possession depriv'd.

But ere he had established his throne,
And spred his empire to the utmost shore,
He fought great batteils with his salvage fone;
In which he them defeated evermore,
And many giaunts left on groning flore:
That well can witnes yet unto this day
The westerne Hogh, besprincled with the gore
Of mighty Goemot, whome in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

And eke that ample pitt, yet far renownd
For the large leape which Debon did compell
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of grownd,
Into the which retourning backe he fell:
But those three monstrous stones doe most excell,
Which that huge sonne of hideous Albion,
Whose father Hercules in Fraunce did quell,
Great Godmer threw, in fierce contention,
At bold Canutus; but of him was slaine anon.

In meed of these great conquests by them gott,
Corineus had that province utmost west
To him assigned for his worthy lott,
Which of his name and memorable gest
He called Cornwaile, yet so called best:
And Debons shayre was, that is Devonshyre:
But Canute had his portion from the rest,
The which he cald Canutium, for his hyre;
Now Cantium, which Kent we comenly inquyre.

Thus Brute this realme unto his rule subdewd,
And raigned long in great felicity,
Lov'd of his freends, and of his foes eschewd:
He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,
Borne of fayre Inogene of Italy;
Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
And Locrine left chiefe lord of Britany.
At last ripe age bad him surrendor late
His life, and long good fortune, unto finall fate.

Locrine was left the soveraine lord of all;
But Albanact had all the northerne part,
Which of himselfe Albania he did call;
And Camber did possesse the westerne quart,
Which Severne now from Logris doth depart:
And each his portion peaceably enioyd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
That once their quiet government annoyd;
But each his paynes to others profit still employd.

Untill a nation straung, with visage swart
And corage fierce that all men did affray,
Which through the world then swarmd in every part,
And overflowd all countries far away,
Like Noyes great flood, with their importune sway,
This land invaded with like violence,
And did themselves through all the north display:
Untill that Locrine for his realmes defence,
Did head against them make and strong munificence.

He them encountred, a confused rout,
Foreby the river that whylome was hight
The ancient Abus, where with courage stout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chaste so fiercely after fearefull flight,
That forst their chiefetain, for his safeties sake,
(Their chiefetain Humber named was aright),
Unto the mighty streame him to betake,
Where he an end of battell and of life did make.

The king returned proud of victory,
And insolent wox through unwonted ease,
That shortly he forgot the ieopardy,
Which in his land he lately did appease;
And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:
He lov'd faire ladie Estrild, lewdly lov'd,
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
That quite his hart from Guendolene remov'd,
From Guendolene his wife, though alwaies faithful prov'd.

The noble daughter of Corineus
Would not endure to bee so vile disdaind,
But, gathering force and corage valorous,
Encountred him in batteill well ordaind,
In which him vanquisht she to fly constraind:
But she so fast pursewd, that him she tooke
And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;
Als his faire leman flying through a brooke
She overhent, nought moved with her pitcous looke;

But both herselfe, and eke her daughter deare
Begotten by her kingly paramoure,
The faire Sabrina, almost dead with feare,
She there attached, far from all succoure:
The one she slew upon the present floure;
But the sad virgin innocent of all
Adowne the rolling river she did poure,
Which of her name now Severne men do call:
Such was the end that to disloyall love did fall.

Then for her sonne, which she to Locrin bore,
(Madan was young, unmeet the rule to sway)
In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
Till ryper years he raught and stronger stay:
During which time her powre she did display
Through all this realme, the glory of her sex,
And first taught men a woman to obay:
But, when her sonne to mans estate did wex,
She it surrendred, ne her selfe would lenger vex.

Tho Madan raignd, unworthie of his race;
For with all shame that sacred throne he fild.
Next Memprise, as unworthy of that place,
In which being consorted with Manild,
For thirst of single kingdom him he kild.
But Ebranck salved both their infamies
With noble deedes, and warreyd on Brunchild
In Henault, where yet of his victories [vies.
Brave monuments remaine, which yet that land en-

An happy man in his first dayes he was,
And happy father of faire progeny:
For all so many weekes, as the yeare has,
So many children he did multiply;
Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply
Their mindes to prayse and chevalrous desyre:
Those germans did subdew all Germany,
Of whom it hight; but in the end their syre [tyre.
With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to re-

Which blott his sonne succeeding in his seat,
The second Brute, the second both in name
And eke in semblaunce of his puissaunce great,
Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
With recompence of everlasting fame:
He with his victour sword first opened
The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne dame,
And taught her how to be conquered; [sacked.
Since which, with sondrie spoiles she hath been ran-

Let Scaldis tell, and let tell Humia,
And let the marsh of Esthambruges tell,
What colour were their waters that same day,
And all the moore twixt Elversham and Dell,
With blood of Hainalois which therein fell.
How oft that day did sad Brunchildis see
The *greene shield* dyde in dolorous vermell?
That not *seuith guiridh* it mote seeme to bee,
But rather *y scuith gogh*, signe of sad cruelte.

His sonne king Leill, by fathers labour long,
Enioyd an heritage of lasting peace,
And built Cairleill, and built Cairleon strong.
Next Huddibras his realme did not encrease,
But taught the land from wearie wars to cease.
Whose footsteps Bladud following, in artes
Exceld at Athens all the learned preace,
From whence he brought them to these salvage parts,
And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne harts.

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,
Behold the boyling bathes at Cairbadon,
Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
And in their entrailles, full of quick brimston,
Nourish the flames which they are warmd upon,
That to their people wealth they forth do well,
And health to every forreyne nation;
Yet he at last, contending to excell [fell.
The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief

Next him king Leyr in happie peace long rayned,
But had no issue male him to succeed,
But three faire daughters, which were well uptrained
In all that seemed fitt for kingly seed;
Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed
To have divided: tho, when feeble age
Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
He cald his daughters, and with speeches sage
Inquyrd, which of them most did love her parentage.

The eldest, Gonorill, gan to protest,
That she much more than her owne life him lov'd,
And Regan greater love to him profest
Then all the world, whenever it were proov'd;
But Cordeill said she lov'd him as behoov'd:
Whose simple answere, wanting colours fayre
To paint it forth, him to displeasaunce moov'd,
That in his crown he counted her no hayre,
But twixt the other twain his kingdom whole did shayre.

So wedded th' one to Maglan king of Scottes,
And th' other to the king of Cambria,
And twixt them shayrd his realme by equall lottes;
But, without dowre, the wise Cordelia
Was sent to Aganip of Celtica:
Their aged syre, thus eased of his crowne,
A private life ledd in Albania
With Gonorill, long had in great renowne,
That nought him griev'd to beene from rule deposed downe.

But true it is that, when the oyle is spent,
The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away;
So, when he had resignd his regiment,
His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
And wearie wax of his continuall stay:
Tho to his daughter Regan he repayrd,
Who him at first well used every way;
But, when of his departure she despayrd,
Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd.

The wretched man gan then avise too late,
That love is not where most it is profest;
Too truely tryde in his extremest state!
At last, resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,
He to Cordelia himselfe addrest,
Who with entyre affection him receav'd,
As for her syre and king her seemed best;
And after all an army strong she leav'd,
To war on those which him had of his realme bereav'd.

So to his crowne she him restord againe;
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
And after wild it should to her remaine:
Who peaceably the same long time did weld,
And all mens hearts in dew obedience held;
Till that her sisters children, woxen strong,
Through proud ambition against her rebeld,
And overcommen kept in prison long,
Till weary of that wretched life herselfe she hong.

Then gan the bloody brethren both to raine:
But fierce Cunlah gan shortly to envy
His brother Morgan, prickt with proud disdaine
To have a pere in part of soverainty;
And, kindling coles of cruell enmity,
Raisd warre, and him in battell overthrew:
Whence as he to those woody hilles did fly,
Which bight of him Glamorgan, there him slew:
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equal knew.

His sonne Rivall' his dead rowme did supply;
In whose sad time blood did from Heaven rayne.
Next great Gurgustus, then faire Cecily,
In constant peace their kingdomes did containe.
After whom Lago, and Kinmarke did rayne,
And Gorbogud, till fair in years he grew:
Then his ambitious sonnes unto them twayne
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew;
Stout Ferrex and sterne Porrex him in prison threw.

But O! the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
That knowes no kinred, nor regardes no right,
Stird Porrex up to put his brother downe;
Who, unto him assembling forreigne might,
Made warre on him, and fell himselfe in sight:
Whose death t'avenge, his mother mercilesse,
Most mercilesse of women, Wyden hight,
Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
And with most cruell hand him murdred pittilesse.

Here ended Brutus sacred progeny,
Which had seven hundred years this sceptre borne
With high renowme and great felicity:
The noble braunch from th' antique stocke was torne
Through discord, and the roiall throne forlorne.
Thenceforth this realme was into factions rent,
Whilest each of Brutus boasted to be borne,
That in the end was left no moniment
Of Brutus, nor of Britons glorie auncient.

Then up arose a man of matchlesse might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affayres,
Who, stird with pitty of the stressed plight
Of this sad realme, cut into sondry shayres
By such as claymd themselves Brutes rightfull heires,
Gathered the princes of the people loose
To taken counsell of their common cares;
Who, with his wisedom won, him streight did choose
Their king, and swore him fealty to win or loose.

Then made he head against his enimies,
And Ymner slew of Logris miscreate;
Then Ruddoc and proud Stator, both allyes,
This of Albany newly nominate,
And that of Cambry king confirmed late,
He overthrew through his owne valiaunce;
Whose countries he redus'd to quiet state,
And shortly brought to civile governaunce,
Now one, which earst were many made through variaunce.

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say
Were unto him reveald in vision;
By which he freed the travellers high-way,
The churches part, and ploughmans portion,
Restraining stealth and strong extortion;
The gratious Numa of great Britany:
For, till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
By strength was wielded without pollicy:
Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignity.

Donwallo dyde, (for what may live for ay?)
And left two sonnes, of pearelesse prowesse both,
That sacked Rome too dearely did assay,
The recompence of their perjured oth;
And ransackt Greece wel tryde, when they were wroth;
Besides subiected France and Germany,
Which yet their praises speake, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of Brennus and Belinus, kinges of Britany.

Next them did Gurgunt, great Belinus sonne,
In rule succeede, and eke in fathers praise;
He Easterland subdewd, and Denmarke wonne,
And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
The which was dew in his dead fathers daies:
He also gave to fugitives of Spayne,
Whom he at sea found wandring from their waies,
A seate in Ireland safely to remayne,
Which they should hold of him as subiect to Bri- [tayne.

After him raigned Guitheline his hayre,
The iustest man and trewest in his daies,
Who had to wyfe dame Mertia the fayre,
A woman worthy of immortall praise;
Which for this realme found many goodly layes,
And wholesome statutes to her husband brought:
Her many deemd to have beene of the Fayes,
As was Aegerie that Numa tought:
Those yet of her be Mertian lawes both nam'd and thought.

Her sonne Sisillus after her did rayne;
And then Kimarus; and then Danius:
Next whom Moriudus did the crowne sustayne;
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous
And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous
And mightie deedes, should matched have the best:
As well in that same field victorious
Against the forreine Morands he exprest;
Yet lives his memorie, though carcas sleepe in rest.

Five sonnes he left begotten of one wife,
All which successively by turnes did rayne:
First Gorboman, a man of vertuous life;
Next Archigald, who for his proud disdayne
Deposed was from princedome soverayne,
And pitteous Elidure put in his sted;
Who shortly it to him restord agayne,
Till by his death he it recovered;
But Peridure and Vigent him disthronized:

In wretched prisonment long he did remaine,
Till they out-raigned had their utmost date,
And then therein reseized was againe,
And ruled long with honorable state,
Till he surrendred realme and life to fate.
Then all the sonnes of these five brethren raynd
By dew successe, and all their nephewes late;
Even thrise eleven descents the crowne retaynd,
Till aged Hely by dew heritage it gaynd.

He had two sonnes, whose eldest, called Lud,
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endlesse moniments of his great good:
The ruin'd wals he did reædifye
Of Troynovant, gainst force of enimy,
And built that gate which of his name is hight,
By which he lyes entombed solemnly:
He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and Tenantius, pictures of his might.

Whilst they were young, Cassibalane their eme
Was by the people chosen in their sted,
Who on him tooke the roiall diademe,
And goodly well long time it governed;
Till the prowde Romanes him disquieted,
And warlike Cæsar, tempted with the name
Of this sweet island never conquered,
And envying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hether came.

Yet twise they were repulsed backe againe,
And twise renforst backe to their ships to fly;
The whiles with blood they all the shore did staine,
And the gray ocean into purple dy:
Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
Had not Androgeus, false to native soyle,
And envyous of uncles soveraintie,
Betrayd his country unto forreine spoyle. [foyle!
Nought els but treason from the first this land did

So by him Cæsar got the victory,
Through great bloodshed and many a sad assay,
In which himselfe was charged heavily
Of hardy Nennius, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
T'ambitious Rome; and did their rule obay,
Till Arthur all that reckoning defrayd:
Yet oft the Britons kings against them strongly swayd.

Next him Tenantius raigned; then Kimbeline,
What time th' Eternall Lord in fleshly slime
Enwombed was, from wretched Adams line
To purge away the guilt of sinful crime.
O ioyous memorie of happy time,
That heavenly grace so plenteously displayd!
O too high ditty for my simple rime!—
Soone after this the Romanes him warrayd;
For that their tribute he refusd to let be payd.

Good Claudius, that next was emperour,
An army brought, and with him battaile fought,
In which the king was by a treachetour
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought:
For Arvirage his brothers place supplyde.
Both in his armes and crowne, and by that draught
Did drive the Romanes to the weaker syde,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifyde.

Was never king more highly magnifide,
Nor dredd of Romanes, then was Arvirage;
For which the emperour to him allide
His daughter Genuiss' in marriage:
Yet shortly he renounst the vassallage
Of Rome againe, who hether hastly sent
Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage
Forwasted all, till Genuissa gent
Persuaded him to ceasse, and her lord to relent.

He dide; and him succeeded Marius,
Who ioyd his dayes in great tranquillity.
Then Coyll; and after him good Lucius,
That first received Christianity,
The sacred pledge of Christes Evangely.
Yet true it is, that long before that day
Hither came Ioseph of Arimathy,
Who brought with him the Holy Grayle, (they say)
And preacht the truth; but since it greatly did decay.

This good king shortly without issew dide,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
That did herselfe in sondry parts divide,
And with her powre her owne selfe overthrew,
Whilest Romanes daily did the weake subdew:
Which seeing, stout Bunduca up arose,
And taking armes the Britons to her drew;
With whom she marched straight against her foes,
And them unwares besides the Severne did enclose.

There she with them a cruell batteill tryde,
Not with so good successe as shee deserv'd;
By reason that the captaines on her syde,
Corrupted by Paulinus, from her swerv'd:
Yet such, as were through former flight preserv'd,
Gathering againe, her host she did renew,
And with fresh corage on the victor servd:
But being all defeated, save a few,
Rather than fly, or be captiv'd, herselfe she slew.

O famous moniment of womens prayse!
Matchable either to Semiramis,
Whom antique history so high doth rayse,
Or to Hypsiphil', or to Thomiris:
Her host two hundred thousand numbred is;
Who, whiles good fortune favoured her might,
Triumphed oft against her enemis;
And yet, though overcome in haplesse fight,
Shee triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

Her reliques Fulgent having gathered,
Fought with Severus, and him overthrew;
Yet in the chace was slaine of them that fled;
So made them victors whome he did subdew.
Then gan Carausius tirannize anew,
And gainst the Romanes bent their proper powre;
But him Allectus treacherously slew,
And tooke on him the robe of emperoure:
Nath'lesse the same enioyed but short happy howre;

For Asclepiodate him overcame,
And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,
Without or robe or rag to hide his shame:
Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne;
But shortly was by Coyll in batteill slaine:
Who after long debate, since Lucies tyme,
Was of the Britons first crownd soveraine:
Then gan this realme renew her passed prime:
He of his name Coylchester built of stone and lime.

Which when the Romanes heard, they hether sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whome king Coyll made an agreëment,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
Fayre Helena, the fairest living wight,
Who in all godly thewes and goodly praise
Did far excell, but was most famous hight
For skil in musicke of all in her daies,
As well in curious instruments as cunning laies:

Of whome he did great Consantine begett,
Who afterward was emperour of Rome;
To which whiles absent he his mind did sett,
Octavius here lept into his roome,
And it usurped by unrighteous doome:
But he his title justifide by might,
Slaying Traherne, and having overcome
The Romane legion in dreadfull fight:
So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd his right:

But, wanting yssew male, his daughter deare
He gave in wedlocke to Maximian,
And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
Who soone by meanes thereof the empire wan,
Till murdred by the freends of Gratian.
Then gan the Hunnes and Picts invade this land,
During the raigne of Maximinian;
Who dying left none heire them to withstand;
But that they overran all parts with easy hand.

The weary Britons, whose war-hable youth
Was by Maximian lately ledd away,
With wretched miseryes and woefull ruth
Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
And daily spectacle of sad decay:
Whome Romane warres, which now fowr hundred yeares
And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;
Til, by consent of commons and of peares,
They crownd the second Constantine with ioyous teares:

Who having oft in batteill vanquished
Those spoylefull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,
Long time in peace his realme established,
Yet oft annoyd with sondry bordragings
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein scatterlings
With which the world did in those dayes abound:
Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,
Which from Alcluid to Panwelt did that border bownd.

Three sonnes he dying left, all under age;
By meanes whereof their uncle Vortigere
Usurpt the crowne during their pupillage;
Which th' infants tutors gathering to feare,
Them closely into Armorick did beare:
For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
He sent to Germany straunge aid to reare;
From whence eftsoones arrived here three hoyes
Of Saxons, whom he for his safety imployes.

Two brethren were their capitayns, which hight
Hengist and Horsus, well approv'd in warre,
And both of them men of renowmed might;
Who making vantage of their civile iarre,
And of those forreyners which came from farre,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the realme ere long they stronger arre
Then they which sought at first their helping hand,
And Vortiger enforst the kingdome to aband.

But, by the helpe of Vortimere his sonne,
He is againe unto his rule restord;
And Hengist, seeming sad for that was donne,
Received is to grace and new accord,
Through his faire daughters face and flattring word.
Soone after which, three hundred lords he slew
Of British blood, all sitting at his bord;
Whose dolefull moniments, who list to rew,
Th' eternall marks of treason may at Stonheng vew.

By this the sonnes of Constantine, which fled,
Ambrose and Uther, did ripe yeares attayne,
And, here arriving, strongly challenged
The crowne which Vortiger did long detayne:
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slayne;
And Hengist eke soone brought to shamefull death.
Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did rayne,
Till that through poyson stopped was his breath;
So now entombed lies at Stoneheng by the heath.

After him Uther, which Pendragon hight,
Succeeding.—There abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other cesure right;
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
Or th' author selfe could not at least attend
To finish it: that so untimely breach
The prince himselfe halfe seemed to offend;
Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,
And wonder of antiquity long stopt his speach.

At last, quite ravisht with delight to heare
The royall ofspring of his native land,
Cryde out; "Deare countrey! O how dearely deare
Ought thy remembraunce and perpetuall band
Be to thy foster childe, that from thy hand
Did commun breath and nouriture receave!
How brutish is it not to understand
How much to her we owe, that all us gave;
That gave unto us all whatever good we have!"

But Guyon all this while his booke did read,
Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leasure so long leaves here to repeat:
It told how first Prometheus did create
A man, of many parts from beasts deryv'd,
And then stole fire from Heven to animate
His worke, for which he was by Iove depryv'd
Of life himselfe, and hart-strings of an aegle ryv'd.

That man so made he called Elfe, to weet
Quick, the first author of all Elfin kynd;
Who, wandring through the world with wearie feet,
Did in the gardins of Adonis fynd
A goodly creature, whom he deemd in mynd
To be no earthly wight, but either spright,
Or angell, th' authour of all woman kynd;
Therefore a Fay he her according hight, [right.
Of whom all Faryes spring, and fetch their lignage

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
And puissant kinges which all the world warrayd,
And to themselves all nations did subdew:
The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
Was Elfin; him all India obayd,
And all that now America men call:
Next him was noble Elfinan, who laid
Cleopolis foundation first of all:
But Elfiline enclosd it with a golden wall.

His sonne was Elfinell, who overcame
The wicked Gobbelines in bloody field:
But Elfant was of most renowmed fame,
Who all of christall did Panthea build:
Then Elfar, who two brethren gyaunts kild,
The one of which had two heades, th' other three:
Then Elfinor, who was in magick skild;
He biuilt by art upon the glassy see [to be.
A bridge of bras, whose sound Hevens thunder seem'd

He left three sonnes, the which in order rayned,
And all their ofspring, in their dew descents;
Even seven hundred princes, which maintaynd
With mightie deedes their sondry governments;
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall:
Yet should they be most famous moniments,
And brave ensample, both of martiall
And civil rule, to kinges and states imperiall.

After all these Elficleos did rayne,
The wise Elficleos in great maiestie,
Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
And with rich spoyles and famous victorie
Did high advaunce the crowne of Faëry:
He left two sonnes, of which faire Elferon,
The eldest brother, did untimely dy;
Whose emptie place the mightie Oberon
Doubly supplide, in spousall and dominion.

Great was his power and glorie over all
Which, him before, that sacred seate did fill,
That yet remaines his wide memoriall:
He dying left the fairest Tanaquill,
Him to succeede therein, by his last will:
Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flowre:
Long mayst thou, Glorian, live in glory and great powre!

Beguyld thus with delight of novelties,
And naturall desire of countryes state,
So long they redd in these antiquities,
That how the time was fled they quite forgate;
Till gentle Alma, seeing it so late,
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
To thinke how supper did them long awaite:
So halfe unwilling from their bookes them brought,
And fayrely feasted as so noble knightes she ought.

CANTO XI.

The enimies of Temperaunce
Besiege her dwelling place;
Prince Arthure them repelles, and fowle
Maleger doth deface.

What warre so cruel, or what siege so sore,
As that, which strong affections doe apply
Against the forte of Reason evermore,
To bring the sowle into captivity!
Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage;
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Upon the partes, brought into their bondage:
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellenage.

But in a body which doth freely yeeld
His partes to Reasons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is setled there in sure establishment.
There Alma, like a virgin queene most bright,
Doth florish in all beautie excellent;
And to her guestes doth bounteous banket dight,
Attempred goodly well for health and for delight.

Early, before the Morne with cremosin ray
The windowes of bright Heaven opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning Day
Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,
Uprose sir Guyon in bright armour clad,
And to his purposd iourney him prepar'd:
With him the palmer eke in habit sad
Himselfe addrest to that adventure hard:
So to the rivers syde they both together far'd:

Where them awaited ready at the ford
The ferriman, as Alma had behight,
With his well-rigged bote: they goe abord,
And he eftsoones gan launch his barke forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
And fast the land behynd them fled away.
But let them pas, whiles winde and wether right
Doe serve their turnes: hore I a while must stay,
To see a cruell fight doen by the prince this day.

For, all so soone as Guyon thence was gon
Upon his voyage with his trustie guyde,
That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
That castle to assaile on every side,
And lay strong siege about it far and wyde.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did hyde;
So fowle and ugly, that exceeding feare
Their visages imprest, when they approched neare.

Them in twelve troupes their captein did dispart,
And round about in fittest steades did place,
Where each might best offend his proper part,
And his contrary obiect most deface,
As every one seemd meetest in that cace.
Seven of the same against the castle-gate
In strong entrenchments lie did closely place,
Which with incessaunt force and endlesse hate
They battred day and night, and entraunce did awate.

The other five, five sondry wayes he sett
Against the five great bulwarkes of that pyle,
And unto each a bulwarke did arrett,
T' assayle with open force or hidden guyle,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
They all that charge did fervently apply
With greedie malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery, [tery.
With which they dayly made most dreadfull bat-

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
Of fowle misshapen wightes, of which some were
Headed like owles, with beckes uncomely bent;
Others like dogs; others like gryphons dreare;
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare:
And every one of them had lynces eyes;
And every one did bow and arrowes beare:
All those were lawlesse Lustes, corrupt Envyes,
And covetous Aspects, all cruel enimyes.

Those same against the bulwarke of the *sight*
Did lay strong siege and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respitt day nor night;
But soone as Titan gan his head exault,
And soone againe as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engines they against it bent;
That is, each thing by which the eyes may fault:
But two then all more huge and violent,
Beautie and Money, they that bulwarke sorely rent.

The second bulwarke was the *hearing sence*,
Gainst which the second troupe dessignment makes;
Deformed creatures, in straunge difference:
Some having heads like harts, some like to snakes,
Some like wild bores late rouzd out of the brakes:
Slaunderous Reproches, and fowle Infamies,
Leasinges, Backbytinges, and vain-glorious Crakes,
Bad Counsels, Prayses, and false Flatteries:
All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

Likewise that same third fort, that is the *smell*,
Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd;
Whose hideous shapes were like to feendes of Hell,
Some like to houndes, some like to apes, dismayd;
Some, like to puttockes, all in plumes arayd;
All shap't according their conditions:
For, by those ugly formes, weren pourtrayd
Foolish Delights, and fond Abusions,
Which doe that sence besiege with light illusions.

And that fourth band which cruell battry bent
Against the fourth bulwarke, that is the *taste*,
Was, as the rest, a grysie rablement;
Some mouth'd like greedy oystriges; some faste
Like loathly toades; some fashioned in the waste
Like swine: for so deformd is Luxury,
Surfeat, Misdiet, and unthriftie Waste,
Vain Feastes, and ydle Superfluity:
All those this sences fort assayle incessantly.

But the fift troupe, most horrible of hew
And fierce of force, is dreadfull to report;
For some like snailes, some did like spyders shew,
And some like ugly urchins thick and short:
Cruelly they assayled that fift fort,
Armed with dartes of sensuall Delight,
With stinges of carnall Lust, and strong effort
Of feeling Pleasures, with which day and night
Against that same fift bulwarke they continued fight.

Thus these twelve troupes with dreadfull puissaunce
Against that castle restlesse siege did lay,
And evermore their hideous ordinaunce
Upon the bulwarkes cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten neare decay:
And evermore their wicked capitayn
Provoked them the breaches to assay, [gayn,
Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope of
Which by the ransack of that peece they should attayn.

On th' other side, th' assieged castles ward
Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
And many bold repulse and many hard
Atchievement wrought, with perill and with payne,
That goodly frame from ruin to sustaine:
And those two brethren gyauntes did defend
The walls so stoutly with their sturdie mayne,
That never entraunce any durst pretend, [send.
But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did

The noble virgin, ladie of the place,
Was much dismayed with that dreadful sight,
(For never was she in so evill cace)
Till that the prince, seeing her wofull plight,
Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
Offring his service and his dearest life
For her defence against that carle to fight,
Which was their chiefe and th' authour of that strife:
She him remercied as the patrone of her life.

Eftsoones himselfe in glitterand armes he dight,
And his well proved weapons to him hent;
So taking courteous congé, he behight
Those gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went.
Fayre mote he thee, the prowest and most gent,
That ever brandished bright steele on hye!
Whom soone as that unruly rablement
With his gay squyre issewing did espye,
They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry:

And therewithall attonce at him let fly
Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes of snow,
And round about him flocke impetuously,
Like a great water-flood, that tombling low
From the high mountaines, threates to overflow
With suddein fury all the fertile playne,
And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw
Adowne the streame, and all his vowes make vayne;
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustayne.

Upon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,
And with his sword disperst the raskall flockes,
Which fled asonder, and him fell before;
As withered leaves drop from their dryed stockes,
When the wroth western wind does reave their locks:
And underneath him his courageous steed,
The fierce Spumador, trode them downe like docks;
The fierce Spumador borne of heavenly seed;
Such as Laomedon of Phœbus race did breed.

Which suddeine horrour and confused cry
When as their capteine heard, in haste he yode
The cause to weet, and fault to remedy:
Upon a tygre swift and fierce he rode,
That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground:
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode;
But of such subtile substance and unsound,
That like a ghost he seem'd whose grave-clothes were unbound:

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,
And many arrowes under his right side,
All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and fethers bloody dide:
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide:
Those could he well direct and streight as line,
And bid them strike the marke which he had eyde:
Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine, [tine.
That mote recure their wounds; so inly they did

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke;
His body leane and meagre as a rake;
And skin all withered like a dryed rooke;
Thereto as cold and drery as a snake;
That seemd to tremble evermore and quake:
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake:
Upon his head he wore an helmet light, [sight:
Made of a dead mans skull, that seemd a ghastly

Maleger was his name: and after him
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked hags,
With hoary lockes all loose, and visage grim;
Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as swift on foot as chased stags;
And yet the one her other legge had lame,
Which with a staffe all full of litle snags
She did support, and lumpotence her name: [flame.
But th' other was Impatience armd with raging

Soone as the carle from far the prince espyde
Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,
His beast he felly prickt on either syde,
And his mischievous bow full readie bent,
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent:
But he was warie, and it warded well
Upon his shield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:
Then he another and another did expell.

Which to prevent, the prince his mortall speare
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
To be avenged of that shot whyleare:
But he was not so hardy to abide
That bitter stownd, but, turning quicke aside
His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare:
Whom to poursue, the infant after hide
So fast as his good courser could him beare;
But labour lost it was to weene approch him neare.

Far as the winged wind his tigre fled,
That vew of eye could scarce him overtake,
Ne scarse his feet on ground were seene to tred;
Through hils and dales he speedy way did make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,
And in his flight the villeine turn'd his face
(As wonts the Tartar by the Caspian lake,
Whenas the Russian him in fight does chace)
Unto his tygres taile, and shot at him apace.

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew;
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
That him his foe more fiercely should poursew:
But, when his uncouth manner he did vew,
He gan avize to follow him no more,
But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
Untill he quite had spent his perlous store, [more.
And then assayle him fresh, ere he could shift for

But that lame hag, still as abroad he strew
His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
And to him brought, fresh batteill to renew;
Which he espying cast her to restraine
From yielding succour to that cursed swaine,
And her attaching thought her hands to tye;
But, soone as him dismounted on the plaine
That other hag did far away espye
Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily;

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
Him backeward overthrew, and downe him stayd
With their rude handes and greysly graplement;
Till that the villein, coming to their ayd,
Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd:
Full litle wanted, but he had him slaine,
And of the battell balefull end had made,
Had not his gentle squire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reskew ere his bitter bane.

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
So feeble is mans state, and life unsound,
That in assurraunce it may never stand,
Til it dissolved be from earthly band!
Proofe be thou, prince, the prowest man alyve,
And noblest borne of all in Briton land;
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearely drive,
That, had not Grace thee blest, thou shouldest not survive.

The squyre arriving, fiercely in his armes
Snatcht first the one, and then the other jade,
His chiefest letts and authors of his harmes,
And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
Least that his lord they should behinde invade;
The whiles the prince, prickt with reprochful shame,
As one awakte out of long slombring shade,
Revivyng thought of glory and of fame,
Unitd all his powres to purge himselfe from blame,

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long bene underkept and down suppresst,
With murmurous disdayne doth inly rave,
And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
At last breakes forth with furious unrest,
And strives to mount unto his native seat;
All that did earst it hinder and molest,
Yt now devoures with flames and scorching heat,
And carries into smoake with rage and horror great;

So mightely the Briton prince him rouzd
Out of his holde, and broke his craytive bands;
And as a beare, whom angry curres have touzd,
Having off-shakt them and escapt their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads down and overthrowes. Now had the earle
Alighted from his tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,
To seize upon his foe flatt lying on the marle.

Which now him turnd to disavantage deare;
For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
But trust unto his strength and manhood meare,
Sith now he is far from his monstrous swarme,
And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
The knight, yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
Fiercely advaunst his valorous right arme,
And him so sore smott with his yron mace,
That groveling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

Wel weened hee that field was then his owne,
And all his labor brought to happy end;
When suddein up the villeine overthrowne
Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,
And gan himselfe to second battaill bend,
As hurt he had not beene. Thereby there lay
An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,
And had not bene removed many a day; [way:
Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe of sundry

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
To shonne the engin of his meant decay;
It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
But grownd he gave, and lightly lept areare:
Eft fierce retourning, as a faulcon fayre,
That once hath failed of her souse full neare,
Remounts againe into the open ayre,
And unto better fortune doth herselfe prepayre:

So brave retourning, with his brandisht blade,
He to the earle himselfe agayn addrest,
And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
An open passage through his riven brest,
That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest;
Which drawing backe, he looked evermore
When the hart blood should gush out of his chest,
Or his dead corse should fall upon the flore;
But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathëmore:

Ne drop of blood appeared shed to bee,
All were the wownd so wide and wonderous
That through his carcas one might playnly see.
Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,
Again through both the sides he strooke him quight,
That made his spright to grone full piteous;
Yet nathëmore forth fled his groning spright,
But freshly, as at first, prepard himselfe to fight.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his hart apall:
Ne wist he what to thinke of that same sight,
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all:
He doubted least it were some magicall
Illusion that did beguile his sense,
Or wandring ghost that wanted funerall,
Or aery spirite under false pretence,
Or hellish feend rayst up through divelish science.

His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
And oft of error did himselfe appeach:
Flesh without blood, a person without spright,
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
That could not die, yet seemd a mortall wight,
That was most strong in most infirmitee;
Like did he never heare, like did he never see.

Awhile he stood in this astonishment,
Yet would he not for all his great dismay
Give over to effect his first intent,
And th' utmost meanes of victory assay,
Or th' utmost yssew of his owne decay.
His owne good sword Mordure, that never fayld
At need till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright shield that nought him now avayld;
And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

Twixt his two mighty armes him up he snatcht,
And crusht his carcas so against his brest,
That the disdainfull sowle he thence dispatcht,
And th' ydle breath all utterly exprest:
Tho, when he felt him dead, adowne he kest
The lumpish corse unto the senceless grownd;
Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,
That backe againe it did alofte rebownd,
And gave against his mother Earth a gronefull sownd.

As when Joves harnesse-bearing bird from hye
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdayne,
The stone-dead quarrey falls so forciblye,
That it rebownds against the lowly playne,
A second fall redoubling backe agayne.
Then thought the prince all peril sure was past,
And that he victor onely did remayne;
No sooner thought, then that the earle as fast
Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down was cast.

Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amazed knight,
And thought his labor lost, and travell vayne,
Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight:
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty mayne,
That, whiles he marveild still, did still him payne;
Forthy he gan some other wayes advize,
How to take life from that dead-living swayne,
Whom still he marked freshly to arize [reprize.
From th' Earth, and from her womb new spirits to

He then remembred well, that had bene sayd,
How th' Earth his mother was, and first him bore;
She eke, so often as his life decayd,
Did life with usury to him restore,
And reysd him up much stronger then before,
So soone as he unto her wombe did fall:
Therefore to grownd he would him cast no more,
Ne him committ to grave terrestriall,
But beare him farre from hope of succour usuall.

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
And having scruzd out of his carrion corse
The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull bands,
Upon his shoulders carried him perforse
Above three furlongs, taking his full course,
Until he came unto a standing lake;
Him thereinto he threw without remorse,
Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake: [make.
So end of that earles dayes and his owne paynes did

Which when those wicked hags from far did spye,
Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands;
And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling crye,
Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
And having quencht her burning fier-brands,
Hedlong herselfe did cast into that lake:
But Impotence with her owne wilfull hands
One of Malegers cursed darts did take, [make.
So ryv'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did

Thus now alone he conquerour remaines:
Tho, cumming to his squyre that kept his steed,
Thought to have mounted; but his feeble vaines
Him faild thereto, and served not his need, [bleed,
Through losse of blood which from his wounds did
That he began to faint, and life decay:
But his good squyre, him helping up with speed,
With stedfast hand upon his horse did stay,
And led him to the castle by the beaten way.

Where many groomes and squiors ready were
To take him from his steed full tenderly;
And eke the fayrest Alma mett him there
With balme, and wine, and costly spicery,
To comfort him in his infirmity:
Eftesoones she causd him up to be convayd,
And of his armes despoyled easily
In sumptuous bed shee made him to be layd;
And, al the while his wounds were dressing, by him stayd.

CANTO XII.

Guyon, by palmers governaunce,
Passing through perilles great,
Doth overthrow the Bowre of Blis,
And Acrasy defeat.

Now ginnes that goodly frame of Temperaunce
Fayrely to rise, and her adorned hed
To pricke of highest prayse forth to advaunce,
Formerly grounded and fast setteled
On firme foundation of true bountyhed:
And this brave knight, that for this vertue fightes,
Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,
Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delightes,
Mongst thousand dangers and ten thousand magick mights.

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,
Ne ought save perill, still as he did pas:
Tho, when appeared the third morrow bright
Upon the waves to spred her trembling light,
An hideous roring far away they heard,
That all their senses filled with affright;
And streight they saw the raging surges reard
Up to the skyes, that them of drowning made afteard.

Said then the boteman, "Palmer, stere aright,
And keepe an even course; for yonder way
We needes must pas (God doe us well acquight!)
That is the Gulfe of Greedinesse, they say,
That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray;
Which having swallowd up excessively,
He soone in vomit up againe doth lay,
And belcheth forth his superfluity,
That all the seas for feare doe seeme away to fly.

"On th' other syde an hideous rock is pight
Of mightie magnes stone, whose craggie clift
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
On whoso cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes
All passengers, that none from it can shift:
For, whiles they fly that gulfe's devouring jawes,
They on the rock are rent, and sunck in helples wawes."

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
Untill they nigh unto that gulfe arryve,
Whose streame more violent and greedy growes:
Then he with all his puissaunce doth stryve
To strike his oares, and mightily doth dryve
The hollow vessell through the threatfull wave;
Which, gaping wide to swallow them alyve,
In th' huge abysse of his engulfing grave, [rave.
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terrour

They, passing by, that grisely mouth did see
Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
That seemd more horrible than Hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare steepe
Through which the damned ghosts doen often creep
Backe to the world, bad livers to torment:
But nought that falles into this direfull deepe,
Ne that approcheth nigh the wyde descent,
May backe retourne, but is condemned to be dront.

On th' other side they saw that perilous rocke,
Threatning itselfe on them to ruinate,
On whose sharp cliftes the ribs of vessels broke;
And shivered ships, which had beene wrecked late,
Yet stuck with carcases exanimate
Of such, as having all their substance spent
In wanton joyes and lustes intemperate,
Did afterwardes make shipwrack violent
Both of their life and fame for ever fowly blent.

Forthy this hight the Rock of vile Reproch,
A daungerous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowle did once approch,
But yelling meawes, with seagulles hoars and bace,
And cormoyraunts, with birds of ravenous race,
Which still sat wayting on that wastfull clift
For spoile of wretches, whose unhappy cace,
After lost credit and consumed thrift,
At last them driven hath to this despairefull drift.

The palmer, seeing them in safetie past,
Thus saide; "Behold th' ensamples in our sightes
Of lustfull luxurie and thriftlesse wast!
What now is left of miserable wightes,
Which spent their looser daies in leud delightes,
But shame and sad reproch, here to be red
By these rent reliques speaking their ill plightes!
Let all that live hereby be counselled
To shunne Rock of Reproch, and it as death to dread!"

So forth they rowed; and that ferryman
With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubles dauncing all along,
Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
At last far off they many islandes spy
On every side floting the floodes among:
Then said the knight; "Lo! I the land descry;
Therefore, old syre, thy course doe thereunto apply."

"That may not bee," said then the ferryman,
"Least wee unweeting hap to be fordonne:
For those same islands, seeming now and than,
Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,
But straggling plots, which to and fro doe ronne
In the wide waters; therefore are they hight
The Wandring Islands: therefore doe them shonne;
For they have oft drawne many a wandring wight
Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight.

"Yet well they seeme to him, that fame doth vew,
Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd dispred
With grassy greene of delectable hew;
And the tall trees with leaves appareled
Are deckt with blossoms dyde in white and red,
That more the passengers thereto allure;
But whosoever once hath fastened
His foot therein, may never it recure,
But wandreth evermore uncertein and unsure.

"As th' isle of Delos whylome, men report,
Amid th' Aegaean sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certeine port,
Till that Latona travailing that way,
Flying from Iunoes wrath and hard assay,
Of her fayre twins was there delivered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
Thenceforth it firmly was established,
And for Apolloes temple highly herried."

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meete;
And passe on forward: so their way does ly,
That one of those same islands, which doe fleet
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
Which seemd so sweet and pleasaunt to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
Upon the banck they sitting did espy
A daintie damsell dressing of her heare,
By whom a little skippet floting did appeare.

She, them espying, loud to them can call,
Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore,
For she had cause to busie them withall;
And therewith lowdly laught: but nathemore
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
Which when she saw, she left her lockes undight,
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did drive with all her power and might.

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort
Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly;
Now faining dalliaunce and wanton sport,
Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodestly;
Till that the palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke for being loose and light:
Which not abiding, but more scornfully
Scoffing at him that did her iustly wite,
She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

That was the wanton Phaedria, which late
Did ferry him over the lake:
Whom nought regarding they kept on their gate,
And all her vaine allurements did forsake;
When them the wary boteman thus bespake;
"Here now behoveth us well to avyse,
And of our safety good heede to take;
For here before a perilous passage lyes,
Where many mermyds haunt making false melodies.

"But by the way there is a great quicksand,
And a whirlepoole of bidden icopardy;
Therefore, sir Palmer, keepe an even hand;
For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly."
Scarse had he saide, when hard at hand they spy
That quicksand nigh with water covered;
But by the checked wave they did descry
It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:
It called was the Quicksand of Unthriftyhed.

They, passing by, a goodly ship did see
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And bravely furnished as ship might bee,
Which through great disaventure, or mesprize,
Herselfe had ronne into that hazardize;
Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle
Labour'd in vaine to have recur'd their prize,
And the rich wares to save from pitteous spoyle;
But neither toyle nor traveill might her backe recoyle.

On th' other side they see that perilous poole,
That called was the Whirlepoole of Decay;
In which full many had with haplesse doole
Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay:
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
Like to a restlesse wheele, still ronning round,
Did covet, as they passed by that way,
To draw their bote within the utmost bound
Of his wide labyrinth, and them to have them dround,

But th' heedfull boteman strongly forth did stretch
His brawnie armes, and all his bodie straine,
That th' utmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
Whiles the dread daunger does behind remaine.
Suddeine they see from midst of all the maine
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea puft up with proud disdaine,
To swell above the measure of his guise,
As threatning to devoure all that his powre despise.

The waves come rolling, and the billowes rore
Outragiously, as they enraged were,
Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive before
His whirling charet for exceeding feare;
For not one puffe of winde there did appeare;
That all the three thereat waxe much afrayd,
Unweeting what such horrour straunge did reare.
Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd
Of huge sea-monsters, such as living sence dismayd;

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
Such as dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame, that ever should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped bee;
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
Spring-headed hydres; and sea-shouldring whales;
Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee;
Bright scolopendraes arm'd with silver scales;
Mighty monoceros with immeasured tayles;

The dreadful fish, that hath deserv'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew;
The griesly wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnes to pursew;
The horrible sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme;
Huge ziffius, whom mariners eschew
No lesse then rockes, as travellers informe;
And greedy rosmarines with visages deforme;

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise and hollow rombling rore
Came rushing, in the fomy waves enrold,
Which seem'd to fly for feare them to behold:
Ne wonder, if these did the knight appall;
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

" Feare nought," then saide the palmer well aviz'd,
" For these same monsters are not these in deed,
But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
By that same wicked witch, to worke us dreed,
And draw from on this iourney to proceed."
Tho, lifting up his vertuous staffe on hye,
He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
And all that dreadfull armie fast gan flye
Into great Tethys bosome, where they hidden lye.

Quit from that danger forth their course they kept;
And as they went they heard a ruefull cry
Of one that wayld and pittifully wept,
That through the sea th' resounding plaints did fly:
At last they in an island did espy
A seemely maiden, sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for succour called evermore.

Which Guyon hearing, streight his palmer bad
To stere the bote towards that dolefull mayd,
That he might know and ease her sorrow sad:
Who, him avizing better, to him sayd;
" Faire sir, be not displeasd if disobayd:
For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
For she is inly nothing ill apayd;
But onely womanish fine forgery,
Your stubborne hart t' affect with fraile infirmity:

" To which when she your courage hath inclind
Through foolish pitty, then her guilefull bayt
She will embosome deeper in your mind,
And for your ruine at the last awayt."
The knight was ruled, and the boteman strayt
Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,
Ne ever shronke, ne ever sought to bayt
His tyred armes for toylesome wearinesse;
But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernesse.

And now they nigh approched to the sted
Whereas those mermayds dwelt: it was a still
And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered
With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill;
On th' other side an high rocke toured still,
That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,
And did like an halfe theatre fulfill:
There those five sisters had continuall trade,
And usd to bath themselves in that deceiptfull shade.

They were faire ladies, till they fondly striv'd
With th' Heliconian maides for maystery;
Of whom they over-comen were depriv'd
Of their proud beautie, and th' one moyity
Transform'd to fish for their bold surquedry;
But th' upper halfe their hew retayned still,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
Which ever-after they abused to ill,
T' allure weake travellers, whom gotten they did kill.

So now to Guyon, as he passed by,
Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applyde;
" O thou fayre sonne of gentle Faëry,
That art in mightie armes most magnifyde
Above all knights that ever batteill tryde,
O turne thy rudder hetherward awhile:
Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde;
This is the port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worldes sweet in from paine and wearisome turmoyle."

With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,
In his big base them fitly answered;
And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft
A solemne meane unto them measured;
The whiles sweet Zephyrus lowd whisteled
His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony;
Which Guyons senses softly tickeled,
That he the boteman bad row easily,
And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

But him the palmer from that vanity
With temperate advice discounselled,
That they it past, and shortly gan descry
The land to which their course they levelled;
When suddeinly a grosse fog over spred
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And Heavens cheerefull face envoloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great universe seemd one confused mas.

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
How to direct theyr way in darkenes wide,
But feard to wander in that wastefull mist,
For tombling into mischiefe unespyde:
Worse is the daunger hidden then descride.
Suddeinly an innumerable flight
Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering cride,
And with their wicked wings them ofte did smight,
And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night:

Even all the nation of unfortunate
And fatall birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate;
The ill-faste owle, Deaths dreadfull messengere;
The hoars night-raven, trump of dolefull drere;
The lether-winged batt, dayes enimy;
The ruefull strich, still waiting on the bere;
The whistler shrill, that whoso heares doth dy;
The hellish harpyes, prophets of sad destiny:

All those, and all that els does horror breed,
About them flew, and fild their sayles with feare:
Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stifly steare;
Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
And the faire land itselfe did playnly show.
Said then the palmer; " Lo! where does appeare
The sacred soile where all our perills grow! [throw."
Therefore, sir Knight, your ready arms about you

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
The whiles the nimble bote so well her sped,
That with her crooked keele the land she strooke:
Then forth the noble Guyon sallied,
And his sage palmer that him governed;
But th' other by his bote behind did stay.
They marched fayrely forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmely armd for every hard assay,
With constancy and care, gainst daunger and dismay.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
As if that hungers poynt or Venus sting
Had them enraged with fell surquedry;
Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
Untill they came in vew of those wilde beasts,
Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their upstaring crests,
Ran towards to devoure those unexpected guests.

But, soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
The palmer over them his staffe upheld,
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:
Eftesoones their stubborne corages were queld,
And high advaunced crests downe meekely feld;
Instead of fraying they themselves did feare,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
All monsters to subdew to him that did it beare.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which caduceus whilome was made,
Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,
With which he wonts the Stygian realmes invade
Through ghastly horror and eternall shade;
Th' infernall feends with it he can assuage,
And Orcus tame, whome nothing can perswade,
And rule the Furyes when they most doe rage:
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this palmer sage.

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve
Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate;
A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
That natures worke by art can imitate:
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
Aswell their entred guestes to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin;
Nought feard their force that fortilage to win,
But Wisedomes powre, and Temperaunces might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
That seemd a worke of admirable witt;
And therein all the famous history
Of Iason and Medæa was ywritt;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt;
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt;
The wondred Argo, which in venturous peece
First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr of Greece.

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry
Under the ship as thorough them she went,
That seemd the waves were into yvory,
Or yvory into the waves were sent;
And otherwhere the snowy substaunce sprent
With vermell, like the boyes blood therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent;
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled [wed.
Yt seemd th' enchaunted flame, which did Creusa

All this and more might in that goodly gate
Be red, that ever open stood to all
Which thether came: but in the porch there sate
A comely personnge of stature tall,
And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall,
That traveilers to him seemd to entize;
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
Not fitt for speedy pace or manly exercize.

They in that place him Genius did call:
Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, perteines in charge particulare,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And straunge phantomes doth lett us ofte foresee,
And ofte of secret ills bids us beware:
That is our selfe, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee:

Therefore a god him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call:
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good envyes to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall
Through guilefull semblants, which he makes us see:
He of this gardin had the governall,
And Pleasures porter was devizd to bee,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

With divers flowres he daintily was deckt,
And strowed rownd about; and by his side
A mighty mazer bowle of wine was sett,
As if it had to him bene sacrifide;
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratyfide:
So did he eke sir Guyon passing by;
But he his ydle curtesie defide,
And overthrew his bowle disdainfully, [blants sly.
And broke his staffe, with which he charmed sem-

Thus being entred, they behold arownd
A large and spacious plaine, on every side
Strowed with pleasaunce; whose fayre grassy grownd
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne, [morne.
Whenforth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early

Thereto the Heavens alwayes joviall
Lookte on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall
Their tender buds or leaves to violate;
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the milde ayre with season moderate
Gently attempred, and disposd so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesom smell:

More sweet and holesome then the pleasaunt hill
Of Rhodope, on which the nimphe, that bore
A gyaunt babe, herselfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Thessalian tempe, where of yore
Fayre Daphne Phœbus hart with love did gore;
Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repayre,
Whenever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fayre;
Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote compayre.

Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspéct
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect;
But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
Bridling his will and maystering his might:
Till that he came unto another gate;
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping armes in wanton wreathings intricate:

So fashioned a porch with rare device,
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bounches hanging downe seemd to entice
All passers-by to taste their lushious wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered;
Some deepe empurpled as the hyacine,
Some as the rubine laughing sweetely red,
Some like faire emeraudes, not yet well ripened:

And them amongst some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art to beautify the rest,
Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,
That the weake boughes with so rich load opprest,
Did bow adowne as overburdened.
Under that porch a comely dame did rest
Clad in fayre weedes but fowle disordered,
And garments loose that seemd unmeet for womanhed:

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she scruzd with daintie breach
Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
That so faire winepresse made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she used to give to drinke to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise all straungers goodly so to greet.

So she to Guyon offred it to tast;
Who, taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond:
Whereat Excesse exceedingly was wroth,
Yet nought the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffered him to passe, all were she loth;
Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward goth.

There the most daintie paradise on ground
Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does others happinesse envye;
The painted flowres; the trees upshooting hye;
The dales for shade; the hilles for breathing space;
The trembling groves; the christall running by;
And, that which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude
And scorned partes were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonesse ensude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the others worke more beautify;
So differing both, in willes agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
This gardin to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on Earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious ymageree
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with lively iollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid joyes.

And over all of purest gold was spred
A trayle of yvie in his native hew;
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,
Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew:
Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew
Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to weep.

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a lake it seemd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with jaspar shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

And all the margent round about was sett
With shady laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames which on the billowes bett,
And those which therein bathed mote offend.
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde their dainty parts from vew of any which them eyed.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as over-maystered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remaine,
And each the other from to rise restraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the christall waves appeared plaine:
Then suddeinly both would themselves unhele,
And th' amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

As that faire starre, the messenger of morne,
His dewy face out of the sea doth reare:
Or as the Cyprian goddesse, newly borne
Of th' ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace;
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

The wanton maidens him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise;
Then th' one herselfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht that her a straunger did avise:
But th' other rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all, that might his melting hart entyse
To her delights, she unto him bewrayd;
The rest, hidd underneath, him more desirous made.

With that the other likewise up arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
Up in one knott, she low adowne did lose,
Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd arownd,
And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it no lesse faire was fownd:
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spyde the knight to slacke his pace
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton merriments they did encreace,
And to him beckned to approch more neare,
And shewd him many sights that corage cold could reare:

On which when gazing him the palmer saw,
He much rebukt those wandring eyes of hin,
And counseld well him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of Blis,
Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis;
When thus the palmer; "Now, sir, well avise;
For here the end of all our traveill is:
Here wonnes Acrasia, whom we must surprise,
Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise."

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner musicke that mote bee;
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonee; [agree:
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all

The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

There, whence that musick seemed heard to bee,
Was the faire witch herselfe now solacing
With a new lover, whom, through sorceree
And witchcraft, she from farre did thether bring:
There she had him now laid a slombering
In secret shade after long wanton joyes;
Whilst round about them pleasantly did sing
Many faire ladies and lascivious boyes,
That ever mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

And all that while right over him she hong
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight;
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewd.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay;
Ah! see, whoso fayre thing dost faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day!
Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestee,
That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may!
Lo! see soone after how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls away!

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre;
Ne more doth florish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a lady and many a paramowre!
Gather therefore the rose whilest yet is prime,
For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre:
Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time,
Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.

He ceast; and then gan all the quire of birdes
Their divers notes t' attune unto his lay,
As in approvaunce of his pleasing wordes.
The constant payre heard all that he did say,
Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way
Through many covert groves and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton lady with her lover lose,
Whose sleepie head she in her lap did soft dispose.

Upon a bed of roses she was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin;
And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
All in a veile of silke and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin;
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see [flee.
Of scorched deaw, do not in th' ayre more lightly

Her snowy brest was bare to ready spoyle
Of hungry eies, which n'ote therewith be fild;
And yet, through languour of her late sweet toyle,
Few drops, more cleare then nectar, forth distild,
That like pure orient perles adowne it trild;
And her faire eyes, sweet smyling in delight,
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild
Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light,
Which, sparkling on the silent waves, does seeme more bright.

The yong man, sleeping by her, seemd to be
Some goodly swayne of honorable place;
That certes it great pitty was to see
Him his nobility so fowle deface:
A sweet regard and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternesse, did appeare,
Yet sleeping, in his well-proportiond face;
And on his tender lips the downy heare
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms beare.

His warlike armes, the ydle instruments,
Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree;
And his brave shield, full of old moniments,
Was fowly ras't, that none the signes might see;
Ne for them ne for honour cared hee,
Ne ought that did to his advauncement tend;
But in lewd loves, and wastefull luxuree,
His dayes, his goods, his bodie, he did spend:
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

The noble Elfe and carefull palmer drew
So nigh them, minding nought but lustfull game,
That suddein forth they on them rusht, and threw
A subtile net, which only for that same
The skilfull palmer formally did frame:
So held them under fast; the whiles the rest
Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
The faire enchauntresse, so unwares opprest,
Tryde all her arts and all her sleights thence out to wrest.

And eke her lover strove; but all in vaine:
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distraine.
They tooke them both, and both them strongly bound
In captive bandes, which there they readie found:
But her in chaines of adamant he tyde;
For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound:
But Verdant (so he hight) he soone unlyde,
And counsell sage in stead thereof to him applyde.

But all those pleasaunt bowres, and pallace brave,
Guyon broke downe with rigour pitilesse;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse;
Their groves he feld; their gardins did deface;
Their arbors spoyle; their cabinets suppresse;
Their banket-houses burne; their buildings race;
And, of the fayrest late, now made the fowlest place.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,
Till they arrived where they lately had
Charm'd those wild beasts that rag'd with furie mad;
Which, now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;
But them the palmer soone did pacify.
Then Guyon askt, what meant those beastes which there did ly.

Sayd he; "These seeming beasts are men indeed,
Whom this enchauntresse hath transformed thus;
Whylome her lovers, which her lustes did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their mindes like monstruous."
"Sad end," quoth he, "of life intemperate,
And mourneful meed of joyes delicious!
But, palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returned be unto their former state."

Streightway he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
And streight of beastes they comely men became;
Yet being men they did unmanly looke,
And stared ghastly; some for inward shame,
And some for wrath to see their captive dame:
But one above the rest in speciall
That had an hog beene late, hight Grylle by name,
Repyned greatly, and did him miscall
That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

Saide Guyon; "See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soone forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth with vile difference
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence!"
To whom the palmer thus; "The donghill kinde
Delightes in filth and fowle incontinence:
Let Grylle be Grylle, and have his hoggish minde;
But let us hence depart whilest wether serves and winde."

THE

THIRDE BOOK

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY.

IT falls me here to write of Chastity,
That fayrest vertue, far above the rest:
For which what needs me fetch from Faëry
Forreine ensamples it to have exprest?
Sith it is shrined in my soveraines brest,
And formd so lively in each perfect part,
That to all ladies, which have it profest,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her hart;
If pourtrayd it might bee by any living art:

But living art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paynt:
All were it Zeuxis or Praxiteles,
His dædale hand would faile and greatly faynt,
And her perfections with his error taynt:
Ne poets witt, that passeth painter farre
In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,
So hard a workemanship adventure darre,
For fear through want of words her excellence to marre.

How then shall I, apprentice of the skill
That whilome in divinest wits did rayne,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my luckelesse lott doth me constrayne
Hereto perforce: but, O dredd soverayne,
Thus far forth pardon, sith that choicest witt
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure playne,
That I in colourd showes may shadow itt,
And antique praises unto present persons fitt.

But if in living colours, and right hew,
Thyselfe thou covet to see pictured,
Who can it doe more lively, or more trew,
Then that sweete verse, with nectar sprinckeled,
In which a gracious servaunt pictured
His Cynthia, his Heavens fayrest light?
That with his melting sweetnes ravished,
And with the wonder of her beamës bright,
My sences lulled are in slomber of delight.

But let that same delitious poet lend
A little leave unto a rusticke Muse
To sing his mistresse prayse; and let him mend,
If ought amis her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fayrest Cynthia refuse
In mirrours more then one herselfe to see;
But either Gloriana let her chuse,
Or in Belphœbe fashioned to bee;
In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare chastitee.

CANTO I.

Guyon encountreth Britomart:
Fayre Florimell is chaced:
Duessaes traines and Malecastaes champions are defaced.

THE famous Briton prince and Faëry knight,
After long ways and perilous paines endur'd,
Having their weary limbes to perfect plight
Restord, and sory wounds right well recur'd,
Of the faire Alma greatly were procur'd
To make there lenger soiourne and abode;
But, when thereto they might not be allur'd
From seeking praise and deeds of armes abrode,
They courteous congé tooke, and forth together yode.

But the captiv'd Acrasia he sent,
Because of travcill long, a nigher way,
With a strong gard, all reskew to prevent,
And her to Faery court safe to convay;
That her for witnes of his hard assay
Unto his Faery queene he might present:
But he himselfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment,
And seek adventures, as he with prince Arthure went

Long so they traveiled through wastefull wayes,
Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
To hunt for glory and renowmed prayse:
Full many countreyes they did overronne,
From the uprising to the setting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieve;
Of all the which they honour ever wonne,
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieve,
And to recover right for such as wrong did grieve.

At last, as through an open plaine they yode,
They spide a knight that towards pricked fayre;
And him beside an aged squire there rode,
That seemd to couch under his shield threesquare,
As if that age badd him that burden spare,
And yield it those that stouter could it wield:
He, them espying, gan himselfe prepare,
And on his arme addresse his goodly shield
That bore a lion passant in a golden field.

Which seeing, good sir Guyon deare benought
The prince, of grace, to let him ronne that turne.
He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught
His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne
His fomy steed, whose fiery feete did burne
The verdant gras as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other backe his foote returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadful speare against the others head.

They beene ymett, and both theyr points arriv'd;
But Guyon drove so furious and fell,
That seemd both shield and plate it would have riv'd;
Nathelesse it bore his foe not from his sell,
But made him stagger, as he were not well:
But Guyon selfe, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell;
Yet in his fall so well himselfe he bare, [spare.
That mischievous mischaunce his life and limbs did

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke;
For never yet, sith warlike armes he bore
And shivering speare in bloody field first shooke,
He fownd himselfe dishonored so sore.
Ah! gentlest knight, that ever armor bore,
Let not thee grieve dismounted to have beene,
And brought to grownd, that never wast before;
For not thy fault, but secret powre unseene;
That speare enchaunted was which layd thee on the greene!

But weenedst thou what wight thee overthrew,
Much greater griefe and shamefuller regrett
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
That of a single damzell thou wert mett
On equall plaine, and there so hard besett:
Even the famous Britomart it was,
Whom straunge adventure did from Britayne fett
To seeke her lover (love far sought alas!)
Whose image shee had seene in Venus looking-glas.

Full of disdainefull wrath, he fierce uprose
For to revenge that fowle reprochefull shame,
And snatching his bright sword began to close
With her on foot, and stoutly forward came;
Dye rather would he then endure that same.
Which when his palmer saw, he gan to feare
His toward perill, and untoward blame,
Which by that new rencounter he should reare;
For Death sate on the point of that enchaunted speare:

And hasting towards him gan fayre perswade
Not to provoke misfortune, nor to weene
His speares default to mend with cruell blade;
For by his mightie science he had seene
The secrete vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puissaunce mote not withstond:
Nothing on Earth mote alwaies happy beene!
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
To loose long-gotten honour with one evill hond.

By such good meanes he him discounselled
From prosecuting his revenging rage:
And eke the prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathfull will with reason to aswage;
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his starting steed that swarv'd asyde,
And to the ill purveyaunce of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmely tyde:
So is his angry corage fayrly pacifyde.

Thus reconcilement was betweene them knitt,
Through goodly temperaunce and affection chaste;
And either vowd with all their power and witt
To let not others honour be defaste
Of friend or foe, whoever it embaste,
Ne armes to bear against the others syde:
In which accord the prince was also plaste,
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde:
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

O, goodly usage of those antique tymes,
In which the sword was servaunt unto right;
When not for malice and contentious crymes,
But all for prayse, and proofe of manly might,
The martiall brood accustomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victory,
And yet the vanquished had no despight:
Let later age that noble use envy,
Vyle rancor to avoid and cruel surquedry!

Long they thus traveiled in friendly wise,
Through countreyes waste, and eke well edifyde,
Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
Their puissaunce, whylome full dernly tryde:
At length they came into a forest wyde,
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sownd
Full grisely seemd: therein they long did ryde,
Yet tract of living creature none they fownd,
Save beares, lyons, and buls, which romed them arownd.

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
Upon a milk-white palfrey all alone,
A goodly lady did foreby them rush,
Whose face did seeme as cleare as christall stone,
And eke, through feare, as white as whales bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,
Which fledd so fast that nothing mote him hold,
And scarse them leasure gave her passing to behold.

Still as she fledd her eye she backward threw,
As fearing evill that poursewd her fast;
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Loosely disperst with puff of every blast:
All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast
His hearie beames, and flaming lockes dispredd,
At sight whereof the people stand aghast;
But the sage wisard tells, as he has redd,
That it importunes death and dolefull dreryhedd.

So as they gazed after her awhyle,
Lo! whore a griesly foster forth did rush,
Breathing out beastly lust her to defyle:
His tyreling jade he fiersly forth did push
Through thicke and thin, both over banck and bush,
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
That from his gory sydes the blood did gush:
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in his clownish hand a sharp bore-speare he shooke.

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
Full of great envy and fell gealosy
They stayd not to avise who first should bee,
But all spurd after, fast as they mote fly,
To reskew her from shamefull villany.
The prince and Guyon equally bylive
Herselfe pursewd, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meede, the fairest dame alive:
But after the foule foster Timias did strive.

The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant mind
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reckt of ladies love, did stay behynd;
And them awayted there a certaine space,
To weet if they would turne backe to that place:
But, when she saw them gone, she forward went,
As lay her journey, through that perilous pace,
With stedfast corage and stout hardiment;
Ne evil thing she feard, ne evill thing she ment.

At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,
A stately castle far away she spyde,
To which her steps directly she did frame.
That castle was most goodly edifyde,
And plaste for pleasure nigh that forrest syde:
But faire before the gate a spatious playne,
Mantled with greene, itselfe did spredden wyde,
On which she saw six knights, that did darrayne
Fiers battaill against one with cruell might and mayne.

Mainely they all attonce upon him laid,
And sore beset on every side arownd,
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismaid,
Ne ever to them yielded foot of grownd,
All had he lost much blood through many a wownd;
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every way,
To which he turned in his wrathfull stownd,
Made them recoile, and fly from dredd decay,
That none of all the six before him durst assay:

Like dastard curres, that, having at a bay
The salvage beast embost in wearie chace,
Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,
Ne byte before, but rome from place to place
To get a snatch when turned is his face.
In such distresse and doubtfull ieopardy
When Britomart him saw, she ran apace
Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry
Badd those same six forbeare that single enimy.

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surceasse;
But, gathering him rownd about more neare,
Their direfull ruleour rather did encreasse;
Till that she rushing through the thickest preasse
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compelled to hearken unto peace:
Tho gan she myldly of them to inquyre
The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

Whereto that single knight did answere frame;
"These six would me enforce, by oddes of might,
To chaunge my liefe, and love another dame;
That death me liefer were then such despight,
So unto wrong to yield my wrested right:
For I love one, the truest one on grownd,
Ne list me chaunge; she th' Errant Damzell hight;
For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd
I have endurd, and tasted many a bloody wownd."

"Certes," said she, "then beene ye sixe to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to justify:
For knight to leave his lady were great shame
That faithfull is; and better were to dy.
All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
Then losse of love to him that loves but one:
Ne may Love be compeld by maistery;
For, soone as maistery comes, sweet Love anone
Taketh his nimble winges, and soone away is gone."

Then spake one of those six; "There dwelleth here
Within this castle-wall a lady fayre,
Whose soveraine beautie hath no living pere;
Thereto so bountcous and so debonayre,
That never any mote with her compayre:
She hath ordaind this law, which we approve,
That every knight which doth this way repayre,
In case he have no lady nor no love,
Shall doe unto her service, never to remove:

"But if he have a lady or a love,
Then must he her forgoe with fowle defame,
Or els with us by dint of sword approve,
That she is fairer then our fairest dame;
As did this knight, before ye hether came."
"Perdy," said Britomart, "the choise is haid!
But what reward had he that overcame?"
"He should advaunced bee to high regard,"
Said they, "and have our ladies love for his reward.

"Therefore aread, sir, if thou have a love."
"Love have I sure," quoth she, "but lady none;
Yet will I not fro mine owne love remove,
Ne to your lady will I service done,
But wreake your wronges wrought to this knight alone
And prove his chaise." With that her mortall speare
She mightily aventred towards one,
And downe him smot ere well aware he weare;
Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did beare.

Ne did she stay till three on ground she layd,
That none of them himselfe could reare againe:
The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
All were he wearie of his former paine;
That now there do but two of six remaine;
Which two did yield before she did them smight.
"Ah!" said she then, "now may ye all see plaine,
That Truth is strong, and trew Love most of might,
That for his trusty servaunts doth so strongly fight."

"Too well we see," saide they, "and prove too well
Our faulty weakenes, and your matchlesse might:
Forthy, faire sir, yours be the damozell,
Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
And we your liegemen faith unto you plight."
So underneath her feet their swords they mard,
And, after, hot besought, well as they might,
To enter in and reape the dew reward:
She graunted; and then in they all together fard.

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
And stately port of Castle Joyeous,
(For so that castle hight by common name)
Where they were entertayned with courteous
And comely glee of many gratious
Faire ladies, and of many a gentle knight;
Who, through a chamber long and spacious,
Eftsoones them brought unto their ladies sight,
That of them cleeped was the Lady of Delight.

But, for to tell the sumptuous aray
Of that great chamber, should be labour lost;
For living wit, I weene, cannot display
The roiall riches and exceeding cost
Of every pillour and of every post,
Which all of purest bullion framed were,
And with great perles and pretious stones embost;
That the bright glister of their beamës cleare
Did sparckle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

These stranger knights, through passing, forth were led
Into an inner rowme, whose royaltee
And rich purveyance might uneath be red;
Mote princes place beseeme so deckt to bee.
Which stately manner whenas they did see,
The image of superfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the state of meane degree,
They greatly wondred whence so sumptuous guize
Might be maintayned, and each gan diversely devize.

The wals were round about apparelled
With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure;
In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed
The love of Venus and her paramoure,
The fayre Adonis, turned to a flowre;
A worke of rare device and wondrous wit.
First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,
Which her assayd with many a fervent fit,
When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit:

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she
Entyst the boy, as well that art she knew,
And woued him her paramoure to bee;
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew;
Now leading him into a secret shade
From his beauperes, and from bright Heavens vew,
Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert glade:

And, whilst he slept, she over him would spred
Her mantle colour'd like the starry skyes,
And her soft arme lay underneath his hed,
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
And, whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes
She secretly would search each daintie lim,
And throw into the well sweet rosemaryes,
And fragrant violets, and paunces trim;
And ever with sweet nectar she did sprinkle him.

So did she steale his heedelesse hart away,
And joyd his love in secret unespyde:
But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
To hunt the salvage beast in forrest wyde,
Dreadfull of daunger that mote him betyde
She oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine
From chase of greater beastes, whose brutish pryde
Mote breede him scath unwares: but all in vaine;
For who can shun the chance that dest'ny doth ordaine?

Lo! where beyond he lyeth languishing,
Deadly engored of a great wilde bore;
And by his side the goddesse groveling
Makes for him endlesse mone, and evermore
With her soft garment wipes away the gore
Which staynes his snowy skin with hatefull hew:
But, when she saw no helpe might him restore,
Him to a dainty flowre she did transnew,
Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it lively grew.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize:
And rownd about it many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique worldës guize,
Some for untimely ease, some for delight,
As pleased them to use that use it might:
And all was full of damzels and of squyres,
Dauncing and reveling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres;
And Cupid still emongest them kindled lustfull fyres.

And all the while sweet musicke did divide
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony;
And all the while sweete birdes thereto applide
Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of love and jollity,
That wonder was to heare their trim consort.
Which when those knights beheld, with scornefull eye
They sdeigned such lascivious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

Thence they were brought to that great ladies vew,
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed
That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,
As the proud Persian queenes accustomed:
She seemd a woman of great bountihed
And of rare beautie, saving that askaunce
Her wanton eyes (ill signes of womanhed)
Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,
Without regard of grace or comely' amenaunce.

Long worke it were, and needlesse, to devize
Their goodly entertainement and great glee:
She caused them be led in courteous wize
Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,
And cheared well with wine and spiceree:
The Redcrosse knight was soon disarmed there;
But the brave mayd would not disarmed bee,
But onely vonted up her umbriere,
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

As when fayre Cynthia, in darkesome night,
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
Where she may finde the substance thin and light,
Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright hed
Discovers to the world discomfited;
Of the poore traveiler that went astray
With thousand blessings she is herièd:
Such was the beautie and the shining ray,
With which fayre Britomart gave light unto the day.

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmd, and did themselves present
Unto her vew, and company unsought;
For they all seemed courteous and gent,
And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,
Which had them trayned in all civilitee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;
Now were they liegmen to this ladie free,
And her knights-service ought, to hold of her in fee.

The first of them by name Gardantè hight,
A iolly person, and of comely vew;
The second was Parlantè, a bold knight;
And next to him locantè did ensew;
Basciantè did himselfe most courteous shew;
But fierce Bacchantè seemd too fell and keene;
And yett in armes Noctantè greater grew:
All were faire knights, and goodly well beseene;
But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes beene.

For shee was full of amiable grace
And manly terror mixed therewithall;
That as the one stird up affections bace,
So th' other did mens rash desires apall,
And hold them backe that would in error fall:
As hee that hath espide a vermeill rose,
To which sharp thornes and breres the way forstall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But, wishing it far off, his ydle wish doth lose.

Whom when the lady saw so faire a wight,
All ignorant of her contrary sex,
(For shee her weend a fresh and lusty knight)
Shee greatly gan enamoured to wex,
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:
Her fickle hart conceived hasty fyre,
Like sparkes of fire which fall in selender flex,
That shortly brent into extreme desyre,
And ransackt all her veines with passion entyre.

Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience,
And into termes of open outrage brust,
That plaine discovered her incontinence;
Ne reckt shee who her meaning did mistrust;
For she was given all to fleshly lust,
And poured forth in sensuall delight,
That all regard of shame she had discust,
And meet respect of honor put to flight:
So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathly sight.

Faire ladies, that to love captived arre,
And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,
Let not her fault your sweete affections marre;
Ne blott the bounty of all womankind
'Mongst thousands good, one wanton dame to find:
Emongst the roses grow some wicked weeds:
For this was not to love, but lust, inclind;
For love doesn't waies bring forth bounteous deeds,
And in each gentle hart desire of honor breeds.

Nought so of love this looser dame did skill,
But as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,
Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading under foote her honest name:
Such love is hate, and such desire is shame.
Still did she rove at her with crafty glaunce
Of her false eies, that at her hart did ayme,
And told her meaning in her countenaunce;
But Britomart dissembled it with ignoraunce.

Supper was shortly dight, and downe they satt;
Where they were served with all sumptuous fare,
Whiles fruitfull Ceres and Lyæus fatt
Poured out their plenty, without spight or spare;
Nought wanted there that dainty was and rare:
And aye the cups their bancks did overflow;
And aye betweene the cups she did prepare
Way to her love, and secret darts did throw;
But Britomart would not such guilfull message know.

So, when they slaked had the fervent heat
Of appetite with meates of every sort,
The lady did faire Britomart entreat
Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport
To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort:
But when shee mote not thereunto be wonne,
(For shee her sexe under that straunge purport
Did use to hide, and plaine apparaunce shonne)
In playner wise to tell her grievaunce she begonne;

And all attonce discovered her desire
With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, and piteous griefe,
The outward sparkes of her in-burning fire:
Which spent in vaine, at last she told her briefe,
That, but if she did lend her short reliefe
And doe her comfort, she mote algates dye.
But the chaste damzell, that had never priefe
Of such malengine and fine forgerye,
Did easely beleeve her strong extremitye.

Full easy was for her to have beliefe,
Who by self-feeling of her feeble sexe,
And by long triall of the inward griefe
Wherewith imperious love her hart did vexe,
Could iudge what paines doe loving harts perplexe.
Who means no guile, be guiled soonest shall,
And to faire semblaunce doth light faith annexe:
The bird, that knowes not the false fowlers call,
Into his hidden nett full easely doth fall.

Forthy she would not in discourteise wise
Scorne the faire offer of good will profest;
For great rebuke it is love to despise,
Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request;
But with faire countenaunce, as beseemed best,
Her entertaynd; nath'lesse shee inly deemd
Her love too light, to wooe a wandring guest;
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteemd [steemd.
That from like inward fire that outward smoke had

Therewith awhile she her flit fancy fedd,
Till she mote winne fit time for her desire;
But yet her wound still inward freshly bledd,
And through her bones the false instilled fire
Did spred itselfe, and venime close inspire.
Tho were the tables taken all away;
And every knight, and every gentle squire,
Gan choose his dame with *basciomani* gay, [play.
With whom he ment to make his sport and courtly

Some fell to daunce; some fell to hazardry;
Some to make love; some to make meryment;
As diverse witts to diverse things apply:
And all the while faire Malecasta bent
Her crafty engins to her close intent.
By this th' eternall lampes, wherewith high love
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove
Into the ocean deepe to drive their weary drove.

High time it seemed then for everie wight
Them to betake unto their kindly rest:
Eftesoones long waxen torches weren light
Unto their bowres to guyden every guest:
Tho, when the Britonesse saw all the rest
Avoided quite, she gan herselfe despoile,
And safe committ to her soft fethered nest;
Wher through long watch, and late daies weary toile,
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite assoile.

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe
Yshrowded was, and every mortall wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
Faire Malecasta, whose engrieved spright
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,
And, under the blacke vele of guilty night,
Her with a scarlott mantle covered
That was with gold and ermines faire enveloped.

Then panting softe, and trembling every ioynt,
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she mov'd,
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike maide, unwisely loov'd;
And, to her bed approching, first she proov'd
Whether she slept or wakte: with her softe hand
She softely felt if any member moov'd,
And lent her wary eare to understand
If any puffe of breath or signe of sence shee fond.

Which whenas none she fond, with easy shifte,
For feare least her unwares she should abrayd,
Th' embroder'd quilt she lightly up did lifte,
And by her side herselfe she softly layd,
Of every finest fingers touch affrayd;
Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake,
But inly sighd. At last the royall mayd
Out of her quiet slomber did awake,
And chaungd her weary side the better ease to take.

Where feeling one close couched by her side,
She lightly lept out of her filed bedd,
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride
The loathed leachour: but the dame, halfe dedd
Through suddeine feare and ghastly dreriheed
Did shrieke alowd, that through the hous it rong,
And the whole family therewith adredd
Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

And those sixe knightes, that ladies champions,
And eke the Redcrosse knight ran to the stownd,
Halfe armd and halfe unarmd, with them attons:
Where when confusedly they came, they fownd
Their lady lying on the sencelesse grownd:
On th' other side they saw the warlike mayd
Al in her snow-white smocke, with locks unbownd,
Threatning the point of her avenging blade;
That with so troublous terror they were all dismayd.

About their ladye first they flockt arownd;
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frosen swownd;
And afterwardes they gan with fowle reproch
To stirre up strife, and troublous contecke broch:
But, by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approch,
Ne in so glorious spoile themselves embosse:
Her succourd eke the champion of the bloody crosse.

But one of those sixe knights, Gardante hight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent with felonous despight
And fell intent against the virgin sheene:
The mortall steele stayd not till it' was seene
To gore her side; yet was the wound not deepe,
But lightly rased her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple blood thereout did weepe,
Which did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil steep.

Wherewith enrag'd she fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her layd,
That none of them foule mischiefe could eschew,
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:
Here, there, and every where, about her swayd
Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it abyde;
And eke the Redcrosse knight gave her good ayd,
Ay ioyning foot to foot, and syde to syde; [fyde.
That in short space their foes they have quite terri-

Tho, whenas all were put to shamefull flight,
The noble Britomartis her arayd,
And her bright armes about her body dight:
For nothing would she longer there be stayd,
Where so loose life, and so ungentle trade,
Was usd of knightes and ladies seeming gent:
So, earely, ere the grosse Earthes gryesy shade
Was all disperst out of the firmament, [went.
They tooke their steeds, and forth upon their iourney

CANTO II.

The Redcrosse knight to Britomart
Describeth Artegall:
The wondrous myrrhour, by which she
In love with him did fall.

Here have I cause in men iust blame to find,
That in their proper praise too partiall bee,
And not indifferent to woman kind,
To whom no share in armes and chivalree
They doe impart, ne maken memoree
Of their brave gestes and prowesse martiall:
Scarse do they spare to one, or two, or three,
Rowme in their writtes; yet the same writing small
Does all their deedes deface, and dims their glories all.

But by record of antique times I finde
That women wont in warres to beare most sway,
And to all great exploites themselves inclin'd,
Of which they still the girlond bore away;
Till envious men, fearing their rules decay,
Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty:
Yet, sith thee warlike armes have laide away,
They have exceld in artes and pollicy,
That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke t'envy.

Of warlike puissaunce in ages spent,
Be thou, faire Britomart, whose prayse I wryte;
But of all wisedom bee thou precedent,
O soveraine queene, whose prayse I would endyte,
Endite I would as dewtie doth exeyte;
But ah! my rymes too rude and rugged arre,
When in so high an object they doe lyte,
And, striving fit to make, I feare, doe marre:
Thyselfe thy prayses tell, and make them knowen farre.

She, traveiling with Guyon, by the way
Of sondry thinges faire purpose gan to find,
T'abridg their iourney long and lingring day:
Mongst which it fell into that Fairies mind
To make this Briton maid, what uncouth wind
Brought her into those partes, and what inquest
Made her dissemble her disguised kind:
Faire lady she him seemd like lady drest,
But fairest knight alive when armed was her brest.

Thereat she sighing softly had no powre
To speake awhile, ne ready answere make;
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
As if she had a fever fitt, did quake,
And every daintie limbe with horrour shake;
And ever and anone the rosy red
Flasht through her face, as it had beene a flake
Of lightning through bright Heven fulmined:
At last, the passion past, she thus him answered:

"Faire sir, I let you weete, that from the howre
I taken was from nourses tender pap,
I have been trained up in warlike stowre,
To tossen speare and shield, and to affrap
The warlike ryder to his most mishap;
Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,
As ladies wont, in Pleasures wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread;
Me lever were with point of foemans speare be dead.

"All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,
To hunt out perilles and adventures hard,
By sea, by land, whereso they may be mett,
Onely for honour and for high regard,
Without respect of richesse or reward:
For such intent into these partes I came,
Withouten compasse or withouten card,
Far fro my native soyle, that is by name
The Greater Brytayne, here to seeke for praise and fame.

"Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery lond
Doe many famous knightes and ladies wonne,
And many straunge adventures to bee fond,
Of which great worth and worship may be wonne:
Which to prove, I this voyage have begonne.
But mote I weet of you, right courteous knight,
Tydings of one that hath unto me donne
Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight,
The which I seek to wreake, and Arthegall he hight."

The worde gone out she backe againe would call,
As her repenting so to have missayd,
But that he, it uptaking ere the fall,
Her shortly answered; "Faire martiall mayd,
Certes ye misavised beene t' upbrayd
A gentle knight with so unknightly blame:
For, weet ye well, of all that ever playd
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name.

"Forthy great wonder were it, if such shame
Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,
Or ever doe that mote deserven blame:
The noble corage never weeneth ought
That may unworthy of itselfe be thought.
Therefore, faire damzell, be ye well aware,
Least that too farre ye have your sorrow sought:
You and your countrey both I wish welfare;
And honour both; for each of other worthy are."

The royall maid woxe inly wondrous glad,
To heare her love so highly magnifyde;
And ioyd that ever she affixed had
Her hart on knight so goodly glorifyde,
However finely she it faind to hide.
The loving mother, that nine monethes did beare
In the deare closett of her painefull syde
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
Doth not so much reioyce as she reioyced theare.

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke,
And thus replyde; "However, sir, ye fyle
Your courteous tongue his prayses to compyle,
It ill beseemes a knight of gentle sort,
Such as ye have him boasted, to beguyle
A simple maide, and worke so hainous tort,
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

"Let bee therefore my vengeaunce to disswade,
And read, where I that faytour false may find."
"Ah! but if reason faire might you perswade
To slake your wrath, and mollify your mind,"
Said he, "perhaps ye should it better find:
For hardie thing it is, to weene by might
That man to hard conditions to bind;
Or ever hope to match in equall fight,
Whose prowesse paragone saw never living wight.

"Ne soothlich is it easie for to read
Where now on Earth, or how, he may be fownd;
For he ne wonneth in one certeine stead,
But restlesse walketh all the world arownd,
Ay doing thinges that to his fame redownd,
Defending ladies cause and orphans right,
Whereso he heares that any doth confownd
Them comfortlesse through tyranny or might;
So is his soveraine honour raisde to Hevens hight."

His feeling wordes her feeble sence much pleased,
And softly sunck into her molten hart:
Hart, that is inly hurt, is greatly eased
With hope of thing that may allegge his smart;
For pleasing wordes are like to magick art,
That doth the charmed snake in slomber lay:
Such secrete ease felt gentle Britomart,
Yet list the same efforce with faind gainesay;
(So dischord ofte in musick makes the sweeter lay;)

And sayd; "Sir Knight, these ydle termes forbeare;
And, sith it is uneath to find his haunt,
Tell me some markes by which he may appeare,
If chaunce I him encounter paravaunt;
For perdy one shall other slay, or daunt:
What shape, what shield, what armes, what steed, what stedd,
And whatso else his person most may vaunt?"
All which the Redcrosse knight to point ared,
And him in everie part before her fashioned.

Yet him in everie part before she knew,
However list her now her knowledge fayne;
Sith him whylome in Britayne she did vew,
To her revealed in a mirrhour playne;
Whereof did grow her first engraffed payne,
Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,
That, but the fruit more sweetnes did contayne,
Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote waste,
And yield the pray of love to lothsome death at last.

By straunge occasion she did him behold,
And much more straungely gan to love his sight,
As it in bookes hath written beene of old.
In Deheubarth, that now South-Wales is hight,
What time king Ryence raign'd and dealed right,
The great magitien Merlin had deviz'd,
By his deepe science and Hell-dreaded might,
A looking-glasse, right wondrously aguiz'd,
Whose vertues through the wyde worlde soone were solemniz'd.

It vertue had to shew in perfect sight
Whatever thing was in the world contaynd,
Betwixt the lowest Earth and Hevens hight,
So that it to the looker appertaynd:
Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,
Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;
Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,
Like to the world itselfe, and seemd a world of glas.

Who wonders not, that reades so wonderous worke?
But who does wonder, that has red the towre
Wherein th' Aegyptian Phao long did lurke
From all mens vew, that none might her discoure,
Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?
Great Ptolomee it for his lemans sake
Ybuilded all of glasse, by magicke powre,
And also it impregnable did make;
Yet, when his love was false, he with a peaze it brake.

Such was the glassy globe that Merlin made,
And gave unto king Ryence for his gard,
That never foes his kingdome might invade,
But he it knew at home before he hard
Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd:
It was a famous present for a prince,
And worthy worke of infinite reward,
That treasons could bewray, and foes convince:
Happy this realme, had it remayned ever since!

One day it fortuned fayre Britomart
Into her fathers closet to repayre;
For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,
Being his onely daughter and his hayre;
Where when she had espyde that mirrour fayre,
Herselfe awhile therein she vewd in vaine:
Tho, her avizing of the vertues rare
Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
Her to bethinke of that mote to herselfe pertaine.

But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts
Imperious Love hath highest set his throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:
So thought this mayd (as maydens use to done)
Whom fortune for her husband would allot;
Not that she lusted after any one,
For she was pure from blame of sinfull blott;
Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same knot.

Eftsoones there was presented to her eye
A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,
Through whose bright ventayle lifted up on hye
His manly face, that did his foes agrize
And frends to termes of gentle truce entize,
Lookt foorth, as Phœbus fayth out of the east
Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth arize:
Portly his person was, and much increast
Through his heroicke grace and honorable gest.

His crest was covered with a couchant hownd,
And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
But wondrous massy and assured sownd,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was, with cyphers old,
Achilles armes which Arthegall did win:
And on his shield enveloped sevenfold
He bore a crowned little ermilin, [skin.
That deckt the azure field with her fayre pouldred

The damzell well did vew his personage,
And liked well; ne further fastned not,
But went her way; ne her unguilty age
Did weene, unwares, that her unlucky lot
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot:
Of hurt unwist most daunger doth redound:
But the false archer, which that arrow shot
So slyly that she did not feele the wound, [stound.
Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse wofull

Thenceforth the fether in her lofty crest,
Ruffed of Love, gan lowly to availe;
And her prowd portaunce and her princely gest,
With which she earst tryumphed, now did quaile:
Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies fraile,
She woxe; yet wist she nether how, nor why;
She wist not, silly mayd, what she did aile,
Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy;
Yet thought it was not love, but some melancholy.

So soone as Night had with her pallid hew
Defaste the beautie of the shyning skye,
And refte from men the worldes desired vew,
She with her nourse adowne to sleepe did lye;
But sleepe full far away from her did fly:
Instead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe
Kept watch and ward about her warily;
That nought she did but wayle, and often steepe
Her dainty couch with teares which closely she did weepe.

And if that any drop of slombring rest
Did chaunce to still into her weary spright,
When feeble nature felt herselfe oppresst,
Streightway with dreames, and with fantastick sight
Of dreadfull things, the same was put to flight;
That oft out of her bed she did astart,
As one with vew of ghastly feends affright:
Tho gan she to renew her former smart,
And thinke of that fayre visage written in her hart.

One night, when she was tost with such unrest,
Her aged nourse, whose name was Glaucè hight,
Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
And downe againe in her warme bed her dight:
"Ah! my deare daughter, ah! my dearest dread,
What uncouth fit," sayd she, "what evill plight
Hath thee opprest, and with sad drearyhead [dead?
Chaunged thy lively cheare, and living made thee

"For not of nought these suddein ghastly feares
All night afflict thy naturall repose;
And all the day, whenas thine equall peares
Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,
Thou in dull corners doest thyselfe inclose;
Ne tastest princes pleasures, ne doest spred
Abroad thy fresh youths fayrest flowre, but lose
Both leafe and fruite, both too untimely shed,
As one in wilfull bale for ever buried.

"The time that mortall men their weary cares
Do lay away, and all wilde beasts do rest,
And every river eke his course forbeares,
Then doth this wicked evill thee infest,
And rive with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest:
Like an huge Aetn' of deepe inguilfed grefe,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
Whence foorth it breakes in sighes and griefull rife,
As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused stryfe.

" Ay me! how much I feare least love it bee!
But if that love it be, as sure I read
By knowen signes and passions which I see,
Be it worthy of thy race and royall sead,
Then I avow, by this most sacred head
Of my dear foster childe, to ease thy griefe
And win thy will: therefore away doe dread;
For death nor daunger from thy dew reliefe
Shall me debarre: tell me therefore, my liefest liefe!"

So having sayd, her twixt her armes twaine
Shee streightly straynd, and colled tenderly;
And every trembling joynt and every vaine
Shee softly felt, and rubbed busily,
To doe the frosen cold away to fly;
And her faire deawy eies with kisses deare
Shee ofte did bathe, and ofte againe did dry;
And ever her importund not to feare
To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.

The damzell pauzd; and then thus fearfully;
" Ah! nurse, what needeth thee to eke my payne?
Is not enough that I alone doe dye,
But it must doubled bee with death of twaine?
For nought for me but death there doth remaine!"
" O daughter deare," said she, " despeire no whit;
For never sore but might a salve obtaine:
That blinded god, which hath ye blindly smit,
Another arrow hath your lovers hart to hit."

" But mine is not," quoth she, " like other wownd;
For which no reason can finde remedy."
" Was never such, but mote the like be fownd,"
Said she; " and though no reason may apply
Salve to your sore, yet Love can higher stye
Then Reasons reach, and oft hath wonders donne."
" But neither god of love nor god of skye
Can doe," said she, " that which cannot be donne."
" Things oft impossible," quoth she, " seeme ere begonne."

" These idle wordes," said she, " doe nought aswage
My stubborne smart, but more annoiaunce breed:
For no, no usuall fire, no usuall rage
Yt is, O nourse, which on my life doth feed,
And sucks the blood which from my hart doth bleed.
But since thy faithfull zele lets me not hyde
My crime, (if crime it be) I will it reed.
Nor prince nor pere it is, whose love hath gryde
My feeble brest of late, and launched this wound wyde:

" Nor man it is, nor other living wight;
For then some hope I might unto me draw;
But th' only shade and semblant of a knight,
Whose shape or person yet I never saw,
Hath me subiected to Loves cruell law:
The same one day, as me misfortune led,
I in my fathers wondrous mirrbour saw,
And, pleased with that seeming goodlyhed,
Unwares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed:

" Sithens it hath infixed faster hold
Within my bleeding bowells, and so sore
Now rankleth in this same fraile fleshly mould)
That all mine entrailes flow with poisnous gore,
And th' vlcer groweth daily more and more;
Ne can my rumning sore finde remedee,
Other than my hard fortune to deplore,
And languish as the leafe falu from the tree,
Till death make one end of my daies and miseree!"

" Daughter," said she, " what need ye be dismayd?
Or why make ye such monster of your minde?
Of much more uncouth thing I was affrayd;
Of filthy lust, contrary unto kinde:
But this affection nothing straunge I finde;
For who with reason can you aye reprove
To love the semblaunt pleasing most your minde,
And yield your heart whence ye cannot remove?
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of Love.

" Not so th' Arabian Myrrhe did sett her mynd;
Nor so did Biblis spend her pining hart;
But lov'd their native flesh against al kynd,
And to their purpose used wicked art;
Yet playd Pasiphaë a more monstrous part,
That lov'd a bull, and learnd a beast to bee:
Such shamefull lustes who loathes not, which depart
From course of nature and of modestee? [pance,
Swete Love such lewdnes bands from his faire com-

" But thine, my deare, (welfare thy heart, my deare!)
Though straunge beginning had, yet fixed is
On one that worthy may perhaps appeare;
And certes seemes bestowed not amis:
Joy thereof have thou and eternall blis!"
With that, upleaning on her elbow weake,
Her alablaster brest she soft did kis,
Which all that while shee felt to pant and quake,
As it an earth-quake were: at last she thus bespake;

" Beldame, your words doe worke me litle ease;
For though my love be not so lewdly bent
As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpelesse griefe augment.
For they, howsever shamefull and unkinde,
Yet did possesse their horrible intent:
Short end of sorrowes they therby did finde;
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their minde.

" But wicked fortune mine, though minde be good,
Can have no end nor hope of my desire,
But feed on shadowes whiles I die for food,
And like a shadow wexe, whiles with entire
Affection I doe languish and expire.
I, fonder then Cephisus foolish chyld,
Who, having vewed in a fountaine shere
His face, was with the love thereof beguyld;
I, fonder, love a shade, the body far exyld."

" Nought like," quoth shee; " for that same wretched boy
Was of himselfe the ydle paramoure,
Both love and lover, without hope of joy;
For which he faded to a watry flowre.
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lov'st the shadow of a warlike knight;
No shadow, but a body hath in powre:
That body, wheresoever that it light,
May learned be by cyphers, or by magicke might.

" But if thou may with reason yet represse
The growing evill, ere it strength have gott,
And thee abandond wholy do possesse;
Against it strongly strive, and yield thee nott
Til thou in open fielde adowne be smott:
But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,
So that needs love or death must be thy lott,
Then I avow to thee, by wrong or right
To compas thy desire, and find that loved knight."

Her chearefull words much cheard the feeble spright
Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd
In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might;
And the old-woman carefully displayd
The clothes about her round with busy ayd;
So that at last a litle creeping sleepe
Surprizd her sence: shee, therewith well apayd,
The dronken lamp down in the oyl did steepe,
And sett her by to watch, and sett her by to weepe.

Earely, the morrow next, before that Day
His ioyous face did to the world revele,
They both uprose and tooke their ready way
Unto the church, their praiers to appele,
With great devotion, and with litle zele:
For the faire damzell from the holy herse
Her loye-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale;
And that old dame said many an idle verse,
Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to reverse.

Retourned home, the royall infant fell
Into her former fitt; for why? no powre
Nor guidaunce of herselfe in her did dwell.
But th' aged nourse, her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered rew, and savine, and the flowre
Of camphora, and calamint, and dill;
All which she in a earthen pot did poure,
And to the brim with coltwood did it fill,
And many drops of milk and blood through it did spill.

Then, taking thrise three heares from off her head,
Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
And round about the pots mouth bound the thread;
And, after having whispered a space
Certein sad words with hollow voice and bace,
Shee to the virgin sayd, thrise sayd she itt;
"Come, daughter, come; come, spit upon my face:
Spitt thrise upon me, thrise upon me spitt;
Th' uneven nomber for this busines is most fitt."

That sayd, her rownd about she from her turnd,
She turned her contrary to the Sunne;
Thrise she her turnd contrary, and returnd
All contrany; for she the right did shunne;
And ever what she did was streight undonne.
So thought she to undoe her daughter's love:
But love, that is in gentle brest begonne,
No ydle charmes so lightly may remove;
That well can witnesse, who by tryall it does prove.

Ne ought it mote the noble mayd avayle,
Ne slake the fury of her cruell flame,
But that shee still did waste, and still did wayle;
That, through long languour and hart-burning brame,
She shortly like a pyned ghost became
Which long hath waited by the Stygian strond:
That when old Glaucè saw, for feare lenst blame
Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,
She wist not how t' amend, nor how it to withstond.

CANTO III.

Merlin bewrayes to Britomart
The state of Arthegall:
And shews the famous progeny,
Which from them springen shall.

Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily
In living brests, ykindled first above
Emongst th' eternall spheres and lamping sky,
And thence pourd into men, which mon call Love;
Not that same, which doth base affections move
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame;
But that sweete fit that doth true beautie love,
And choseth Vertue for his dearest dame, [fame:
Whence spring all noble deeds and never-dying

Well did Antiquity a god thee deeme,
That over mortall mindes hast so great might,
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright:
The fatall purpose of divine foresight
Thou doest effect in destined descents,
Through deepe impression of thy secret might,
And stirredst up th' heroës high intents, [ments.
Which the late world admyres for wondrous mon-

But thy dredd dartes in none doe triumph more,
Ne braver proofe in any of thy powre
Shewd'st thou, then in this royall maid of yore,
Making her seeke an unknowne paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre:
From whose two loynes thou afterwardes did rayse
Most famous fruites of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the Earth have spredd their living prayse,
That Fame in tromp of gold eternally displayes.

Begin then, O my dearest sacred dame,
Daughter of Phœbus and of Memorye,
That doest ennoble with immortall name
The warlike worthies, from antiquitye,
In thy great volume of Eternitye;
Begin, O Clio, and recount from hence
My glorious soveraines goodly auncestrye,
Till that by dew degrees, and long protense,
Thou have it lastly brought unto her excellence.

Full many wayes within her troubled mind
Old Glaucè cast to cure this ladies griefe;
Full many wayes she sought, but none could find,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsel that is chiefe
And choicest med'cine for sick harts relicfe:
Forthy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
Least that it should her turne to fowle repriefe
And sore reproch, whenso her father deare
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare.

At last she her avisde, that he which made
That mirrhour, wherein the sicke damosell
So straungely vewed her straunge lovers shade,
To weet, the learned Merlin, well could tell
Under what coast of Heaven the man did dwell,
And by what means his love might best be wrought:
For, though beyond the Africk Ismaël
Or th' Indian Peru he ware, she thought
Him forth through infinite endevour to have sought.

Forthwith themselves disguising both in straunge
And base attyre, that none might them bewray,
To Maridunum, that is now by chaunge
Of name Cayr-Merdin cald, they tooke their way:
There the wise Merlin whylome wont (they say)
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
In a deepe delve, far from the vew of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found, [round,
Whenso he counseld with his sprights encompast

And, if thou ever happen that same way
To travell, go to see that dreadful place:
It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)
Under a rock that lyes a litle space
From the swift Barry, tombling downe apace
Emongst the woody hilles of Dynevowre:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace
To enter into that same balefull bowre, [vowre:
For fear the cruell feendes should thee unwares de-

But standing high aloft low lay thine eare,
And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines
And brasen caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines
Doe tosse, that it will stonn thy feeble braines;
And oftentimes great grones, and grievous stownds,
When too huge toile and labour them constraines;
And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing sowndes
From under that deepe rock most horribly rebowndes.

The cause, some say, is this: a litle whyle
Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend
A brasen wall in compas to compyle
About Cairmardin, and did it commend
Unto these sprights to bring to perfect end:
During which worke the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in hast did send;
Who, thereby forst his workemen to forsake, [slake.
Them bownd, till his retourne, their labour not to

In the meane time through that false ladies traine
He was surprisd, and buried under beare,
Ne ever to his worke returnd againe:
Nath'lesse those feends may not their work forbeare,
So greatly his commandëment they feare,
But there doe toyle and travcile day and night,
Untill that brasen wall they up doe reare:
For Merlin had in magick more insight
Then ever him before or after living wight:

For he by wordes could call out of the sky
Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obay;
The land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
And darksom night he eke could turne to day;
Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
And hostes of men of meanest thinges could frame,
Whenso him list his enimies to fray:
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The feendes do quake when any him to them does name.

And, sooth, men say that he was not the sonne
Of mortall syre or other living wight,
But wondrously begotten, and begonne
By false illusion of a guilefull spright
On a faire lady Nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
Who was the lord of Mathtraval by right,
And coosen unto king Ambrosius;
Whence he indued was with skill so marveilous.

They, here arriving, staid awhile without,
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new dout
For dread of daunger, which it might portend:
Untill the hardy mayd (with Love to frend)
First entering, the dreadfull mage there fownd
Deepe busied 'bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing straunge characters in the grownd,
With which the stubborne feendes he to his service bownd.

He nought was moved at their entraunce bold,
For of their comming well he wist afore;
Yet list them bid their businesse to unfold,
As if ought in this world in secrete store
Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore.
Then Glaucè thus; "Let not it thee offend,
That we thus rashly through thy darksom dore
Unwares have prest; for either fatall end,
Or other mightie cause, us two did hether send."

He bad tell on: and then she thus began; [plight
"Now have three Moones with borrowd brithers
Thrise shined faire, and thrise seemd dim and wan,
Sith a sore evill, which this virgin bright
Tormenteth and doth plonge in dolefull plight,
First rooting tooke; but what thing it mote bee,
Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright:
But this I read, that, but if remedee
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see."

Therewith th' enchaunter softly gan to smyle
At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well
That she to him dissembled womanish guyle,
And to her said; "Beldame, by that ye tell
More needs of leach-craft hath your damozell,
Then of my skill: who helpe may have elsewhere,
In vaine seekes wonders out of magick spell."
Th' old woman wox half blanck those wordes to heare;
And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare;

And to him said; "Yf any leaches skill,
Or other learned meanes, could have redrest
This my deare daughters deepe-engrafted ill,
Certes I should be loth thee to molest:
But this sad evill, which doth her infest,
Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,
And housed is within her hollow brest,
That either seemes some cursed witches deed,
Or evill spright, that in her doth such torment breed."

The wisard could no lenger beare her bord,
But, bursting forth in laughter, to her sayd;
"Glaucè, what needes this colourable word
To cloke the cause that hath itselfe bewrayd?
Ne ye, fayre Britomartis, thus arayd,
More hidden are then Sunne in cloudy vele;
Whom thy good fortune, having fate obayd,
Hath hether brought for succour to appele;
The which the powres to thee are pleased to revele."

The doubtfull mayd, seeing herselfe descryde,
Was all abasht, and her pure yvory
Into a cleare carnation suddein dyde;
As fayre Aurora, rysing hastily,
Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye
All night in old Tithonus frozen bed,
Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly:
But her olde nourse was nought dishartened,
But vauntage made of that which Merlin had ared;

And sayd; "Sith then thou knowest all our griefe,
(For what doest not thou know?) of grace I pray,
Pitty our playnt, and yield us meet reliefe!"
With that the prophet still awhile did stay,
And then his spirite thus gan foorth display;
"Most noble virgin, that by fatall lore
Hast learn'd to love, let no whit the dismay
The hard beginne that meetes thee in the dore,
And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppresseth sore:

"For so must all things excellent begin;
And eke enrooted deepe must be that tree,
Whose big embodied braunches shall not lin
Till they to Hevens hight forth stretched bee.
For from thy wombe a famous progenee
Shall spring out of the auncient Trojan blood,
Which shall revive the sleeping memoree
Of those same antique peres, the Hevens brood,
Which Greeke and Asian rivers stayned with their blood.

"Renowmed kings, and sacred emperours,
Thy fruitfull offspring, shall from thee descend;
Brave captaines, and most mighty warriours,
That shall their conquests through all lands extend,
And their decayed kingdomes shall amend:
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
They shall upreare, and mightily defend
Against their forren foe that commes from farre,
Till universall peace compound all civill iarre.

"It was not, Britomart, thy wandring eye
Glauncing unwares in charming looking-glas,
But the streight course of hevenly destiny,
Led with Eternall Providence, that has
Guyded thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas:
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To love the prowest knight that ever was:
Therefore submit thy wayes unto his will,
And doe, by all dew meanes, thy destiny fulfill."

"But read," saide Glauce, "thou magitian,
What meanes shall she out-seeke, or what waies take?
How shall she know, how shall she finde the man?
Or what needes her to toyle, sith fates can make
Way for themselves their purpose to pertake?"
Then Merlin thus; "Indeede the fates are firme,
And may not shrinck, though all the world do shake:
Yet ought mens good endevours them confirme,
And guyde the heavenly causes to their constant terme.

"The man, whom Heavens have ordayned to bee
The spouse of Britomart, is Arthegall:
He wonneth in the land of Fayëree,
Yet is no Fary borne, ne sib at all
To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
And whylome by false Faries stolne away,
Whyles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay.

"But sooth he is the sonne of Gorlois,
And brother unto Cador, Cornish king;
And for his warlike feates renowmed is,
From where the day out of the sea doth spring,
Untill the closure of the evening:
From thence him, firmely bound with faithfull band,
To this his native soyle thou backe shalt bring,
Strongly to ayde his countrey to withstand [land.
The powre of forreine Paynims which invade thy

"Great ayd thereto his mighty puissaunce
And dreaded name shall give in that sad day;
Where also proofe of thy prow valiaunce
Thou then shalt make, t'increase thy lover's pray:
Long time ye both in armes shall beare great sway,
Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
And his last fate him from thee take away;
Too rathe cut off by practise criminall
Of secrete foes, that him shall make in mischiefe fall.

"With thee yet shall he leave, for memory
Of his late puissaunce, his ymage dead,
That living him in all activity
To thee shall represent: he, from the head
Of his coosen Constantius, without dread
Shall take the crowne that was his fathers right,
And therewith crowne himselfe in th' others stead;
Then shall he issew forth with dreadfull might
Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

"Like as a lyon that in drowsie cave
Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake;
And, comming forth, shall spred his banner brave
Over the troubled south, that it shall make
The warlike Mortians for feare to quake:
Thrise shall he fight with them, and twise shall win:
But the third time shall fayre accordaunce make:
And, if he then with victorie can lin, [in,
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly

"His sonne, hight Vortipore, shall him succeede
In kingdome, but not in felicity:
Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
And with great honour many batteills try;
But at the last to th' importunity
Of froward fortune shall be forst to yield:
But his sonne Malgo shall full mightily
Avenge his fathers losse with speare and shield,
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

"Behold the man! and tell me, Britomart,
If any more goodly creature thou didst see?
How like a gyaunt in each manly part
Beares he himselfe with portly maiestee,
That one of th' old heroës seemes to bee!
He the six islands, comprovincial
In auncient times unto great Britainee,
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
Their sondry kings to do their homage severall.

"All which his sonne Careticus awhile
Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppresse;
Untill a straunger king, from unknowne soyle
Arriving, him with multitude oppresse;
Great Gormond, having with huge mightinesse
Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
Like a swift otter, fell through emptinesse,
Shall overswim the sea with many one
Of his Norveyses, to assist the Britons fone.

"He in his furie shall over-ronne,
And holy church with faithlesse handes deface,
That thy sad people, utterly fordonne,
Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace:
Was never so great waste in any place,
Nor so fowle outrage doon by living men;
For all thy cities they shall sacke and race,
And the greene grasse that groweth they shall bren,
That even the wilde beast shall dy in starved den.

" Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,
Proud Etheldred shall from the north arise,
Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,
And, passing Dee, with hardy enterprise
Shall backe repulse the valiaunt Brockwell twise,
And Bangor with massacred martyrs fill;
But the third time shall rew his fool-hardise:
For Cadwan, pittying his peoples ill,
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons kill.

" But, after him, Cadwallin mightily
On his sonne Edwin all those wrongs shall wreake;
Ne shall availe the wicked sorcery
Of false Pellite his purposes to breake,
But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleak
Shall give th' enchaunter his unhappy hire:
Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,
From their long vassailage gin to respire,
And on their Paynim foes avenge their wranckled ire.

" Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
Till both the sonnes of Edwin he have slayne,
Offricke and Osricke, twinnes unfortunate,
Both slaine in battayle upon Layburne playne,
Together with the king of Lonthiane,
Higint Adin, and the king of Orkeny,
Both ioynt partakers of their fatall payne:
But Penda, fearefull of like destiny,
Shall yield himselfe his liegeman, and sweare fealty:

" Him shall he make his fatall instrument
T' afflict the other Saxons unsubdewd:
He marcheth forth with fury insolent
Against the good king Oswald, who indewd
With heavenly powre, and by angels reskewd,
All holding crosses in their handes on hye,
Shall him defeate withouten blood imbrewd:
Of which that field for endlesse memory
Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posterity.

" Whereat Cadwallin wroth shall forth issew,
And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,
With which he godly Oswald shall subdew,
And crowned with martiredome his sacred head:
Whose brother Oswin, daunted with like dread,
With price of silver shall his kingdome buy;
And Penda, seeking him adowne to tread,
Shall tread adowne, and doe him fowly dye;
But shall with gifts bis lord Cadwallin pacify.

" Thon shall Cadwallin die; and then the raine
Of Britons eke with him attonce shall dye;
Ne shall the good Cadwallader, with paine
Or powre, be liable it to remedy,
When the full time, prefixt by destiny,
Shall be expird of Britons regiment:
For Heven itselfe shall their successe envy,
And them with plagues and murrins pestilent
Consume, till all their warlike puissaunce be spent.

" Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight yeares space,
Cadwallader, not yielding to his ills,
From Armoricke, where long in wretched cace
He liv'd, retourning to his native place,
Shal be by vision staide from his intent:
For th' Heavens have decreed to displace
The Britons for their sinnes dew punishment,
And to the Saxons over-give their government.

" Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,
Be to the Briton babe that shal be borne
To live in thraldome of his fathers foe!
Late king, now captive; late lord, now forlorne;
The worlds reproch; the cruell victors scorne;
Banisht from princely bowre to wasteful wood!
O! who shall helpe me to lament and mourne
The royall seed, the antique Trojan blood,
Whose empire longer here then ever any stood!"

The damzell was full deepe empassioned
Both for his griefe, and for her peoples sake,
Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned;
And, sighing sore, at length him thus bespake;
" Ah! but will Hevens fury never slake,
Nor vengeaunce huge relent itselfe at last?
Will not long misery late mercy make,
But shall their name for ever be defaste, [raste?"
And quite from off the Earth their memory be

" Nay but the terme," sayd he, " is limited,
That in this thraldome Britons shall abide;
And the just revolution measured
That they as strangers shal be notifide:
For twise fowre hundreth yeares shal be supplide,
Ere they to former rule restor'd shal bee,
And their importune fates all satisfide:
Yet, during this their most obscuritee,
Their beames shall oftebreake forth, that men them faire may see.

" For Rhodoricke, whose surname shal be Great,
Shall of himselfe a brave ensample shew,
That Saxon kings his friendship shall intreat;
And Howell Dha shall goodly well indow
The salvage minds with skill of just and trew:
Then Griffyth Conan also shall upreare
His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew
Of native corage, that his foes shall feare [beare.
Least back againe the kingdom he from them should

" Ne shall the Saxons selves all peaceably
Enioy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne
First ill, and after ruled wickedly:
For, ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,
There shall a raven, far from rising Sunne,
With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithlesse chickens overronne
The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty
In their avenge tread downe the victors surquedry.

" Yet shall a third both these and thine subdew:
There shall a lion from the sea-bord wood
Of Neustria come roring, with a crew
Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy blood,
That from the Daniske tyrants head shall rend
Th' usurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
And the spoile of the countrey conquered
Emongst his young ones shall divide with bountyhed.

" Tho, when the terme is full accomplishid,
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath longwhile
Bene in his ashes raked up and hid,
Be freshly kindled in the fruitfull ile
Of Mona, where it lurked in exile;
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the house that beares the stile
Of royall maiesty and soveraine name: [olame.
So shall the Briton blood their crowne againe re-

" Thenceforth eternall union shall be made
Betweene the nations different afore,
And sacred Peace shall lovingly persuade
The warlike minds to learne her goodly lore,
And civile armes to exercise no more:
Then shall the royall virgin raine, which shall
Stretch her white rod over the Belgicke shore,
And the great castle smite so sore withall, [fall.
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learn to

" But yet the end is not"—There Merlin stayd,
As overcomen of the spirites powre,
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet note discoure:
Which suddein fitt and halfe extatick stoure
When the two fearefull women saw, they grew
Greatly confused in behaveoure:
At last, the fury past, to former hew [shew.
Hee turnd againe, and chearfull looks as earst did

Then, when themselves they well instructed had
Of all that needed them to be inquird,
They both, conceiving hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts unto their home retird;
Where they in secret counsell close conspird,
How to effect so hard an enterprize,
And to possesse the purpose they desird:
Now this, now that, twixt them they did devize,
And diverse plots did frame to maske in strange disguise.

At last the nourse in her fool-hardy wit
Conceiv'd a bold devise, and thus bespake;
" Daughter, I deeme that counsel aye most fit,
That of the time doth dew advauntage take:
Ye see that good king Uther now doth make
Strong warre upon the Paynim brethren, hight
Octa and Oza, whome hee lately brake
Beside Cayr Verolame in victorious fight,
That now all Britany doth burne in armës bright.

" That therefore nought our passage may empeach,
Let us in feigned armes ourselves disguize, [teach
And our weake hands (need makes good schollers)
The dreadful speare and shield to exercize:
Ne certes, daughter, that same warlike wize,
I weene, would you misseeme; for ye beene tall
And large of limbe t' atchieve an hard enprize;
Ne ought ye want but skil, which practize small
Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd martiall.

" And, sooth, it ought your corage much inflame
To heare so often, in that royall hous,
From whence to none inferior ye came,
Bards tell of many wemen valorous,
Which have full many feats adventurous
Performd, in paragone of proudest men;
The bold Bunduca, whose victorious
Exployts made Rome to quake; stout Guendolen;
Renowmed Martia; and redoubted Emmilen;

" And, that which more then all the rest may sway,
Late dayes ensample, which these eies beheld:
In the last field before Menevia,
Which Uther with those forrein Pagans held,
I saw a Saxon virgin, the which feld
Great Ulfin thrise upon the bloody playne;
And, had not Carados her hand withheld
From rash revenge, she had him surely slayne;
Yet Carados himselfe from her escapt with payne."

" Ah! read," quoth Britomart, " how is she hight?"
" Fayre Angela," quoth she, " men do her call,
No whit lesse fayre then terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a martiall
And mightie people, dreaded more then all
The other Saxons, which doe, for her sake
And love, themselves of her name *Angles* call.
Therefore, faire infant, her ensample make
Unto thyselfe, and equall corage to thee take."

Her harty wordes so deepe into the mynd
Of the young damzell sunke, that great desire
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
And generous stout courage did inspyre,
That she resolv'd, unweeting to her syre,
Advent'rous knighthood on herselfe to don;
And counseld with her nourse her maides attyre
To turne into a massy habergeon;
And bad her all things put in readiness anon.

Th' old woman nought that needed did omit;
But all thinges did conveniently purvay.
It fortuned (so time their turne did fitt)
A band of Britons, ryding on forray
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods; emongst the which was seene
A goodly armour, and full rich aray,
Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon queene,
All fretted round with gold and goodly wel beseene.

The same, with all the other ornaments,
King Ryence caused to be hanged by
In his chiefe church, for endlesse moniments
Of his successe and gladfull victory:
Of which herselfe avising readily,
In th' evening late old Glaucè thether led
Faire Britomart, and, that same armory
Downe taking, her therein apparelled [nished.
Well as she might, and with brave bauldrick garBeside those armes there stood a mightie speare,
Which Bladud made by magick art of yore,
And usd the same in batteill aye to beare;
Sith which it had beene here preserv'd in store,
For his great virtues proved long afore:
For never wight so fast in sell could sit,
But him perforce unto the ground it bore:
Both speare she tooke and shield which hong by it;
Both speare and shield of great powre, for her purpose fit.

Thus when she had the virgin all arayd,
Another harnesse which did hang thereby
About herselfe she dight, that the yong mayd
She might in equall armes accompany,
And as her squyre attend her carefully:
Tho to their ready steedes they clombe full light;
And through back waies, that none might them espy,
Covered with secret cloud of silent night, [right.
Themselves they forth convaid, and passed forward

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond
They came; as Merlin them directed late:
Where, meeting with this Redcrosse knight, she fond
Of diverse thinges discourses to dilate,
But most of Arthegall and his estate.
At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part:
Then each to other, well affectionate,
Friendship professed, with unfained hart: [mart.
The Redcrosse knight diverst; but forth rode Brito-

CANTO IV.

Bold Marinell of Britomart
Is throwne on the Rich Strond:
Faire Florimell of Arthur is
Long followed, but not fond.

Where is the antique glory now become,
That whylome wont in wemen to appeare?
Where be the brave atchievements doen by some?
Where be the batteilles, where the shield and speare,
And all the conquests which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous poets verse,
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?
Beene they all dead, and laide in dolefull herse?
Or doen they only sleepe, and shall againe reverse?

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore;
But if they sleepe, O let them soone awake!
For all too long I burne with envy sore
To heare the warlike feates which Homere spake
Of bold Penthesilee, which made a lake
Of Greekish blood so ofte in Trojan plaine;
But when I reade, how stout Debora strake
Proud Sisera, and how Camill' hath slaine
The huge Orsilochus, I swell with great disdaine.

Yet these, and all that els had puissaunce,
Cannot with noble Britomart compare,
Aswell for glorie of great valiaunce,
As for pure chastitee and vertue rare,
That all her goodly deedes doe well declare.
Well worthie stock, from which the branches sprong
That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,
As thee, O queene, the matter of my song,
Whose lignage from this lady I derive along!

Who when, through speaches with the Rederosse
She learned had th' estate of Arthegall, [knight,
And in each point herselfe informd aright,
A friendly league of love perpetuall
She with him bound, and congè tooke withall.
Then he forth on his iourney did proceede,
To seeke adventures which mote him befall,
And win him worship through his warlike deed,
Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefest meed.

But Britomart kept on her former course,
Ne ever dofte her armes; but all the way
Grew pensive through that amorous discourse,
By which the Rederosse knight did earst display
Her lovers shape and chevalrous aray:
A thousand thoughts she fashiond in her mind;
And in her feigning fancie did pourtray
Him, such as fittest she for love could find,
Wise, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind.

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she
And thought so to beguile her grievous smart; [fedd,
But so her smart was much more grievous bredd,
And the deepe wound more deep engord her hart,
That nought but death her dolour mote depart.
So forth she rode, without repose or rest,
Searching all lands and each remotest part,
Following the guydance of her blinded guest,
Till that to the sea-coast at length she her addrest.

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
And, sitting down upon the rocky shore,
Badd her old squyre unlace her lofty creast:
Tho, having vewd awhile the surges hore
That gainst the craggy clifts did loudly rore,
And in their raging surquedry disdaynd
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their devouring covetize restraynd;
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd:

"Huge sea of sorrow and tempestuous griefe,
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long
Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,
Why doe thy cruel billowes beat so strong,
And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,
Threatning to swallow up my fearefull lyfe?
O, doe thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife, [ryfe!
Which in these troubled bowels raignes and rageth

"For els my feeble vessell, crazd and crackt
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,
Cannot endure, but needes it must be wrackt
On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,
The whiles that Love it steres, and Fortune rowes:
Love, my lewd pilott, hath a restlesse minde;
And Fortune, boteswaine, no assuraunce knowes;
But saile withouten starres gainst tyde and winde:
How can they other doe, sith both are bold and blinde!

"Thou god of windes, that raignest in the seas,
That raignest also in the continent,
At last blow up some gentle galé of ease,
The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
Unto the gladsome port of her intent!
Then, when I shall myselfe in safety see,
A table, for eternall moniment
Of thy great grace and my great ieopardee,
Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee!"

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,
She shut up all her plaint in privy griefe;
(For her great courage would not let her weepe;)
Till that old Glaucè gan with sharpe repriefe
Her to restraine, and give her good reliefe
Through hope of those, which Merlin had her told
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the sacred mould
Of her immortall womb, to be in Heven enrold.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde
Where far away one, all in armour bright,
With hasty gallop towards her did ryde:
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight
Her helmet, to her courser mounting light:
Her former sorrow into sudden wrath
(Both coosen passions of distroubled spright)
Converting, forth she beates the dusty path:
Love and despight attonce her corage kindled hath.

As, when a foggy mist hath overcast
The face of Heven and the cleare ayre engroste,
The world in darknes dwels; till that at last
The watry southwinde from the seabord coste
Upblowing doth disperse the vapour lo'ste,
And poures itselfe forth in a stormy showre;
So the fayre Britomart, having discloste
Her clowdy care into a wrathfull stowre,
The mist of griefe [illegible]

Eftsoones, her goodly shield addressing fayre,
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
And unto battaill did herselfe prepayre.
The knight, approching, sternely her bespake;
" Sir Knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make
By this forbidden way in my despight,
Ne doest by others death ensample take;
I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast might,
Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight."

Ythrild with deepe disdaine of his proud threat,
She shortly thus; " Fly they, that need to fly;
Wordes fearen babes: I meane not thee entreat
To passe; but maugre thee will passe or dy:"
Ne longer stayd for th' other to reply,
But with sharpe speare the rest made dearly knowne.
Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdily
Strooke her full on the brest, that made her downe
Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her crown.

But she againe him in the shield did smite
With so fierce furie and great puissaunce,
That, through his three-square scuchin percing quite
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce
The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce:
Him so transfixed she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce;
Till, sadly soucing on the sandy shore,
He tombled on an heape, and wallowd in his gore.

Like as the sacred oxe that carelesse stands
With gilden hornes and flowry girlonds crownd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,
Whiles th' altars fume with frankincense arownd,
All suddeinly with mortall stroke astownd
Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distaines the pillours and the holy grownd,
And the faire flowres that decked him afore:
So fell proud Marinell upon the Pretious Shore.

The martiall mayd stayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the strond; which, as she over-went,
She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
And all the gravell mixt with golden owre:
Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
For gold, or perles, or pretious stones, an howre,
But them despiséd all; for all was in her powre.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
Tydings hereof came to his mothers care;
His mother was the blacke-browd Cymoënt,
The daughter of great Nereus, which did beare
This warlike sonne unto an earthly peare,
The famous Dumarin; who on a day
Finding the nymph asleepe in secret wheare,
As he by chaunce did wander that same way,
Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay.

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
She, of his father, Marinell did name;
And in a rocky cave as wight forlorne
Long time she fostred up, till he became
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great adventures by him donne:
For never man he suffred by that same
Rich strond to travell, whereas he did wonne, [sonne.
But that he must do battaill with the sea-nymphes

An hundred knights of honorable name
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made:
That through all Faerie lond his noble fame
Now blazed was, and feare did all invade,
That none durst passen through that perilous glade;
And, to advaunce his name and glory more,
Her sea-god syre she dearely did perswade
T' endow her sonne with threasure and rich store
Bove all the sonnes that were of earthly wombes ybore.

The god did graunt his daughters deare demaund,
To doen his nephew in all riches flow:
Eftsoones his heaped waves he did commaund
Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw
All the huge threasure, which the sea below
Had in his greedy gulfe devoured deepe,
And him enriched through the overthrow
And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe
And often wayle their wealth which he from them did keepe.

Shortly upon that shore there heaped was
Exceeding riches and all pretious things,
The spoyle of all the world; that it did pas
The wealth of th' East, and pompe of Persian kings:
Gold, amber, yvorie, perles, owches, rings,
And all that els was pretious and deare,
The sea unto him voluntary brings;
That shortly he a great lord did appeare,
As was in all the lond of Faery, or elsewheare.

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,
Tryde often to the scath of many deare,
That none in equall armes him matchen might:
The which his mother seeing gan to feare
Least his too haughtie hardines might reare
Some hard mishap in hazard of his life:
Forthy she oft him counseld to forbeare
The bloody battaill, and to stirre up strife,
But after all his warre to rest his wearie knife:

And, for his more assuraunce, she inquir'd
One day of Proteus by his mighty spell
(For Proteus was with prophecy inspir'd)
Her deare sonnes destiny to her to tell,
And the sad end of her sweet Marinell:
Who, through foresight of his eternall skill,
Bad her from womankind to keepe him well;
For of a woman he should have much ill; [kill.
A virgin straunge and stout him should dismay or

Forthy she gaye him warning every day
The love of women not to entertaine;
A lesson too, too hard for living clay,
From love in course of nature to refraine!
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
And ever from fayre ladies love did fly;
Yet many ladies fayre did oft complaine,
That they for love of him would algates dy:
Dy, whoso list for him, he was Loves enimy.

But ah! who can deceive his destiny,
Or weene by warning to avoyd his fate?
That, when he sleepes in most security
And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
And findeth dew effect or soone or late;
So feeble is the powre of fleshly arme!
His mother bad him womens love to hate,
For she of womans force did feare no harme;
So weening to have armd him, she did quite disarme.

This was that woman, this that deadly wownd,
That Proteus propheciede should him dismay;
The which his mother vainely did expownd
To be hart-wownding love, which should assay
To bring her sonne unto his last decay.
So tickle be the termes of mortall state
And full of subtile sophismes, which doe play
With double sences, and with false debate,
T' approve the unknowen purpose of eternall fate.

Too trew the famous Marinell it fownd;
Who, through late triall, on that wealthy strond
Inglorious now lies in senceless swownd,
Through heavy stroke of Britomartis hond.
Which when his mother deare did understond,
And heavy tidings heard, whereas she playd
Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,
Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to have made
Gay girlonds from the Sun their forheads fayr to shade;

Eftesoones both flowres and girlonds far away
She flong, and her faire deawy lockes yrent;
To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
And gamesom merth to grievous dreriment:
Shee threw herselfe downe on the continent,
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swowne,
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament
With yelling outories, and with shrieking sowne;
And every one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

Soone as she up out of her deadly fitt
Arose, she bad her charett to be brought;
And all her sisters, that with her did sitt,
Bad eke attonce their charetts to be sought:
Tho, full of bitter griefe and pensive thought,
She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the rest,
And forth together went, with sorow fraught:
The waves obedient to theyre behcast
Themyielded ready passage, and their rage surceast.

Great Neptune stoode amazed at their sight,
Whiles on his brond rownd backe they softly slid,
And eke himselfe mourn'd at their mournful plight,
Yet wist not what their wailing ment, yet did,
For great compassion of their sorow, bid
His mighty waters to them buxome bee:
Eftesoones the roaring billowes still abid,
And all the griesly monsters of the see
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

A tome of dolphins raunged in aray
Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymoënt;
They were all tought by Triton to obay
To the long raynes at her commaundëment:
As swifte as swallowes on the waves they went,
That their brode flaggy finnes no fome did reare,
Ne bubling rowndell they behinde them sent;
The rest, of other fishes drawen weare,
Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did sheare.

Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the brim
Of the rich strond, their charets they forlore,
And let their temed fishes softly swim
Along the margent of the fomy shore,
Least they their finnes should brize, and sorbate sore
Their tender feete upon the stony grownd:
And comming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy blood enwallowed they fownd
The lucklesse Marinell lying in deadly swownd.

His mother swowned thrise, and the third time
Could scarce recovered be out of her paine;
Had she not beene devoide of mortall slime,
She should not then have bene relyv'd againe:
But, soone as life recovered had the raine,
Shee made so piteous mone and deare wayment,
That the hard rocks could scarce from tears refraine:
And all her sister nymphes with one consent
Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

"Deare image of myselfe," she sayd, "that is
The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
Is this thine high advauncement? O! is this
Th' immortall name, with which thee yet unborne
Thy grandsire Nereus promist to adorne?
Now lyest thou of life and honor reste;
Now lyest thou a lumpe of earth forlorne;
Ne of thy late life memory is leste;
Ne can thy irrevocable destony bee weste!

"Fond Proteus, father of false propheeis!
And they more fond that credite to thee give!
Not this the worke of womans hand ywis, [drive.
That so deepe wound through these deare members
I feared love; but they that love doe live;
But they that dye, doe nether love nor hate:
Nath'lesse to thee thy folly I forgive;
And to myselfe, and to accursed fate, [late!
The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wisedom bought too

"O! what availes it of immortall seed
To beene ybredd and never borne to dye?
Farre better I it deeme to die with speed
Then waste in woe and wayfull miserye:
Who dyes, the utmost dolor doth abye;
But who that lives, is lofte to waile his losse:
So life is losse, and death felicity:
Sad life worse then glad death; and greater crosse
To see friends grave, then dead the grave selfe to engrosse.

"But if the Heavens did his days envie,
And my short blis maligne; yet mote they well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,
That the dim eies of my deare Marinell
I mote have closed, and him bed farewell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not graunt——
Yett! maulgre them, farewell, my sweetest sweet!
Farewell, my sweetest sonne, sith we no more shall meet!"

Thus when they all had sorowed their fill,
They softly gan to search his griesly wownd:
And, that they might him handle more at will,
They him disarmd; and, spredding on the grownd
Their watchet mantles frindgd with silver rownd,
They softly wipt away the gelly blood
From th' orifice; which having well upbownd,
They pourd in soveraine balme and nectar good,
Good both for erthly meleine and for heavenly food.

Tho, when the lilly-handed Liagore
(This Liagore whilome had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great Apollos lore,
Sith her whilome upon high Pindus hill
He loved; and at last her wombe did fill
With heavenly seed, whereof wise Paeon sprong)
Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staied still
Some little life his feeble sprites emong; [long.
Which to his mother told, despeyre she from her

Tho, up him taking in their tender hands,
They easely unto her charett beare:
Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,
Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
And'strowe with flowres the lamentable beare:
Then all the rest into their coches clim,
And through the brackish waves their passage sheare;
Upon great Neptunes necke they softly swim,
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

Deepe in the bottome of the sea, her bowre
Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,
Like to thicke clouds that threat a stormy showre,
And vaulted all within like to the skye,
In which the gods doe dwell eternally:
There they him laide in easy couch well dight;
And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might:
For Tryphon of sea-gods the soveraine leach is hight.

The whiles the nymphes sitt all about him rownd,
Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight;
And oftc his mother, vewing his wide wownd,
Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight
Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight:
But none of all those curses overtooke
The warlike maide, th' ensample of that might;
But fayrely well shee thryvd, and well did brooke
Her noble deedes, ne her right course for ought forsooke.

Yet did false Archimage her still pursew,
To bring to passe his mischievous intent,
Now that he had her singled from the crew
Of courteous knights, the prince and Fary gent,
Whom late in chace of beauty excellent
Shee lefte, pursewing that same foster strong;
Of whose fowle outrage they impatient,
And full of firy zele, him followed long, [wrong.
To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her

Through thick and thin, through mountains and through playns,
Those two great champions did attonce pursew
The fearefull damzell with incessant payns;
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew
Of hunter swifte and sent of howndës trew.
At last they came unto a double way;
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
Themselves they did dispart, each to assay
Whether more happy were to win so goodly pray.

But Timias, the princes gentle squyre,
That ladies love unto his lord forlent,
And with proud envy and indignant yre
After that wicked foster fiercely went:
So beene they three, three sondry wayes ybent:
But fayrest fortune to the prince befell;
Whose chaunce it was, that soone he did repent,
To take that way in which that damozell
Was fledd afore, affraid of him as feend of Hell.

At last of her far off he gained vew:
Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,
And ever as he nigher to her drew,
So evermore he did increase his speed,
And of each turning still kept wary heed:
Alowd to her he oftentimes did call
To doe away vaine doubt and needlesse dreed:
Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall
Many meeke wordes to stay and comfort her withall.

But nothing might relent her hasty flight;
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine
Was earst impressed in her gentle spright:
Like as a fearefull dove, which through the raine
Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
Having farre off espyde a tassell gent,
Which after hor his nimble winges doth straine,
Doubleth her hast for feare to bee for-hent,
And with her pineons cleaves the liquid firmament.

With no lesse hast, and eke with no lesse dreed,
That fearefull ladie fledd from him that ment
To her no evill thought nor evill deed;
Yet former feare of being fowly shent
Carried her forward with her first intent:
And though, oft looking backward, well she vewde
Herselfe freed from that foster insolent,
And that it was a knight which now her sewde,
Yet she no lesse the knight feard then that villein rude.

His uncouth shield and straunge armes her dismayd,
Whose like in Faery lond were seldom seene;
That fast she from him fledd, no lesse afrayd
Then of wilde beastes if she had chased beene:
Yet he her followd still with corage keene
So long, that now the golden Hesperus
Was mounted high in top of Heaven sheene,
And warnd his other brethren ioyeous
To light their blessed lamps in loves eternall hous.

All suddeinly dim wox the dampish ayre,
And grisely shadowes covered Heaven bright,
That now with thousand starres was decked fayre:
Which when the prince beheld, a lothfull sight,
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
He mote surceasse his suit, and lose the hope
Of his long labour; he gan fowly wyte
His wicked fortune that had turnd aslope,
And cursed Night that reft from him so goodly scope.

Tho, when her wayes he could no more descry,
But to and fro at disaventure strayd;
Like as a ship, whose lodestar suddeinly
Covered with clouds her pilott hath dismayd;
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
And from his loftie steed dismounting low
Did let him forage: downe himselfe he layd
Upon the grassy ground to sleepe a throw;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard steele his pillów.

But gentle Sleepe envyde him any rest;
Instead thereof sad sorow and disdaine
Of his hard harp did vexe his noble brest,
And thousand fancies bett his ydle brayne
With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine:
Oft did he wish that lady faire mote bee
His Faery queene, for whom he did complaine;
Or that his Faery queene were such as shee:
And ever hasty Night he blamed bitterlie:

" Night! thou fowle mother of annoyaunce sad,
Sister of heavie Death, and nourse of Woe,
Which wast begot in Heaven, but for thy bad
And brutish shape thrust downe to Hell below,
Where, by the grim floud of Cocytus slow,
Thy dwelling is in Herebus black hous,
(Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe
Of all the gods) where thou ungratious
Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horrour hideous;

" What had th' Eternal Maker need of thee
The world in his continuall course to keepe,
That doest all things deface, ne lettest see
The beautie of his worke? Indeed in sleepe
The slouthfull body that doth love to steepe
His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deepe
Calls thee his goddesse, in his errour blind,
And great dame Natures handmaide chearing every kind.

" But well I wote that to an heavy hart
Thou art the roote and nourse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts;
Instead of rest thou lendest rayling teares;
Instead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares
And dreadfull visions, in the which alive
The dreary image of sad Death appeares:
So from the wearie spirit thou doest drive
Desired rest, and men of happinesse deprive.

" Under thy mantle black their hidden lye
Light-shonning Theefte, and traiterous Intent,
Abhorred Bloodshed, and vile Felony,
Shamefull Deceipt, and Danger imminent,
Fowle Horror, and ehe hellish Dreriment:
All these I wote in thy protection bee,
And light doe shonne, for feare of being shent:
For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee;
And all, that lewdnesse love, doe hate the light to see.

" For Day discovers all dishonest wayes,
And sheweth each thing as it is in deed:
The prayses of high God he faire displayes,
And his large bountie rightly doth areed:
Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed
Which Darknesse shall subdue and Heaven win:
Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed
Most sacred virgin without spot of sinne:
Our life is day; but death with darknesse doth begin.

" O, when will Day then turne to me againe,
And bring with him his long-expected light!
O, Titan! hast to reare thy ioyous waine;
Speed thee to spred abroad thy beames bright,
And chace away this too long lingring night;
Chace her away, from whence she came, to Hell:
She, she it is, that hath me done despight:
There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
And yield her rowme to day, that can it governe well."

Thus did the prince that wearie night outweare
In restlesse anguish and unquiet paine;
And early, ere the Morrow did upreare
His dewy head out of the ocean maine,
He up arose, as halfe in great disdaine,
And clombe unto his steed: so forth he went
With heavy looke and lumpish pace, that plaine
In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent:
His steed eke scarce t' apply his steps to his intent.

CANTO V.

Prince Arthur hears of Florimell:
Three fosters Timias wound;
Belphœbe findes him almost dead,
And reareth out of swownd.

Wonder it is to see in diverse mindes
How diversly Love doth his pageants play,
And shewes his powre in variable kindes:
The baser wit, whose ydle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensuall desire,
And in lewd slouth to wast his careless day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth it uncomely Idlenesse
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest;
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentlenesse
Ever to creepe into his noble brest;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up that dis would lowly fall:
It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to rest;
It lettes not scarse this prince to breath at all,
But to his first poursuit him forward still doth call:

Who long time wandred through the forest wyde
To finde some issue thence; till that at last,
He met a dwarfe that seemed terrifyde
With some late peril which he hardly past,
Or other accident which him aghast;
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whether now he traveiled so fast:
For sore he swat, and, ronning through that same
Thicke forest, was becracht, and both his feet nigh lame.

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
The dwarfe him answerd; " Sir, ill mote I stay
To tell the same: I lately did depart
From Faery court, where I have many a day
Served a gentle lady of great sway
And high accompt throughout all Elfin land,
Who lately left the same, and tooke this way:
Her now I seeke; and if ye understand
Which way she fared hath, good sir, tell out of hand."

" What mister wight," saide he, " and how arayd?"
" Royally clad," quoth he, " in cloth of gold,
As meetest may beseeme a noble mayd;
Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,
A fayrer wight did never Sunne behold;
And on a palfrey rydes more white then snow,
Yet she herselfe is whiter manifold;
The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,
Is, that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow."

" Now certes, swaine," saide he, " such one, I weene,
Fast flying through this forest from her fo,
A foule ill-favoured foster, I have seene;
Herselfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,
But could not stay; so fast she did foregoe,
Carried away with wings of speedy feare."
" Ah! dearest God," quoth he, " that is great woe,
And wondrous ruth to all that shall it heare:
But can ye read, sir, how I may her finde, or where?"

" Perdy me lever were to weeten that,"
Saide he, " then ransome of the richest knight,
Or all the good that ever yet I gat:
But froward fortune, and too forward night,
Such happinesse did, maulgre, to me spight,
And fro me reft both life and light attone.
But, dwarfe, dread what is that lady bright
That through this forest wandreth thus alone;
For of her errour straunge I have great ruth and mone."

" That ladie is," quoth he, " whereso she bee,
The bountiest virgin and most debonaire
That ever living eye, I weene, did see:
Lives none this day that may with her compare
In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beauty bright;
And is ycleped Florimell the fayre,
Faire Florimell belov'd of many a knight,
Yet she loves none but one, that Marinell is hight;

" A sea-nymphes sonne, that Marinell is hight,
Of my deare dame is loved dearely well;
In other none, but him, she sets delight;
All her delight is set on Marinell;
But he sets nought at all by Florimell:
For ladies love his mother long ygoe
Did him, they say, forwarne through sacred spell:
But fame now flies, that of a forreine foe
He is yslaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

" Five daies there be since he (they say) was slaine,
And fowre since Florimell the court forwent,
And vowed never to returne againe
Till him alive or dead she did invent.
Therefore, faire sir, for love of knighthood gent
And honour of trow ladies, if ye may
By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,
Or succour her, or me direct the way,
Do one or other good, I you most humbly pray:

" So may ye gaine to you full great renowme
Of all good ladies through the worlde so wide,
And haply in her hart finde highest rowme
Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifide!
At least eternall meede shall you abide."
To whom the prince; "Dwarfe, comfort to thee take;
For, till thou tidings learne what her betide,
I here avow thee never to forsake:" [sake."
Ill weares he armes, that nill them use for ladies

So with the dwarfe he back retourn'd againe,
To seeke his lady, where he mote her finde;
But by the way he greatly gan complaine
The want of his good squire late left behinde,
For whom he wondrous pensive grew in minde,
For doubt of daunger which mote him betide;
For him he lôved above all mankinde,
Having him trew and faithfull ever tride,
And bold, as ever squyre that waited by knights side:

Who all this while full hardly was assayd
Of deadly daunger which to him betidd:
For, whiles his lord pursewd that noble mayd,
After that foster fowle he fiercely ridd
To bene avenged of the shame he did
To that faire damzell: him he chaced long [hid
Through the thicke woods wherein he would have
His shamefull head from his avengement strong,
And oft him threatned death for his outragcous wrong.

Nathlesse the villein sped himselfe so well,
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedie beast,
Or knowledge of those woods where he did dwell,
That shortly he from daunger was releast,
And out of sight escaped at the least;
Yet not escaped from the dew reward
Of his bad deedes, which daily he increast,
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard [pard.
The heavie plague that for such leachours is pre-

For, soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
His cóward courage gan emboldned bee,
And cast t' avenge him of that fowle despight
Which he had borne of his bold enimee:
Tho to his brethren came, (for they were three
Ungratious children of one gracelesse syre)
And unto them complayned how that he
Had used beene of that foole-hardie squyre:
So them with bitter words he stird to bloodie yre.

Forthwith themselves with their sad instruments
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme bylivé,
And with him fóorth into the forrest went
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst revive
In there sterne brests, on him which late did drive
Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight:
For they had vow'd that never he alive
Out of that forest should escape their might;
Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with such despight.

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,
Through which it was uneath for wight to wade;
And now by fortune it was overflowne:
By that same way they knew that squyre unknowne
Mote algates passe; forthy themselves they set
There in await with thicke woods overgrowne,
And all the while their malice they did whet [let.
With cruell threats his passage through the ford to

It fortuned, as they devized had,
The gentle squyre came ryding that same way,
Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay;
But that fierce foster, which late fled away,
Stoutly foorth stepping on the further shore,
Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,
Till he had made amends, and full restore
For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

With that, at him a quiv'ring dart he threw
With so fell force, and villeinous despite,
That through his habergeon the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles empierced quite,
But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite:
That stroke the hardy squire did sore displease,
But more that him he could not come to smite;
For by no meanes the high banke he could sease,
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine disease.

And still the foster with his long bore-speare
Him kept from landing at his wished will:
Anone one sent out of the thicket neare
A cruell shaft headed with deadly ill,
And fethered with an unlucky quill;
The wicked steele stayd not till it did light
In his left thigh, and deepely did it thrill:
Exceeding griefe that wound in him empight,
But more that with his foes he could not come to fight.

At last, through wrath and vengeaunce, making way
He on the bancke arryvd with mickle payne;
Where the third brother him did sore assay,
And drove at him with all his might and mayne
A forest-bill; which both his hands did strayne;
But warily he did avoide the blow,
And with his speare requited him agayne,
That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,
And a large streame of blood out of the wound did flow.

He, tombling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite
The bitter earth, and bad to lett him in
Into the balefull house of endlesse night,
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin.
Tho gan the battaile freshly to begin;
For nathemore for that spectacle bad
Did th' other two their cruell vengeaunce blin,
But both attonce on both sides him bestad,
And load upon him layd, his life for to have had.

Tho when that villayn he aviz'd, which late
Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,
Full of fiers fury and indignant hate
To him he turned, and with rigor fell
Smote him so rudely on the pannikell,
That to the chin he clefte his head in twaine:
Downe on the ground his carkas groveling fell;
His sinfull sowle with desperate disdaine
Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of paine.

That seeing, now the only last of three
Who with that wicked shafte him wounded had,
Trembling with horror, (as that did foresee
The fearefull end of his avengement sad,
Through which he follow should his brethren bad,)
His bootelesse bow in feeble hand upcaught,
And therewith shott an arrow at the lad;
Which fayntly fluttring scarce his helmet raught,
And glauncing fel to ground, but him annoyed naught.

With that, he would have fled into the wood;
But Timias him lightly overhent,
Right as he entring was into the flood,
And stroke at him with force so violent,
That headlesse him into the foord he sent;
The carcas with the streame was carried downe,
But th' head fell backeward on the continent;
So mischief fel upon the meaners crowne:
They three be dead with shame; the squire lives with renowne:

He lives, but takes small ioy of his renowne;
For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne;
Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great store,
That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keepe! thou gentlest squire alive,
Els shall thy loving lord thee see no more;
But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
And eke thyselfe of honor which thou didst atchive.

Providence heavenly passeth living thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;
For loe! great grace or fortune thether brought
Comfort to him that comfortlesse now lay.
In those same woods ye well remember may
How that a noble hunteresse did wonne,
Shee, that base Braggadochio did affray,
And made him fast out of the forest runne;
Belphœbe was her name, as faire as Phœbus sunne.

Shee on a day, as shee pursewd the chace
Of some wilde beast, which with her arrowes keene
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of blood, which she had freshly seene
To have besprinckled all the grassy greene;
By the great persue which she there perceav'd,
Well hoped shee the beast engor'd had beene,
And made more haste the life to have bereav'd:
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceav'd.

Shortly she came whereas that woefull squire
With blood deformed lay in deadly swownd;
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The christall humor stood congealed rownd;
His locks, like faded leaves fallen to grownd,
Knotted with blood in bounches rudely ran;
And his sweete lips, on which before that stownd
The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
Spoild of their rosy red were woxen pale and wan.

Saw never living eie more heavy sight,
That could have made a rocke of stone to rew,
Or rive in twaine: which when thatlady bright,
Besides all hope, with melting eies did vew,
All suddeinly abasht shee chaunged hew,
And with sterne horror backward gan to start:
But, when shee better him beheld, shee grew
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart:
The point of pitty perced through her tender hart.

Meekely shee bowed downe, to weete if life
Yett in his frosen members did remaine;
And, feeling by his pulses beating rife
That the weake sowle her seat did yett retaine,
Shee cast to comfort him with busy paine:
His double-folded necke she reard upright,
And rubd his temples and each trembling vaine;
His mayled habergeon she did undight,
And from his head his heavy burganet did light.

Into the woods thenceforth in haste shee went,
To seeke for hearbes that mote him remedy;
For shee of herbes had great intendiment,
Taught of the nymphe which from her infancy
Her noursed had in trew nobility:
There, whether yt divine tobacco were,
Or panachæa, or polygony,
She fownd, and brought it to her patient deare,
Who al this while lay bleding out his hart-blood neare.

The soveraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine
Shee pownded small, and did in peeces bruze;
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine
Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze;
And round about, as she could well it uze,
The flesh therewith she suppled and did steepe,
T' abate all spasme and soke the swelling bruze;
And, after having searcht the intuse deepe,
She with her scarf did bind the wound, from cold to keepe.

By this he had sweet life recur'd agayne,
And, groning inly deepe, at last his eies,
His watry eies drizling like deawy rayne,
He up gan lifte toward the azure skies,
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:
Therewith he sigh'd; and, turning him aside,
The goodly maide full of divinities
And gifts of heavenly grace he by him spide,
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

" Mercy! deare Lord," said he, " what grace is this
That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,
To send thine angell from her bowre of blis
To comfort me in my distressed plight!
Angell, or goddesse doe I call thee right?
What service may I doe unto thee meete,
That hast from darkenes me returnd to light,
And with thy hevenly salves and med'cines sweete
Hast drest my sinfull wounds! I kisse thy blessed
feete."

Thereat she blushing said; " Ah! gentle squire,
Nor goddesse I, nor angell; but the mayd
And daughter of a woody nymphe, desire
No service but thy safety and ayd;
Which if thou gaine, I shal be well apayd.
Wee mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes bee
To commun accidents stil open layd,
Are bownd with commun bond of frailtee,
To succor wretched wights whom we captived see."

By this her damzells, which the former chace
Had undertaken after her, arryv'd,
As did Belphœbe, in the bloody place,
And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriv'd
Of life, whom late their ladies arow ryv'd:
Forthy the bloody tract they followd fast,
And every one to ronne the swiftest stryv'd;
But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their lady was arrived at the last.

Where when they saw that goodly boy with blood
Defowled, and their lady dresse his wownd,
They wondred much; and shortly understood
How him in deadly cace their lady fownd,
And reskewed out of the heavy stownd.
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woodes whiles that he lay in swownd,
She made those damzels search; which being stayd,
They did him set thereon, and forth with them con-
vayd.

Into that forest farre they thence him led
Where was their dwelling; in a pleasant glade
With mountaines rownd about environed
And mightie woodes, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately theatre it made
Spreading itselfe into a spatious plaine;
And in the midst a little river plaide
Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd to plaine
With gentle murmure that his course they did re-
straine.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurells greene,
In which the birds song many a lovely lay
Of Gods high praise, and of their sweet loves teene,
As it an earthly paradize had beene:
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire pavilion, scarcely to be seene,
The which was al within most richly dight,
That greatest princes living it mote well delight.

Thether they brought that wounded squire, and layd
In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest.
He rested him awhile; and then the mayd
His readie wound with better salves new drest:
Daily she dressed him, and did the best,
His grievous hurt to guarish, that she might;
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
And his foule sore reduced to faire plight:
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

O foolish physick, and unfruitfull paine,
That heales up one, and makes another wound!
She his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,
Through an unwary dart which did rebownd
From her faire eyes and gratious countenaunce.
What bootes it him from death to be unbownd,
To be captived in endlesse duraunce
Of sorrow and despeyre without aleggeaunce!

Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,
So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd:
Madnesse to save a part, and lose the whole!
Still whenas he beheld the heavenly mayd,
Whiles daily playsters to his wownd she layd,
So still his malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchlesse beautie him dismayd.
Ah, God! what other could he do at least,
But love so fayre a lady that his life releast!

Long while he stroye in his corageous brest
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And love for to dislodge out of his nest:
Still when her excellencies he did vew,
Her soveraine bountie and celestiall hew,
The same to love he strongly was constraynd:
But, when his meane estate he did revew,
He from such hardy boldnesse was restraynd,
And of his lucklesse lott and cruell love thus
playnd:

" Unthankfull wretch," said he, " is this the meed,
With which her soverain mercy thou doest quight?
Thy life she saved by her gratious deed;
But thou doest weene with villeinous despight
To blott her honour and her heavenly light:
Dye; rather dye then so disloyally
Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light:
Fayre death it is, to shonne more shame, to dy:
Dye; rather dye then ever love disloyally.

" But if to love disloyalty it bee,
Shall I then hate her that from deathes dore
Me brought? ah! farre be such reproch fro mee!
What can I lesse doe then her love therefore,
Sith I her dew reward cannot restore?
Dye; rather dye, and dying doe her serve;
Dying her serve, and living her adore;
Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve:
Dye; rather dye then ever from her service swerve.

" But, foolish boy, what bootes thy service bace
To her, to whom the Hevens doe serve and sew?
Thou, a meane squyre of meeke and lowly place;
She, hevenly borne and of celestiall hew.
How then? of all love taketh equall vew;
And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
The love and service of the basest crew?
If she will not; dye meekly for her sake:
Dye; rather dye then ever so faire love forsake!"

Thus warreid he long time against his will;
Till that through weaknesse he was forst at last
To yield himselfe unto the mightie ill,
Which, as a victour proud, gan ransack fast
His inward partes, and all his entrayles wast,
That neither blood in face nor life in hart
It left, but both did quite dry up and blast;
As percing levin, which the inner part
Of every thing consumes and calcineth by art.

Which seeing, fayre Belphœbe gan to feare
Least that his wound were inly well not heald,
Or that the wicked steele empoysned were:
Litle shee weend that love he close conceald.
Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeald
When the bright Sunne his beams thereon doth beat:
Yet never he his hart to her reveald;
But rather chose to dye for sorow great
Then with dishonorable termes her to entreat.

She, gracious lady, yet no paines did spare
To doe him ease, or doe him remedy:
Many restoratives of vertues rare,
And costly cordialles she did apply,
To mitigate his stubborne malady:
But that sweet cordiall, which can restore
A love-sick hart, she did to him envy;
To him, and to all th' unworthy world forlore,
She did envy that soveraine salve in secret store.

That daintie rose, the daughter of her morne,
More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre
The girlond of her honour did adorne:
Ne suffred she the middayes scorching powre,
Ne the sharp northerne wind thereon to showre;
But lapped up her silken leaves most chayre,
Whenso the froward skye began to lowre;
But, soone as calmed was the cristall ayre,
She did it fayre dispred and let to florish fayre.

Eternall God, in his almightie powre,
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
In Paradize whylome did plant this flowre;
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,
And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,
That mortall men her glory should admyre.
In gentle ladies breste and bountcous race
Of woman-kind it fayrest flowre doth spyre,
And beareth fruit of honour and all chast desyre.

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining beames
Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,
And to your willes both royalties and reames
Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might;
With this fayre flowre your goodly girlonds dight
Of chastity and vertue virginall,
That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
And crowne your heades with heavenly coronall,
Such as the angels weare before God's tribunall!

To youre faire selves a fayre ensample frame
Of this faire virgin, this Belphœbe fayre;
To whom, in perfect love and spotlesse fame
Of chastitie, none living may compayre:
Ne poysnous envy justly can empayre
The prayse of her fresh-flowring maydenhead;
Forthy she standeth on the highest stayre
Of th' honorable stage of womanhead,
That ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

In so great prayse of stedfast chastity
Nathlesse she was so courteous and kynde,
Tempred with grace and goodly modesty,
That seemed those two vertues strove to fynd
The higher place in her heroick mynd:
So striving each did other more augment,
And both encreast the prayse of woman-kynde,
And both encreast her beautie excellent:
So all did make in her a perfect complement.

CANTO VI.

The birth of fayre Belphœbe and
Of Amorett is told:
The Gardins of Adonis fraught
With pleasures manifold.

Well may I weene, faire ladies, all this while
Ye wonder how this noble damozell
So great perfections did in her compile,
Sith that in salvage forests she did dwell,
So farre from court and royall citadell,
The great schoolmaistresse of all courtesy:
Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far expell
All civile usage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

But to this faire Belphœbe in her berth
The Hevens so favorable were and free,
Looking with myld aspect upon the Earth
In th' horoscope of her nativitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne:
Love laught on Venus from his soverayne see,
And Phœbus with faire beames did her adorne,
And all the Graces rockt her cradle being borne.

Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,
And her conception of the joyous prime;
And all her whole creation did her shew
Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.
So was this virgin borne, so was she bred;
So was she trayned up from time to time
In all chaste vertue and true bountihed,
Till to her dew perfection she were ripened.

Her mother was the faire Chrysogonee,
The daughter of Amphisa, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree:
She bore Belphœbe; she bore in like cace
Fayre Amoretta in the second place:
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did share
The heritage of all celestiall grace;
That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare
Of bounty, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

It were a goodly storie to declare
By what straunge accident faire Chrysogone
Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bare
In this wilde forrest wandring all alone,
After she had nine monethes fulfild and gone:
For not as other wemens commune brood
They were enwombed in the sacred throne
Of her chaste bodie; nor with commune food,
As other wemens babes, they sucked vitall blood:

But wondrously they were begot and bred
Through influence of th' Hevens fruitfull ray,
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was upon a sommers shinie day,
When Titan faire his beames did display,
In a fresh fountaine, far from all mens vew,
She bath'd her brest the boyling heat t' allay;
She bath'd with roses red and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forrest grew:

Till faint through yrkesome wearines adowne
Upon the grassy ground herselfe she layd
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombring swowne
Upon her fell all naked bare displayd:
The sunbeames bright upon her body playd,
Being through former bathing mollifide,
And pierst into her wombe; where they embayd
With so sweet sence and secret powre unspide,
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

Miraculous may seeme to him that reades
So strainge ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
Of all things living, through impression
Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,
Doe life conceive and quickned are by kynd:
So, after Nilus inundation,
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd
Informed in the mud on which the Sunne hath shynd.

Great father he of generation
Is rightly cald, th' authour of life and light;
And his faire sister for creation
Ministreth matter fit, which, tempred right
With heate and humour, breedes the living wight.
So sprong these twinnes in womb of Chrysogone;
Yet wist she nought thereof, but sore affright
Wondred to see her belly so upblone, [gone.
Which still increast till she her terme had full out-

Whereof conceiving shame and foule disgrace,
Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,
She fled into the wildernesse a space,
Till that unweeldy burden she had reard,
And shund dishonor which as death she feard:
Where, wearie of long traveill, downe to rest
Herselfe she set, and comfortably cheard;
There a sad cloud of sleepe her overkest,
And seized every sence with sorrow sore opprest.

It fortuned, faire Venus having lost
Hor little sonne, the winged god of love,
Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,
Was from her fled as flit as ayery dove,
And left her blissfull bowre of ioy above;
(So from her often he had fled away,
When she for ought him sharpely did reprove,
And wandred in the world in straunge aray,
Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him bewray;)

Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous,
The house of goodly formes and faire aspects,
Whence all the world derives the glorious
Features of beautie, and all shapes select,
With which high God his workmanship hath deckt;
And searched everie way through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect:
She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
Unto the man that of him tydings to her brings.

First she him sought in court, where most he us'd
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
But many there she found which sore accus'd
His falshood, and with fowle infamous blot
His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot:
Ladies and lordes she every where mote heare
Complayning, how with his empoysned shot
Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare,
And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.

She then the cities sought from gate to gate,
And everie one did aske, Did he him see?
And everie one her answerd, that too late
He had him seene, and felt the crueltee
Of his sharpe dartes and whot artilleree:
And every one threw forth reproches rife
Of his mischievous deedes, and sayd that hee
Was the disturber of all civill life,
The enimy of peace, and authour of all strife.

Then in the countrey she abroad him sought,
And in the rurall cottages inquir'd;
Where also many plaintes to her were brought,
How he their heedelesse harts with love had fir'd,
And his false venim through their veines inspir'd;
And eke the gentle shepheard swaynes, which sat
Keeping their fleecy flockes as they were hyr'd,
She sweetly heard complaine both how and what
Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile thereat.

But, when in none of all these she him got,
She gan avize where els he mote him hyde:
At last she her bethought that she had not
Yet sought the salvage woods and forests wyde,
In which full many lovely nymphes abyde;
Mongst whom might be that he did closely lye,
Or that the love of some of them him tyde:
Forthy she thether cast her course t' apply,
To search the secret haunts of Dianes company.

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came,
Whereas she found the goddesse with her crew,
After late chace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew;
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat
And soyle, which did deforme their lively hew;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

She, having hong upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lanck loynes ungirt, and brests unbraste,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders hong undight,
And were with sweet ambrosia all besprinckled light.

Soone as she Venus saw behinde her backe,
She was ashamd to be so loose surpriz'd;
And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels slacke,
That had not her thereof before aviz'd,
But suffred her so carelesly disguiz'd
Be overtaken: soone her garments loose
Upgath'ring, in her bosome she compriz'd
Well as she might, and to the goddesse rose;
Whiles all her nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

Goodly she gan faire Cytherea greet,
And shortly asked her what cause her brought
Into that wildernesse for her unmeet, [fraught:
From her sweete bowres and beds with pleasures
That suddein chaung she straung adventure thought.
To whom halfe weeping she thus answered;
That she her dearest sonne Cupido sought,
Who in his frowardnes from her was fled;
That she repented sore to have him angered.

Thereat Diana gan to smile, in scorne
Of her vaine playnt, and to her scoffing sayd;
"Great pitty sure that ye be so forlorne
Of your gay sonne, that gives you so good ayd
To your disports; ill mote ye bene apayd!"
But she was more engrieved, and replide;
"Faire sister, ill beseemes it to upbrayd
A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride;
The like that mine may be your paine another tide.

"As you in woods and wanton wildernesse
Your glory sett to chace the salvage beasts;
So my delight is all in joyfulnesse,
In beds, in bowres, in banckets, and in feasts:
And ill becomes you, with your lofty creasts,
To scorne the joye that love is glad to seeke:
We both are bownd to follow Heavens behests,
And tend our charges with obeisaunce meeke:
Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to eeke;

"And tell me if that ye my sonne have heard
To lurke emongst your nimphes in secret wize,
Or keepe their cabins: much I am affeard
Least he like one of them himselfe disguize,
And turne his arrowes to their exercize:
So may he long himselfe full easie hide;
For he is faire, and fresh in face and guize
As any nimphe; let not it be envide."
So saying every nimph full narrowly shee eide.

But Phœbe therewith sore was angered;
And sharply saide; "Goe, dame; goe, seeke your boy,
Where you him lately left, in Mars his bed:
He comes not here; we scorne his foolish joy,
Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:
But, if I catch him in this company,
By Stygian lake I vow, whose sad annoy
The gods doe dread, he dearly shall abye:
He clip his wanton wings that he no more shall flye."

Whom whenas Venus saw so sore displeasd,
Shee inly sory was, and gan relent
What shee had said: so her shee soone appeasd
With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
Which as a fountaine from her sweete lips went
And welled goodly forth, that in short space
She was well pleasd, and forth her damzells sent
Through all the woods, to search from place to place
If any tract of him or tidings they mote trace.

To search the god of love her nimphes she sent
Throughout the wandring forest every where:
And after them herselfe eke with her went
To seeke the fugitive both farre and nere.
So long they sought, till they arrived were
In that same shady covert whereas lay
Faire Crysogone in slombry traunce whilere;
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
Unwares had borne two babes as faire as springing day.

Unwares she them conceivd, unwares she bore:
She bore without paine; that she conceiv'd
Without paine; ne her need implore
Lucinaes aide: which when they both perceiv'd,
They were through wonder nigh of sence berev'd,
And gazing each on other nought bespake:
At last they both agreed her seeming griev'd
Out of her heavie swowne not to awake,
But from her loving side the tender babes to take.

Up they them tooke, each one a babe uptooke,
And with them carried to be fostered:
Dame Phœbe to a nymphe her babe betooke
To be upbrought in perfect maydenhed,
And, of herselfe, her name Belphœbe red:
But Venus hers thence far away convayd,
To be upbrought in goodly womanhed;
And, in her litle Loves stead which was strayd,
Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her dismayd.

She brought her to her ioyous paradize
Where most she wonnes, when she on Earth does dwell,
So faire a place as Nature can devize:
Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
Or it in Gnidus bee, I wote not well;
But well I wote by triall, that this same
All other pleasaunt places doth excell,
And called is, by her lost lovers name,
The Gardin of Adonis, far renowmd by fame.

In that same gardin all the goodly flowres,
Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautify
And decks the girlonds of her paramoures,
Are fetcht: there is the first seminary
Of all things that are borne to live and dye,
According to their kynds. Long worke it were
Here to account the endlesse progeny
Of all the weeds that bud and blossome there;
But so much as doth need must needs be counted here.

It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,
And girt in with two walls on either side;
The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough breake, nor overstride:
And double gates it had which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten pas;
Th' one faire and fresh, the other old and dride:
Old Genius the porter of them was,
Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend
All that to come into the world desire:
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe require
That he with fleshly weeds would them attire:
Such as him list, such as eternall fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,
Till they agayn returne backe by the hinder gate.

After that they againe retourned beene,
They in that gardin planted bee agayne,
And grow afresh, as they had never seene
Fleshly corruption nor mortall payne:
Some thousand yeares so doen they there remayne,
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the chaungefull world agayne,
Till thether they retourne where first they grew:
So, like a wheele, arownd they ronne from old to new.

Ne needs there gardiner to sett or sow,
To plant or prune; for of their owne accord
All things, as they created were, doe grow,
And yet remember well the mighty word
Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,
That bad them to *increase and multiply:*
Ne doe they need, with water of the ford
Or of the clouds, to moysten their roots dry;
For in themselves eternall moisture they imply;

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew:
And every sort is in a soundry bed
Sett by itselfe, and ranckt in comely rew;
Some fitt for reasonable sowles t' indew;
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare;
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
In endlesse ranckes along enraunged were,
That seemd the ocean could not containe them there.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to replenish more;
Yet is the stocke not lessened nor spent,
But still remaines in everlasting store
As it at first created was of yore:
For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
In hatefull darknes and in deepe horrore,
An huge eternall Chaos, which supplyes
The substaunces of Natures fruitfull progenyes.

All things from thence doe their first being fetch,
And borrow matter whereof they are made;
Which, whenas forme and feature it does ketch,
Becomes a body, and doth then invade
The state of life out of the grieslly shade.
That substaunce is eterne, and bideth so;
Ne, when the life decayes and forme does fade,
Doth it consume and into nothing goe,
But chaunged is and often altred to and froe.

The substaunce is not chaungd nor altered,
But th' only forme and outward fashion;
For every substaunce is conditioned
To chaunge her hew, and sondry formes to don,
Meet for her tempor and complexion:
For formes are variable, and decay
By course of kinde and by occasion;
And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

Great enimy to it, and to' all the rest
That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Time; who with his scyth addrest
Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they do wither and are fowly mard:
He flyes about, and with his flaggy wings
Beates downe both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pitty may relent his malice hard.

Yet pitty often did the gods relent,
To see so faire thinges mard and spoiled quight:
And their great mother Venus did lament
The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight:
Her hart was pierst with pitty at the sight,
When walking through the gardin them she spyde,
Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight:
For all that lives is subiect to that law:
All things decay in time, and to their end doe draw.

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightfull gardin growes
Should happy bee, and have immortall blis:
For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes;
And sweete Love gentle fitts emongst them throwes,
Without fell rancor or fond gealosy:
Franckly each paramour his leman knowes;
Each bird his mate; ne any does envy
Their goodly meriment and gay felicity.

There is continuall spring, and harvest there
Continuall, both meeting at one tyme:
For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
And with fresh colours decke the wanton pryme,
And eke attonce the heavy trees they clyme,
Which seeme to labour under their fruites lode:
The whiles the ioyous birdes make their pastyme
Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their trew loves without suspition tell abrode.

Right in the middest of that paradise
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughes sharp steele did never lop,
Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compassed the hight,
And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground, with pretious deaw bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasaunt arber, not by art
But of the trees owne inclination made,
Which knitting their rancke braunches part to part,
With wanton ywie-twine entrayld athwart,
And eglantine and caprifole emong,
Fashiond above within their innost part, [throng,
That nether Phœbus beams could through them
Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transformde of yore;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure
And dearest love;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shore;
Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seemes I see Amintas wretched fate,
To whom sweet poets verse hath given endlesse date.

There wont fayre Venus often to enioy
Her deare Adonis ioyous company,
And reap sweet pleasure of the wanton boy:
There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of Stygian gods, which doe her love envy;
But she herselfe, whenever that she will,
Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill:

And sooth, it seemes, they say; for he may not
For ever dye, and ever buried bee
In balefull night where all thinges are forgot;
All be he subiect to mortalitie,
Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
And by succession made perpetuall,
Transformed oft, and chaunged diverslie:
For him the father of all formes they call;
Therfore needs mote he live, that living gives to all.

There now he liveth in eternal blis,
Ioying his goddesse, and of her enioyd;
Ne feareth he hencefoorth that foe of his,
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd:
For that wilde bore, the which him once annoyd,
She firmely hath emprisoned for ay,
(That her swoet love his malice mote avoyd)
In a strong rocky cave, which is, they say, [may.
Hewen underneath that mount, that none him losen

There now he lives in everlasting ioy,
With many of the gods in company
Which thether haunt, and with the winged boy,
Sporting himselfe in safe felicity:
Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harts
Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,
Thether resortes; and, laying his sad dartes
Asyde, with faire Adonis playes his wanton partes.

And his trew love, faire Psyche, with him playes;
Fayre Psyche, to him lately reconcyld,
After long troubles and unmeet upbrayes,
With which his mother Venus her revyld,
And eke himselfe her cruelly exyld:
But now in stedfast love and happy state
She with him lives, and hath him borne a chyld,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late.

Hether great Venus brought this infant fayre,
The younger daughter of Chrysogonee,
And unto Psyche with great trust and care
Committed her, yfostered to bee
And trained up in trew feminitee:
Who no lesse carefully her tendered
Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to whom shee
Made her companion, and her lessoned
In all the lore of love and goodly womanhead.

In which when she to perfect ripenes grew,
Of grace and beautie noble paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldes vew,
To be th' ensample of true love alone,
And lodestarre of all chaste affectione
To all fayre ladies that doe live on grownd.
To Faery court she came; where many one
Admyrd her goodly haveour, and sownd
His feeble hart wide launcht with loves cruel wownd.

But she to none of them her love did cast,
Save to the noble knight, sir Scudamore,
To whom her loving hart she linked fast
In faithfull love, t' abide for evermore;
And for his dearest sake endured sore,
Sore trouble of an hainous enimy,
Who her would forced have to have forlore
Her former love and stedfast loialty;
As ye may elswhere reade that ruefull history.

But well I weene ye first desire to learne
What end unto that fearefull damozell,
Which fledd so fast from that same foster stearne
Whom with his brethren Timias slew, befell:
That was, to weet, the goodly Florimell;
Who wandring for to seeke her lover deare,
Her lover deare, her dearest Marinell,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
And from prince Arthure fled with wings of idle feare.

CANTO VII.

The witches sonne loves Florimell:
She flyes; he faines to dy.
Satyrane saves the Squyre of Dames
From gyaunts tyranny.

Like as an hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
Yet flyes away of her owne fecte afeard;
And every leafe, that shaketh with the least
Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreast:
So fledd fayre Florimell from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast:
Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same which she escapt whileare.

All that same evening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continewed:
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent
Nor wearinesse to slack her haste, but fled
Ever alike, as if her former dred
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest:
And her white palfrey, having conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried where ever he thought best.

So long as breath and hable puissaunce
Did native corage unto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did advaunce,
And carried her beyond all icopardy;
But nought that wanteth rest can long aby:
He, having through incessant travaill spent
His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
Ne foot could further move: the lady gent
Thereat was suddein strook with great astonishment;

And, forst t' alight, on foot mote algates fare
A traveiler unwonted to such way;
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That Fortune all in equall launce doth sway,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she traveild, till at length she came
To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
A little valley subiect to the same,
All coverd with thick woodes that quite it overcame.

Through th' tops of the high trees she did descry
A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light
Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky:
Which chearefull signe did send unto her sight
That in the same did wonne some living wight.
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,
And came at last in weary wretched plight
Unto the place, to which her hope did guyde
To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearie syde.

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wald with sods around;
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes;
So choosing solitarie to abide
Far from all neighbours, that her divelish deedes
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off unknowne whomever she envide.

The damzell there arriving entred in;
Where sitting on the flore the hag she found
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin:
Who, soone as she beheld that suddein stound,
Lightly upstarted from the dustie ground,
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one word to speake for great amaze;
But shewd by outward signes that dread her sence did daze.

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She askt, What devill had her thether brought,
And who she was, and what unwonted path
Had guided her, unwelcomed, unsought?
To which the damzell full of doubtfull thought
Her mildly answer'd; "Beldame, be not wroth
With silly virgin, by adventure brought
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth, [blo'th."
That crave but rowme to rest while tempest over-

With that adowne out of her christall eyne
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
That like two orient perles did purely shyne
Upon her snowy cheeke; and therewithall
She sighed soft, that none so bestiall
Nor salvage hart but ruth of her sad plight
Would make to melt, or pitteously appall;
And that vile hag, all were her whole delight
In mischiefe, was much moved at so pitteous sight;

And gan recomfort her, in her rude wyse,
With womanish compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
And bidding her sit downe to rest her faint
And wearie limbs awhile: she nothing quaint
Nor 'sdeignfull of so homely fashion,
Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,
Sate downe upon the dusty ground anon;
As glad of that small rest, as bird of tempest gon.

Tho gan she gather up her garments rent,
And her loose lockes to dight in order dew
With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament;
Whom such whenas the wicked hag did vew,
She was astonisht at her heavenly hew,
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
But or some goddesse, or of Dianes crew,
And thought her to adore with humble spright:
T' adore thing so divine as beauty were but right.

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
A lasey loord, for nothing good to donne,
But stretched forth in ydlenesse alwayes,
Ne ever cast his mind to covet prayse,
Or ply himselfe to any honest trade;
But all the day before the sunny rayes
He us'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade:
Such lacsinesse both lewd and poore attonce him made.

He, comming home at undertime, there found
The fayrest creature that he ever saw
Sitting beside his mother on the ground;
The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his base thought with terrour and with aw
So inly smot, that as one, which hath gaz'd
On the bright Sunne unwares, doth soone withdraw
His feeble eyne with too much brightnes daz'd;
So stared he on her, and stood long while amaz'd,

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
What mister wight that was, and whence deriv'd,
That in so straunge disguizement there did maske,
And by what accident she there arriv'd?
But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,
With nought but ghastly lookes him answered;
Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd
From Stygian shores where late it wandered:
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

But the fayre virgin was so meeke and myld,
That she to them vouchsafed to embace
Her goodly port, and to their senses vyld
Her gentle speach applyde, that in short space
She grew familiare in that desert place.
During which time the chorle, through her so kind
And courteise use, conceiv'd affection bace,
And cast to love her in his brutish mind;
No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
As unto her to utter his desire;
His caytive thought durst not so high aspire:
But with soft sighes and lovely semblaunces
He ween'd that his affection entire
She should aread; many resemblaunces
To her he made, and many kinde remembraunces.

Oft from the forrest wildings he did bring,
Whose sides empurpled were with smyling red;
And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing
His maistresse praises sweetly caroled:
Girlonds of flowres sometimes for her faire hed
He fine would dight; sometimes the squirrel wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow-servant vild:
All which she of him tooke with countenance meeke and mild.

But, past a while, when she fit season saw
To leave that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wize herselfe thence to withdraw,
For feare of mischiefe, which she did forecast
Might by the witch or by her sonne compast:
Her weare palfrey, closely as she might,
Now well recovered after long repast,
In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
His late miswandred wayes now to remeasure right.

And early, ere the dawning day appear'd,
She forth issewed, and on her journey went;
She went in perill, of each noyse affeard,
And of each shade that did itselfe present;
For still she feared to be overhent
Of that vile hag, or her uncivile sonne;
Who when, too late awaking, well they kent
That their fayre guest was gone, they both begonne
To make exceeding mone as they had beene undonne.

But that lewd lover did the most lament
For her depart, that ever man did heare;
He knockt his brest with desperate intent,
And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare:
That his sad mother seeing his sore plight
Was greatly woe-begon, and gan to feare
Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
And love to frenzy turnd; sith love is frantioke hight.

All wayes shee sought him to restore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counsell, and with teares;
But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell, might
Asswage the fury which his entrails teares:
So strong is passion that no reason heares!
Tho, when all other helpes she saw to faile,
She turnd herselfe backe to her wicked leares;
And by her divelish arts thought to prevaile
To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

Eftsoones out of her hidden cave she cald
An hideous beast of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest corage have appald;
Monstrous, mishapt, and all his backe was spect
With thousand spots of colours queint elect;
Thereto so swifte that it all beasts did pas:
Like never yet did living eie detect;
But liktest it to an hyena was
That feeds on wemens flesh, as others feede on gras.

It forth she cald, and gave it streight in charge
Through thicke and thin her to poursew apace,
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
Till her hee had attaind and brought in place,
Or quite devourd her beauties scornefull grace.
The monster, swifte as word that from her went,
Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent
And passing speede, that shortly he her overhent.

Whom when the fearefull damzell nigh espide,
No need to bid her fast away to flie;
That ugly shape so sore her terrifide,
That it she shund no lesse then dread to die;
And her flitt palfrey did so well apply
His nimble feet to her conceived feare,
That whilest his breath did strength to him supply,
From perill free he her away did beare;
But, when his force gan faile, his pace gan wex areare.

Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was dismayd
At that same last extremity ful sore,
And of her safety greatly grew afrayd:
And now she gan approch to the sea shore,
As it befell, that she could flie no more,
But yield herselfe to spoile of greedinesse:
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,
And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sickernesse.

Not halfe so fast the wicked Myrrha fled
From dread of her revenging fathers hond;
Nor halfe so fast to save her maydenhed
Fled fearefull Daphne on th' Ægæan strond;
As Florimell fled from that monster yond,
To reach the sea ere she of him were raught:
For in the sea to drowne herselfe she fond,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught: [taught.
Thereto fear gave her wings, and need her corage

It fortuned (High God did so ordaine)
As shee arrived on the roving shore,
In minde to leape into the mighty maine,
A little bote lay howing her before,
In which there slept a fisher old and pore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand:
Into the same shee lept, and with the ore
Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand:
So safety fownd at sea, which she fownd not at land.

The monster, ready on the pray to sease,
Was of his forward hope deceived quight;
Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,
But, greedily long gaping at the sight,
At last in vaine was forst to turne his flight,
And tell the idle tidings to his dame:
Yet, to avenge his divelish despight,
He set upon her palfrey tired lame,
And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came:

And, after having him embowelled
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a knight
To passe that way, as forth he traveiled:
Yt was a goodly swaine, and of great might,
As ever man that bloody field did fight;
But in vain shews, that wont yong knights bewitch,
And countly services, tooke no delight;
But rather ioyd to bee than seemen sich:
For both to be and seeme to him was labor lich.

It was to weete the good sir Satyrane
That raung'd abrode to seeke adventures wilde,
As was his wont, in forest and in plaine:
He was all armd in rugged steele unfilde,
As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
And in his scutchin bore a satyres hedd:
He comming present, where the monster vilde
Upon that milke-white palfreyes carcas fedd,
Unto his reskew ran, and greedily him spedd.

There well perceivd he that it was the horse
Whereon faire Florimell was wont to ride,
That of that feend was rent without remorse:
Much feared he least ought did ill betide
To that faire maide, the flowre of wemens pride;
For her he dearely loved, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnifide:
Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he fownd, that did him sore apall.

Full of sad feare and doubtfull agony
Fiercely he flew upon that wicked feend;
And with huge strokes and cruell battery
Him forst to leave his pray, for to attend
Himselfe from deadly daunger to defend:
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engrave, and muchell blood did spend,
Yet might not doe him die; but aie more fresh
And fierce he still appeard, the more he did him thresh.

He wist not how him to despoile of life,
Ne how to win the wished victory,
Sith him he saw still stronger grow through strife,
And himselfe weaker through infirmity:
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
Hurling his sword away he lightly lept
Upon the beast, that with great cruelty
Rored and raged to be underkept;
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes upon him hept.

As he that strives to stop a suddein flood,
And in strong bancks his violence enclose,
Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflow the fruitfull plaine,
That all the countrey seemes to be a maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne:
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine
To see his whole yeares labor lost so soone,
For which to God he made so many an idle boone.

So him he held, and did through might amate:
So long he held him, and him bett so long,
That at the last his fiercenes gan abate,
And meekely stoup unto the victor strong:
Who, to avenge the implacable wrong
Which he supposed donne to Florimell,
Sought by all meanes his dolor to prolong,
Sith dint of steele his carcas could not quell;
His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her sclender waste, he tooke in hand,
And with it bownd the beast that lowd did rore
For great despight of that unwonted band,
Yet dared not his victor to withstand,
But trembled like a lambe fled from the pray:
And all the way him followd on the strand,
As he had long bene learned to obay;
Yet never learned he such service till that day.

Thus as he led the beast along the way,
He spide far off a mighty giauntesse
Fast flying, on a courser dapled gray,
From a bold knight that with great hardinesse
Her hard pursewd, and sought for to suppresse:
She bore before her lap a dolefull squire,
Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of wire,
Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste
He lefte his captive beast at liberty,
And crost the nearest way, by which he cast
Her to encounter ere she passed by;
But she the way shund nathëmore forthy,
But forward gallopt fast; which when he spyde,
His mighty speare he couched warily,
And at her ran; she, having him descryde,
Herselfe to fight addrest, and threw her lode aside.

Like as a goshauke, that in foote doth beare
A trembling culver, having spide on hight
An eagle that with plumy wings doth sheare
The subtile ayre stouping with all his might,
The quarrey throwes to ground with fell despight,
And to the battoill doth herselfe prepare:
So ran the geauntesse unto the fight;
Her fyrie eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
And with blasphémous bannes High God in peeces tare.

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd;
But, ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,
His speare amids her sun-brode shield arriv'd;
Yet nathëmore the steele asonder riv'd,
All were the beame in bigues like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedfast sadle driv'd;
But, glauncing on the tempred metall, brast
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her past.

Her steed did stagger with that puissaunt strooke;
But she no more was moved with that might
Then it had lighted on an aged oke,
Or on the marble pillour that is pight
Upon the top of mount Olympus hight,
For the brave youthly champions to assay
With burning charet wheeles it nigh to smite;
But who that smites it mars his joyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

Yet, therewith sore enrag'd, with sterne regard
Her dreadfull weapon she to him addrest,
Which on his helmet martelled so hard
That made him low incline his lofty crest,
And bowd his battred visour to his brest:
Wherewith he was so stund that he n'ote ryde,
But reeled to and fro from east to west:
Which when his cruell enimy espyde,
She lightly unto him adioyned syde to syde;

And, on his collar laying puissant hand,
Out of his wavering seat him pluckt perforse,
Perforse him pluckt unable to withstand
Or helpe himselfe; and laying thwart her horse,
In loathly wise like to a carrion corse,
She bore him fast away: which when the knight
That her pursewed saw, with great remorse
He neare was touched in his noble spright,
And gan encrease his speed as she encreast her flight.

Whom whenas nigh approching she espyde,
She threw away her burden angrily;
For she list not the battcill to abide,
But made herselfe more light away to fly:
Yet her the hardy knight pursewd so nye
That almost in the backe he oft her strake:
But still, when him at hand she did espy,
She turnd, and semblaunce of faire fight did make;
But, when he stayd, to flight againe she did her take.

By this the good sir Satyrane gan wake
Out of his dreame that did him long entraunce,
And, seeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curst thet cruell chaunce
Which reft from him so faire a chevisaunce:
At length he spyde whereas that wofull squyre,
Whom he had reskewed from captivaunce
Of his strong foe, lay tombled in the myre,
Unable to arise, or foot or hand to styre.

To whom approching, well he mote perceive
In that fowle plight a comely personage
And lovely face, made fit for to deceive
Fraile ladies hart with loves consuming rage,
Now in the blossome of his freshest age:
He reard him up and loosd his yron bands,
And after gan inquire his parentage,
And how he fell into that gyaunts hands,
And who that was which chaced her along the lands.

Then trembling yet through feare the squire bespake;
"That geauntesse Argantè is behight,
A daughter of the Titans which did make
Warre against Heven, and heaped hils on hight
To scale the skyes and put Jove from his right:
Her syre Typhoeus was; who, mad through merth,
And dronke with blood of men slaine by his might,
Through incest her of his owne mother Earth
Whylome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth:

"For at that berth another babe she bore;
To weet, the mightie Ollyphant, that wrought
Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
And many hath to foule confusion brought.
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)
Whiles in their mothers wombe enclosed they were,
Ere they into the lightsom world were brought,
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
And in that monstrous wise did to the world appere.

" So livd they ever after in like sin;
Gainst natures law and good behaveoure:
But greatest shaine was to that maiden twin;
Who, not content so fowly to devoure
Her native flesh and staine her brothers bowre,
Did wallow in all other fleshly myre;
And suffred beastes her body to deflowre;
So whot she burned in that lustfull fyre:
Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desyre:

" But over all the countrie she did raunge,
To seeke young men to quench her flaming thrust,
And feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge:
Whom so she fittest findes to serve her lust,
Through her maine strength, in which she most doth trust,
She with her bringes into a secret ile,
Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
And in all shamefull sort himselfe with her defile.

" Me seely wretch she so at vauntage caught,
After she long in waite for me did lye,
And meant unto her prison to have brought,
Her lothsom pleasure there to satisfye;
That thousand deathes me lever were to dye
Then breake the vow that to faire Columbell
I plighted have, and yet keepe stedfastly:
As for my name, it mistreth not to tell; [well.
Call me the Squyre of Dames; that me beseemeth

" But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw
That geauntesse, is not such as she seemd,
But a faire virgin that in martiall law
And deedes of armes above all dames is deemd,
And above many knightes is eke esteemd
For her great wroth: she Palladine is hight:
She you from death, you me from dread, redeemd:
Ne any may that monster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight."

" Her well beseemes that quest," quoth Satyrane:
" But read, thou Squyre of Dames, what vow is this,
Which thou upon thyselfe hast lately ta'ne?"
" That shall I you recount," quoth he, " ywis,
So be ye pleasd to pardon all amis.
That gentle lady whoin I love and serve,
After long suit and wearie servicis,
Did aske me how I could her love deserve,
And how she might be sure that I would never swerve.

" I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
Badd her commaund my life to save or spill:
Eftsoones she badd me with incessaunt paine
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And every where; where with my power or skill
I might doe service unto gentle dames,
That I the same should faithfully fulfill;
And at the twelve monethes end should bring their names
And pledges, as the spoiles of my victorious games.

" So well I to faire ladies service did,
And found such favour in their loving hartes,
That, ere the yeare his course had compassid,
Three hundred pledges for my good desartes,
And thrice three hundred thanks for my good partes,
I with me brought and did to her present:
Which when she saw, more bent to eke my smartes
Then to reward my trusty true intent,
She gan for me devise a grievous punishment;

" To weet, that I my travaill should resume,
And with like labour walke the world arownd,
Ne ever to her presence should presume,
Till I so many other dames had fownd,
The which, for all the suit I could propownd,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for ever chaste and sownd:"
" Ah! gentle squyre," quoth he, " tell at one word,
How many fownd'st thou such to put in thy record?"

" Indeed, sir Knight," said he, " one word may tell
All that I ever fownd so wisely stayd,
For onely three they were disposd so well;
And yet three yeares I now abroade have strayd,
To find them out."—" Mote I," then laughing sayd
The knight, " inquire of thee what were those three,
The which thy proffred curtesie denayd?
Or ill they seemed sure avizd to bee,
Or brutishly brought up, that nev'r did fashions see."

" The first which then refused me," said hee,
" Certes was but a common courtisane;
Yet flat refusd to have adoe with mee,
Because I could not give her many a jane."
(Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane.):
" The second was an holy nunne to chose,
Which would not let me be her chappellane,
Because she knew, she sayd, I would disclose
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

" The third a damzell was of low degree,
Whom I in countrey cottage fownd by chaunce:
Full litle weened I that chastitee
Had lodging in so meane a maintenaunce;
Yet was she fayre, and in her countenaunce
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion:
Long thus I woo'd her with due observaunce,
In hope unto my pleasure to have won;
But was as far at last, as when I first begon.

" Safe her, I never any woman found
That chastity did for itselfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and sound;
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
Thus am I hopelesse ever to attaine
My ladies love, in such a desperate case,
But all my dayes am like to waste in vaine,
Seeking to match the chaste with th' unchaste ladies traine."

" Perdy, sayd Satyrane, " thou Squyre of Dames,
Great labour foudly hast thou hent in hand,
To get small thankes, and therewith many blames;
That may emongst Alcides labours stand."
Thence backe returning to the former land,
Where late he left the beast he overcame,
He found him not; for he had broke his band,
And was returnd againe unto his dame,
To tell what tydings of fayre Florimell became.

CANTO VIII.

The witch creates a snowy lady like to Florimell;
Who wrong'd by carle, by Proteus sav'd,
Is sought by Paridell.

So oft as I this history record,
My hart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke how causelesse of her owne accord
This gentle damzell, whom I write upon,
Should plonged be in such affliction,
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe;
That sure I weene the hardest hart of stone
Would hardly finde to aggravate her griefe:
For misery craves rather mercy then repriefe.

But that accursed hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enranckled her malitious hart,
That she desyrd th' abridgement of her fate,
Or long culargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the beast, which by her wicked art
Late foorth she sent, she backe retourning spyde
Tyde with her golden girdle; it a part
Of her rich spoyles whom he had earst destroyd
She weend, and wondrous gladnes to her hart applyde:

And, with it ronning hast'ly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to have reliv'd;
Who, thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former griefe with furie fresh reviv'd
Much more than earst, and would have algates riv'd
The hart out of his brest: for sith her dedd
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriv'd
Quite of all hope wherewith he long had fedd
His foolish malady, and long time had misledd.

With thought whereof exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would have slaine,
Had she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her sprightes to entertaine,
The maisters of her art: there was she faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them conjure, upon eternall paine,
To counsell her so carefully dismayd
How she might heale her sonne whose senses were decayd.

By their advice, and her owne wicked wit,
She there deviz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
Whose like on Earth was never framed yit;
That even Nature selfe envide the same,
And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame
The thing itselfe: in hand she boldly tooke
To make another like the former dame,
Another Florimell, in shape and looke
So lively, and so like, that many it mistooke.

The substance, whereof she the body made,
Was purest snow in massy mould congeald,
Which she had gathered in a shady glade
Of the Riphœan hils, to her reveald
By errant sprights, but from all men conceald:
The same she tempred with fine mercury
And virgin wex that never yet was seald,
And mingled them with perfect vermily;
That like a lively sanguine it seemd to the eye.

Instead of eyes two burning lampes she set
In silver sockets, shyning like the skyes,
And a quicke moving spirit did arret
To stirre and roll them like to womens eyes:
Instead of yellow lockes she did devyse
With golden wyre to weave her curled head:
Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thryse
As Florimells fayre heare: and, in the stead
Of life, she put a spright to rule the carcas dead;

A wicked spright, yfraught with fawning guyle
And fayre resemblance above all the rest,
Which with the Prince of Darkenes fell somewhyle
From Heavens blis and everlasting rest:
Him needed not instruct which way were best
Himselfe to fashion likest Florimell,
Ne how to speake, ne how to use his gest;
For he in counterfesaunce did excell,
And all the wyles of wemens wits knew passing well.

Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,
Which Florimell had left behind her late;
That whoso then her saw, would surely say
It was herselfe whom it did imitate,
Or fayrer then herselfe, if ought algate
Might fayrer be. And then she forth her brought
Unto her sonne that lay in feeble state;
Who seeing her gan streight upstart, and thought
She was the lady selfe whom he so long had sought.

Tho, fast her clipping twixt his armes twayne,
Extremely ioyed in so happy sight,
And soone forgot his former sickely payne:
But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,
Coyly rebutted his embracement light;
Yet still, with gentle countenaunce, retain'd
Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:
Him long she so with shadowes entertain'd,
As her creatresse had in charge to her ordain'd:

Till on a day, as he disposed was
To walke the woodes with that his idole faire,
Her to dispòrt and idle time to pas
In th' open freshnes of the gentle aire,
A knight that way there chaunced to repaire;
Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine
That deedes of armes had ever in despaire,
Proud Braggadochio, that in vaunting vaine
His glory did repose and credit did maintaine.

He, seeing with that chorle so faire a wight
Decked with many a costly ornament,
Much merveiled thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a fowle disparagement:
His bloody speare eftesoones he boldly bent
Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare
Fell streight to ground in great astonishment:
"Villein," sayd he, "this lady is my deare;
Dy, if thou it gainesay: I will away her beare."

The fearefull chorle durst not gainesay nor done,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
Who, finding litle leasure her to wooe,
On Tromparts steed her mounted without stay,
And without reskew led her quite away.
Proud man himselfe then Braggadochio deem'd,
And next to none, after that happy day,
Being possessed of that spoyle, which seem'd
The fairest wight on ground and most of men esteem'd.

But, when he saw himselfe free from poursute,
He gan make gentle purpose to his dame
With termes of love and lewdnesse dissolute;
For he could well his glozing speaches frame
To such vaine uses that him best became:
But she thereto would lend but light regard,
As seeming sory that she ever came
Into his powre, that used her so hard
To reave her honor which she more then life prefard.

Thus as they two of kindnes treated long,
There them by chaunce encountred on the way
An armed knight upon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feete upon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That capons corage; yet he looked grim,
And faynd to cheare his lady in dismay,
Who seemd for feare to quake in every lim,
And her to save from outrage meekely prayed him.

Fiercely that straunger forward came; and, nigh
Approching, with bold words and bitter threat
Bad that same boaster, as he mote on high,
To leave to him that lady for excheat,
Or bide him battell without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
And fild his senses with abashment great;
Yet, seeing nigh him jeopardy extreme,
He it dissembled well, and light seemd to esteeme;

Saying, "Thou foolish knight, that weenst with words
To steale away that I with blowes have wonne,
And brought through points of many perilous swords!
But if thee list to see thy courser ronne,
Or prove thyselfe; this sad encounter shonne,
And seeke els without hazard of thy hedd."
At those prowd words that other knight begonne
To wex exceeding wroth, and him avedd
To turne his steede about, or sure he should be dedd.

"Sith then," said Braggadochio, "needes thou wilt
Thy daies abridge, through proofe of puissaunce;
Turne we our steeds; that both in equall tilt
May meete againe, and each take happy chaunce."
This said, they both a furlongs mountenaunce
Retird their steeds, to ronne in even race:
But Braggadochio with his bloody launce
Once having turnd, no more returnd his face,
But left his love to losse, and fled himselfe apace.

The knight, him seeing flie, had no regard
Him to poursew, but to the lady rode;
And, having her from Trompart lightly reard,
Upon his courser sett the lovely lode,
And with her fled away without abode:
Well weened he, that fairest Florimell
It was with whom in company he yode,
And so herselfe did alwaies to him tell;
So made him thinke himselfe in Heven that was in Hell.

But Florimell herselfe was far away,
Driven to great distresse by fortune straunge,
And taught the carefull mariner to play,
Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to chaunge
Thy land for sea, at random there to raunge:
Yett there that cruell queene avengouesse,
Not satisfyde so far her to estraunge
From ourtly blis and wonted happinesse,
Did heape on her new waves of weary wretchednesse.

For, being fled into the fishers bote
For refuge from the monsters cruelty,
Long so she on the mighty maine did flote,
And with the tide drove forward carelesly;
For th' ayre was milde and clearèd was the skie,
And all his windes dan Aeolus did keepe
From stirring up their stormy enmity,
As pittying to see her waile and weepe;
But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

At last when dronoke with drowsinesse he woke,
And saw his drover drive along the streame,
He was dismayd; and thrise his brest he stroke,
For marveill of that accident extreame:
But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,
Which with rare light his bote did beautifye,
He marveild more, and thought he yet did dreame
Not well awakte; or that some extasye
Assotted had his sence, or dazed was his eye.

But, when her well avizing hee perceivd
To be no vision nor fantasticke sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceivd,
And felt in his old corage new delight
To gin awake, and stir his frosen spright:
Tho rudely askte her, how she thether came?
"Ah!" sayd she, "father, I note read aright
What hard misfortune brought me to this same;
Yet am I glad that here I now in safety ame.

"But thou, good man, sith fare in sea we bee,
And the great waters gin apace to swell,
That now no more we can the mayn-land see,
Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,
Least worse on sea then us on land befell."
Thereat th' old man did nought but fondly grin,
And saide, his boat the way could wisely tell:
But his deceipfull eyes did never lin
To looke on her faire face and marke her snowy skin.

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh
Infixt such secrete sting of greedy lust,
That the drie withered stocke it gan refresh,
And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth brust:
The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.
Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hand,
Where ill became him, rashly would have thrust;
But she with angry scorne him did withstond,
And shamefully reproved for his midenes fond.

But he, that never good nor manners knew,
Her sharpe rebuke full little did esteeme;
Hard is to teach an old horse amble trew:
The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,
Broke into open fire and rage extreme;
And now he strength gan adde unto his will,
Forcying to doe that did him fowle misseeme:
Beastly he threwe her downe, ne car'd to spill
Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

The silly virgin strove him to withstand
All that she might, and him in vaine revild;
Shee strugled strongly both with foote and hand
To save her honor from that villaine vilde,
And oride to Heven, from humane help exild.
O! ye brave knights, that boast this ladies love,
Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild
Of filthy wretch! well may she you reprove
Of falsehood or of slouth, when most it may behove!

But if that thou, sir Satyran, didst weete,
Or thou, sir Peridure, her sory state,
How soone would yee assemble many a fleete,
To fetch from sea that ye at land lost late!
Towres, cities, kingdomes, ye would ruinate
In your avengement and dispiteous rage,
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate:
But, if sir Calidore could it presage,
No living creature could his cruelty asswage.

But, sith that none of all her knights is nye,
See how the Heavens, of voluntary grace
And soveraine favor towards chastity,
Doe succor send to her distressed cace:
So much high God doth innocence embrace!
It fortuned, whilest thus she stifly strove,
And the wide sea importuned long space
With shrilling shrickes, Proteus abroade did rove,
Along the fomy waves driving his finny drove.

Proteus is shepheard of the seas of yore,
And hath the charge of Neptune's mighty heard;
An aged sire with head all frowy hore,
And sprinckled frost upon his deawy beard:
Who when those pittifull outcries he heard
Through all the seas so ruefully resownd,
His charett swifte in hast he thether steard,
Which with a teeme of scaly phocas bownd
Was drawne upon the waves, that fomed him arownd;

And comming to that fishers wandring bote,
That went at will withouten card or sayle,
He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote
Deepe indignation and compassion frayle
Into his hart attonce; streight did he hayle
The greedy villein from his hoped pray,
Of which he now did very little fayle;
And with his staffe, that drives his heard astray,
Him bett so sore, that life and sence did much dismay.

The whiles the pitteous lady up did ryse,
Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy soyle,
And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes;
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
To save herselfe from that outrageous spoyle:
But when she looked up, to weet what wight
Had her from so infamous fact assoyld,
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and lowdly shright.

Herselfe not saved yet from daunger dredd
She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare:
Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd
From the sharpe hauke which her attached neare,
And falls to ground to seeke for succor vaeare,
Wherens the hungry spaniells she does spye
With greedy iawes her ready for to teare:
In such distresse and sad perplexity
Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see her by.

But he endevored with speaches milde
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,
Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was her told:
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all prevayld;
For her faint hart was with the frosen cold
Benumbd so inly that her wits nigh fayld,
And all her sences with abashment quite were quayld.

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
And with his frory lips full softly kist,
Whiles the cold'ysickles from his rough beard
Dropped adowne upon her yvory brest:
Yet he himselfe so busily addrest,
That her out of astonishment he wrought;
And, out of that same fishers filthy nest
Removing her, into his charet brought, [sought.
And, there with many gentle termes her faire be-

But that old leachour, which with bold assault
That beautie durst presume to violate,
He cast to punish for his hainous fault:
Then tooke he him yet trembling sith of late
And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate
The virgin whom he had abusde so sore;
So drag'd him through the waves in scornful state,
And after cast him up upon the shore;
But Florimell with him unto his bowre he bore.

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Under a mightie rocke gainst which doe rave
The roring billowes in their proud disdaine,
That with the angry working of the wave
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
That seemes rough masons hand with engines keene
Had long while laboured it to engrave:
There was his wonne; ne living wight was seene
Save one old nymph, hight Panopè, to keepe it cleane.

Thether he brought the sory Florimell,
And entertained her the best he might,
(And Panopè her entertaind eke well)
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,
To winne her liking unto his delight:
With flattering wordes he sweetly wooed her,
And offered faire guiftes t' allure her sight;
But she both offers and the offerer
Despysde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

Dayly he tempted her with this or that,
And never suffred her to be at rest:
But evermore she him refused flat,
And all his fained kindnes did detest;
So firmely she had sealed up her brest.
Sometimes he boasted that a god he hight;
But she a mortall creature loved best:
Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight;
But then she said she lov'd none but a Faery knight.

Then like a Faerie knight himselfe he drest;
For every shape on him he could endew:
Then like a king he was to her expresst,
And offred kingdoms unto her in vew
To be his leman and his lady trew:
But, when all this he nothing saw prevaile,
With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,
And with sharpe threates her often did assayle;
So thinking for to make herstubborne corage quayle.

To dreadfull shapes he did himselfe transforme:
Now like a gyaunt; now like to a feend;
Then like a centaure; then like to a storme
Raging within the waves: thereby he weend
Her will to win unto his wished eend:
But when with feare, nor favour, nor with all
He els could doe, he saw himselfe esteemd,
Downe in a dongeon deepe he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

Eternall thraldome was to her more liefe
Then losse of chastitie, or chaunge of love:
Dye had she rather in tormenting griefe
Then any should of falsenesse her reprove,
Or loosenes, that she lightly did remove.
Most vertuous virgin! glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heavenly prayse with saintes above,
Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed
Are still emongst them song, that far my rymes exceed:

Fit song of angels caroled to bee!
But yet whatso my feeble Muse can frame,
Shal be t' advance thy goodly chastitee,
And to enroll thy memorable name
In th' heart of every honourable dame,
That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.
Yt yrkes me leave thee in this wofull state,
To tell of Satyrane where I him left of late:

Who having ended with that Squyre of Dames
A long discourse of his adventures vayne,
The which himselfe then ladies more defames,
And finding not th' hyena to be slayne,
With that same squyre retourned backe againe
To his first way: and, as they forward went,
They spyde a knight fayre pricking on the playne,
As if he were on some adventure bent,
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

Sir Satyrane him towardes did addresse,
To weet what wight he was, and what his quest:
And, comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse
Both by the burning hart which on his brest
He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
That Paridell it was: tho to him yode,
And, him saluting as beseemed best,
Gan first inquire of tydinges farre abrode:
And afterwardes on what adventure now he rode.

Who thereto answering said; "The tydinges bad,
Which now in Faery court all men doe tell,
Which turned hath great mirth to mourning sad,
Is the late ruine of proud Marinell,
And suddein parture of faire Florimell
To find him forth: and after her are gone
All the brave knightes, that doen in armes excell,
To savegard her ywandred all alone;
Emongst the rest my lott (unworthy') is to be one."

"Ah! gentle knight," said then sir Satyrane,
"Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
That hast a'thanklesse service on thee ta'ne,
And offrest sacrifice unto the dead:
For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread
Henceforth for ever Florimell to bee;
That all the noble knights of Maydenhead,
Which her ador'd, may sore repent with mee,
And all faire ladies may for ever sory bee."

Which wordes when Paridell had heard, his hew
Gan greatly chaung, and seemd dismaid to bee;
Then sayd; "Fayre sir, how may I weene it trew,
That ye doe tell in such uncertaintee?
Or spenke ye of report, or did ye see
Iust cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so sore?
For perdie elles how mote it ever bee,
That ever hand should dare for to engore
Her noble blood! the Heavens such crueltie abhore."

"These eyes did see that they will ever rew
T' have seene," quoth he, "whenas a monstrous beast
The palfrey whereon she did travell slew,
And of his bowels made his bloody feast;
Which speaking token sheweth at the least
Her certein losse, if not her sure decay:
Besides, that more suspicion encreast,
I found her golden girdle cast astray,
Distayned with durt and blood, as reliques of the pray."

"Ah me!" said Paridell, "the signes be sadd;
And, but God turne the same to good soothsay,
That ladies safetie is sore to be dradd:
Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
Till triall doe more certeine truth bewray."
"Faire sir," quoth he, "well may it you succeed!
Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay;
But to the rest, which in this quest proceed,
My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed."

"Ye noble knights," said then the Squyre of Dames,
"Well may yee speede in so prayseworthy payne!
But sith the Sunne now ginnes to slake his beames
In deawy vapours of the westerne mayne,
And lose the teme out of his weary wayne,
Mote not mislike you also to abate
Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe
Both light of Heven and strength of men relate:
Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne your gate."

That counsell pleased well; so all yfere
Forth marched to a castle them before;
Where soone arriving they restrained were
Of ready entraunce, which ought evermore
To errant knights be commune: wondrous sore
Thereat displeasd they were, till that young squyre
Gan them informe the cause why that same dore
Was shut to all which lodging did desyre:
The which to let you weet will further time requyre.

CANTO IX.

Malbecco will no straunge knights host,
For peevish gealosy:
Paridell giusts with Britomart:
Both shew their auncestry.

Renowned knights, and honorable dames,
To whom I levell all my labours end,
Right sore I feare least with unworthy blames
This odious argument my rymes should shend,
Or ought your goodly patience offend,
Whiles of a wanton lady I doe write,
Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
The shyning glory of your soveraine light;
And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse knight.

But never let th' ensample of the bad
Offend the good: for good, by paragone
Of evill, may more notably be rad;
As white seemes fayrer macht with blacke attone:
Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:
For lo! in Heven, whereas all goodnes is
Emongst the angels, a whole legione
Of wicked sprightes did fall from happy blis;
What wonder then if one, of women all, did mis?

Then listen, lordings, if ye list to weet
The cause why Satyrane and Paridell
Mote not be entertayned, as seemed meet,
Into that castle, as that squyre does tell.
"Therein a cancred crabbed carle does dwell,
That has no skill of court nor courtesie,
Ne cares what men say of him ill or well:
For all his dayes he drownes in privitie,
Yet has full large to live and spend at libertie.

"But all his mind is set on mucky pelfe,
To hoord up heapes of evill-gotten masse,
For which he oftfers wrongs, and wreckes himselfe:
Yet is he lincked to a lovely lasse,
Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpasse;
The which to him both far unequall yeares
And also far unlike conditions has;
For she does ioy to play emongst her peares,
And to be free from hard restraynt and gealous feares.

"But he is old, and withered like hay,
Unfit faire ladies service to supply;
The privie guilt whereof makes him alway
Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy
Upon her with his other blincked eye;
Ne suffreth he resort of living wight
Approch to her, ne keep her company,
But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,
Depriv'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

"Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hight;
Unfitly yokt together in one teeme.
That is the cause why never any knight
Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme
Such as no doubt of him he need misdeeme."
Thereat sir Satyrane gan smyle, and say;
"Extremely-mad the man I surely deeme
That weenes, with watch and hard restraynt, to stay
A womans will which is disposd to go astray.

"In vaine he feares that which he cannot shonne:
For who wotes not, that womans subtiltyes
Can gaylen Argus, when she list misdonne?
It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,
That can withhold her wilfull-wandring feet;
But fast goodwill, with gentle courtesyes,
And timely service to her pleasures meet,
May her perhaps containe that else would algates fleet."

"Then is he not more mad," sayd Paridell,
"That hath himselfe unto such service sold,
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?
For sure a foole I doe him firmely hold,
That loves his fetters, though they were of gold.
But why doe we devise of others ill,
Whyles thus we suffer this same dotard old
To keepe us out in scorne of his owne will,
And rather do not ransack all, and himselfe kill?"

"Nay, let us first," sayd Satyrane, "entreat
The man by gentle meanes, to let us in;
And afterwardes affray with cruell threat,
Ere that we to efforce it doe begin:
Thon, if all fayle, we will by force it win,
And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,
As may be worthy of his haynous sin."
That counsell pleasd: then Paridell did rise,
And to the castle-gate approcht in quiet wise:
Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desyrd.
The good man selfe, which then the porter playd,
Him answered, that all were now retyrd
Unto their rest, and all the keyes convayd
Unto their maister who in bed was layd,
That none him durst awake out of his dreme;
And therefore them of patience gently prayd.
Then Paridell began to chaunge his theme,
And threatned him with force and punishment extreme.

But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent:
And now so long before the wicked fast
They wayted, that the night was forward spent,
And the faire welkin fowly overcast
Gan blowen up a bitter stormy blast,
With showre and hayle so horrible and dred,
That this faire many were compeld at last
To fly for succour to a little shed,
The which beside the gate for swyne was ordered.

It fortuned, soone after they were gone,
Another knight, whom tempest thether brought,
Came to that castle, and with earnest mone,
Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought;
But, like so as the rest, he prayd for nought;
For flatly he of entrance was refusd;
Sorely thereat he was displeasd, and thought
How to avenge himselfe so sore abusd,
And evermore the carle of courtesie accusd.

But, to avoyde th' intollerable stowre,
He was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,
And to that shed, to shrowd him from the showre,
He came, which full of guests he found whyleare,
So as he was not let to enter there:
Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
And swore that he would lodge with them yfere
Or them dislodg, all were they liefe or loth;
And so defyde them each, and so defyde them both.

Both were full loth to leave that needfull tent,
And both full loth in darkenesse to debate;
Yet both full liefe him lodging to have lent,
And both full liefe his boasting to abate:
But chiefely Paridell his hart did grate
To heare him threaten so despightfully,
As if he did a dogge in kenell rate
That durst not barke; and rather had he dy
Then, when he was defyde, in coward corner ly.

Tho, hastily remounting to his steed,
He forth issew'd; like as a boystrous winde,
Which in th' Earthes hollow caves hath long ben hid
And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
Makes the huge element, against her kinde,
To move and tremble as it were aghast,
Untill that it an issew forth may finde;
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth overcast.

Their steel-hed speares they strongly coucht, and met
Together with impetuous rage and forse,
That with the terrour of their fierce affret
They rudely drove to ground both man and horse,
That each awhile lay like a senceless corse.
But Paridell sore bruised with the blow
Could not arise, the counterchaunge to scorse;
Till that young squyre him reared from below;
Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about him throw.

But Satyrane forth stepping did them stay,
And with faire treaty pacifide their yre:
Then, when they were accorded from the fray,
Against that castles lord they gan conspire,
To heape on him dew vengeaunce of his hire.
They boone agreed, and to the gates they goe
To burn the same with unquenchable fire,
And that uncurteous carle, their commune foe,
To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in grievous woe.

Malbecco seeing them resolvd in deed
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earnest, ran with fearefull speed,
And, to them calling from the castle wall,
Besought them humbly him to beare withall,
As ignorant of servants bad abuse
And slacke attendaunce unto straungers call.
The knights were willing all things to excuse,
Though nought belev'd, and entraunce late did not refuse.

They beene ybrought into a comely bowre,
And serv'd of all things that mote needfull bee;
Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,
And welcomde more for feare then charitee;
But they dissembled what they did not see,
And welcomed themselves. Each gan undight
Their garments wott, and weary armour free,
To dry themselves by Vulcanes flaming light,
And eke their lately bruzed parts to bring in plight.

And eke that straungèr knight emongst the rest
Was for like need enforst to disaray:
Tho, whenas vailed was her lofty crest,
Her golden locks, that were in tramells gay
Upbounden, did themselves adowne display
And raught unto her heeles; like sunny beames,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded, shewe their goldon gleames,
And through the persant aire shoote forth their azure streames.

Shee also doffe her heavy habericon,
Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde;
And her well-plighted frock, which she did won
To tucke about her short when she did ryde,
Shee low let fall, that flowd from her lanck syde
Downe to her foot with carelesse modestee.
Thon of them all she plainly was espyde
To be a woman-wight, unwist to bee,
The fairest woman-wight that ever eie did see.

Like as Bellona (being late returnd
From slaughter of the giaunts conquered;
Where proud Encelade, whose wide nosethrils burnd
With breathed flames like to a furnace redd,
Transfixed with her speare downe tombled dedd
From top of Hemus by him heaped hye;)
Hath loosd her helmet from her lofty hedd,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untye
From her lefte arme, to rest in glorious victorye.

Which whenas they behold, they smitten were
With great amazement of so wondrous sight;
And each on other, and they all on her,
Stood gazing; as if suddein great affright
Had them surprized: at last avising right
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight
In their first error, and yett still anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hongry vew:

Yet nlote their hungry vew be satisfide,
But, seeing, still the more desir'd to see,
And ever firmely fixed did abide
In contemplation of divinitee:
But most they mervaild at her chevalree
And noble prowesse which they had approv'd,
What much they fayud to know who she mote bee;
Yet none of all them her thereof amov'd;
Yet every one her likte, and every one her lov'd.

And Paridell, though partly discontent
With his late-fall and fowle indignity,
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gratious regard of her faire eye,
And knightly worth which he too-late didtry,
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they Malbecco prayd of courtesy,
That of his lady they might have the sight
And company at meat, to doe them more delight.

But he, to shifte their curious request,
Gan causen why she could not come in place;
Her crased helth, her late recourse to rest,
And humid evening ill for sicke folkes cace:
But none of those excuses could take place;
Ne would they eate, till she in presence came:
Shee came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairely them saluted, as became,
And shewd herselfe in all a gentle courteous dame.

They sate to meat; and Satyrane his chaunce
Was her before, and Paridell beside;
But he himselfe sate looking still askaunce
Gainst Britomart, and ever closely eide
Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not glide:
But his blinde eie, that sided Paridell,
All his demeasnure from his sight did hide:
On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
And sent close messages of love to her at will:

And ever and anone, when none was ware,
With speaking loukes, that close embassage bore,
He rov'd at her, and told his secret care;
For all that art he learned had of yore:
Ne was she ignoraunt of that leud lore,
But in his eye his meaning wisely redd,
And with the like him answerd evermore:
Shee sent at him one fyrie dart, whose hedd
Empoisned was with privy lust and gealous dredd.

He from that deadly throw made no defence,
But to the wound his weake heart opened wyde:
The wicked engine through false influence
Past through his eies, and secretly did glyde
Into his heart, which it did sorely gryde.
But nothing new to him was that same paine,
Ne paine at all; for he so ofte had tryde
The powre thereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,
That thing of course he counted, love to entertaine.

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne:
Now Bacchus fruit out of the silver plate
He on the table dasht, as overthrowne,
Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne;
And by the dauncing bubbles did divine,
Or therein write to lett his love be showne;
Which well she redd out of the learnled line:
A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine.

And, whenso of his hand the pledge she raught,
The guilty cup she fained to mistake,
And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
Shewing desire her inward flame to slake.
By such close signes they secret way did make
Unto their wils, and eke eies watch escape:
Two eies him needeth, for to watch and wake,
Who lovers will deceive. Thus was the ape,
By their faire handling, put into Malbeccoes cape.

Now, when of meats and drinks they had their fill,
Purpose was moved by that gentle dame
Unto those knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of armes which unto them became,
And every one his kindred and his name.
Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pride
Of gratious speach and skill his words to frame
Abounded, being glad of so fitte tide
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of al well eide:

"Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,
And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,
Though whilome far much greater then thy fame,
Before that angry gods and cruell skie
Upon thee heapt a direful destinie;
What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
And fetch from Heven thy great genealogie,
Sith all thy worthie prayses being blent
Their ofspring hath embaste, and later glory shent!

"Most famous worthy of the world, by whome
That warre was kindled which did Troy inflame,
And stately towres of Ilion whilome
Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name
Sir Paris far renowmed through noble fame;
Who, through great prowesse and bold hardinesse,
From Lacedaemon fetcht the fayrest dame
That ever Greece did boast, or knight possesse,
Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthinesse;

"Fayre Helene, flowre of beautie excellent,
And girlond of the mighty conquerours,
That madest many ladies deare lament
The heavie losse of their brave paramours,
Which they far off beheld from Trojan toures,
And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander strowne
With carcases of noble warrioures
Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow sowne,
And Xanthus sandy bankes with blood all overflowne!

"From him my linage I derive aright,
Who long before the ten yeares siege of Troy,
Whiles yet on Ida he a shepeheard hight,
On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,
Whom, for remembrance of her passed ioy,
She, of his father, Parius did name;
Who, after Greekes did Priams realme destroy,
Gathred the Trojan reliques sav'd from flame,
And, with them sayling thence, to th' isle of Paros came.

"That was by him cald Paros, which before
Hight Nausa; there he many yeares did raine,
And built Nausicle by the Pontick shore;
The which he dying lefte next in remaine
To Paridas his sonne,
From whom I Paride I by kin descend:
But, for faire ladies love and glories gaine,
My native soile have lefte, my dayes to spend
In seeking deeds of armes, my lives and labors end."

Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell
Of Trojan warres and Priams citie sackt,
(The ruefull story of sir Paridell)
She was empassiond at that piteous act,
With zelous envy of Greekes cruell fact
Against that nation, from whose race of old
She heard that she was lineally extract:
For noble Britons sprong from Trojans bold,
And Troynovant was built of old Troyes ashes cold.

Then, sighing soft awhile, at last she thus:
"O lamentable fall of famous towne,
Which raignd so many yeares victorious,
And of all Asie bore the soveraine crowne,
In one sad night consumd and throwen downe!
What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,
Is not impierst with deepe compassiowne,
And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at evening late!

"Behold, sir, how your pitifull complaint
Hath fownd another partner of your payne:
For nothing may impresse so deare constraint
As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.
But, if it should not grieve you backe agayne
To turne your course, I would to heare desyre
What to Aeneas fell; sith that men sayne
He was not in the cities wofull fyre
Consum'd, but did himselfe to safety retyre."

"Anchyses sonne begott of Venus fayre,"
Said he, "out of the flames for safegard fled,
And with a remnant did to sea repayre;
Where he, through fatall errour long was led
Full many yeares, and wearilesse wandered
From shore to shore emongst the Lybick sandes,
Ere rest he fownd: much there he suffered,
And many perilles past in forreine landes,
To save his people sad from victours vengefull handes:

"At last in Latium he did arryve,
Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
Of th' inland folke which sought him backe to drive,
Till he with old Latinus was constraind
To contract wedlock, so the fates ordaind;
Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplished; that many deare complaind:
The rivall slaine, the victour (through the flood
Escaped hardly) hardly praisd his wedlock good.

"Yet, after all, he victour did survive,
And with Latinus did the kingdom part:
But after, when both nations gan to strive
Into their names the title to convart,
His sonne Iülus did from thence depart
With all the warlike youth of Troians bloud,
And in Long Alba plast his throne apart;
Where faire it florished and long time stoud,
Till Romulus, renewing it, to Rome removd."

"There; there," said Britomart, "afresh appeard
The glory of the later world to spring,
And Troy againe out of her dust was reard
To sitt in second seat of soveraine king
Of all the world, under her governing.
But a third kingdom yet is to arise
Out of the Troians scattered ofspring,
That, in all glory and great enterprise,
Both first and second Troy shall dare to equalise.

" It Troynovant is hight, that with the waves
Of wealthy Thamis washed is along,
Upon whose stubborne neck (whereat he raves
With roring rage, and sore himselfe does throng,
That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong)
She fastned hath her foot; which stands so by,
That it a wonder of the world is song
In forreine landes; and all, which passen by,
Beholding it from farre doe think it threates the skye.

" The Troian-Brute did first that citie fownd,
And Hygate made the ineare thereof by west,
And Overt-gate by north: that is the bownd
Toward the land; two rivers bownd the rest.
So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
To be the compasse of his kingdomes seat:
So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
That Albion had conquered first by warlike feat."

" Ah! fairest lady-knight," said Paridell,
" Pardon I pray my heedlesse oversight,
Who had forgot that whylome I heard tell
From aged Mnemon; for my wits beene light.
Indeed he said, if I remember right,
That of the antique Trojan stocke there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
And far abroad his mighty braunches threw
Into the utmost angle of the world he knew.

" For that same Brute, whom much he did advaunce
In all his speach, was Sylvius his sonne,
Whom having slain through luckles arrowes glaunce,
He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,
Or els for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne,
And with him ledd to sea an youthly trayne;
Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,
And many fortunes prov'd in th' ocean mayne,
And great adventures found, that now were long to sayne.

" At last by fatall course they driven were
Into an island spatious and brode,
The furthest north that did to them appeare:
Which, after rest, they, seeking farre abrode,
Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,
Fruitfull of all thinges fitt for living foode,
But wholy waste and void of peoples trode,
Save an huge nation of the geaunts broode
That fed on living flesh, and dronck mens vitall blood.

" Whom he, through wearie wars and labours long,
Subdewd with losse of many Britons bold:
In which the great Goëmagot of strong
Corineus, and Coulin of Debon old,
Were overthrowne and laide on th' earth full cold,
Which quaked under their so hideous masse!
A famous history to bee enrold
In everlasting monuments of brasse,
That all the antique worthies merits far did passe.

" His worke great Troynovant, his worke is eke
Faire Lincolne, both renowned far away;
That who from east to west will endlong seeke,
Cannot two fairer cities find this day,
Except Cleopolis; so heard I say
Old Mnemon: therefore, sir, I greet you well
Your countrey kin; and you entyrely pray
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
[illegible]" So ended Paridell.

But all the while, that he these speeches spent,
Upon his lips hong faire dame Hellenore.
With vigilant regard and dew attent,
Fashioning worldes of fancies evermore
In her fraile witt, that now her quite forlore:
The whiles unwares away her wondring eye
And greedy eares her weake hart from her bore:
Which he perceiving, ever privily,
In speaking, many false belgardes at her let fly.

So long these knightes discoursed diversly
Of straunge affaires, and noble hardiment,
Which they had past with mickle jeopardy,
That now the humid night was farforth spent,
And hevenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:
Which th' old man seeing wel, who too long thought
Every discourse, and every argument,
Which by the houres he measured, besought
Them go to rest. So all unto their bowres were brought.

CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore;
Malbecco her poursewes;
Fynds emongst Satyres, whence with him
To turne she doth refuse.

The morrow next, so soone as Phœbus lamp
Bewrayed had the world with early light,
And fresh Aurora had the shady damp
Out of the goodly Heven amoved quight,
Faire Britomart and that same Faery knight
Uprose, forth on their iourney for to wend:
But Paridell complaynd, that his late fight
With Britomart so sore did him offend,
That ryde he could not till his hurts he did amend.

So foorth they far'd; but he behind them stayd,
Maulgre his host, who grudged grivously
To house a guest that would be needes obayd,
And of his owne him lefte not liberty:
Might wanting measure moveth surquedry.
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fiers younghans unruly maystery;
His money, which he lov'd as living breath; [eath.
And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept un-

But patience perforce; he must abie
What fortune and his fate on him will lay:
Fond is the feare that findes no remedie.
Yet warily he watcheth every way,
By which he feareth evill happen may;
So th' evill thinkes by watching to prevent:
Ne doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,
Out of his sight herselfe once to absent:
So doth he punish her, and eke himself torment.

But Paridell kept better watch then hee,
A fit occasion for his turne to finde.
False Love! why do men say thou canst not see,
And in their foolish fancy feigne thee blinde,
That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest binde,
And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,
And seest every secret of the minde;
Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee:
All that is by the working of thy deitee,

So perfect in that art was Paridell,
That he Malbeccoes halfen eye did wyle;
His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
And Hellenors both eyes did eke beguyle,
Both eyes and hart attonce, during the whyle
That he there soiourned his woundes to heale;
That Cupid selfe, it seeing, close did smyle
To weet how he her love away did steale, [veale.
And bad that none their ioyous treason should re-

The learned lover lost no time nor tyde
That least avantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde
His secret drift till he her layd abord.
Whenso in open place and commune bord
He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach
He courted her; yet bayted every word,
That his ungentle hoste n'iote him appeach
Of vile ungentlenesse or hospitages breach.

But when apart (if ever her apart
He found) then his false engins fast he plyde,
And all the sleights unbosomd in his hart:
He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,
And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde:
Tho, when againe he him bethought to live,
He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,
Saying, but if she mercie would him give,
That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgive.

And otherwhyles with amorous delights
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine;
Now singing sweetly to surprize her sprights,
Now making layes of love, and lovers paine,
Brandes, ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine;
Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devysd,
And thousands like which flowed in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and entysd
To take to his new love, and leave her old despysd.

And every where he might, and everie while
He did her service dewtifull, and sewd
At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile;
So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,
Who well perceived all, and all indewd.
Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,
With which he many weake harts had subdewd
Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
What wonder then if she were likewise carried?

No fort so fensible, no wals so strong,
But that continuall battery will rive,
Or daily siege, through disparvayaunce long
And lacke of reskewes, will to parley drive;
And peece, that unto parley eare will give,
Will shortly yield itselfe, and will be made
The vassall of the victors will bylive:
That stratageme had oftentimes assayd
This crafty paramoure, and now it plaine displayd:

For through his traines he her intrapped hath,
That she her love and hart hath wholy sold
To him without regard of gaine, or scath,
Or care of crodite, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fayre cuequold.
Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee
Devized hath, and to her lover told:
It pleased well: so well they both agree;
So readie ryple to ill, ill wemens counsels bee!

Darke was the evening, fit for lovers stealth,
When chaunst Malbecco busie be elsewhere,
She to his closet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid; thereof she countlesse summes did reare,
The which she meant away with her to beare;
The rest she fyr'd, for sport or for despight:
As Hellene, when she saw aloft appeare
The Troiane flames and reach to Heavens hight,
Did clap her hands, and ioyed at that doleful sight;

The second Hellene, fayre dame Hellenore,
The whiles her husband ran with sory haste
To quench the flames which she had tyn'd before,
Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste,
And ran into her lovers armes right fast;
Where streight embraced she him did cry
And call alowd for helpe, ere helpe were past;
For lo! that guest did beare her forcibly,
And meant to ravish her, that rather had to dy!

The wretched man, hearing her call for ayd,
And ready seeing him with her to fly,
In his disquiet mind was much dismayd:
But when againe he backward cast his eye,
And saw the wicked fire so furiously
Consume his hart, and scorch his idoles face,
He was therewith distressed diversely,
Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place:
Was never wretched man in such a wofull cace.

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,
And left the fire; love, money overcame:
But when he marked how his money burnd,
He left his wife; money did love disclame:
Both was he loth to loose his loved dame,
And loth to leave his liefest pelfe behinde;
Yet, sith he n'iote save both, he sav'd that same
Which was the dearest to his donghill minde,
The god of his desire, the ioy of misers blinde.

Thus whilest all things in troublous uprore were,
And all men busie to suppresse the flame,
The loving couple neede no reskew feare,
But leasure had and liberty to frame
Their purpost flight, free from all mens reclame;
And Night, the patronesse of love-stealth fayre,
Gave them safe conduct till to end they came;
So beene they gone yfere, a wanton payre
Of lovers loosely knit, where list them to repayre.

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,
Malbecco, seeing how his losse did lye,
Out of the flames which he had quencht whylere,
Into huge waves of griefe and gealosye
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye
Twixt inward doole and felonous despight:
He rav'd, he wept, he stampt, he lowd did cry;
And all the passions, that in man may light,
Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytive spright.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,
And did consume his gall with anguish sore:
Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,
Then still the smart thereof increased more,
And seemd more grievous then it was before:
At last when sorrow he saw booted nought,
Ne griefe might not his love to him restore,
He gan devise how her he reskew mought;
Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused thought

At last resolving, like a pilgrim pore,
To search her forth whereso she might be fond,
And bearing with him treasure in close store,
The rest he leaves in ground: so takes in hond
To seeke her endlong both by sea and lond.
Long he her sought, he sought her far and nere,
And every where that he mote understond
Of knights and ladies any meetings were;
And of each one he mett he tidings did inquere.

But all in vaine; his woman was to wise
Ever to come into his clouch againe,
And hee too simple ever to surprise
The jolly Paridell, for all his paine.
One day, as he forpassed by the plaine
With weary pace, he far away espide
A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
Which hoved clo e under a forest side,
As if they lay in wait, or els themselves did hide.

Well weened hee that those the same mote bee;
And, as he better did their shape avize,
Him seemed more their manér did agree;
For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom to be Paridell he did devize;
And th' other, al yclad in garments light
Discoloured like to womanish disguise,
He did resemble to his lady bright;
And ever his faint hart much earned at the sight:

And ever faine he towards them would goe,
But yet durst not forthread approchon nie,
But stood aloofe, unweeting what to doe;
Till that prickt forth with loves extremity,
That is the father of fowle geulosy,
He closely to arer crept the truth to weet:
But, as he nigher drew, he easily
Might scerne that it was not his sweetest sweet,
Ne yet her belamour, the partner of his sheet:

But it was scornefull Braggadochio,
That with his servant Trompart hoverd there,
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe:
Whom such whenas Malbecco spyed clere,
He turned backe, and would have fled arere;
Till Trompart, ronning hastely, him did stay
And bad before his soveraine lord appere:
That was him loth, yet durst he not gainesay,
And comming him before low louted on the lay.

The boaster at him sternely bent his browe,
As if he could have kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,
And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
That every member of his body quooke.
Said he, "Thou man of nought! what doest thou
Unfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke, [here
Whére I expected one with shield and spere
To prove some deeds of armes upon an equall pere?"

The wretched man at his imperions speach
Was all abasht, and low prostrating said;
"Good sir, let not my rudenes be no breach
Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For I unwares this way by fortune straid,
A silly pilgrim driven to distresse,
That seeke a lady"—There he suddoin staid,
And did the rest with grievous sighes suppresse,
While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitter-nesse.

"What lady?"—"Man," said Trompart, "take good hart,
And tell thy griefe, if any hidden lye:
Was never better time to show thy smart
Then now that noble succor is thee by,
That is the whole worlds commune remedy."
That chearful word his weak heart inuchdid cheare,
And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,
That bold he sayd: "O most redoubted pere,
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches cace to heare."

Then sighing sore, "It is not long," saide hee,
"Sith I enioyd the gentlest daine alive;
Of whom a knight, (no knight at all pardee,
But shame of all that doe for honor strive)
By treacherous deceipt did me deprive;
Through open outrage he her bore away,
And with fowle force unto his will did drive;
Which al good knights, that armes do bear this day,
Are bownd for to revenge and punish if they may.

"And you, most noble lord, that can and dare
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious speare
In better quarrell then defence of right,
And for a lady gainst a faithlesse knight:
So shall your glory be advaunced much,
And all faire ladies magnify your might,
And eke myselfe, albee I simple such, [rich."
Your worthy paine shall wel reward with guerdon

With that, out of his bouget forth he drew
Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt;
But he on it lookt scornefully askew,
As much disdeigning to be so misdompt,
Or a war-monger to be basely nempt;
And sayd; "Thy offers base I greatly loth,
And eke thy words uncourteous and unkempt:
I tread in dust thee and thy money both; [wroth.
That, were it not for shame"—So turned from him

But Trompart, that his maistres humor knew
In lofty looks, to hide an humble minde,
Was inly tickled with that golden vew,
And in his eare him rowuded close behinde:
Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the winde,
Waiting advauntage on the pray to sease;
Till Trompart, lowly to the ground inclinde,
Besought him his great corage to appease,
And pardon simple man that rash did him displease.

Big looking like a doughty doucépere,
At last he thus; "Thow clod of vilest clay,
I pardon yield; and with thy rudenes beare;
But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,
And all that els the vaine world vaunten may,
I loath as doung, ne deeme my dew reward:
Fame is my meed, and glory vertuous pay:
But minds of mortall men are muchell mard [gard.
And mov'd amisse with massy mucks unmeet re-

"And more; I graunt to thy great misery
Gratious respect; thy wife shall backe be sent:
And that vile knight, whoever that he bee,
Which hath thy lady reft and knighthood shent,
By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly dent
The blood hath of so many thousands shedd,
I sweare ere long shall dearely it repent;
Ne he twixt Heven and Earth shall hide his hedd,
But soone he shall be fownd, and shortly doon be dedd."

The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word so spoken were halfe donne,
And humbly thanked him a thousand sith
That had from death to life him newly wonne.
Tho forth the boaster marching brave begonne
His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
As if he Heaven and Hell would over-ronne,
And all the world confound with cruelty;
That much Malbecco ioyed in his iollity.

Thus long they three together travailed,
Through many a wood and many an uncouth way,
To seeke his wife that was far wandered:
But those two sought nought but present pray,
To weete, the treasure which he did bewray,
On which their eies and harts were wholly sett,
With purpose how they might it best betray;
For, sith the howre that first he did them lett
The same behold, therwith their keene desires were whett.

It fortuned, as they together far'd,
They spide where Paridell came pricking fast
Upon the plaine, the which himselfe prepar'd
To giust with that brave straunger knight a cast,
As on adventure by the way he past:
Alone he rode without his paragone;
For, having filcht her bells, her up he cast
To the wide world, and lett her fly alone;
He mould be clogd: so had he served many one.

The gentle lady, loose at randon lefte,
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne wefte;
Till on a day the Satyres her espide
Straying alone withouten groome or guide:
Her up they tooke, and with them home her ledd,
With them as housewife ever to abide, [bredd;
To milk their gotes, and make them cheese and
And every one as commune good her handeled:

That shortly she Malbecco has forgott,
And eke sir Paridell all were he deare;
Who from her went to seeke another lott,
And now by fortune was arrived here,
Where those two guilers with Malbecco were.
Soone as the old man saw sir Paridell,
He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,
Ne word he had to speake his griefe to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well;

And, after, asked him for Hellenore:
"I take no keepe of her," sayd Paridell,
"She wonneth in the forrest there before."
So forth he rode as his adventure fell;
The whiles the boaster from his loftie sell
Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;
But the fresh swayne would not his leasure dwell,
But went his way; whom when he passed kend,
He up remounted light, and after faind to wend.

"Perdy nay," said Malbecco, "shall ye not;
But let him passe as lightly as he came:
For litle good of him is to be got,
And mickle perill to be put to shame.
But let us goe to seeke my dearest dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder forest wyld:
For of her safety in great doubt I ame,
Least salvage beastes her person have despoyld:
Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine have toyld."

They all agree, and forward them addrest:
"Ah! but," saide crafty Trompart, "weete ye well,
That yonder in that wastefull wildernesse
Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
Dragons, and minotaures, and feendes of Hell,
And many wilde woodmen which robbe and rend
All traveilers; therefore advise ye well,
Before ye enterprise that way to wend:
One may his iourney bring too soone to evill end."

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,
And, with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
Their counsell crav'd in daunger imminent.
Said Trompart; "You, that are the most opprest
With burdein of great treasure, I thinke best
Here for to stay in safetie behynd:
My lord and I will search the wide forest."
That counsell pleased not Malbeccoes mynd;
For he was mach afraid himselfe alone to fynd.

"Then is it best," said he, "that ye doe leave
Your treasure here in some security,
Either fast closed in some hollow greave,
Or buried in the ground from jeopardy,
Till we returne againe in safety:
As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,
Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,
Ne privy bee unto your treasures grave." [brave.
It pleased; so he did: then they march forward

Now when amid the thickest woodes they were,
They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
And shrieking hububs them approching nere,
Which all the forest did with horrour fill:
That dreadfull sound the boasters hart did thrill
With such amazment, that in hast he tledd,
Ne ever looked back for good or ill;
And after him eke fearefull Trompart spedd:
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half dedd:

Yet afterwardes, close creeping as he might,
He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd.
The iolly Satyres full of fresh delight
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly ledd
Faire Helenore with girlonds all bespredd,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
Shee, proude of that new honour which they redd,
And of their lovely fellowship full glade,
Daunst lively, and her face did with a lawrell shade.

The silly man that in the thickett lay
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore;
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th' unkindnes of his Hellenore.
All day they daunced with great lustyhedd,
And with their horned feet the greene gras wore;
The whiles their gotes upon the bronzes fedd,
Till drouping Phœbus gan to hyde his golden hedd.

Tho up they gan their merry pypes to trusse,
And all their goodly heardes did gather rownd;
But every Satyre first did give a busse
To Hellenore; so busses did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour shed the grownd
With perly deaw, and th' Earthes gloomy shade
Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin rownd,
That every bird and beast awarned made [invade.
To shrowd themselves, while sleep their sences did

Which when Malbecco saw, out of the bush
Upon his handes and feete he crept full light,
And like a gote emongst the gotes did rush;
That, through the helpe of his faire hornes on hight,
And misty dampe of misconceyving night,
And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,
He did the better counterfeite aright:
So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,
That none of all the Satyres him espyde or heard.

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd,
Whereas his lovely wife emongst them lay,
Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,
Who all the night did mind his ioyous play:
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his hart with gealosy did swell;
But yet that nights ensample did bewray
That not for nought his wife them lovd so well,
When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

So closely as he could he to them crept,
When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell,
And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,
That it was he which by her side did dwell;
And therefore prayd her wake to heare him plaine.
As one out of a dreame not waked well
She turnd her, and returned backe againe:
Yet her for to awake he did the more constraine.

At last with irkesom trouble she abrayd;
And then perceiving, that it was indeed
Her old Malbecco, which did her upbrayd
With loosenesse of her love and loathly deed,
She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,
And would have wakt the Satyre by her syde;
But he her prayd, for mercy or for meed,
To save his life, ne let him be deseryde,
But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

Tho gan he her perswade to leave that lewd
And loathsom life, of God and man abhord,
And home returne, where all should be renewd
With perfect peace and bandes of fresh accord,
And she receivd againe to bed and bord,
As if no traspas ever had beene donne:
But she it all refused at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But chose emongst the iolly Satyres still to wonne.

He wooed her till day-spring he espyde;
But all in vaine: and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on every syde,
And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard
Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.
Early, before the Heavens fairest light
Out of the ruddy east was fully reard,
The heardes out of their foldes were loosed quight,
And he emongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

So soone as he the prison-dore did pas,
He ran as fast as both his feet could beare,
And never looked who behind him was,
Ne scarsely who before: like as a beare,
That creeping close amongst the hives to reare
An hony-combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
And him assayling sore his carkas teare,
That hardly he with life away does fly,
Ne stayes, till safe himselfe he see from ieopardy.

Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place
Where late his treasure he entombed had;
Where when he found it not, (for Trompart bace
Had it purloyned for his maister bad)
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away; ran with himselfe away:
That who so straungely had him seene bestadd,
With upstart haire and staring eyes dismay,
From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would say.

High over hilles and over dales he fledd,
As if the wind him on his winges had borne;
Ne banck nor bush could stay him, when he spedd
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne:
Griefe, and Despight, and Gealosy, and Scorne,
Did all the way him follow hard behynd;
And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so-forlorne,
So shamefully forlorne of womankynd:
That, as a snake, still lurked in his wounded mynd

Still fled he forward, looking backward still;
Ne stayd his flight, nor fearefull agony
Till that he came unto a rocky hill
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrify
To looke adowne, or upward to the hight:
From thence he threw himselfe dispiteously,
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
That seemd no help for him was left in living sight.

But, through long anguish and selfe-murd'ring thought,
He was so wasted and forpined quight,
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
And nothing left but like an aery spright;
That on the rockes he fell so flit and light,
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all;
But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light;
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,
That at the last hë found a cave with entrance small:

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there
Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion
In drery darkenes and continuall feare
Of that rocks fall, which ever and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,
That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepes for that occasion;
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,
The roving billowes beat his howre so boystrously.

No ever is he wont on ought to feed
But todes and frogs, his pasture poysonous,
Which in his cold complexion doe breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
Cross-cuts the liver with internall smart,
And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall dart.

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
That death and life attonce unto him gives,
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.
There dwels he ever, miserable swaine,
Hatefull both to himselfe and every wight;
Where he, through privy griefe and horrour vaine,
Is woxen so defowl'd, that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and Gelosy is hight.

CANTO XI.

Britomart chaceth Ollyphant;
Findes Soudamour distrest:
Assayes the house of Busyrane,
Where Loves spoyles are expresl.

O HATEFULL Fellish snake! what Furie furst
Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,
Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,
And fostred up with bittor milke of tine;
Fowle Gealosy! that turnest love divine
To ioylesse dread, and mak'st the loving hart
With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed itselfe with selfe-consuming smart,
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art!

O let him far be banished away,
And in his stead let Love for ever dwell!
Sweete Love, that doth his golden wings embay
In blessed nectar and pure Pleasures well,
Untroubled of vile feare or bitter fell.
And ye, faire ladies, that your kingdomes make
In th' harts of men, them governe wisely well,
And of faire Britomart ensample take,
That was as trew in love as turtle to her make.

Who with sir Satyrane, as earst ye red,
Forth ryding from Malhecoos hostlesse hous,
Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled
From an huge geaunt, that with hideous
And hatefull outrage long him chaced thus;
It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare
Of that Argantè vile and vitious,
From whom the Squyre of Dames was reft whylere;
This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

For as the sister did in feminine
And filthy lust exceede all womankinde;
So he surpassed his sex masculine,
In beastly use, all that I ever finde:
Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde
The fearefull boy so greedily poursew,
She was enmoved in her noble minde
T' employ her puissaunce to his reskew,
And pricked fiercely forward where she did him vew.

Ne was sir Satyrane her far behinde,
But with like fiercenesse did ensew the chace:
Whom when the gyaunt saw, he soone resinde
His former suit, and from them fled apace:
They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
And each did strive the other to outgoe;
But he them both outran a wondrous space,
For he was long, and swift as any roe,
And now made better speed t' escape his feared foe.

It was not Satyrane, whom he did feare,
But Britomart the flowre of chastity;
For he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,
But alwayes did their dread encounter fly:
And now so fast his feet he did apply,
That he gas gotten to a forrest neare,
Where he is shrowded in security.
The wood they enter, and search everie where;
They searched diversely; so both divided were.

Fayre Britomart so long him followed,
That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
By which there lay a knight all wallowed
Upon the grassy ground, and by him neare
His habergeon, his helmet, and his speare:
A little off, his shield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged boy in colours cleare
Depeincted was, full easie to be knowne,
And he thereby, wherever it in field was showne.

His face upon the ground did groveling ly,
As if he had beene slombring in the shade;
That the brave mayd would not for courtesy
Out of his quiet slomber him abrade,
Nor seeme too suddeinly him to invade:
Still as she stood, she heard with grievous throb
Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
That pitty did the virgins hart of patience rob.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes
He sayd; "O soverayne Lord, that sit'st on hye
And raingst in blis emongst thy blessed saintes,
How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty
So long unwreaked of thine enimy!
Or hast thou, Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
Or doth thy justice sleepe and silent ly?
What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnesse no meed!

"If good find grace, and righteousnes reward,
Why then is Amoret in caytive band,
Sith that more bountcous creature never far'd
On foot upon the face of living land?
Or if that heavenly justice may withstand
The wrongefull outrage of unrighteous men,
Why then is Busirane with wicked hand
Suffred, these seven monethes day, in secret den
My lady and my love so cruelly to pen?

"My lady and my love is cruelly pend
In dolefull darkenes from the vew of day,
Whilest deadly torments doe her chast brest rend,
And the sharpe steele doth rive her hart in tway,
All for she Soudamore will not denay.
Yet thou, vile man, vile Soudamore, art sound,
Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;
Unworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,
For whom so faire a lady feeles so sore a wound."

There an huge heape of singultes did oppresse
His strugling soule, and swelling throbs empeach
His foltring toung with pangs of drerinesse,
Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,
As if his dayes were come to their last reach.
Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit
Threatning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terrour she was smit,
Fearing least from her cage the weary soule would flit.

Tho, stouping downe, she him amoved light;
Who, therewith somewhat starting, up gan looke,
And seeing him behind a stranger knight,
Whereas no living creature he mistooke,
With great indignaunce he that sight forsooke,
And, downe againe himselfe disdainefully
Abiecting, th' earth with his faire forhead strooke:
Which the bold virgin seeing, gan apply
Fit medicine to his griefe, and spake thus courtesly:

"Ah! gentle knight, whose deepe-conceived griefe
Well seemes t' exceede the powre of patience,
Yet, if that heavenly grace some good reliefe
You send, submit you to high Providence;
And ever, in your noble hart, prepense,
That all the sorrow in the world is lesse
Then vertues might and values confidence:
For who will bide the burden of distresse, [nesse.
Must not here thinke to live; for life is wretched-

"Therefore, faire sir, doe comfort to you take,
And freely read what wicked felon so
Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.
Perhaps this hand may help to ease your woe,
And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe;
At least it faire endevour will apply."
Those feeling words so neare the quicke did goe,
That up his head he reared easily;
And, leaning on his elbowe, these few words slettly:

"What boots it plaine that cannot be redrest,
And sow vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse care;
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
Ne worldly price, cannot redeeme my deare
Out of her thraldome and continuall feare!
For he, the tyraunt, which her hath in ward
By strong enchauntments and blacke magicke leare,
Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her gard.

"There he tormenteth her most terribly,
And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
Because to yield him love she doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yolde againe:
But yet by torture he would her constraine
Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest;
Till so she doe, she must in dole remaine,
Ne may by living meanes be thence relest:
What boots it then to plaine that cannot be redrest!"

With this sad hersall of his heavy stresse
The warlike damzell was empassioned sore,
And sayd; "Sir Knight, your cause is nothing lesse
Then is your sorrow certes, if not more;
For nothing so much pitty doth implore
As gentle ladyes helplesse misery:
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
I will, with proofe of last extremity,
Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you dy."

"Ah! gentlest knight alive," sayd Scudamore,
"What huge heroicke magnanimity [more
Dwells in thy bounteous brest? what couldst thou
If shee were thine, and thou as now am I?
O spare thy happy daies, and them apply
To better boot, but let me die that ought;
More is more losse; one is enough to dy!"
"Life is not lost," said she, "for which is bought
Endlesse renowm; that, more then death, is to be sought."

Thus she at length persuaded him to rise,
And with her wond to see what new successe
Him befall upon new enterprise:
His armes, which he had vowed to disprofesse,
She gathered up and did about him dresse,
And his forwandred steed unto him gott:
So forth they both yfere make their progresse,
And march, not past the mountenaunce of a shott,
Till they arriv'd whereas their purpose they did plott.

There they dismounting drew their weapons bold,
And stoutly came unto the castle gate,
Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,
Nor ward to waite at morne and evening late;
But in the porch, that did them sore amate,
A flaming fire ymixt with smouldry smoke
And stinking sulphure, that with grisly hate
And dreadfull horror did all entrance choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,
Ne in that stownd wist how herselfe to beare;
For danger vaine it were to have assayd
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can suffer to approachen neare:
And, turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd;
"What monstrous enmity provoke we heare?
Foolhardy as th' Earthes children, the which made
Batteill against the gods, so we a god invade.

"Daunger without discretion to attempt,
Inglorious, beast-like, is: therefore, sir Knight,
Aread what course of you is safest dempt,
And how we with our foe may come to fight."
"This is," quoth he, "the dolorous despight,
Which earst to you I playnd: for neither may
This fire be quenched by any witt or might,
Ne yet by any meanes removid away;
So mighty be th' enchauntments which the same do stay.

"What is there ells but cease these fruitlesse paines,
And leave me to my former languishing!
Faire Amoret must dwell in wicked chaines,
And Scudamore here die with sorrowing!"
"Perdy not so," saide shee; "for shamefull thing
Yt were t' abandon noble chevisaunce,
For shewe of peril, without venturing:
Rather, let try extremities of chaunce
Then enterprised praise for dread to disavaunce."

Therewith, resolv'd to prove her utmost aright,
Her ample shield she threw before her face,
And her swords point directing forward right
Assayld the flame; the which oftesoones gave place,
And did itselfe divide with equall space,
That through she passed; as a thonder-bolt
Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
The soring clouds into sad showres ymolt;
So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fire
Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay
With greedy will and envious desire,
And had the stubborne flames to yield him way:
But cruell Mulciber would not obay
His threatfull pride, but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
Him forst, maugre his forceness, to relent,
And backe retire all scorcht and pitifully brent.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
More for great sorrow that he could not pas
Then for the burning torment which he felt;
That with fell woodnes he efforced was,
And wilfully him throwing on the gras
Did beat and bounce his head and brest full sore:
The whiles the championesse now entred has
The utmost rowme, and past the foremost dore;
The utmost rowme abounding with all precious store:

For, round about the walls yclothed were
With goodly arras of great maiesty,
Woven with gold and silke so close and nere
That the rich metall lurked privily,
As fayning to be hidd from envious eye;
Yet here, and there, and every where, unwares
It shewd itselfe and shone unwillingly;
Like to' a discoloured snake, whose hidden snares
Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht back declares.

And in those tapets weren fashioned
Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate;
And all of love, and all of lusty-hed,
As seemed by their semblaunt, did entreat:
And eke all Cupids warres they did repeate,
And cruell battailes, which he whilome fought
Gainst all the gods to make his empire great;
Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
On mighty kings and kesars into thraldome brought.

Therein was writt how often thondring Ioue
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
And, leaving Heavens kingdome, here did roue
In straunge disguize, to slake his scalding smart;
Now, like a ram, faire Helle to pervart,
Now, like a bull, Europa to withdraw:
Ahy how the fearefull ladies tender hart
Did lively seeme to tremble, when she saw
The huge seas under her t' obay her servaunts law!

Soone after that, into a golden showre
Himselfe he chaung'd, faire Danaë to vew;
And through the roofe of her strong brasen towre
Did raine into her lap an hony dew;
The whiles her foolish garde, that litle knew
Of such deceipt, kept th' yron dore fast bard,
And watcht that none should enter nor issew;
Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
Whenas the god to golden hew himselfe transfard.

Then was he turnd into a snowy swan,
To win faire Leda to his lovely trade:
O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
That her in daffadillies sleeping made
From scorching heat her daintie limbes to shade!
Whiles the proud bird, ruffing his fethers wyde
And brushing his faire brest, did her invade,
She slept; yet twixt her eielids closely spyde
How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his pryde.

Then shewd it how the Thebane Semelee,
Deceivd of gealous Iuno, did require
To see him in his soverayne maiestee
Arm'd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
Whens dearely she with death bought her desire.
But faire Alcmena better match did make,
Ioying his love in likenes more entire:
Three nights in one they say that for her sake
He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake.

Twice was he seene in soaring eagles shape,
And with wide winges to beat the buxome ayre:
Once, when he with Asterie did scape;
Againe, whenas the Trojane boy so fayre
He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:
Woundrous delight it was there to behould
How the rude shepheards after him did stare,
Trembling through feare least downe he fallen should,
And often to him calling to take surer hould.

In Satyres shape Antiopa he snatcht;
And like a fire, when he Aegin' assayd:
A shepheard, when Mnemosyne he catcht;
And like a serpent to the Thracian mayd [playd,
Whyles thus on Earth great love these pageaunts
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
And, scoffing, thus unto his mother sayd;
"Lo! now the Hevens obey to me alone, [gone."
And take me for their love, whiles love to Earth is

And thou, faire Phœbus, in thy colours bright
Wast there enwoven, and the sad distresse
In which that boy thee plonged, for despight
That thou bewraydst his mothers wantonnesse,
When she with Mars was meynt in ioyfulnesse:
Forthy he thrild thee with a leaden dart
To love faire Daphne, which thee loved lesse;
Lesse she thee lov'd than was thy iust desart,
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy smart.

So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinct;
So lovedst thou the faire Coronis deare:
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct;
Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee beare,
The one a paunce, the other a sweete-breare:
For griefe whereof, ye mote have lively seene
The god himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his garlond ever greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,
The sonne of Climene, he did repent;
Who, bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,
And all the world with flashing fier brent;
So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame.
Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,
Forst him eftsoones to follow other game,
And lOve a shepheards daughter for his dearest dame.

He loved Isse for his dearest dame,
And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,
And for her sake a cowheard vile became:
The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile,
Whiles that from Heaven he suffered exile.
Long were to tell his other lovely fitt;
Now, like a lyon hunting after spoile;
Now, like a hag; now, like a faulcon flit:
All which in that faire arras was most lively writ.

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,
In his divine resemblaunce wondrous lyke:
His face was ruggd, and his hoarie hed
Dropped with brackish deaw; his threeforkt pyke
He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did stryke
The raging billowes, that on every syde
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his swift charet might have passage wyde
Which foure great hippodames did draw in teme-wise tyde.

His sea-horses did seeme to snort amayne,
And from their nostrilles blow the brynie streame,
That made the sparckling waves to smoke agayne
And flame with gold; but the white fomy creame
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beame:
The god himselfe did pensive seeme and sad,
And hong adowne his head as he did dreame;
For privy love his brest empierced had,
Ne ought but deare Bisaltis ay could make him glad.

He loved eke Iphimedia deare,
And Aeolus faire daughter, Arnè hight,
For whom he turnd himselfe into a steare,
And fedd on fodder to beguile her sight.
Also, to win Deucalions daughter bright,
He turnd himselfe into a dolphin fayre;
And, like a winged horse, he tooke his flight
To snaky-locke Medu a to repayre, [ayre.
On whom he got faire Pegasus that flitteth in the

Next Saturne was, (but who would ever weene
That sullein Saturne ever weend to love?
Yet love is sullein, and Satúrnlike scene,
As he did for Erigone it prove,)
That to a centaure did himselfe transmore.
So proov'd it eke that gratious god of wine,
When, for to compasse Philliras hard love,
He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,
And gentle pangues, with which he maked meeke
The mightie Mars, to learne his wa m playes;
How oft for Venus, and how often eek
For many other nymphes, he sore did shreek;
With womanish teares, and with unwarlike smarts,
Privily moystening his horrid cheeke:
There was he painted full of burning dartes,
And many wide woundes launched through his inner partes.

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)
His owne deare mother, (ah! why should he so?)
Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himselfe,
That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,
Which he had wrought to many others moe.
But, to declare the mournfull tragedyes
And spoiles wherewith he all the ground did strow,
More eath to number with how many eyes
High Heven beholdes sad lovers nightly theeveryes.

Kings, queenes, lords, ladies, knights, and damsels
Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort, [gent,
And mingled with the raskall rablement,
Without respect of person or of port,
To shew Dan Cupids powre and great effort:
And round about a border was entrayld
Of broken bowes and arrowes shivered short;
And a long bloody river through them rayld,
So lively, and so like, that living sence it fayld.

And at the upper end of that faire rowme
There was an altar built of pretious stone
Of passing valew and of great renowme,
On which there stood an image all alone
Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone;
And wings it had with sondry colours dight,
More sondry colours then the proud pavone
Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her discolourd bow she spreds through Heven bright.

Blyndfold he was; and in his cruell fist
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he shot at random when him list,
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;
(Ah! man, beware how thou those dartes behold!)
A wounded dragon under him did ly,
Whose hideous tayle his lefte foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye.

And underneath his feet was written thus,
Unto the victor of the gods this bee:
And all the people in that ample hous
Did to that image bowe their humble knee,
And oft committed fowle idolatree.
That wondrous sight faire Britomart amazd,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
But ever more and more upon it gazd, [dazd.
The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile sences

Tho, as she backward cast her busie eye
To search each secrete of that goodly sted,
Over the dore thus written she did spye,
Bee bold: she oft and oft it over-red,
Yet could not find what sence it figured:
But whatso were therein or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby discouraged
From prosecuting of her first intent, [went.
But forward with bold steps into the next roome

Much fayrer then the former was that roome,
And richlier, by many partes, arayd;
For not with arras made in painefull loome,
But with pure gold it all was overlayd, [playd
Wrought with wilde antickes which their follies
In the rich metall, as they living were:
A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
Such as false Love doth oft upon him weare;
For Love in thousand monstrous formes doth oft appeare.

And, all about, the glistring walles were hong
With warlike spoiles and with victorious prayes
Of mightie conquerours and captaines strong,
Which were whilome captived in their dayes
To cruell Love, and wrought their owne decayes:
Their swerds and speres were broke, and hauberques rent,
And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes
Troden in dust with fury insolent,
To shew the victors might and merciless intent.

The warlike mayd, beholding earnestly
The goodly ordinaunce of this rich place,
Did greatly wonder; ne could satisfy
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space:
But more she mervaild that no footings trace
Nor wight appeard, but wastefull emptiness
And solemne silence over all that place:
Straunge thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse
So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with carefulnesse.

And, as she lookt about, she did behold
How over that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bolde, Be bolde, and every where, *Be bold;*
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
By any ridling skill or commune wit.
At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end
Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend [tend.
Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might in-

Thus she there wayted untill eventyde,
Yet living creature none she saw appeare.
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde
From mortall vew, and wrap in darkenes dreare;
Yet nould she doff her weary armes, for feare
Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
Her heavy eyes with natures burdein deare,
But drew herselfe aside in sickernesse,
And her welpointed wepons did about her dresse.

CANTO XII.

The maske of Cupid, and th' enchaunted chamber are displayd;
Whence Britomart redeemes faire Amoret through charmes decayd.

Tho, whenas chearelesse Night ycovered had
Fayre Heaven with an universall clowd,
That every wight dismayd with darkenes sad
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,
She heard a shrilling trompet sound alowd,
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory:
Nought therewith daunted was her courage prowd,
But rather stird to cruell enmity,
Expecting ever when some foe she might descry.

With that, an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it streight would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt:
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensewd, whose noyaunce fild the fearefull sted
From the fourth howre of night untill the sixt;
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered.

All suddeinly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty lovers had bene tore;
And forth yssewd, as on the readie flore
Of some theatre, a grave personage
That in his hand a braunch of laurell bore,
With comely haveour and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments fit for tragicke stage.

Proceeding to the midst he stil did stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say;
And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned;
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
And, passing by, his mantle discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

The noble mayd still standing all this vewd,
And merveild at his straunge intendiment:
With that a joyous fellowship issewd
Of minstrales making goodly meriment,
With wanton bardes, and rymers impudent;
All which together song full chearefully
A lay of loves delight with sweet concent:
After whom marcht a jolly company,
In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

The whiles a most delitious harmony
In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
The feeble sences wholy did confound,
And the frayle soule in deepe delight nigh drowned:
And, when it ceast, shrill trompets lowd did bray,
That their report did far away rebound;
And, when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray.

The first was Fansy, like a lovely boy
Of rare aspect and beautie without peare,
Matchable either to that ympe of Troy,
Whom love did love and chose his cup to beare;
Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare
To great Alcides, that, whenas he dyde,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And every wood and every valley wyde [cryde.
He filld with Hylas name; the nymphes eke Hylas

His garment neither was of silke nor say,
But paynted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the sunburnt Indians do aray
Their tawney bodies in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and light,
That by his gate might easily appeare;
For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the ydle ayre he mov'd still here and theare.

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,
Who seemd of ryper yeares then th' other swayne,
Yet was that other swayne this elders syre,
And gave him being, commune to them twayne:
His garment was disguysed very vayne,
And his embrodered bonet sat awry:
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strayne,
Which still he blew and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discolour'd cote of straunge disguyse,
That at his backe a brode capuccio had,
And sleeves dependaunt Albanese-wyse;
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nycely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did avyse;
And on a broken reed he still did stay [he lay.
His feeble steps, which shrunck when hard thereon

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed
Made of beares skin, that him more dreadfull made;
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
Straunge horrour to deforme his grieslv shade:
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was; this mischiefe, that mishap;
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap:
For whom he could not kill he practizd to entrap.

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow moving to or froe;
And, his owne armes when glittering he did spy
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld;
And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he alwayes bent a brasen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield.

With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome mayd,
Of cheerefull looke and lovely to behold;
In silken samite she was light arayd,
And her fayre lockes were woven up in gold:
She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water-sprinckle, dipt in deowe,
With which she sprinckled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

And after them Dissemblaunce and Suspect
Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequall paire;
For she was gentle and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned and exceeding faire;
Yet was that all but paynted and purloynd,
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed haire;
Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd:

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,
Under his cielbrowes looking still askaunce;
And over, as Dissemblaunce laught on him,
He lowrd on her with daungerous eye-glaunce,
Shewing his nature in his countenaunce;
His rolling eies did never rest in place,
But walkte each where for feare of hid mischaunce,
Holding a lattis still before his face, [pace.
Through which he stil did peep as forward he did

Next him went Griefe and Fury matcht yfere;
Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,
Yet inly being more then seeming sad:
A paire of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they ladd,
In wilfull langnor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

But Fury was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly looks and dreadfull drerihed;
And from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head ofte rente her snarled heare:
In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse
About her head, still roaming here and there;
As a dismayed deare in chace embost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasaunce,
He looking lompish and full sullein sad,
And hanging downe his heavy countenaunce;
She cheerfull, fresh, and full of joyaunce glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne dtad;
That evill matched paire they seemd to bee:
An angry waspe th' one in a viall had,
Th' other in hers an hony lady-bee. [gree.
Thus marched these six couples forth in faire de-

After all these there marcht a most faire dame,
Led of two grysie villeins, th' one Despight,
The other clcped Cruelty by name;
She dolefull lady, like a dreary spright
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had Deathes own ymage figurd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearfull to living sight;
Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,
And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace.

Her brest all naked, as nett yvory
Without adorne of gold or silver bright
Wherewith the craftesman wonts it beautify,
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight;
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)
Entrenched deep with knyfe accursed keene,
Yet trothly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene:

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd.
And those two villeins (which her steps upstayd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powres gan to fade)
Her forward still with torture did constraine,
And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

Next after her, the winged god himselfe
Came riding on a lion ravenous,
Taught to obay the menage of that Elfe
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:
His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbinde,
That his proud spoile of that same dolorous
Faire dame he might behold in perfect kinde;
Which seene, he much reioyced in his cruell minde.

Of which ful prowd, himselfe uprearing hye
He looked round about with sterne disdayne,
And did survay his goodly company;
And, marshalling the evill-ordered trayne,
With that the darts which his right hand did straine
Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did quake,
And clapt on hye his coulourd wingës twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

Behinde him was Reproch, Repentaunce, Shame;
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent behinde:
Repentaunce feeble, sorrowfull, and lame;
Reproch despightful, carelesse, and unkinde;
Shame most ill-favourd, bestiall, and blinde:
Shame lowrd, Repentaunce sighd, Reproch did scould;
Reproch sharpe stings, Repentaunce whips entwinde,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold:
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

And after them a rude confused rout
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:
Emongst them was sterne Strife; and Anger stout;
Unquiet Care; and fond Unthriftyhead;
Lewd Losse of Time; and Sorrow seeming dead;
Inconstant Chaunge; and false Disloyalty;
Consuming Riotise; and guilty Dread
Of heavenly vengeaunce; faint Infirmity;
Vile Poverty; and, lastly, Death with infamy.

There were full many moe like maladies,
Whose names and natures I note readen well;
So many moe, as there be phantasies
In wavering womens witt, that none can tell,
Or paines in love, or punishments in Hell:
All which disguized marcht in masking-wise
About the chamber by the damozell;
And then returned, having marched thrise,
Into the inner rowme from whence they first did rise.

So soone as they were in, the dore streightway
Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast
Which first it opened, and bore all away.
Then the brave maid, which all this while was plast
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
Issewd forth and went unto the dore
To enter in, but fownd it locked fast:
It vaine she thought with vigorous uprore
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

Where force might not availe, there sleights and art
She cast to use, both fitt for hard emprize:
Forthy from that same rowme not to depart
Till morrow next shee did herselfe avize,
When that same maske againe should forth arize.
The morrowe next appeard with ioyous cheare,
Calling men to their daily exercize:
Then she, as morrow fresh, herselfe did reare
Out of her secret stand that day for to outweare.

All that day she outwore in wandering
And gazing on that chambers ornament,
Till that againe the second evening
Her covered with her sable vestiment,
Wherewith the worlds faire beautie she hath blent:
Then, when the second watch was almost past,
That brasen dore flew open, and in went
Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,
Nether of ydle showes nor of false charmes aghast.

So soone as she was entred, rownd about
Shee cast her eies to see what was become
Of all those persons which she saw without:
But lo! they streight were vanisht all and some;
Ne living wight she saw in all that roome,
Save that same woefull lady; both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waste girt rownd with yron bands
Unto a brasen pillour, by the which she stands.

And, her before, the vile enchaunter sate,
Figuring straunge characters of his art;
With living blood he those charácters wrate,
Dreadfully dropping from hor dying hart,
Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart;
And all perforce to make her him to love.
Ah! who can love the worker of her smart!
A thousand charmes he formerly did prove;
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast hart remove.

Soon as that virgin knight he saw in place,
His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface;
And, fiercely running to that lady trew,
A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for villeinous despight,
In her tormented bodie to embrew:
But the stout damzell him leaping light
His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
And, turning to herselfe his fell intent,
Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
That litle drops empurpled her faire brest.
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Ne the wound were nothing deepe imprest,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
To give him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground [slaine,
He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should have
Had not the lady, which by him stood bound,
Dernly unto her called to abstaine
From doing him to dy; for else her paine
Should be remédilesse; sith none but hee
Which wrought it could the same recure againe.
Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee;
For life she him envyde, and long'd revenge to see:

And to him said; "Thou wicked man, whose meed
For so huge mischiefe and vile villany
Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed;
Be sure that nought may save thee from to dy
But if that thou this dame do presently
Restore unto her health and former state;
This doe, and live; els dye undoubtedly."
He, glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date:

And rising up gan streight to over-looke
Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to reverse:
Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
That horrour gan the virgins hart to perse,
And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,
Hearing him those same bloody lynes reherse;
And, all the while he red, she did extend
Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about;
Yet all that did not her dismaied make,
Nor slack her threatfull hand for daungers dout,
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all:
At last that mightie chaine, which round about
Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces small.

The cruell steele, which thrild her dying hart,
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord;
And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding brest and riven bowels gor'd,
Was closed up, as it had not beene sor'd;
And every part to safety full sownd,
As she were never hurt, was soone restord:
Tho, when she felt herselfe to be unbownd
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the grownd;

Before faire Britomart she fell prostráte,
Saying; "Ah! noble knight, what worthy meede
Can wretched lady, quitt from wofull state,
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
Even immortall prayse and glory wyde,
Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,
Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
And goodly well advaunce that goodly well was tryde."

But Britomart, uprearing her from grownd,
Said; "Gentle dame, reward enough I weene,
For many labours more than I have found,
This, that in safetie now I have you seene,
And meane of your deliverance have beene:
Henceforth, faire lady, comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teene;
Instead thereof, know that your loving make
Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle sake."

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
Whom of all living wightes she loved best.
Then laid the noble championesse strong hond
Upon th' enchaunter which had her distrest
So sore, and with foule outrages oppprest:
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygoe
He bound that pitteous lady prisoner now relest,
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captive with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

Returning back, those goodly rowmes, which erst
She saw so rich and royally arayd,
Now vanisht utterly and cleane subverst
She found, and all their glory quite decayd;
That sight of such a chaunge her much dismayd:
Thence forth descending to that perlous porch,
Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd
And quenched quite like a consumed torch,
That erst all entrers wont so cruelly to scorch.

More easie issew now then entrance late
She found; for now that fained-dreadfull flame,
Which chokt the porch of that enchaunted gate
And passage bard to all that thither came,
Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,
And gave her leave at pleasure forth to passe.
Th' enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame
To have efforst the love of that faire lasse,
Seeing his worke now wasted, deepe engrieved was.

But when the victoresse arrived there
Where late she left the pensife Scudamore
With her own trusty squire, both full of feare,
Neither of them she found where she them lore:
Thereat her noble hart was stonisht sore;
But most faire Amoret, whose gentle spright
Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
Conceived had, to see her own deare knight,
Being thereof beguyld, was fild with new affright.

But he, sad man, when he had long in drede
Awayted there for Britomarts returne,
Yet saw her not, nor signe of her good speed,
His expectation to despaire did turne,
Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne;
And therefore gan advize with her old squire,
Who her deare nourslings losse no lesse did mourne,
Thence to depart for further aide t' enquire:
Where let them wend at will, whilest here I doe respire.

When Spenser printed his first three books of the Faerie Queene, the two lovers, sir Scudamore and Amoret, have a happy meeting: but afterwards, when he printed the fourth, fifth, and sixth books, he reprinted likewise the three first books; and, among other alterations of the lesser kind, he left out the five last stanzas, and made three new stanzas, viz. *More easie issew now, &c.* By these alterations this third book not only connects better with the fourth, but the reader is kept in that suspense which is necessary in a well-told story. The stanzas which are mentioned above, as omitted in the second edition, and printed in the first, are the following:

At last she came unto the place, where late
She left sir Scudamour in great distresse,
Twixt dolour and despight half desperate,
Of his loues succour, of his owne redresse,
And of the hardie Britomarts successe:
There on the cold earth him now thrown she found,
In wilful anguish, and dead heavinesse,
And to him cald; whose voices knowen sound
Soone as he heard, himself he reared light from ground.

There did he see, that most on Earth him ioyd,
His dearest loue, the comfort of his dayes,
Whose too long absence him had sore annoyd,
And wearied his life with dull delayes:
Straight he upstarted from the loathed layes,
And to her ran with hasty eagernesse,
Like as a deare, that greedily embayes
In the cool soile, after long thirstinesse,
Which he in chace endured hath, now nigh breathlesse.

Lightly he clipt her twixt his armës twaine,
And streightly did embrace her body bright,
Her body, late the prison of sad paine,
Now the sweet lodge of loue and dear delight:
But the faire lady, overcommon quight
Of huge affection, did in pleasure melt,
And in sweet ravishment pourd out her spright.
No word they spake, nor earthly thing they felt,
But like two senceless stocks in long embracements dwelt.

Had ye them seene, ye would have surely thought
That they had been that faire hermaphrodite,
Which that rich Roman of white marble wrought,
And in his costly bath causd to be site.
So seemd those two, as growne together quite;
That Britomart, halfe enuying their blesse,
Was much empassiond in her gentle sprite,
And to her selfe oft wisht like happinesse:
In vaine she wisht, that fate would let her yet possesse.

Thus doe those louers with sweet countenance,
Each other of loues bitter fruit despoile.
But now my teme begins to faint and fayle,
All woxen weary of their iourney toyle;
Therefore I will their sweatie yokes assoyle
At this same furrowes end, till a new day:
And ye, fair swayns, after your long turmoyle,
Now cease your worke, and at your pleasure play;
Now cease your work; to morrow is an holy day.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING THE

LEGEND OF CAMBEL AND TRIAMOND, OR OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE rugged forhead, that with grave foresight
Welds kingdomes causes and affaires of state,
My looser rimes, I wote, doth sharply wite
For praysing love as I have done of late,
And magnifying lovers deare debate;
By which fraile youth is oft to follie led,
Through false allurement of that pleasing baite,
That better were in vertues discipled, [fed.
Then with vaine poemes weeds to have their fancies

Such ones ill iudge of love, that cannot love,
Ne in their frosen hearts feele kindly flame;
Forthy they ought not thing unknowne reprove,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame
For fault of few that have abusd the same:
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That [illegible]ne true lovers with immortall blis,
The meed of them that love, and do not live amisse.

Which whoso list [illegible]ke backe to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were donne,
Shall find that all the workes of those wise sages,
And brave exploits which great heroës wonne,
In love were either ended or begunne:
Witnesse the Father of Philosophie,
Which to his Critias, shaded oft from Sunne,
Of love full manie lessons did apply,
The which these stoicke censours cannot well deny.

To such therefore I do not sing at all;
But to that sacred saint my soveraigne queene,
In whose chast brest all bountie naturall
And treasures of true love enlocked beene,
Bove all her sexe that ever yet was seene;
To her I sing of love, that loveth best,
And best is lov'd of all alive I weene;
To her this song most fitly is addrest,
The Queene of Love, and Prince of Peace from Heaven blest.

Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou, dread infant, Venus dearling dove,
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
And use of awfull maiestie remove:
Insted thereof with drops of melting love,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweete-smyling mother from above,
Sprinckle her heart, and haughtie courage soften,
That she may hearke to love, and reade this lesson often.

CANTO I.

Fayre Britomart saves Amoret:
Duessa discord breedes
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
Their fight and warlike deedes.

OF lovers sad calamities of old
Full many piteous stories doe remaine,
But none more piteous ever was ytold
Then that of Amorets hart-binding chaine,
And this of Florimels unworthie paine:
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
My softned heart so sorely doth constraine,
That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it never had bene writ.

For, from the time that Scudamour her bought
In perilous fight, she never ioyed day;
A perilous fight! when he with force her brought
From twentie knights that did him all assay;
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay,
And with great glorie both the shield of Love
And eke the ladie selfe he brought away;
Whom having wedded, as did him behove,
A mid unknowen mischiefe did from him remove.

For that same vile enchauntour Busyran,
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilest every man
Surcharg'd with wine were heedlesse and ill-hedded,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that mask of love which late was showen;
And there the ladie ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in maskes is knowen,
Conveyed quite away to living wight unknowen.

Seven moneths he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serve,
Untill such time as noble Britomart
Released her, that else was like to sterve
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerve:
And now she is with her upon the way
Marching in lovely wise, that could deserve
No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonor of so faire a prey.

Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell
The diverse usage, and demeanure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befall:
For Amoret right fearefull was and faint
Lest she with blame her honor should attaint,
That everie word did tremble as she spake,
And everie looke was coy and wondrous quaint,
And everie limbe that touched her did quake;
Yet could she not but curteous countenance to her make.

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her live's lord and patrone of her health
Right well deserved, as his duefull meed,
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth:
All is his justly that all freely dealth.
Nathlesse her honor dearer then her life
She sought to save, as thing reserv'd from stealth;
Die had she lever with enchanters knife
Then to be false in love, profest a virgine wife.

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd;
Who, for to hide her fained sex the better
And maske her wounded mind, both did and sayd
Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to gesse:
For otherwiles to her she purpos made
Of love, and otherwhiles of lustfulnesse, [excesse.
That much she feard his mind would grow to some

His will she feard; for him she surely thought
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed;
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
For which no service she too much esteemed:
Yet dread of shame and doubt of fowle dishonor
Made her not yeeld so much as due she deemed.
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

It so befell one evening that they came
Unto a castell, lodged there to bee,
Where many a knight, and many a lovely dame,
Was then assembled deeds of armes to see:
Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
That many of them mov'd to eye her sore.
The custome of that place was such, that hee,
Which had no love nor lemman there in store,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the

Amongst the rest there was a jolly knight,
Who, being asked for his love, avow'd
That fairest Amoret was his by right,
And offred that to justifie alowd.
The warlike virgine, seeing his so prowd
And boastfull chalenge, wexed inlie wroth,
But for the present did her anger shrowd;
And sayd, her love to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them have, or both.

So forth they went, and both together giusted;
But that same younker soone was overthrowne,
And made repent that he had rashly lusted
For thing unlawfull that was not his owne:
Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknowne,
She, that no lesse was courteous then stout,
Cast how to salve, that both the custome showne
Were kept, and yet that knight not locked out;
That seem'd full hard t' accord two things so far in dout,

The seneschall was cal'd to deeme the right;
Whom she requir'd, that first fayre Amoret
Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight
That did her win and free from chalenge set:
Which straight to her was yeelded without let:
Then, since that strange knights love from him was quitted,
She claim'd that to herselfe, as ladies det,
He as a knight might justly be admitted; [fitted.
So none should be out shut, sith all of loves were

With that, her glistring helmet she unlaced;
Which doff, her golden locks, that were upbownd
Still in a knot, unto her heeles downe traced,
And like a silken veile in compasse round
About her backe and all her bodie wound:
Like as the shining skie in summers night,
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
Is creasted all with lines of firic light,
That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight.

Such when those knights and ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
And every one gan grow in secret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit:
Some thought that some enchantment faygned it;
Some, that Bellona in that warlike wise
To them appear'd, with shield and armour dight;
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise:
So diversely each one did sundrie doubts devise.

But that young knight, which through her gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
Ten thousand thankes did yeeld her for her meed,
And, doubly overcommen, her ador'd:
So did they all their former strife accord;
And eke fayre Amoret, now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford;
And to her bed, which she was wont forbeare,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance theare:

Where all that night they of their loves did treat,
And hard adventures, twixt themselves alone,
That each the other gan with passion great
And grieffull pittie privately bemone.
The morow next, so soone as Titan shone,
They both uprose and to their waies them dight:
Long wandred they, yet never met with none
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to their tydings tell that mote their harts delight.

Lo thus they rode, till at the last they spide
Two armed knights that toward them did pace,
And eeh of them had ryding by his side
A ladie, seeming in so farre a space;
But ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
For under maske of beautie and good grace
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the warie wise appeare.

The one of them the false Duessa hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew;
For she could d'on so manie shapes in sight,
As ever could cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, save the trew:
The other no whit better was then shee,
But that, such as she was, she plaine did shew;
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
And dayly more offensive unto each degree:

Her name was Até, mother of debate
And all dissention which doth dayly grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state
And many a private oft doth overthrow.
Her false Duessa, who full well did know
To be most fit to trouble noble knights
Which hunt for honor, raised from below
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies and nights.

Hard by the gates of Hell her dwelling is;
There, whereas all the plagues and harmes abound
Which punish wicked men that walke amisse:
It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes environd round,
That none the same may easily out win;
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in:
For discord harder is to end then to begin.

And all within, the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes and broken sceptors plast;
Altars defyld; and holy things defast;
Disshivered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine;
Great cities ransackt, and strong castles rast;
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine:
Of all which ruines there some relicks did remaine.

There was the signe of antique Babylon;
Of fatall Thebes; of Rome that raigned long;
Of sacred Salem; and sad Ilion,
For memorie of which on high there hong
The golden apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three faire goddesses did strive:
There also was the name of Nimrod strong;
Of Alexander, and his princes five [alive:
Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had got

And there the relicks of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapithees befell;
And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
So many Centaures drunken soules to Hell,
That under great Alcides furie fell:
And of the dreadfull discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
That each of life sought others to deprive,
All mindlesse of the golden fleece, which made them strive.

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some, of sworne friends that did their faith forgoe;
Some, of borne brethren prov'd unnaturall;
Some, of deare lovers foes perpetuall;
Witnesse their broken bandes there to be seene,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all;
The monuments whereof there lyding beene,
As plaine as at the first when they were fresh and greene.

Such was her house within; but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which she herselfe had sowen all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of evill wordes and factious deedes;
Which, when to ripenesse due they growen arre,
Bring forth an infinite increase that breedes
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious iarre,
The which most often end in bloudshed and in warre.

And those same cursed seedes doe also serve
To her for bread, and yeeld her living food:
For life it is to her, when others sterve
Through mischievous debate and deadly feood,
That she may sucke their life and drinke their blood,
With which she from her childhood had bene fed;
For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
And by infernall furies nourished;
That by her monstrous shape might easily be red.

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speake, and both contended;
And as her tongue so was her hart discided,
That never thought one thing, but doubly stil was guided.

As as she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,
Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report:
And as her eares, so oke her feet were odde,
And much unlike; th' one long, the other short,
And both misplast; that, when th' one forward yode,
The other backe retired and contrarie trode.

Likewise unequall were her handes twaine;
That one did reach, the other pusht away;
That one did make, the other mard againe,
And sought to bring all things unto decay;
Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay:
For all her studie was and all her thought
How she might overthrow the things that Concord wrought.

So much her malice did her might surpas,
That even th' Almightie selfe she did maligne,
Because to man so mercifull he was,
And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she herselfe was of his grace indigne:
For all this worlds faire workmanship she tride
Unto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to divide,
Wherewith the blessed Concord hath together tide.

Such was that hag, which with Duessa roade;
And, serving her in her malitious use,
To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her baude
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse:
For though, like withered tree that wanteth iuyce,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late
As fresh and fragrant as the floure-deluce
She was become, by chaunge of her estate, [mate:
And made full goodly ioyance to her new-found

Her mate, he was a iollie youthfull knight
That bore great sway in armes and chivalrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might;
His name was Blandamour, that did descrie
His fickle mind full of inconstancie:
And now himselfe he fitted had right well
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithlesse Duessa, and false Paridell,
That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell.

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew
From farre espide the famous Britomart,
Like knight adventurous in outward vew,
With his faire paragon, his conquests part,
Approching nigh; eftsoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and iesting sayd;
"Lo! there, sir Paridel, for your desart,
Good lucke presents you with yond lovely mayd,
For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd."

By that the lovely paire drew nigh to hond:
Whom whenas Paridel more plaine beheld,
Albee in heart he like affection fond,
Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld
That did those armes and that same scutchion weld,
He had small lust to buy his love so deare,
But answered; "Sir, him wise I never held,
That, having once escaped perill neare,
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill reare.

"This knight too late his manhood and his might
I did assay, that me right dearely cost;
Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
Ne for light ladies love, that soone is lost,"
The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,
"Take then to you this dame of mine," quoth hee,
"And I, without your perill or your cost,
Will chalenge yond same other for my fee." [see.
So forth he fiercely prickt, that ofte him scarce could

The warlike Britonesse her soone addrest,
And with such uncouth welcome did receave
Her fayned paramour, her forced guest,
That, being forst his saddle soone to leave,
Himselfe he did of his new love deceave;
And made himselfe th' ensample of his follie,
Which dame, she passed forth, not taking leave,
And left him now as sad as whilome iollie,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dallie.

Which whom his other companie beheld,
They to his succour ran with readie ayd;
And, finding him unable once to weld,
They reared him on horse-backe and upstayd,
Till on his way they had him forth convayd:
And all the way, with wondrous griefe of mynd
And shame, he shewd himselfe to be dismayd
More for the love which he had left behynd,
Then that which he had to sir Paridel resynd.

Nathlesse he forth did march, well as he might,
And made good semblance to his companie,
Dissembling his disease and evill plight;
Till that ere long they chaunced to espie
Two other knights, that towards them did ply
With speedie course, as bent to charge them new:
Whom whenas Blandamour approching nie
Perceiv'd to be such as they seemd in vew,
He was full wo, and gan his former griefe renew.

For th' one of them he perfectly descride
To be sir Scudamour, (by that he bore
The god of love with wings displayed wide)
Whom mortally he hated evermore,
Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
And eke because his love he wonne by right:
Which when he thought, it grieved him full sore,
That, through the bruses of his former fight,
He now unable was to wreake his old despight.

Forthy he thus to Paridel bespake;
"Faire sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
That as I late adventured for your sake,
The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
And iustifie my cause on yonder knight."
"Ah! sir," said Paridel, "do not dismay
Yourselfe for this; myselfe will for you fight,
As ye have done for me; the left hand rubs the right."

With that he put his spurres unto his steed,
With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
Like shafe out of a bow preventing speed.
But Scudamour was shortly well aware
Of his approch, and gan himselfe prepare
Him to receive with entertainment meete.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe under their horses feete, [weete.
That what of them became themselves did scarsly

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
Forcibly driven with contrarie tydes,
Do meete together, each abacke rebowndes
With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,
That filleth all the sea with fome, divydes
The doubtfull current into divers wayes:
So fell those two in spight of both their pryde;
But Scudamour himselfe did soone upraise;
And, mounting light, his foe full lying long upbrayes:

Who, rolled on an heape, lay still in swound
All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle;
Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground
Ran hastily, to weete what did him ayle:
Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,
With busie care they strove him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle:
So much they did, that at the last they brake
His slomber, yet so mazed that he nothing spake.

Which whenas Blandamour beheld, he sayd;
"False faitour Scudamour, that hast by slight
And foule advantage this good knight dismayd,
A knight much better then thyselfe behight,
Well falles it thee that I am not in plight
This day, to wreake the dammage by thee donne!
Such is thy wont, that still when any knight
Is weakned, then thou doest him overronne:
So hast thou to thyselfe false honour often wonne."

He little answer'd, but in manly heart
His mightie indignation did forbeare;
Which was not yet so secret, but some part
Thereof did in his frowning face appeare:
Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth beare
An hideous storme, is by the northerne blast
Quite overblowne, yet doth not passe so cleare
But that it all the skie doth overcast [wast]
With darknes dred, and threatens all the world to

" Ah! gentle knight," then false Duessa sayd,
" Why do ye strive for ladies love so sore,
Whose chiefe desire is love and friendly aid
Mongst gentle knights to nourish evermore?
Ne be ye wroth, sir Scudamour, therefore,
That she your love list love another knight,
Ne do yourselfe dislike a whit the more;
For love is free, and led with selfe-delight,
Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might."

So false Duessa: but vile Atè thus;
" Both foolish knights, I can but laugh at both,
That strive and storme with stirre outrageous
For her, that each of you alike doth loth,
And loves another, with whom now she go'th
In lovely wise, and sleepes, and sports, and playes;
Whilest both you here with many a cursed oth
Sweare she is yours, and stirre up bloudie frayes,
To win a willow bough, whilest other weares the bayes.

" Vile hag," sayd Scudamour, " why dost thou lye,
And falsly seekst a virtuous wight to shame?"
" Fond knight," sayd she, " the thing that with this eye
I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?"
" Then tell," quoth Blandamour, " and feare no blame;
Tell what thou saw'st, maulgre whoso it heares."
"I saw," quoth she, " a straunger knight, whose name
I wote not well, but in his shield he beares
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares;

" I saw him have your Amoret at will;
I saw him kisse; I saw him her embrace;
I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill;
All, manie nights; and manie by in place
That present were to testifie the case."
When whenas Scudamour did heare, his heart
Was thrild with inward griefe: as when in chace
The Parthian strikes a stag with shivering dart,
The beast astonisht stands in middest of his smart;

So stood sir Scudamour when this he heard,
Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,
But lookt on Glaucè grim, who woxe afeard
Of outrage for the words which she heard say,
Albee untrue she wist them by assay.
But Blandamour, whenas he did espie
The change of cheere that anguish did bewray,
He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

" Lo! recreant," sayd he, " the fruitlesse end
Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of love misgotten,
Whereby the name of knight-hood thou dost shend,
And all true lovers with dishonor blotten:
All things not rooted well will soone be rotten."
" Fy, fy, false knight," then false Duessa cryde,
" Unworthy life, that love with guile hast gotten;
Be thou, wherever thou do go or ryde,
Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights defyde!"

But Scudamour, for passing great despight,
Staid not to answer; scarcely did refraine
But that in all those knights and ladies sight
He for revenge had guiltlesse Glaucè slaine:
But, being past, he thus began amaine:
" False traitorous squire, false squire of falsest knight,
Who doth mine hand from thine avenge abstaine,
Whose lord hath done my love this foule despight,
Why do I not it wreake on thee now in my might?

" Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,
Untrue to God, and unto man unjust!
What vengeance due can equall thy desart,
That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust!
Let ugly shame and endlesse infamy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust!
Yet thou, false squire, his fault shalt dearer aby,
And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply."

The aged dame him seeing so enraged
Was dead with feare; nathlesse as neede required
His flaming furie sought to have assuaged
With sober words, that sufferance desired
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred;
And evermore sought Britomart to cleare:
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
And thrise his hand to kill her did upreare,
And thrise he drew it backe: so did at last forbeare.

CANTO II.

Blandamour winnes false Florimell;
Paridell for her strives:
They are accorded: Agapè
Doth lengthen her sonnes lives.

FIREBRAND of Hell first tynd in Phlegeton
By thousand furies, and from thence outthrowen
Into this world to worke confusion
And set it all on fire by force unknowen,
Is wicked Discord; whose small sparkes once blowen
None but a god or godlike man can slake:
Such as was Orpheus, that, when strife was growen
Amongst those famous ympes of Greece, did take
His silver harpe in hand and shortly friends them make:

Or such as that celestial psalmist was,
That, when the wicked feend his lord tormented,
With heavenly notes, that did all other pas,
The outrage of his furious fit relented.
Such musicke is wise words with time concented,
To moderate stiffe minides disposd to strive:
Such as that prudent Romane well invented;
What time his people into partes did rive, [drive.
Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did

Such us'd wise Glaucè to that wrathfull knight,
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:
Yet Blandamour, with termes of foule despight,
And Paridell her scornd, and set at nought,
As old and crooked and not good for ought.
Both they unwise, and warelesse of the evill
That by themselves unto themselves is wrought,
Through that false witch, and that foule agod drevill,
The one a feend, the other an incarnate devill,

With whom as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a lustie knight
That had a goodly ladie by his side,
To whom he made great dalliance and delight:
It was to weet the bold sir Ferraugh hight,
He that from Braggadochio whilome reft
The snowy Florimell, whose beautie bright
Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft;
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

Which whenas Blandamour, whose fancie light
Was alwaies flitting as the wavering wind
After each beautie that appeard in sight,
Beheld; eftsoones it prickt his wanton mind
With sting of lust that reasons eye did blind,
That to sir Paridell these words he sent;
"Sir Knight, why ride ye dompish thus behind,
Since so good fortune doth to you present
So fayre a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?"

But Paridell, that had too late a tryall
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
List not to hearke, but made this fayre denyall;
"Last turne was mine, well proved to my paine;
This now be yours; God send you better gaine!"
Whose scoffed words he taking inlfe in scorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his steed as in disdaine
Against that knight, ere he him well could torne;
By meanes whereof he hath him lightly overborne.

Who, with the sudden stroke astonisht sore,
Upon the ground awhile in slomber lay;
The whiles his love away the other bore,
And, shewing her, did Paridell upbray;
"Lo! sluggish knight, the victors happie pray!
So fortune friends the bold." Whom Paridell
Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,
His hart with secret envie gan to swell,
And inly grudge at him that he had sped so well.

Nathlesse proud man himselfe the other deemed,
Having so peerlesse paragon ygot:
For sure the fayrest Florimell him seemed
To him was fallen for his happie lot,
Whose like alive on Earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did serve, did woue,
With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
And all things did devise, and all things doue, [too.
That might her love prepare, and liking win there-

She, in regard thereof, him recompenst
With golden words and goodly countenance,
And such fond favours sparingly dispenst:
Sometimes him blessing with a light eyeglance,
And coy looken tempring with loose dalliance;
Sometimes estraunging him in sterner wise;
That, having cast him in a foolish trance,
He seemed brought to bed in Paradise,
And prov'd himselfe most foole in what he seem'd most wise.

So great a mistresse of her art she was,
And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
That though therein himselfe he thought to pas,
And by his false allurdments wylie draft
Had thousand women of their love beraft,
Yet now he was surpriz'd: for that false spright,
Which that same witch had in this forme engraft
Was so expert in every subtile slight,
That it could overreach the wisest earthly wight.

Yet he to her did dayly service more,
And dayly more deceived was thereby;
Yet Paridell him envied therefore,
As seeming plast in sole felicity:
So blind is lust false colours to descry.
But Até soone discovering his desire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To stirre up strife twixt love and spight and ire,
Did privily put coles unto his secret fire.

By sundry meanes thereto she prickt him forth;
Now with remembrance of those sprightfull speaches,
Now with opinion of his owne meete worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendship, as that hag him teaches:
And ever, when his passion is allayd,
She it revives, and new occasion reaches:
That, on a time as they together way'd,
He made him open chalenge, and thus boldly sayd;

"Too bonstfull Blandamour! too long I beare
The open wrongs thou doest me day by day;
Well know'st thou, when we friendship first did
The covenant was, that every spoyle or pray [sweare,
Should equally be shard betwixt us tway:
Where is my part then of this ladie bright,
Whom to thyselfe thou takest quite away?
Render therefore therein to me my right,
Or answere for thy wrong as shall fall out in fight."

Exceeding wrath thereat was Blandamour,
And gan this bitter answere to him make;
"Too foolish Paridell! that fayrest floure
Wouldst gather faine, and yet no paines wouldst take:
But not so easie will I her forsake;
This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend."
With that they gan their shivering speares to shake,
And deadly points at either's breast to bend,
Forgetfull each to have bene ever others frend.

Their firie steedes with so untamed forse
Did beare them both to fell avenges end,
That both their speares with pitilesse remorse
Through shield and mayle and haberieon did wend,
And in their flesh a grisely passage rend,
That with the furie of their owne affret
Each other horse and man to ground did send;
Where, lying still awhile, both did forget
The perilous present stownd in which their lives were set.

As when two warlike brigandines at sea,
With murdrous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Do meete together on the watry lea,
They stemme ech other with so fell despight,
That with the shocke of their owne heedlesse might
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asonder;
They which from shore behold the dreadfull sight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordnance thonder,
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwonted wonder.

At length they both upstarted in amaze,
As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
And round about themselves a while did gaze;
Till seeing her, that Florimell did seme,
In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,
Therewith their dulled sprights they edgd anew,
And, drawing both their swords with rage extreme,
Like two mad mastiffes each on other flew,
And shields did share, and mailes did rash, and helmes did hew.

So furiously each other did assayle,
As if their soules they would attonce have rent
Out of their brests, that streames of bloud did rayle
Adowne, as if their springs of life were sprent;
That all the ground with purple bloud was sprent,
And all their armours staynd with bloudie gore;
Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
So mortall was their malice and so sore
Become, of fayned friendship which they vow'd afore.

And that which is for ladies most befitting,
To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,
Was from those dames so farre and so unfitting,
As that, instead of praying them surcease,
They did much more their cruelty encrease;
Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
And rather die then ladies cause release: [move,
With which vaine termes so much they did them
That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove.

There they, I weene, would fight untill this day,
Had not a squire, even he the Squire of Dames,
By great adventure travelled that way;
Who seeing both bent to so bloudy games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate:
And first laide on those ladies thousand blames,
That did not seeke t'appease their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not pittying their estate:

And then those knights he humbly did beseech
To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken:
Who lookt a little up at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken.
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
And them coniur'd by some well knowen token,
That they at last their wrothfull hands lot fall, [all.
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest with-

First he desir'd their cause of strife to see:
They said, it was for love of Florimell.
"Ah! gentle knights," quoth he, "how may that
And she so farre astray, as none can tell?" [bee,
"Fond squire," full angry then sayd Paridell,
"Seest not the ladie there before thy face?"
[illegible]ed backe, and, her avising well,
Weene, as he said, by that her outward grace
That fayrest Florimell was present there in place.

Glad man was he to see that ioyous sight,
For none alive but ioy'd in Florimell,
And lowly to her lowting thus behight;
"Fayrest of faire, that fairenesse doest excell,
This happie day I have to greete you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
Misdoubted lost through mischiefe that befell;
Long may you live in health and happie state!"
She litle answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

Then, turning to those knights, he gan anew;
"And you, sir Blandamour, and Paridell,
That for this ladie present in your vew
Have rays'd this cruell warre and outrage fell,
Certes, me seemes, bene not advised well;
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To ioyne your force, their forces to repell
That seeke perforce her from you both to take,
And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph to
make."

Thereat sir Blandamour, with countenance sterne
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake;
"Arend, thou squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare fro me thinke Florimell to take!"
"Not one," quoth he, "but many doe partake
Herein; as thus: it lately so befell,
That Satyran a girdle did uptake
Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell,
Which for her sake he wore, as him beseemed well.

"But, whenas she herselfe was lost and gone,
Full many knights, that loved her like deare,
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost faire ladies ornament should weare,
And gan therefore close spight to him to beare;
Which he to shun, and stop vile envies sting,
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
A solemne feast, with publike turneying, [bring:
To which all knights with them their ladies are to

"And of them all she, that is fayrest found,
Shall have that golden girdle for reward;
And of those knights, who is most stout on ground,
Shall to that fairest ladie be prefard.
Since therefore she herselfe is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertaines,
Against all those that chalenge it, to gard,
And save her honour with your ventrous paines;
That shall you win more glory than ye here find
gaines."

When they the reason of his words had hard,
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loves regard
The furious flames of malice to asswage.
Tho each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to ioyne in one
With all their force, and battell strong to wage
Gainst all those knights, as their professed fone,
That chaleng'd ought in Florimell, save they alone.

So, well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly sort, that lasted but a while;
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather:
Yet all was forg'd and spred with golden foyle,
That under it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
However gay and goodly be the style,
That doth ill cause or evill end enure:
For vertue is the band that bindeth harts most sure.

Thus as they marched all in close disguise
Of fayned love, they chaunst to overtake
Two knights, that lincked rode in lovely wise,
As if they secret counsels did partake;
And each not farre behinde him had his make,
To weete, two ladies of most goodly hew,
That twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,
Unmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
The which with speedie pace did after them pursew.

Who, as they now approched nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughtie as they did appeare,
They sent that squire afore, to understand
What mote they be: who, viewing them more neare,
Returned readie newes, that those same weare
Two of the prowest knights in Faery lond;
And those two ladies their two lovers deare;
Courragious Cambell, and stout Triamond,
With Canacee and Cambine linckt in lovely bond.

Whylome, as antique stories tellen us,
Those two were foes the fellonest on ground,
And battell made the dreddest daungerous
That ever shrilling trumpet did resound;
Though now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowmed poet them compyled
With warlike numbers and heroicke sound,
Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fames eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

But wicked Time, that all good thoughts doth waste,
And workes of noblest wits to nought outweare,
That famous moniment hath quite defaste,
And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare,
The which mote have enriched all us heare.
O cursed eld, the canker-worme of writs!
How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits [bits!
Are quite devourd, and brought to nought by little

Then pardon, O most sacred happie spirit,
That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
And steale from thee the meede of thy due merit,
That none durst ever whilest thou wast alive,
And, being dead, in vaine yet many strive:
Ne dare I like; but, through infusion sweete
Of thine owne spirit which doth in me survive,
I follow here the footing of thy feete,
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.

Cambelloes sister was fayre Canacee,
That was the learnedst ladie in her dayes,
Well seene in everie soience that mote bee,
And every secret worke of Nature's wayes;
In wittie riddles; and in wise soothsayes;
In power of herbes; and tunes of beasts and burds;
And, that augmented all her other prayse,
She modest was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chast of life, yet lov'd of knights and lords.

Full many lords and many knights her loved,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne ever was with fond affection moved,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly government,
For dread of blame and honours blemishment;
And eke unto her lookes a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But, like to warie centonels well stayd,
Still watcht on every side, of secret foes afrayd.

So much the more as she refusd to love,
So much the more she loved was and sought,
That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wrought;
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought.
Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wise,
Perceiv'd would breede great mischiefe, he bethought
How to prevent the perill that mote rise,
And tourne both him and her to honour in this wise.

One day, when all that troupe of warlike wooers
Assembled were, to weet whose she should bee,
All mightie men and dreadfull derring doers,
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongst them all this end he did decree;
That, of them all which love to her did make,
They by consent should chose the stoutest three
That with himselfe should combat for her sake,
And of them all the victour should his sister take.

Bold was the chalenge, as himselfe was bold,
And courage full of haughtie hardiment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchiev'd to his great ornament:
But yet his sisters skill unto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
Conceived by a ring which she him sent,
That, mongst the manie vertues which we reed,
Had power to staunch all wounds that mortally did bleed.

Well was that rings great vertue knowen to all;
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,
Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst undertake the fight:
More wise they weend to make of love delight
Then life to hazard for faire ladies looke;
And yet uncertaine by such outward sight,
Though for her sake they all that perill tooke,
Whether she would them love, or in her liking brooke.

Amongst those knights there were three brethren
Three bolder brethren never were yborne, [bold,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne;
Thrise happie mother, and thrise happie morne,
That bore three such, three such not to be fond!
Her name was Agapè, whose children worne
All three as one; the first hight Priamond,
The second Dyamond, the youngest Triamond.

Stout Priamond, but not so strong to strike;
Strong Diamond, but not so stout a knight;
But Triamond was stout and strong alike:
On horsebacke used Triamond to fight,
And Priamond on foote had more delight;
But horse and foote knew Diamond to wield;
With curtaxe used Diamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtaxe both usd Priamond in field.

These three did love each other dearely well,
And with so firme affection were allyde,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divyde;
Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,
That from one roote deriv'd their vitall sap,
And, like that roote that doth her life divide,
Their mother was; and had full blessed hap,
These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of Nature,
Which she by art could use unto her will,
And to her service bind each living creature,
Through secret understanding of their feature.
Thereto she was right faire, whenso her face
She list discover, and of goodly stature;
But she, as Fayes are wont, in privie place [space.
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld to

There on a day a noble youthly knight,
Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
As she sate carelesse by a cristall flood
Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good;
And unawares upon her laying hold,
That strove in vaine him long to have withstood,
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told) [pions bold:
Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd three cham-

Which she with her long fostred in that wood,
Till that to ripenesse of mans state they grew:
Then, shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
They loved armes, and knighthood did ensew,
Seeking adventures where they anie knew.
Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout
Their safetie; least by searching daungers new,
And rash provoking perils all about, [stout.
Their days mote be abridged through their corage

Therefore desirous th' end of all their dayes
To know, and them t' enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous skill and many hidden wayes
To the three fatall Sisters house she went.
Farre under ground from tract of living wont,
Downe in the bottome of the deepe abysse,
Where Demogorgon in dull darknesse pent
Farre from the view of gods and Heavens bliss [is.
The hideous Chaos keepes, their dreadfull dwelling

There she them found all sitting round about
The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,
And with unwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.
Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
By griesly Lachesis was spun with paine,
That cruell Atropos eftsoones undid,
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine:
Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids
so vaine!

She, them saluting there, by them sate still
Beholding how the thrids of life they span:
And when at last she had beheld her fill,
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,
Her cause of comming she to tell began.
To whom fierce Atropos; "Bold Fay, that durst
Come see the secret of the life of man,
Well worthie thou to be of Iove accurst,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder burst!"

Whereat she sore affrayd yet her besought
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
That she might see her childrens thrids forth brought,
And know the measure of their utmost date
To them ordained by eternall Fate:
Which Clotho graunting shewed her the same.
[illegible] when she saw, it did her much amate
[illegible] their thrids so thin, as spiders frame,
And eke so short, that seemd their ends out shortly
came.

She then began them humbly to intreate
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That so their lives might be prolonged late:
But Lachesis thereat gan to repine,
And sayd: "Fond dame! that deem'st of things
As [illegible], that they may altred bee, [divine
And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of thine:
Not so; for what the Fates do once decree, [free!"
Not all the gods can chaunge, nor Iove himselfe can

"Then since," quoth she, "the terme of each mans
For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee; [life
Graunt this; that when ye shred with fatall knife
His line, which is the eldest of the three,
Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
Eftsoones his life may passe into the next;
And, when the next shall likewise ended bee,
That both their lives may likewise be annext
Unto the third, that his may be so trebly wext."

They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay
Departed thence with full contented mynd;
And, comming home, in warlike fresh aray
Them found all three according to their kynd;
But unto them what destinie was assynd,
Or how their lives were eekt, she did not tell;
But evermore, when she fit time could fynd,
She warned them to tend their safeties well,
And love each other deare, whatever them befell.

So did they surely during all their dayes,
And never discord did amongst them fall;
Which much augmented all their other praise:
And now, t' increase affection naturall,
In love of Canacee they ioyned all:
Upon which ground this same great battell grew,
(Great matter growing of beginning small)
The which, for length, I will not here pursew,
But rather will reserve it for a canto new.

CANTO III.

The battell twixt three brethren with
Cambell for Canacee:
Cambina with true friendships bond
Doth their long strife agree.

O! why doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their dayes unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soone expire;
Knowing the miserie of their estate,
And thousand perills which them still awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne,
That every houre they knocke at Deathës gate!
And he that happie seemes and least in payne,
Yet is as nigh his end as he that most doth playne.

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
The which, in seeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine:
Yet whilest they lived none did ever see
More happie creatures then they seem'd to bee;
Nor more ennobled for their courtesie,
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree;
Ne more renowmed for their chevalrie,
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and
nie.

These three that hardie chalenge tooke in hand,
For Canacee with Cambell for to fight:
The day was set, that all might understand,
And pledges pawnd the same to keepe aright:
That day, (the dreddest day that living wight
Did ever see upon this world to shine)
So soone as Heavens window shewed light,
These warlike champions, all in armour shine,
Assembled were in field the chalenge to define.

The field with listes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the prease of people farre away;
And at th' one side sixe iudges were dispos'd,
To view and deeme the deedes of armes that day;
And on the other side in fresh aray
Fayre Canacee upon a stately stage
Was set, to see the fortune of that fray
And to be scene, as his most worthy wage
That could her purchase with his live's adventur'd
gage.

Then entred Cambell first into the list,
With stately steps and fearelesse countenance,
As if the conquest his he surely wist.
Soone after did the brethren three advance
In brave aray and goodly amenance,
With scutchins gilt and banners broad displayd;
And, marching thrise in warlike ordinance,
Thrise lowted lowly to the noble mayd; [playd.
The whiles shril trompets and loud clarions sweetly

Which doen, the doughty chalenger came forth,
All arm'd to point, his chalenge to abet:
Gainst whom sir Priamond, with equall worth
And equall armes, himselfe did forward set.
A trompet blew; they both together met
With dreadfull force and furious intent,
Carelesse of perill in their fiers afiret,
As if that life to losse they had forelent,
And cared not to spare that should be shortly spent.

Right practicke was sir Priamond in fight,
And throughly skild in use of shield and speare;
Ne lesse approved was Cambelloes might,
Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare;
That hard it was to weene which harder were.
Full many mightie strokes on either side
Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare;
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
That they avoyded were, and vainely by did slyde.

Yet one, of many, was so strongly bent
By Priamond, that with unluckie glaunce
Through Cambels shoulder it unwarely went,
That forced him his shield to disadvaunce:
Much was he griev'd with that graceless chaunce;
Yet from the wound no drop of bloud there fell,
But wondrous paine that did the more enhaunce
His haughtie courage to avengement fell:
Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them more to swell.

With that, his poynant speare he fierce aventred
With doubled force close underneath his shield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And, there arresting, readie way did yield
For bloud to gush forth on the grassie field;
That he for paine himselfe n'ot right upreare,
But to and fro in great amazement reel'd;
Like an old oke, whose pith and sap is seare,
At puffe of every storme doth stagger here and theare.

Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espide,
Againe he drove at him with double might,
That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side
The mortall point most cruelly empight;
Where fast infixed, whilest he sought by slight
It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,
And left the hand behinde: with which despight
He all emrag'd his shivering speare did shake,
And charging him afresh thus felly him bespake;

"Lo! faitour, there thy meede unto thee take,
The meede of thy mischalonge and abet:
Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,
Have I thus long thy life unto thee let:
But to forbeare doth not forgive the det."
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow;
And, passing forth with furious affret,
Pierst through his bever quite into his brow,
That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

Therewith asunder in the midst it brast,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left;
The other halfe behind yet sticking fast
Out of his head-peece Cambell fiercely reft,
And with such furie backe at him it heft,
That, making way unto his dearest life,
His weasand-pipe it through his gorget cleft:
Thence streames of purple bloud issuing rife
Let forth his wearie ghost, and made an end of strife.

His wearie ghost assoyld from fleshly band
Did not, as others wont, directly fly
Unto hor rest in Plutoes grisely land;
Ne into ayre did vanish presently;
Ne chaunged was into a starre in sky;
But through traduction was eftsoones derived,
Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,
Into his other brethren that survived,
In whom he liv'd anew, of former life deprived.

Whom when on ground his brother next beheld,
Though sad and sorrie for so heavy sight,
Yet leave unto his sorrow did not yeeld;
But rather stir'd to vengeance and despight,
Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
Right fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
As in roversion of his brothers right;
And chalenging the virgin as his dew.
His foe was soone addrest: the trompets freshly blew.

With that they both togcther fiercely met,
As if that each ment other to devoure;
And with their axes both so sorely bet,
That nether plate nor mayle, whereas their powre
They felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowre,
But rived were, like rotten wood, asunder; [showre,
Whilest through their rifts the ruddie bloud did
And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

As when two tygers prickt with hungers rage
Have by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
On which they weene their famine to assuage,
And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle;
Both falling out doe stirre up strifefull broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themselves doe make;
Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,
But either disdeigns with other to partake:
So cruelly those knights strove for the ladies sake.

Full many strokes that mortally were ment,
The whiles were interchaunged twixt them two;
Yet they were all with so good wariment
Or warded, or avoyded and let goe,
That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe;
Till Diamond, disdeigning long delay
Of doubtfull fortune wavering to and fro,
Resolv'd to end it one or other way; [sway,
And heav'd his murdrous axe at him with mighty

The deadfull stroke, in case it had arrived
Where it was ment, (so deadly it was ment)
The soule had sure out of his body rived,
And stinted all the strife incontinent;
But Cambels fate that fortune did prevent:
For, seeing it at hand, he swarv'd asyde,
And so gave way unto his fell intent;
Who, missing of the marke which he had eyde,
Was with the force nigh feld whilst his right foot did slyde.

As when a vulture greedie of his pray,
Through hunger long that hart to him doth lend,
Strikes at an heron with all his bodies sway,
That from his force seemes nought may it defend;
The warie fowle, that spies him toward bend
His dreadfull souse, avoydes it, shunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;
That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse might
He falleth nigh to ground, and scarse recovereth flight.

Which faire adventure when Cambello spide,
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recover
From dangers dread to ward his naked side,
He can let drive at him with all his power,
And with his axe him smote in evill hower,
That from his shoulders quite his head he reft:
The headlesse tronke, as heedlesse of that stower,
Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept;
Till, feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly slept.

They, which that piteous spectacle beheld,
Were much amaz'd the headlesse tronke to see
Stand up so long and weapon vaine to weld,
Unweeting of the Fates divine decree
For lifes succession in those brethren three.
For notwithstanding that one soule was reft,
Yet, had the bodie not dismembred bee,
It would have lived, and revived eft;
But, finding no fit seat, the lifelesse corse it left.

It left; but that same soule, which therein dwelt,
Streight entring into Triamond, him fild
With double life and griefe; which whon he felt,
As one whose inner parts had bene ythrild
With point of steele that close his hartblood spild,
He lightly lept out of his place of rest,
And, rushing forth into the emptie field,
Against Cambello fiercely him addrest;
Who, him affronting soone, to fight was readie prest.

Well mote ye wonder how that noble knight,
After he had so often wounded beene,
Could stand on foot now to renew the fight:
But had ye then him forth advaunoing seene,
Some newborne wight ye would him surely weene;
So fr[illegible] he seemed and so fierce in sight;
Like as a snake, whom wearie winters teene
Hath worne to nought, now feeling sommers might
Casts off his ragged skin and freshly doth him dight.

All was, through vertue of the ring he wore;
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of bloud to fall, but did restore
His weakned powers, and dulled spirits whet,
Through working of the stone therein yset.
Else how could one of equall might with most,
Against so many no lesse mightie met,
Once thinke to match three such on equall cost,
Three such as able were to match a puissant host?

Yet nought thereof was Triamond adredde,
Ne desperate of glorious victorie;
But sharpely him assayld, and sore bestedde
With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:
He stroke, he soust, he foynd, he hewd, he lasht,
And did his yron brond so fast applie,
That from the same the fierie sparkles flasht,
As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rocke are dasht.

Much was Cambello daunted with his blowes;
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
That he was forst from daunger of the throwes
Backe to retire, and somewhat to relent,
Till th' heat of his fierce furie he had spent:
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afresh with new encouragement
Did him assayle, and mightily amate,
As fast, as forward erst, now backward to retrate.

Like as the tide, that comes fro th' ocean mayne,
Flowes up the Shonan with contrarie forse,
And, over-ruling him in his owne rayne,
Drives backe the current of his kindly course,
And makes it seeme to have some other sourse;
But when the floud is spent, then backe againe,
His borrowed waters forst to re-disbourse,
He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his soveraine.

Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
With diverse fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
Now this the better had, now had his fo;
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seemed;
Yet victors both themselves alwayes esteemed:
And all the while the dicentrayled blood
Adowne their sides like litle rivers stremed,
That with the wasting of his vitall flood
Sir Triamond at last full faint and feeble stood.

But Cambell still more strong and greater grew,
Ne felt his blood to wast, ne powres emperisht,
Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new,
Still whenas he enfeebled was, him cherisht,
And all his wounds and all his bruses guarisht:
Like as a withered tree, through husbands toyle,
Is often seene full freshly to have florisht,
And fruitfull apples to have borne awhile,
As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle.

Through which advantage, in his strength he rose
And smote the other with so wondrous might,
That through the seame which did his hauberk close
Into his throate and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell as dead in all mens sight:
Yet dead he was not; yet he sure did die,
As all men do that lose the living spright:
So did one soule out of his bodie flie
Unto her native home from mortall miserie.

But nathelesse whilst all the lookers-on
Him dead behight, as he to all appeard,
All unawares he started up anon,
As one that had out of a dreame bene reard,
And fresh assayld his foe; who halfe affeard
Of th' uncouth sight, as he some ghost had seene,
Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sweard;
Till, having often by him stricken beene,
He forced was to strike and save himselfe from teene.

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
As one in feare the Stygian gods t' offend,
Ne followd on so fast, but rather sought
Himselfe to save, and daunger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to spend.
Which Triamond perceiving, weened sure
He 'gan to faint toward the battels end,
And that he should not long on foote endure;
A signe which did to him the victorie assure.

Whereof full blith eftsoones his mightie hand
He heav'd on high, in mind with that same blow
To make an end of all that did withstand:
Which Cambell seeing come was nothing slow
Himselfe to save from that so deadly throw;
And at that instant reaching forth his sweard
Close underneath his shield, that scarce did show,
Stroke him, as he his hand to strike upreard,
In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides the wound appeard.

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
And, falling heavie on Cambelloes crest,
Strooke him so hugely that in swowne he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound imprest:
And sure, had it not happily found rest
Upon the brim of his brode-plated shield,
It would have cleft his braine downe to his brest:
So both at once fell dead upon the field,
And each to other seemd the victorie to yield.

Which whenas all the lookers-on beheld,
They weened sure the warre was at an end;
And iudges rose; and marshals of the field
Broke up the listes, their armes away to rend;
And Canacee gan wayle her dearest frend.
All suddenly they both upstarted light,
The one out of the swownd which him did blend,
The other breathing now another spright;
And fiercely each assayling gan afresh to fight.

Long while they then continued in that wize,
As if but then the battell had begonne:
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did despise;
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,
Desirous both to have the battell donne;
Ne either cared life to save or spill;
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne;
So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
That life itselfe seemd loathsome, and long safetie ill.

Whilst thus the case in doubtfull ballance hong,
Unsure to whether side it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine
And secret feare, to see their fatall fine;
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That seemd some perilous tumult to desine,
Confus'd with womens cries and shouts of boyes,
Such as the troubled theatres oftimes annoyes.

Thereat the champions both stood still a space,
To weeten what that sudden clamour ment:
Lo! where they spyde with speedie whirling pace
One in a charet of straunge furniment
Towards them driving like a storme out sent.
The charet decked was in wondrous wize
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Persian monarchs antique guize,
Such as the maker selfe could best by art devize.

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim lyons, taken from the wood
In which their powre all others did excell,
Now made forget their former cruell mood,
T' obey their riders hest, as seemed good:
And therein sate a lady passing faire
And bright, that seemed borne of angels brood;
And, with her beautie, bountie did compare, [share.
Whether of them in her should have the greater

Thereto she learned was in magicke leare,
And all the artes that subtill wits discover,
Having therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the same she farre exceld all other:
Who, understanding by her mightie art
Of th' evill plight in which her dearest brother
Now stood, came forth in hast to take his part,
And pacifie the strife which causd so deadly smart.

And, as she passed through th' unruly preace
Of people thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,
For hast did over-runne in dust enrould;
That, thorough rude confusion of the rout,
Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
And some, that would seeme wise, their wonder turnd to dout.

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
About the which two serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
And by the tailes together firmely bound,
And both were with one olive garland crownd;
(Like to the rod which Mains sonne doth wield,
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound;)
And in her other hand a cup she hild,
The which was with nepenthe to the brim upfild.

Nepenthe is a drinck of soverayne grace,
Devized by the gods for to asswage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage:
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
It doth establish in the troubled mynd.
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the gods to drinck thereof assynd;
But such as drinck, eternall happinesse do fynd.

Such famous men, such worthies of the Earth,
As love will have advaunced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,
For their high merits and great dignitie,
Are wont, before they may to Heaven flie,
To drincke thereof; whereby all cares forepast
Are washt away quite from their memorie.
So did those olde heroës hereof tast, [past
Before that they in blisse amongst the gods were plast.

Much more of price and of more gratious powre
Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
The which Rinaldo drunck in happie howre,
Described by that famous Tuscane penne;
For that had might to change the hearts of men
Fro love to hate, a change of evill choise:
But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,
And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoyce.
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice!

At last arriving by the listes side
Shee with her rod did softly smite the raile,
Which straight flew ope and gave her way to ride.
Eftsoones out of her coch she gan availe,
And pacing fairely forth did bid all haile
First to her brother whom she loved deare,
That so to see him made her heart to quaile;
And next to Cambell, whose sad ruefull cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden love t' appeare.

They lightly her requit, (for small delight
They had as then her long to entertaine)
And eft them turned both againe to fight:
Which when she saw, d ne on the bloudy plaine
Herselfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine;
Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,
And with her prayers reasons, to restraine
From bloudy strife; and, blessed peace to seeke,
By all that unto them was deare did them beseeke.

But whenas all might nought with them prevaile,
She smote them lightly with her powrefull wand:
Then suddenly, as 'f their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
And they, like men astonisht, still did stand.
Thus whilest their minds were doubtfully distraught,
And mighty spirites bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,
Whereof, full glad for thirst, eech drunk an harty draught:

Of which so soone as they once tasted had,
Wonder it is that sudden change to see:
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And lovely haulst, from feare of treason free,
And plighted hands, for ever friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of things,
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
For passing joy, which so great marvaile brings,
They all gan shout aloud, that all the Heaven rings.

All which when gentle Canacee beheld,
In hast she from her lofty chaire descended,
To weet what sudden tidings was befeld:
Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In lovely wise she gan that lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well amended;
And, entertaining her with curt'sies meet,
Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
Thence to depart with glee and gladsome chere.
Those warlike champions both together chose
Homeward to march, themselves there to repose:
All wise Cambina, taking by her side
Faire Canacee as fresh as morning rose,
Unto her eoch remounting, home did ride,
All mir'd of all the people and much glorifide.

Where making joyous feast their daies they spent
In perfect love, devoide of hatefull strife,
Allide with bands of mutuall cuplement;
For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he ledd a long and happie life;
And Cambel tooke Cambina to his fere,
The which as life were each to other liefe.
So all alike did love, and loved were,
That since their days such lovers were not found elswere.

CANTO IV.

Satyrane makes a turneyment
For love of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.

It often fals, (as here it earst befell)
That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
And friends profest are chaungd to foemen fell:
The cause of both of both their minds depends;
And th' end of both likewise of both their ends:
For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds
But of occasion, with th' occasion ends;
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill-grounded seeds:

That well (me seemes) appeares by that of late
Twixt Cambell and sir Triamond befell;
As als by this; that now a new debate
Stird up twixt Blandamour and Paridell,
The which by course befals me here to tell:
Who, having those two other knights espide
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their squire to have them both descride,
And eke those masked ladies riding them beside.

Who backe returning told, as he had seene,
That they were doughtie knights of dreaded name;
And those two ladies their two loves unseene;
And therefore wisht them without blot or blame
To let them passe at will, for dread of shame.
But Blandamour full of vain-glorious spright,
And rather stird by his discordfull dame,
Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
But that he yet was sore of his late lucklesse fight.

Yet nigh approching he them fowle bespake,
Disgracing them, himselfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont; so weening way to make
To ladies love, whereso he came in place,
And with lewd termes their lovers to deface.
Whose sharpe provokement them incenst so sore,
That both were bent t' avenge his usage base,
And gan their shields addresse themselves afore:
For evill deedes may better then bad words be bore.

But faire Cambina with perswasions myld
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcyl'd,
And gan to treate of deeds of armes abrode,
And strange adventures, all the way they rode:
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney which was blazed brode,
For that rich girdle of faire Florimell,
The prize of her which did in beautie most excell.

To which folke-mote they all with one consent,
Sith each of them his ladie had him by,
Whose beautie each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try.
So as they passed forth, they did espy
One in bright armes with ready speare in rest,
That toward them his course seem'd to apply;
Gainst whom sir Paridell himselfe addrest,
Him weening, ere he nigh approcht, to have repreat.

Which th' other seeing gan his course relent,
And vaunted speare eftsoones to disadvaunce,
As if he vaught but peace and pleasure ment,
Now falne into their fellowship by chance;
Whereat they shewed curteous countenaunce.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His roving eie did on the lady glaunce
Which Blandamour had riding by his side: [eide.
Whom sure he weend that he somewhere tofore had

It was to weete that snowy Florimell,
Which Ferrau late from Braggadochio wonne;
Whom he now seeing, her remembred well,
How having reft her from the witches sonne,
He soone her lost: wherefore he now begunne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprize:
Which scornefull offer Blandamour gan soone despize;

And said; "Sir Knight, sith ye this lady clame,
Whom he that hath were loth to lose so light,
(For so to lose a lady was great shame)
Yee shall her winne, as I have done, in fight:
And lo! shee shall be placed here in sight
Together with this ling beside her set,
That whoso winnes her may her have by right;
But he shall have the hag that is yet,
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get."

That offer pleased all the company:
So Florimell with Até forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But Braggadochio said, he never thought
For such an hag, that seemed worst then nought,
His person to emperil so in fight:
But if to match that lady they had sought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would spend to iustifie his right.

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
As scorning his unmanly cowardize:
And Florimell him fowly gan revile,
That for her sake refus'd to enterprize
The battell, offred in so knightly wize;
And Até eke provokt him privily
With love of her, and shame of such mesprize.
But naught he car'd for friend or enemy;
For in base mind nor friendship dwels nor enmity.

But Cambell thus did shut up all in iest;
"Brave knights and ladies, certes ye doe wrong
To stirre up strife, when most us needeth rest,
That we may us reserve both fresh and strong
Against the turneiment which is not long,
Whom whoso list to fight may fight his fill:
Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
Whether shall have the hag, or hold the lady still."

They all agreed; so, turning all to game
And pleasaunt bord, they past forth on their way;
And all that while, whereso they rode or came,
That masked mock-knight was their sport and play.
Till that at length upon th' appointed day
Unto the place of turneyment they came;
Where they before them found in fresh aray
Many a brave knight and many a daintie dame
Assembled for to get the honour of that game.

There this faire crew arriving did divide
Themselves asunder: Blandamour with those
Of his on th' one, the rest on th' other side.
But boastful Braggadochio rather chose,
For glorie vaine, their fellowship to lose,
That men on him the more might gaze alone.
The rest themselves in troupes did else dispose,
Like as it seemed best to every one; [attone.
The knights in couples marcht with ladies linckt

Then first of all forth came sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relicke in an arke
Of gold, that had eyes might it not prophane;
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
He open shewd, that all men it mote marke;
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
With pearle and precious stone, worth many a marke;
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:
It was the same which lately Florimel had lost.

The same aloft he hung in open vew,
To be the prize of beautie and of might;
The which, eftsoones discovered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
That all men threw out vowes and wishes vaine.
Thrise happie ladie, and thrise happie knight,
Them seemd that could so goodly riches gaine,
So worthie of the peril, worthy of the paine.

Then tooke the bold sir Satyrane in hand
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
And, vaunting forth from all the other band
Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
Shewing himselfe all readie for the field:
Gainst whom there singled from the other side
A Painim knight that well in armes was skil'd,
And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
Hight Brunchevalthe bold, who fiersly forth did ride.

So furiously they both together met,
That neither could the others force sustaine:
As two fierce buls, that strive the rule to get
Of all the heard, meete with so hideous maine,
That both rebutted tumble on the plaine;
So these two champions to the ground were feld;
Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

Which when the noble Ferramont espide,
He pricked forth in ayd of Satyran;
And him against sir Blandamour did ride
With all the strength and stiffnesse that he can:
But the more strong and stiffely that he ran,
So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
That on an heape were tumbled horse and man;
Unto whose rescue forth rode Paridell;
But him likewise with that same speare he eke did quell.

Which Braggadochio seeing had no will
To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
Albee his turne were next; but stood there still,
As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd:
But Triamond, halfe wroth to see him staid,
Sternly stept forth, and raught away his speare,
With which so sore he Ferramont assaid,
That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
That neither could in hast themselves again upreare.

Which to avenge sir Devon him did dight,
But with no better fortune then the rest;
For him likewise he quickly downe did smight:
And after him sir Douglas him addrest;
And after him sir Palimord forth prest;
But none of them against his strokes could stand;
But, all the more, the more his praise increst:
For either they were left upon the land,
Or went away sore wounded of his haplesse hand.

And now by this sir Satyrane abraid
Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one dismaid,
Whenas he saw the mercilesse affray
Which doughty Triamond had wrought that day
Unto the noble knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himselfe he wisht have beene then in so bad a stead.

Eftsoones he gan to gather up around
His weapons which lay scattered all abrode,
And, as it fell, his steed he ready found:
On whom remounting fiercely forth he rode,
Like sparke of fire that from the andvile glode,
There where he saw the valiant Triamond
Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,
That none his force were able to withstond;
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hond.

With that, at him his beamlike speare he aimed,
And thereto all his power and might applide:
The wicked steele for mischiefe first ordained,
And having now Misfortune got for guide,
Staid not till it arrived in his side,
And therein made a very grisely wound,
That streames of blood his armour all bedide.
Much was he daunted with that direfull stownd,
That scarse he him upheld from falling in a sound.

Yet, as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew
Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plaine:
Then gan the part of chalengers anew
To range the field, and victorlike to raine,
That none against them battell durst maintaine.
By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets sound to cease did them compell:
So Satyrane that day was iudg'd to beare the bell.

The morrow next the turney gan anew;
And with the first the hardy Satyrane
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:
On th' other side full many a warlike swaine
Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.
But mongst them all was not sir Triamond;
Unable he new battell to darraine,
Through grievaunce of his late received wound,
That doubly did him grieve when so himselfe he found.

Which Cambell seeing, though he could not salve,
Ne done undoe, yet, for to salve his name
And purchase honour in his friends behalve,
This goodly counterfesaunce he did frame:
The shield and armes, well knowne to be the same
Which Triamond had worne, unwares to wight
And to his friend unwist, for doubt of blame
If he misdid, he on himselfe did dight, [to fight.
That none could him discerne; and so went forth

There Satyrane lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great ioy and iolity;
Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground;
That much he gan his glorie to envy,
And cast t' avenge his friends indignity:
A mightie speare eftsoones at him he bent;
Who, seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both togetlier went.

They up againe themselves can lightly reare,
And to their tryed swords themselves betake;
With which they wrought such wondrous marvels
That all the rest it did amazed make, [there,
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake;
Now cuffing close, now chacing to and fro,
Now hurtling round advantage for to take:
As two wild boares together grapling go,
Chauſing and foming choler each against his fo.

So as they courst, and turneyd here and theare,
It chaunst sir Satyrane his steed at last,
Whether through foundring or through sodein feare,
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;
Which vauntage Cambell did pursue so fast,
That, ere himselfe he had recovered well,
So sore he sowst him on the compast creast,
That forced him to leave his loftie sell, [fell.
And rudely tumbling downe under his horse-feate

Lightly Cambello leapt downe from his steed
For to have rent his shield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the victors meed;
When all unwares he felt an hideous sway
Of many swords that lode on him did lay:
An hundred knights had him onclosed round,
To rescue Satyrane out of his pray;
All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him prisoner, where he stood on ground.

He with their multitude was nought dismayd,
But with stout courage turnd upon them all,
And with his brond-iron round about him layd;
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:
Like as a lion, that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and rore,
In royall heart disdaining to be thrall:
But all in vaine: for what might one do more?
They have him taken captive, though it grieve him sore.

Whereof when newes to Triamond was brought
Thereas he lay, his wound he soone forgot,
And starting up streight for his armour sought:
In vaine he sought; for there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
And lightly issewd forth to take his lot.
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew
Leading his friend away, full sorie to his vew.

Into the thickest of that knightly preasse
He thrust, and smote downe all that was betweene,
Caried with fervent zeale; ne did he ceasse,
Till that he came where he had Cambell seene
Like captive thral two other knights atweene:
There he amongst them cruell havocke makes,
That they, which lead him, soone enforced beene
To let him loose to save their proper stakes;
Who, being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes:

With that he drives at them with dreadfull might,
Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,
And in revengement of his owne despight:
So both together give a new allarme,
As if but now the battell wexed warme.
As when two greedy wolves doe breake by force
Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,
They spoile and ravine without all remorse:
So did these two through all the field their foes enforce.

Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprize,
Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest:
Then all with one consent did yeeld the prize
To Triamond and Cambell as the best:
But Triamond to Cambell it relest,
And Cambell it to Triamond transferd;
Each labouring t' advance the others gest,
And make his praise before his owne preferd:
So that the doome was to another day differd.

The last day came; when all those knightes againe
Assembled were their deedes of armes to shew.
Full many deedes that day were shewed plaine:
But Satyrane, bove all the other crew,
His wondrous worth declard in all mens view;
For from the first he to the last endured:
And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,
Yet evermore his honour he recured,
And with unwearied powre his party still assured.

Ne was there knight that ever thought of armes,
But that his utmost prowesse there made knowen:
That, by their many wounds and carelesse harmes,
By shivered speares and swords all under strowen,
By scattered shields, was easie to be showen.
There might ye see loose steeds at randon ronne,
Whose lucklesse riders late were overthrowen;
And squiers make hast to helpe their lords fordonne:
But still the knights of Maidenhead the better wonne.

Till that there entred on the other side
A straunger knight, from whence no man could reed,
In quyent disguise, full hard to be descride:
For all his armour was like salvage weed
With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
With oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit
For salvage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word, which on his ragged shield was writ,
Salvagesse sans finesse, shewing secret wit.

He, at his first incomming, charg'd his spere
At him that first appeared in his sight;
That was to weet the stout sir Sangliere,
Who well was knowen to be a valiant knight,
Approved oft in many a perlous fight:
Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
And overbore beyond his crouper quight;
And after him another knight, that hote
Sir Brianor, to sore, that none him life behote.

Then, ere his hand he reard, he overthrow
Seven knights one after other as they came:
And, when his speare was brust, his sword he drew,
The instrument of wrath, and with the same
Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
Hewing and slashing shields and helmets bright,
And beating downe whatever nigh him came,
That every one gan shun his dreadfull sight
No lesse then death itselfe, in daungerous affright.

Much wondred all men what or whence he came,
That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize;
And each of other gan inquire his name:
But, when they could not learne it by no wize,
Most answerable to his wyld disguize
It seemed, him to terme the Salvage Knight:
But certes his right name was otherwize,
Though knowne to few that Arthegall he hight,
The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and most of might.

Thus was sir Satyrane with all his band
By his sole manhood and atchievement stout
Dismay'd, that none of them in field durst stand,
But beaten were and chased all about,
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till evening that the Sunne gan downward bend:
Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend:
So nought may be esteemed happie till the end!

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
At Arthegall, in middest of his pryde,
And therewith smote him on his umbriere
So sore, that tombling backe he downe did slyde
Over his horses taile above a stryde;
Whence litle lust he had to rise againe.
Which Cambell seeing, much the same envyde,
And ran at him with all his might and maine;
But shortly was likewise seene lying on the plaine.

Whereat full inly worth was Triamond,
And cast t' avenge the shame doen to his freend:
But by his friend himselfe eke soone he fond
In no lesse neede of helpe then him he weend.
All which when Blandamour from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased sore,
And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
His speare he feutred, and at him it bore;
But with no better fortune then the rest afore.

Full many others at him likewise ran;
But all of them likewise dismounted were:
Ne certes wonder; for no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchaunted speare,
The which this famous Britomart did beare;
With which she wondrous deeds of arms atchieved,
And overthrew whatever came her neare,
That all those stranger knights full sore agrieved,
And that late weaker band of chalengers relieved.

Like as in sommers day when raging heat
Doth burne the earth and boyled rivers drie,
That all brute beasts forst to refraine fro meat
Doe hunt for shade where shrowded they may lie,
And, missing it, faine from themselves to flie;
All travellers tormented are with paine:
A watry cloud doth overcast the skie,
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe:

So did the warlike Britomart restore
The prize to knights of Maydenhead that day;
Which else was like to have been lost, and bore
The prayse of prowesse from them all away.
Then shrilling trompets loudly gan to bray,
And bad them leave their labours and long toyle
To ioyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize should win that pretious spoyle:
Where I with sound of trompe will also rest awhyle.

CANTO V.

The ladies for the girdle strive
Of famous Florimell:
Scudamour, comming to Cares House,
Doth sleepe from him expell.

It hath bene through all ages ever seene,
That with the praise of armes and chevalrie
The prize of beautie still hath joyned beene;
And that for reasons speciall privitee;
For either doth on other much relie:
For he me seemes most fit the faire to serve,
That can her best defend from villenie;
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve.

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the proofe of prowesse ended well,
The controverse of Beauties soveraine grace;
In which, to her that doth the most excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell:
That many wish to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous use, which some doe tell
That glorious belt did in itselfe containe,
Which ladies ought to love, and seeke for to obtaine.

That girdle gave the vertue of chast love
And wivehood true to all that did it beare;
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose, or else asunder teare.
Whilome it was (as Faories wont report)
Dame Venus girdle, by her 'steemed deare
What time she usd to live in wively sort,
But layd aside whenso she usd her looser sport.

Her husband Vulcan whylome for her sake,
When first he loved her with heart-entire,
This pretious ornament, they say, did make,
And wrought in Lemnos with unquenched fire:
And afterwards did for her loves first hire
Give it to her, for ever to remaine,
Therewith to bind lascivious desire,
And loose affections streightly to restraine;
Which vertue it for ever after did retaine.

The same one day, when she herselfe disposd
To visite her beloved paramoure,
The god of warre, she from her middle loosd,
And left behind her in her secret bowre
On Acidalian mount, where many an howre
She with the pleasant Graces wont to play.
There Florimell in her first ages flowre
Was fostered by those Graces, (as they say)
And brought with her from thence that goodly belt away.

That goodly belt was Cestus hight by name,
And as her life by her esteemed deare:
No wonder then, if that to winne the same
So many ladies sought, as shall appeare;
For peerelesse she was thought that did it beare.
And now by this their feast all being ended,
The iudges, which thereto selected were,
Into the Martian field adowne descended
To deeme this doutfull case, for which they all contended.

But first was question made, which of those knights
That lately turneyd had the wager wonne:
There was it judged, by those worthie wights,
That Satyrane the first day best had donne:
For he last ended, having first begonne.
The second was to Triamond behight,
For that he sav'd the victour from fordonne:
For Cambell victour was, in all mens sight,
Till by mishap he in his foemens hand did light.

The third dayes prize unto that straunger knight,
Whom all men term'd knight of the Hebene Speare,
To Britomart was given by good right;
For that with puissant stroke she downe did beare
The Salvage Knight that victour was whileare,
And all the rest which had the best afore,
And, to the last, unconquer'd did appeare;
For last is deemed best: to her therefore
The fayrest ladie was adiudged for Paramore.

But therent greatly grudged Arthegall,
And much repynd, that both of victors meede
And eke of honour she did him forestall:
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreede;
But inly thought of that despightfull deede
Fit time t' awaite avenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next ensew'd the paragon to see
Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fayrest her due fee.

Then first Cambello brought into their view
His faire Cambina covered with a veale;
Which, being once withdrawne, most perfect hew
And passing beautie did eftsoones reveale,
That able was wonke harts away to steale.
Next did sir Triamond unto their sight
The face of his deare Canacee unheale;
Whose beauties beame eftsoones did shine so bright,
That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

And after her did Paridell produce
His false Duessa, that she might be seene;
Who with her forged beautie did seduce
The hearts of some that fairest her did weene;
As diverse wits affected divers beene.
Then did sir Ferramont unto them show
His Lucida, that was full faire and sheene:
And after these an hundred ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did outgoe.

All which whoso dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth sure a golden pen I weene
To tell the feature of each goodly face.
For, since the day that they created beene,
So many heavenly faces were not seene
Assembled in one place: ne he that thought
For Chian folke to pourtraict beauties queene,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see, as here he might have sought.

At last, the most redoubted Britonesse
Her lovely Amoret did open show;
Whose face, discovered, plainely did expresse
The heavenly pourtraict of bright angels hew.
Well weened all, which her that time did vew,
That she should surely beare the ball away;
Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew
And very Florimell, did her display:
The sight of whom once seene did all the rest dismay.

For all afore that seemed fayre and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her that shone as Phebes light
Amongst the lesser starres in evening cleare.
All that her saw with wonder ravisht weare,
And weend no mortall creature she should bee,
But some celestiall shape that flesh did beare:
Yet all were glad thore Florimell to see;
Yet thought that Florimell was not so faire as shee.

As guilefull goldsmith that by secret skill
With golden foyle doth finely over-spred
Some baser metall, which commend he will
Unto the vulgar for good gold insted,
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed
To hide his falshood, then if it were trew:
So hard this idole was to be ared,
That Florimell herselfe in all mens vew
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest shew.

Then was that golden belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the fayrest dame,
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became;
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame:
For, ever as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame.
Full oft about her wast she it enclos'd;
And it as oft was from about her wast disclos'd:

That all men wondred at the uncouth sight,
And each one thought, as to their fancies came:
But she herselfe did thinke it doen for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame.
Then many other ladies likewise tride
About their tender loynes to knit the same;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was untide.

Which when that scornefull Squire of Dames did vew,
He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to iest;
"Alas for pittie that so faire a crew,
As like cannot be seene from east to west,
Cannot find one this girdle to invest!
Fie on the man that did it first invent,
To shame us all with this, *Ungirt unblest!*
Let never ladie to his love assent,
That hath this day so many so unmanly shent."

Thereat all knights gan laugh, and ladies lowre:
Till that at last the gentle Amoret
Likewise assayd to prove that girdles powre;
And, having it about her middle set,
Did find it fit withouten breach or let;
Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie:
But Florimell exceedingly did fret,
And, snatching from her hand halfe angrily
The belt againe, about her bodie gan it tie:

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit;
Yet, nathëlesse to her, as her dew right,
It yielded was by them that iudged it;
And she herselfe adiudged to the knight
That bore the bloudie speare, as wonne in fight.
But Britomart would not thereto assent,
Ne her due one Amoret forgoe so light
For that strange dame, whose beauties wonderment
She losse esteem'd then th' others vertuous government.

Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
They were full glad, in hope themselves to get her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.
But, after that, the iudges did arret her
Unto the second best that lov'd her better;
That was the Salvage Knight: but he was gone
In great displeasure, that he could not get her.
Then was she iudged Triamond his one;
But Triamond lov'd Canacee, and other none.

Tho unto Satyran she was adiudged,
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed:
But Blandamour thereat full greatly grudged,
And litle prays'd his labours evill speed,
That for to winne the saddle lost the steed.
Ne lesse thereat did Paridell complaine,
And thought t'appeale, from that which was decreed,
To single combat with sir Satyraine:
Thereto him Atè stird, new discord to maintaine.

And eke, with these, full many other knights
She through her wicked working did incense
Her to demaund and chalenge as their rights,
Deserved for their perils recompense.
Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine pretense
Stept Braggadochio forth, and as his thrall
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long sens:
Whereto herselfe he did to witnesse call;
Who, being askt, accordingly confessed all.

Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyran;
And wroth with Satyran was Blandamour;
And wroth with Blandamour was Erivan;
And at them both sir Paridell did loure.
So all together stird up strifull stoure,
And readie were new battell to darraine:
Each one profest to be her paramoure,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;
Ne iudges powre, ne reasons rule, mote them restraine.

Which troublous stirre when Satyrane aviz'd,
He gan to cast how to appease the same,
And, to accord them all, this meanes deviz'd:
First in the midst to set that fayrest dame,
To whom each one his chalenge should disclame,
And he himselfe his right would eke releasse:
Then, looke to whom she voluntarie came,
He should without disturbance her possesse:
Sweete is the love that comes alone with willingnesse.

They all agreed; and then that snowy mayd
Was in the middest plast among them all:
All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and prayd,
And to the queene of beautie close did call,
That she unto their portion might befall.
Then when she long had lookt upon each one,
As though she wished to have pleasd them all,
At last to Braggadochio selfe alone
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

Which when they all beheld, they chaft, and rag'd
And woxe nigh mad for very harts despight,
That from revenge their willes they scarse asswag'd:
Some thought from him her to have reft by might;
Some profler made with him for her to fight:
But he nought car'd for all that they could say;
For he their words as wind esteemed light:
Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

They which romayned, so soone as they perceiv'd
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to have reav'd
From wight unworthie of so noble meed.
In which poursuit how each one did succeede,
Shall else be told in order, as it fell.
But now of Britomart it here doth neede
The hard adventures and strange haps to tell;
Since with the rest she went not after Florimell.

For soone as she them saw to discord set,
Her list no longer in that place abide;
But, taking with her lovely Amoret,
Upon her first adventure forth did ride,
To seeke her lov'd, making blind Love her guide.
Unluckie mayd, to seeke her enemie!
Unluckie mayd, to seeke him farre and wide,
Whom, when he was untoherselfe most nie,
She through his late disguizement could him not de-

So much the more her griefe, the more her toyle:
Yet neither toyle nor griefe she once did spare,
In seeking him that should her paine assoyle;
Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
Was Amoret, companion of her care:
Who likewise sought her lover long miswent,
The gentle Scudamour, whose heart whileare
That stryfull hag with gealous discontent
Had fild, that he to fell revenge was fully bent;

Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart
The crime which cursed Até kindled earst,
The which like thornes did pricke his gealous hart,
And through his soule like poysned arrow perst,
That by no reason it might be reverst,
For ought that Glauce could or doe or say:
For, aye the more that she the same reherst,
The more it gauld and griev'd him night and day,
That nought but dire revenge his anger mote defray.

So as they travelled, the drouping night
Covered with cloudie stormie and bitter showre,
That dreadfull seem'd to every living wight,
Upon them fell, before her timely howre;
That forced them to seeke some covert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
And shrowd their persons from that stormie stowre.
Not farre away, nor meete for any guest,
They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans nest.

Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;
And fast beside a little brooke did pas
Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
By which few crooked sallowes grew in ranke:
Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the sound
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
And answering their wearie turnes around,
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert ground.

There entring in, they found the goodman selfe
Full busily unto his worke ybent;
Who was to weet a wretched wearish elfe,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forspent,
As if he had in prison long bene pent:
Full blacke and grisely did his face appeare,
Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-sight blent;
With pugged beard, and hoarie shagged heare,
The which he never wont to combe, or comely sheare.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
With blistred hands emongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthie with long nayles unpared,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared.
His name was Care; a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working spared,
But to small purpose yron wedges made;
Those be *unquiet thoughts* that carefull minds invade.

In which his worke he had sixe servants prest,
About the andvile standing evermore
With huge great hammers, that did never rest
From heaping stroakes which thereon soused sore:
All sixe strong groomes, but one then other more;
For by degrees they all were disagreed;
So likewise did the hammers which they bore
Like belles in greatnesse orderly succeed,
That he, which was the last, the first did farre exceede.

He like a monstrous gyant seem'd in sight,
Farre passing Bronteus or Pyracmon great,
The which in Lipari doe day and night
Frame thunderbolts for Joves avengefull threate.
So dreadfully he did the andvile beat,
That seem'd to dust he shortly would it drive:
So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat,
That seem'd a rocke of diamond it could rive
And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list strive.

Sir Scudamour there entring much admired
The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
And, having long beheld, at last enquired
The cause and end thereof; but all in vaine;
For they for nought would from their worke refraine,
Ne let his speeches come unto their eare.
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
Like to the northren winde, that none could heare;
Those Pensifenesse did move; and sighes the bellows weare.

Which when that warriour saw, he said no more,
But in his armour layd him downe to rest:
To rest he layd him downe upon the flore,
(Whylome for ventrous knights the bedding best)
And thought his wearie limbs to have redrest.
And that old aged dame, his faithfull squire,
Her feeble ioynts layd eke adowne to rest;
That needed much her weake age to desire,
After so long a travell which them both did tire.

There lay sir Scudamour long while expecting
When gentle sleepe his heavie eyes would close;
Oft changing sides, and oft new place electing,
Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose;
And oft in wrath he thence againe uprose;
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
But, wheresoere he did himselfe dispose,
He by no meanes could wished ease obtaine:
So every place seem'd painefull, and each changing vaine.

And evermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers sound his senses did molest;
And evermore, when he began to winke,
The bellowes noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,
Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest,
And all the night the dogs did barke and howle
About the house, at sent of stranger guest:
And now the crowing cocke, and now the owle
Lowde shriking, him afflicted to the very sowle.

And, if by fortune any little nap
Upon his heavie eye-lids chaunst to fall,
Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap
Upon his head-peece with his yron mall;
That he was soone awaked therewithall,
And lightly started up as one affrayd,
Or as if one him suddenly did call:
So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
And then lay musing long on that him ill apayd.

So long he mazed, and so long he lay,
That at the last his wearie sprite opprest
With fleshly weaknesse, which no creature may
Long time resist, gave place to kindly rest,
That all his senses did full soone arrest:
Yet, in his soundest sleepe, his dayly feare
His ydle braine gan busily molest,
And made him dreame those two disloyall were:
The things, that day most minds, at night doe most appeare.

With that the wicked carle, the maister smith,
A paire of red-whot yron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
Under his side him nipt; that, forst to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started up avenged for to be
On him the which his quiet slomber brake:
Yet, looking round about him, none could see;
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did flee.

In such disquiet and hart-fretting payne
He all that night, that too long night, did passe.
And now the day out of the ocean mayne
Began to peepe above this earthly masse,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse:
Then up he rose like heavie lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainely read,
And ghesse the man to be dismayd with gealous dread.

Unto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
And forth upon his former voiage fared,
And with him eke that aged squire attone;
Who, whatsoever perill was prepared,
Both equall paines and equall perill shared:
The end whereof and daungerous event
Shall for another canticle be spared:
But, here my wearie teeme, nigh over-spent,
Shall breath itselfe awhile after so long a went.

CANTO VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doe fight with Britomart:
He sees her face; doth fall in love,
And soone from her depart.

What equall torment to the griefe of mind
A pyning anguish bid in gentle hart,
Ally feeds itselfe with thoughts unkind,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart!
What medicine can any leaches art
Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart!
Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride;
For which Dan Phebus selfe cannot a salve provide,

Who having left that restlesse House of Care,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholic and sad misfare
Through misconceipt, all unawares espide
An armed knight under a forrest side
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede;
Who, soone as them approaching he deseride,
Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischievous deede.

Which Scudamour perceiving forth issewed
To have rencountred him in equall race;
But, soone as th' other nigh approaching vewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase
And voide his course; at which so suddain ease
He wondred much: but th' other thus can say;
"Ah! gentle Scudamour, unto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespassed this day."

Whereto thus Scudamour; "Small harme it were
For any knight upon a ventrous knight
Without displeasance for to prove his spere.
But reade you, sir, sith ye my name have hight,
What is your owne, that I mote you requite."
"Certes," sayd he, "ye mote as now excuse
Me from discovering you my name aright:
For time yet serves that I the same refuse;
But call ye me the Salvage Knight, as others use."

"Then this, sir Salvage Knight," quoth he, "areede;
Or doe you here within this forrest wonne,
That seemeth well to answere to your weede,
Or have ye it for some occasion donne?
That rather seemes, sith knowen armes ye shonne."
"This other day," sayd he, "a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour hath unto me donne;
On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,
Whenever he this way shall passe by day or night."

"Shame be his meede," quoth he, "that meaneth shame!
But what is he by whom ye shamed were?"
"A stranger knight," sayd he, "unknowne by name,
But knowne by fame, and by an hebene speare
With which he all that met him downe did beare.
He, in an open turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare;
And having me, all wearie earst, downe feld,
The fayrest ladie reft, and ever since withheld."

When Scudamour heard mention of that speare,
He wist right well that it was Britomart,
The which from him his fairest love did beare.
Tho gan he swell in every inner part
For fell despight, and gnaw his gealous hart,
That thus he sharply sayd; "Now by my head,
Yet is not this the first unknightly part,
Which that same knight, whom by his launce I read,
Hath donne to noble knights, that many makes him dread:

"For lately he my love hath fro me reft,
And eke defiled with foule villanie
The sacred pledge which in his faith was left,
In shame of knighthood and fidelitie;
The which ere long full deare he shall abie:
And if to that avenge by you decreed
This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie,
It shall not fayle whenso ye shall it need." [agreed.
So both to wreake their wrathes on Britomart

Whiles thus they communed, lo! farre away
A knight soft ryding towardes them they spyde,
Attyr'd in forraine armes and straunge aray:
Whom when they nigh approchtthey plainedeseryde
To be the same for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then sir Scudamour, "Sir Salvage Knight,
Let me this crave, sith first I was defyde,
That first I may that wrong to him requite:
And, if I hap to fayle, you shall recure my right."

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull speare
Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran.
Who soone as she him saw approching neare
With so fell rage, herselfe she lightly gan
To dight, to welcome him well as she can;
But entertaind him in so rude a wise,
That to the ground she smote both horse and man;
Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harmes together did devise.

But Artegall, beholding his mischaunce,
New matter added to his former fire;
And, eft avontring his steele-headed launce,
Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require:
But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning disappointed his desire,
Whiles unawares his saddle he forewent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amazëment.

Lightly he started up out of that stound,
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an hynd within some covert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot invade:
With such fell greedines he her assayled,
That though she mounted were, yet he her made
To give him ground, (so much his force prevayled,)
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no armes avayled.

So, as they coursed here and there, it chaunst
That, in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunst
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
From foule mischance; ne did it ever rest,
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;
Where byting deepe so deadly it imprest,
That quite it chynd his backe behind the sell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell:

Like as the lightning-brond from riven skie,
Throwne out by angry Jove in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force falles on some steeple hie;
Which battring downe, it on the church doth glance,
And tears it all with terrible mischance.
Yet she, no whit dismayd, her steed forsooke;
And, casting from her that enchaunted lance,
Unto her sword and shield her soone betooke;
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

So furiously she strooke in her first heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yeeld unto her weapon way to pas:
Whose raging rigour neither steele nor bras
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pour'd the purple blood forth on the gras;
That all his mayle yriv'd, and plates yrent,
Show'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent.

At length, whenas he saw her hastie heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
He through long sufferance growing now more great,
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assayle,
Heaping huge strokes as thicke as showre of hayle,
And lashing dreadfully at every part,
As if he thought her soule to disentrayle.
Ah! cruell hand, and thrise more cruell hart,
That workst such wrecke on her to whom thou dearest art!

What yron courage ever could endure
To worke such outrage on so fayre a creature!
And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of Nature,
The Maker selfe resembling in her feature!
Certes some hellish furie or some feend
This mischiefe framd, for their first loves defeature,
To bath their hands in blood of dearest freend,
Thereby to make their loves beginning their lives end.

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursewed,
Still as advantage they espyde thereto:
But toward th' end sir Arthegall renewed
His strength still more, but she still more decrewed.
At last his lucklesse hand he heav'd on hie,
Having his forces all in one accrewed,
And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,
That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst,
And with the force, which in itselfe it bore,
Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth glaunst
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that, her angels face, unseene afore,
Like to the ruddie morne appeard in sight,
Deawed with silver drops through sweating sore;
But somewhat reddar then beseem'd aright, [fight:
Through toylesome heat and labour of her weary

And round about the same her yellow heare,
Having through stirring loosd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand:
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand
To frame such subtile wire, so shinie cleare;
For it did glister like the golden sand,
The which Pactolus with his waters shere
Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him nere.

And as his hand he up againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
His powrelesse arme benumbd with secret feare
From his revengefull purpose shronke abacke,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
Fell downe to ground, as if the steele had sence
And felt some ruth, or sence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke obedience
To doe to so divine a beauties excellence.

And he himselfe, long gazing thereupon,
At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,
Or else unweeting what it else might bee;
And pardon her besought his errour frayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree:
Whilest trembling horrour did his sense assayle,
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to quayle.

Nathelesse she, full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent on him to bene ywroke;
And, lokking sterne, still over him did stand,
Threatning to strike unlesse he would withstand;
And bad him rise, or surely he should die.
But, die or live, for nought he would upstand;
But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,
Or wreake on him her will for so great injurie.

Which whenas Scudamour, who now abrayd,
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside,
He was therewith right wondrously dismayd;
And drawing nigh, whenas he plaine deseride
That peerelesse paterne of dame Natures pride
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe as one sore terrifide;
And, turning feare to faint devotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

But Glauce, seeing all that chaunced there,
Well weeting how their errour to assoyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salewd with seemely bel-accoyle,
Ioyous to see her safe after long toyle:
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt unto those warriours truce awhyle;
Which yeelded, they their bevers up did reare,
And shew'd themselves to her such as indeed they were.

When Britomart with sharpe avizefull eye
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall
Tempred with sternesse and stout maiestie,
She gan oftsoones it to her mind to call
To be the same which, in her fathers hall,
Long since in that enchaunted glasse she saw:
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw, [draw.
That her enhaunced hand she downe can soft with-

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,
As fayning choler which was turn'd to cold:
But ever, when his visage she beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countenance bold:
But, when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold:
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obayd,
But brought forth speeches myld when she would have missayd.

But Scudamour now woxen inly glad
That all his gealous feare he false had found,
And how that hag his love abused had
With breach of faith and loyaltie unsound,
The which long time his grieved hart did wound,
He thus bespake: "Certes, sir Artegall,
I joy to see you put so low on ground,
And now become to live a ladies thrall, [all."
That whylome in your minde wont to despise them

Soone as she heard the name of Artegall,
Her hart did leape, and all her heart-strings tremble,
For sudden joy and secret feare withall;
And all her vitall powres, with motion nimble
To succour it, themselves gan there assemble;
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plaine appeard, though she it would dissemble,
And fayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

When Glauce thus gan wisely all upknit;
"Ye gentle knights, whom fortune here hath brought
To be spectators of this uncouth fit,
Which secret fate hath in this ladie wrought
Against the course of kind, be mervaile nought;
Ne henceforth feare the thing that hethertoo
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
Fearing least she your loves away should woo;
Feared in vaine, sith meanes ye see there wants theretoo.

"And you, sir Artegall, the Salvage Knight,
Henceforth may not disdaine that womans hand
Hath conquered you anew in second fight:
For whylome they have conquered sea, and land,
And Heaven itselfe, that nought may them withstand:
Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,
That is the crowne of knightlood and the band
Of noble minds derived from above,
Which, being knit with vertue, never will remove.

"And you, faire ladie knight, my dearest dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame;
And, wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Graunt him your grace; but so that he fulfill
The penance whigh ye shall to him empart:
For lovers Heaven must passe by sorrowes Hell."
Thereat full inly blushed Britomart;
But Artegall close-smyling ioy'd in secret hart.

Yet durst he not make love so suddenly,
Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw
From one to other so quite contrary:
Besides her modest countenance he saw
So goodly grave, and full of princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw;
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,
Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand would restraine.

But Scudamour, whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
And feeble hope hung all this while suspence,
Desiring of his Amoret to heare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake; "But, sir, without offence
Mote I request you tydings of my love,
My Amoret, sith you her freed fro thence
Where she, captived long, great woes did prove;
That where ye left I may her seeke, as doth behove."

To whom thus Britomart; "Certes, sir Knight,
What is of her become, or whether reft,
I cannot unto you aread aright.
For from that time I from enchaunters theft
Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
I her preserv'd from peril and from feare,
And evermore from villonie her kept:
Ne ever was there wight to me more deare
Then she, ne unto whom I more true love did beare:

"Till on a day, as through a desert wyld
We travelled, both wearie of the way
We did alight, and sate in shadow myld;
Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay:
But, whenas I did out of sleepe abray,
I found her not where I her left whyleare,
But thought she wandred was, or gone astray:
I cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare;
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare."

When Scudamour those heavie tydings heard,
His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare,
Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard;
But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steare
That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth beare:
Till Glaucè thus; "Faire sir, be nought dismayd
With needlesse dread, till certaintie ye heare;
For yet she may be safe though somewhat strayd:
Its best to hope the best, though of the worst affrayd."

Nathelesse he hardly of her chearefull speech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare; so sore a breach
That sudden newes had made into his spright;
Till Britomart him fairely thus behight;
"Great cause of sorrow certes, sir, ye have;
But comfort take; for, by this Heavens light,
I vow you dead or living not to leave,
Til I her find, and wreake on him that did her reave."

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was.
So, peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pas
Unto some resting place, which mote befall;
All being guided by sir Artegall:
Where goodly solace was unto them made,
And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,
Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
And wearie limmes recur'd after late usage bad.

In all which time sir Artegall made way
Unto the love of noble Britomart,
And with meeke service and much suit did lay
Continuall siege unto her gentle hart;
Which, being whylome launcht with lovely dart,
More eath was new impression to receive;
However she her payne with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceive:
Vaine is the art that seekes itselfe for to deceive.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length unto a bay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an eare, and softly to relent.
At last, through many vowes which forth he pour'd
And many othes, she yeelded her consent
To be his love, and take him for her lord,
Till they with marriage meet might finish that accord.

Tho, when they had long time there taken rest,
Sir Artegall, who all this while was bound
Upon an hard adventure yet in quest,
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that which he did long propound;
And unto her his congeè came to take:
But her therewith full sore displeasd he found,
And loth to leave her late betrothed make;
Her dearest love full loth so shortly to forsake.

Yet he with strong perswasions her asswaged,
And wonne her will to suffer him depart;
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
And thousand vowes from bottome of his hart,
That, all so soone as he by wit or art
Could that atchieve whereto he did aspire,
He unto her would speed ly revert:
No longer spaće thereto he did desire,
But till the horned Moone three courses did expire.

With which she for the present was appeased,
And yeelded leave, however malcontent
She inly were and in her mind displeased.
So, early on the morrow next, he went
Forth on his way to which he was ybent;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient
Mongst knights when on adventures they did ride,
Save that she algates him a while accompanide.

And by the way she sundry purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof seem'd much her to affray:
But all she did was but to weare out day.
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take;
And eft againe deviz'd somewhat to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make:
So loth she was his companie for to forsake.

At last when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occasion fayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes government,
And backe returned with right heavie mind
To Scudamour, whom she had left behind;
With whom she went to seeke faire Amoret,
Her second care, though in another kind:
For vertues onely sake, which doth beget
True love and faithfull friendship, she by her did set.

Backe to that desert forrest they retyred,
Where sorie Britomart had lost her late:
There they her sought, and every where inquired
Where they might tydings get of her estate;
Yet found they none. But, by what haplesse fate
Or hard misfortune she was thence convayd,
And stolne away from her beloved mate,
Were long to tell; therefore I here will stay
Untill another tyde, that I it finish may.

CANTO VII.

Amoret rapt by greedie Lust
Belphebe saves from dread:
The squire her loves; and, being blam'd,
His daies in dole doth lead.

Great god of love, that with thy cruell darts
Doest conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And setst thy kingdome in the captive harts
Of kings and Kesars to thy service bound;
What glorie or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble ladies tyranning so sore,
And adding anguish to the bitter wound
With which their lives thou lanchedst long afore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more!

So whylome didst thou to faire Florimell;
And so and so to noble Britomart:
So doest thou now to her of whom I tell,
The lovely Amoret, whose gentle hart
Thou martyrest with sorow and with smart,
In salvage forrests and in deserts wide
With beares and tygers taking heavie part,
Withouten comfort and withouten guide;
That pitie is to heare the perils which she tride.

So soone as she with that brave Britonesse
Had left that turneyment for beauties prise,
They travel'd long; that now for wearinesse,
Both of the way and warlike exercise,
Both through a forest ryding did devise
T' alight, and rest their wearie limbs a while.
There heavie sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
Of Britomart after long tedious toyle,
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

The whiles faire Amoret of nought affeard,
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure or for need,
When suddenly behind her backe she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
That, ere she backe could turne to taken heed,
Had unawares her snatched up from ground:
Feebly she shrieked, but so feebly indeed
That Britomart heard not the shrilling sound,
There where through weary travel she lay sleeping sound.

It was to weet a wilde and salvage man;
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span;
All overgrowne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked bore:
For he liv'd all on ravin and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshly gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloudy lips afore.

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke downe hanging low,
In which he wont the relickes of his feast
And cruell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow:
And over it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud;
And downe both sides two wide long eares did glow,
And raught downe to his waste when up he stood,
More great then th' eares of elephants by Indus flood.

His wast was with a wreath of yvie greene
Engirt about, no other garment wore;
For all his haire was like a garment seene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knottie snags were sharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire for steele to be in sted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not red;
But eyther was with milke of wolves and tygres fed.

This ugly creature in his armes her snatcht,
And through the forrest bore her quite away
With briers and bushes all to rent and scratcht;
No care he had, nor pittiest the pray,
Which many a knight had sought so many a day:
He stayed not, but still his armes her bearing
Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,
Unto his cave farre from all peoples hearing,
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fearing.

For she (deare ladie) all the way was dead,
Whilest he in armes her bore; but, when she felt
Herselfe downe soust, she waked out of dread
Streight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
And eft gan into tender teares to melt.
Then when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darknesse and dread horrour where she dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a swound;
Ne wist whether above she were or under ground.

With that she heard some one close by her side
Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would divide:
Which she long listning, softly askt againe
What mister wight it was that so did plaine?
To whom thus aunswer'd was; "Ah! wretched wight,
That seekes to know anothers griefe in vaine,
Unweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight:
Selfe to forget to mind another is ore-sight!"

"Aye me!" said she, "where am I, or with whom?
Emong the living, or emong the dead?
What shall of me unhappy maid become?
Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse, aread."
"Unhappy mayd," then answer'd she, "whose dread
Untride is lesse then when thou shalt it try:
Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,
Both grace and gaine; but he in Hell doth lie,
That lives a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.

"This dismall day hath thee a captive made,
And vassall to the vilest wretch alive;
Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade
The Heavens abhorre, and into darkenesse drive:
For on the spoile of women he doth live,
Whose bodies chast, whenever in his powre
He may them catch unable to gainestrive,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwardes themselves doth cruelly devoure.

"Now twenty daies, by which the sonnes of men
Divide their workes, have past through Heven sheene,
Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
During which space these sory eies have seen
Seaven women by him slaine and eaten clene;
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman, here remaining beene,
Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone;
And of us three to morrow he will sure eate one."

"Ah! dreadfull tidings which thou dost declare,"
Quoth she, "of all that ever hath beene knowen!
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble brest endured hath, but none
Equall to this, whereever I have gone.
But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
Hath linckt with me in the same chaine attone?"
"To tell," quoth she, "that which ye see, needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot!

"But what I was, it irkes me to reherse;
Daughter unto a lord of high degree;
That ioyd in happy peace, till Fates perverse
With guilefull love did secretly agree
To overthrow my state and dignitie.
It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,
Yet was he but a squire of low degree;
Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did faine,
By any ladies side for lemàn to have laine.

"But, for this meannesse and disparagement,
My sire, who me too dearely well did love,
Unto my choise by no meanes would assent,
But often did my folly fowle reprove:
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
But, whether will'd or nilled friend or foe,
I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove;
And, rather then my love abandon so,
Both sire and friends and all for ever to forgo.

" Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to worke
Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight
To hide th' intent which in my heart did lurke,
Till I thereto had all things readie dight.
So on a day, unweeting unto wight,
I with that squire agreede away to flit,
And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
Within a grove appointed him to meete;
To which I boldly came upon my feeble feete.

" But ah! unhappy houre me thither brought:
For in that place where I him thought to find,
There was I found, contrary to my thought,
Of this accursed carle of hellish kind,
The shame of men, and plague of womankind;
Who trussing me, as eagle doth his pray,
Me hether brought with him as swift as wind,
Where yet untouched till this present day,
I rest his wretched thrall, the sad Æmylia."

" Ah! sad Æmylia," then sayd Amoret,
" Thy ruefull plight I pitty as mine owne!
But read to me, by what device or wit
Hast thou in all this time from him unknowne
Thine honour sav'd, though into thraldome throwne?"
" Through helpe," quoth she, " of this old woman
I have so done, as she to me hath showne: [here
For, ever when he burnt in lustfull fire,
She in my stead supplide his bestiall desire."

Thus of their evils as they did discourse,
And each did other much bewaile and mone:
Loe! where the villaine selfe, their sorrowes sourse,
Came to the cave; and rolling thence the stone,
Which wont to stop the mouth thereof that none
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
And, spredding over all the flore alone,
Gan dight himselfe unto his wonted sinne;
Which ended, then his bloudy banket should beginne.

Which whenas fearefull Amoret perceived,
She staid not th' utmost end thereof to try,
But, like a ghastly gelt whose wits are reaved,
Ran forth in hast with hideous outcry,
For horrour of his shamefull villany:
But after her full lightly he uprose,
And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie:
Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes, [toes.
Ne feeles the thorns and thickets pricke her tender

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she staies,
But over-leapes them all, like robucke light,
And through the thickest makes her nighest waies;
And evermore, when with regardfull sight
She looking backe espies that grisly wight
Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
And makes her feare a spur to hast her flight;
More swift than Myrrh' or Daphne in her race,
Or any of the Thracian nimphes in salvage chace.

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long;
Ne living aide for her on Earth appeares,
But if the Heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,
Moved with pity of her plenteous teares.
It fortuned Belphebe with her peares
The woody nimphs, and with that lovely boy,
Was hunting then the libbards and the beares
In these wild woods, as was her wonted joy,
To banish sloth that oft doth noble mindes annoy.

It so befell, as oft it fals in chace,
That each of them from other sundred were;
And that same gentle squire arriv'd in place
Where this same cursed caytive did appeare
Pursuing that faire lady full of feare:
And now he her quite overtaken had;
And now he her away with him did beare
Under his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
That by his grenning laughter mote farre off be rad.

Which drery sight the gentle squire espying
Doth hast to crosse him by the nearest way,
Led with that wofull ladies piteous crying,
And him assailes with all the might he may;
Yet will not he the lovely spoile downe lay,
But with his craggy club in his right hand
Defends himselfe, and saves his gotten pray:
Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

Thereto the villaine used craft in fight:
For, ever when the squire his javelin shooke,
He held the lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puissance of his intended stroke:
And if it chaunst, (as needs it must in fight)
Whilest he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

Which subtill sleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike, forbeare;
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her must hurt, or hazard neare:
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike-head of his speare:
A streame of coleblacke bloud thence gusht amaine,
That all her silken garments did with blould bestaine.

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
And, laying both his hands upon his glave,
With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so sore,
That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to save:
Yet he therewith so felly still did rave,
That scarse the squire his hand could once upreare,
But, for advantage, ground unto him gave,
Tracing and traversing, now here, now there;
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to beare.

Whilest thus in battell they embusied were,
Belphebe, raunging in her forrest wide,
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her eare her guide:
Whom when that theefe approching nigh espide
With bow in hand and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,
But fled away with ghastly dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.

Whom seeing flie, she speedily poursewed
With winged feete, as nimble as the winde,
And ever in her bow she ready shewed
The arrow to his deadly marke desynde:
As when Latonaes daughter, cruell kynde,
In vengement of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gainst wofull Niobes unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case

So well she sped her and so far she ventred,
That, ere unto his hellish den he raught,
Even as he ready was there to have entred,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very dore him overcaught,
And, in his nape arriving, through it thrild
His greedy throte, therewith in two distraught,
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
And all his hairy brest with gory bloud was fild.

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to rowle,
She ran in hast his life to have bereft;
But, ere she could him reach, the sinfull sowle
Having his carrion corse quite sencelesse left
Was fled to Hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft:
Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whilest all with filthy bloud
The place there over-flowne seemd like a sodaine flood.

Thenceforth she past into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darkesome drerinesse she found,
Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
Some litle whispering, and soft-groning sound.
With that she askt, what ghosts there under ground
Lay hid in horrour of eternall night;
And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselves before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

Then forth the sad Æmylia issewed,
Yet trembling every ioynt through former feare;
And after her the hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature, did appeare;
A leman fit for such a lover deare:
That mov'd Belphebe her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others heavy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate;
Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

Thence she them brought toward the place where late
She left the gentle squire with Amoret:
There she him found by that new lovely mate,
Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet
Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts which she did get:
For of that carle she sorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.

Which when she saw with sodaine glauncing eye,
Her noble heart, with sight thereof, was fild
With deepe disdaine and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both have thrild
With that selfe-arrow which the carle had kild:
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance sore:
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,
"Is this the faith?" she said—and said no more,
But turnd her face, and fled away for evermore.

He, seeing her depart, arose up light,
Right sore agrieved at her sharpe reproofe,
And follow'd fast: but, when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approch, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasure's utmost proofe:
And evermore, when he did grace entreat,
And framed speaches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
And forst him backe with fowle dishonor to retreat.

At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no ease of griefe nor hope of grace,
Unto those woods he turned backe againe,
Full of sad anguish and in heavy case:
And, finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright Heavens face
For mossy trees, which covered all with shade
And sad melancholy; there he his cabin made.

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke
And threw away, with vow to use no more,
Ne thenceforth ever strike in battell stroke,
Ne ever word to speake to woman more;
But in that wildernesse, of men forlore
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
And wast his wretched daies in wofull plight:
So on himselfe to wreake his follies owne despight.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did out and shape anew;
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment sweet
To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
He let to grow and griesly to concrew,
Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelesly unshed;
That in short time his face they overgrew,
And over all his shoulders did dispred,
That who he whilome was uneath was to be red.

There he continued in this carefull plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
That like a pined ghost he soone appeares:
For other food then that wilde forrest beares,
Ne other drinke there did he ever tast
Then running water tempred with his teares,
The more his weakened body so to wast:
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at last.

For on a day, by fortune as it fell,
His own deare lord, prince Arthure, came that way,
Seeking adventures where he mote heare tell;
And, as he through the wandring wood did stray,
Having espide his cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne;
Weening therein some holy hermit lay,
That did resort of sinfull people shonne;
Or else some woodman shrowded there from scorching Sunne.

Arriving there he found this wretched man
Spending his daies in dolour and despaire,
And, through long fasting, woxen pale and wan,
All over-growen with rude and rugged haire;
That albeit his owne dear squire he were,
Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all;
But like strange wight, whom he had seene no where,
Saluting him, gan into speach to fall,
And pitty much his plight, that liv'd like outcast thrall.

But to his speach he aunswered no whit,
But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,
Ne signe of sence did shew, ne common wit,
As one with griefe and anguishe over-cum;
And unto every thing did aunswere mum:
And ever, when the prince unto him spake,
He louted lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did unto him make;
Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his sake.

At which his uncouth guise and usage quaint
The prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
Yet weend, by secret signes of manlinesse
Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
That he whilome some gentle swaine had beene,
Traind up in feats of armes and knightlinesse;
Which he observ'd, by that he him had seene
To weld his naked sword and try the edges keene;

And eke by that he saw on every tree
How he the name of one engraven had
Which likly was his liefest love to be,
From whom he now so sorely was bestad;
Which was by him Belphebe rightly rad:
Yet who was that Belphebe he ne wist;
Yet saw he often how he wexed glad
When he it heard, and how the ground he kist
Whereon it written was, and how himselfe he blist.

Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,
And saw that all he said and did was vaine,
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
Ne ought mote cense to mitigate his paine;
He left him there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him should remedy provide,
And him restore to former grace againe:
Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will deferre the end untill another tide.

CANTO VIII.

The gentle squire recovers grace:
Solaunder her guests doth staine:
Corflambo chaseth Placidas,
And is by Arthure slaine.

Well said the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this
Which to this gentle squire did happen late,
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Then death itselfe more dread and desperate;
For naught the same may calme, ne mitigate,
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
With sufferaunce soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the sterne remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infixed lay.

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the faire Belphebe had
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,
He ever tasted; but with penaunce sad
And pensive sorrow pind and wore away,
Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad;
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish and decay:

Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle dove
To come, where he his dolors did devise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
Which losse her made like passion also prove:
Who, seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With deare compassion deeply did enmove,
That she gan mone his undeserved smart,
And with her dolefull accent beare with him a part.

Shee sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournefull notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compylt that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name.
With that he forth would poure so plenteous teares,
And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
That could have perst the hearts of tigres and of beares.

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did use
Withouten dread of perill to repaire
Unto his wonne, and with her mournefull muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
And every day, for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long.

Upon a day, as she him sate beside,
By chaunce he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relickes did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew:
Amongst the rest a iewell rich he found,
That was a ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

The same he tooke, and with a ribaud new,
In which his ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtles necke, that with the vew
Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.
All unawares the bird, when she did find
Herselfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,
And flew away as lightly as the wind:
Which sodaine accident him much dismaid; [straid.
And, looking after long, did marke which way she

But whenas long he looked had in vaine,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eie returned to him againe,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his iuell he had lost so light,
And eke his deare companion of his care.
But that sweet bird departing flew forthright,
Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,
Untill she came where wonned his Belphebe faire.

There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
After late wearie toile which she had tride
In salvage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet.
There she, alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
As was her wont, thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting griefe that for her sake [take.
Her gentle squire through her displeasure did par-

She, her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did marke about her purple brest
That precious iuell, which she formerly
Had knowne right well with coloured ribbands drest:
Therewith she rose in hast, and her addrest
With ready hand it to have reft away:
But the swift bird obayd not her behest,
But swarv'd aside, and there againe did stay;
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

And ever, when she nigh approcht, the dove
Would flit a litle forward, and then stay
Till she drew neare, and then againe remove:
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
And still from her escaping soft away:
Till that at length into that forrest wide
She drew her far, and led with slow delay:
In th' end she her unto that place did guide,
Whereas that wofull man in languor did abide.

Eftsoones she flew unto his fearelesse hand,
And there a piteous ditty new deviz'd,
As if she would have made him understand
His sorrowes cause, to be of her despis'd:
Whom when she saw in wretched weeds disguiz'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
Like ghost late risen from his grave agryz'd,
She knew him not, but pitied much his case,
And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace.

He, her beholding, at her feet downe fell
And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
And washt the same with water which did well
From his moist eies, and like two streames proceed;
Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
What mister wight he was, or what he ment;
But, as one daunted with her presence dread,
Onely few ruefull lookes unto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

Yet nathémore his meaning she ared,
But wondred much at his so selcouth case;
And by his persons secret seemlyhed
Well weend that he had beene some man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface;
That, being mov'd with ruth, she thus bespake:
"Ah! wofull man, what Heavens hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,
Or selfe-disliked life, doth thee thus wretched make!

"If Heaven; then none may it redresse or blame,
Sith to his powre we all are subiect borne!
If wrathfull wight; then fowle rebuke and shame
Be theirs that have so cruell thee forlorne!
But, if through inward griefe, or wilfull scorne
Of life, it be; then better doe advise:
For he, whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thanklesse nigardise."

When so he heard her say, oftsoones he brake,
His sodaine passion which he long had pent,
And, sighing, inly deepe, her thus bespake;
"Then have they all themselves against me bent!
For Heaven, first author of my languishment,
Envying my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruell one consent
To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,
And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.

"Ne any but yourself, O dearest dred,
Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse wight
Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred:
That, when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
Ye may redresse, and me restore to light!"
Which sory words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,
That her inburning wrath she gan abate,
And him receiv'd againe to former favours state.

In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happie life with grace and good accord,
Fearlesse of fortunes chaunge or envies dread,
And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare lord
The noble prince, who never heard one word
Of tydings, what did unto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford;
But through the endlesse world did wander wide,
Him seeking evermore, yet no where him descride:

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
He chaunst to come where those two ladies late,
Æmylia and Amoret, abode,
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate;
The one right feeble through the evill rate
Of food, which in her duresse she had found;
The other almost dead and desperate [wound
Through her late hurts, and through that haplesse
With which the squire, in her defence, her sore astound.

Whom when the prince beheld, he gan to rew
The evill case in which those ladies lay;
But most was moved at the piteous vew
Of Amoret, so neare unto decay,
That her great daunger did him much dismay.
Eftsoones that pretious liquor forth he drew,
Which he in store about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did softly dew [anew.
Her wounds, that unto strength restor'd her soone

Tho, when they both recovered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what evill guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes befell:
To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were untide,
Of that same wicked carle, by virgins hond;
Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him there beside,
And eke his cave in which they both were bond:
At which he wondred much when all those signes he fond.

And evermore he greatly did desire
To know, what virgin did them thence unbind;
And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
But, whenas nought according to his mind
He could out-learne, he them from ground did reare,
(No service lothsome to a gentle kind)
And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
Himself by them on foot to succour them from feare.

So whiles that forrest they had passed well,
A litle cottage farre away they spide,
To which they drew ere night upon them fell;
And, entring in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside
Upon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
With filthy locks about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for yre,
And there out sucking venime to her parts entyre.

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse:
For she was stuft with rancour and despight
Up to the throat, that oft with bitternesse
It forth would breake and gush in great excesse,
Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
Gainst all that truth or vertue doe professe;
Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall [call.
And wickedly backbite: her name men Sclaunder

Her nature is, all goodnesse to abuse,
And causelesse crimes continually to frame,
With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,
And steale away the crowne of their good name:
Ne ever knight so bold, ne ever dame
So chast and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame;
Ne ever thing so well was doen alive, [deprive.
But she with blame would blot, and of due praise

Her words were not, as common words are ment,
T' expresse the meaning of the inward mind,
But noysome breath, and poysnous spirit sent
From inward parts, with cancred malice lind,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind; [hart,
Which passing through the eares would pierce the
And wound the soule itselfe with griefe unkind:
For, like the stings of aspes that kill with smart,
Her spightfull words did pricke and wound the inner part.

Such was that hag, unmeet to host such guests,
Whom greatest princes court would welcome fayne:
But needle, that answers not to all requests,
Bad them not looke for better entertayne;
And eke that age despysed niceuesse vaine,
Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,
And manly limbs endur'd with little care
Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse misfare.

Then all that evening, welcommed with cold
And chearelesse hunger, they together spent;
Yet found no fault, but that the hag did scold
And rayle at them with grudgefull discontent,
For lodging there without her owne consent:
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And unto rest themselves all onely lent,
Regardlesse of that queane so base and vilde
To be uniustly blamd and bitterly revilde.

Here well I weene, whenas these rimes be red
With misregard, that some rash-witted wight,
Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,
These gentle ladies will misdeeme too light
For thus conversing with this noble knight;
Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright
For ought will from his greedie pleasure spare:
More hard for hungry steed t' abstaine from pleasant lare.

But antique Age, yet in the infancie
Of time, did live then, like an innocent,
In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie;
Ne then of guile had made experiment;
But, voide of vile and trencherous intent,
Held vertue, for itselfe, in soveraine awe:
Then loyall love had royall regiment,
And each unto his lust did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw.

The lyon there did with the lambe consort,
And eke the dove sate by the fauleons side;
Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
But did in safe securitie abide,
Withouten perill of the stronger pride:
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old,
(Whereof it hight) and, having shortly tride
The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
And dared of all sinnes the secrets to unfold.

Then Beautie, which was made to represent
The great Creatours owne resemblance bright,
Unto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
And made the baite of bestiall delight:
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in sight;
And that, which wont to vanquish God and man,
Was made the vassall of the victors might;
Then did her glorious flowre wex dead and wan,
Despisd and troden downe of all that over-ran:

And now it is so utterly decayd,
That any bud thereof doth scarse remaine,
But if few plants, preserv'd through heavenly ayd,
In princes court doe hap to sprout againe,
Dew'd with her drops of bountie soveraine,
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
Sprung of the auncient stocke of princes straine,
Now th' onely remnant of that royall breed,
Whose noble kind at first was sure of heavenly seed.—

Tho, soone as day discovered Heavens face
To sinfull men with darknes overdight,
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
And did themselves unto their iourney dight.
So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,
That them to view had bene an uncouth sight;
How all the way the prince on footpace traced,
The ladies both on horse together fast embraced.

Soone as they thence departed were afore,
That shamefull hag, the slaunder of her sexe,
Them follow'd fast, and them reviled sore,
Him calling theefe, them whores; that much did vexe
His noble hart: thereto she did annexe
False crimes and facts, such as they never ment,
That those two ladies much asham'd did wexe:
The more did she pursue her lewd intent, [spent.
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poysun

At last, when they were passed out of sight,
Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbeare,
But after them did barke, and still backbite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:
Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The stone, which passed straunger at him threw;
So she, them seeing past the reach of eare,
Against the stones and trees did rayle anew,
Till she had duld the sting, which in her tongs end grew.

They passing forth kept on their readie way,
With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
Both for great feeblesse which did oft assay
Faire Amoret, that scarcely she could ryde,
And eke through heavie armes which sore annoyd
The prince on foot, not wonted so to fare;
Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to guyde,
And all the way from trotting hard to spare;
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

At length they spide where towards them with speed
A squire came galloping, as he would flie,
Bearing a litle dwarfe before his steed,
That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brasen skie:
Whom after did a mighty man pursew,
Ryding upon a dromedare on hie,
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew, [vew:
That would have maz'd a man his dreadfull face to

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,
More sharpe then points of needles, did proceede,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
Full of sad powre, that poysnous bale did breede
To all that on him lookt without good heed,
And secretly his enemies did slay:
Like as the basiliske, of serpents seede,
From powrefull eyes close venim doth convay
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

He all the way did rage at that same squire,
And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curses vaine in his avengefull ire:
But none of them (so fast away he flew)
Him overtooke before he came in vew:
Where when he saw the prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud his case to rew,
And rescue him, through succour of his might,
From that his cruell foe that him pursewd in sight.

Eftsoones the prince tooke downe those ladies twaine
From loftie steede, and mounting in their stead
Came to that squire yet trembling every vaine;
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread:
Who as he gan the same to him aread,
Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
That unto death had doen him unredrest,
Had not the noble prince his readie stroke represt:

Who, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
Over his head, before the harme came neare:
Nathlesse it fell with so despiteous dreare
And heavie sway, that hard unto his crowne
The shield it drove, and did the covering reare:
Therewith both squire and dwarfe did tomble downe
Unto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse swowne.

Whereat the prince, full wrath, his strong right hand
In full avengement heaved up on hie,
And stroke the Pagan with his steely brand
So sore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
He bowed low, and so a while did lie:
And sure, had not his massie yron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
It would have cleft him to the girding place;
Yet, as it was, it did astonish him long space.

But, when he to himselfe returnd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
And vow by Mahoune that he should be slaine.
With that his murdrous mace he up did reare,
That seemed nought the souse thereof could beare,
And therewith smote at him with all his might:
But, ere that it to him approched neare,
The royall child with readie quick foresight
Did shun the proofe thereof and it avoyded light.

But, ere his hand he could recure againe
To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
He smote at him with all his might and maine
So furiously that, ere he wist, he found
His head before him tombling on the ground;
The whiles his babling tongue did yet blaspheme
And curse his god that did him so confound;
The whiles his life ran forth in bloudie streame,
His soule descended downe into the Stygian reame.

Which when that squire beheld, he woxe full glad
To see his foe breath out his spright in vaine:
But that same dwarfe right sorie seem'd and sad,
And howld aloud to see his lord there slaine,
And rent his haire and scratcht his face for paine.
Then gan the prince at leasure to inquire
Of all the accident there hapned plaine,
And what he was whose eyes did flame with fire:
All which was thus to him declared by that squire.

"This mightie man," quoth he, "whom you have slaine,
Of an huge geauntesse whylome was bred;
And by his strength rule to himselfe did gaine
Of many nations into thraldome led,
And mightie kingdomes of his force adred;
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie fight,
Ne hostes of men with banners brode displed,
But by the powre of his infectious sight,
With which he killed all that came within his might.

"Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
But ever vanquisht all with whom he fought;
Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore;
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
Unto his bay, and captived her thought:
For most of strength and beautie his desire
Was spoyle to make, and wast them unto nought,
By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
From his false eyes into their harts and parts entire.

"Therefore Corflambo was he cald aright,
Though nameless there his bodie now doth lie;
Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
The faire Pæana; who seemes outwardly
So faire as ever yet saw living eie;
And, were her vertue like her beautie bright,
She were as faire as any under skie:
But ah! she given is to vaine delight,
And eke too loose of life, and eke of love too light.

"So, as it fell, there was a gentle squire
That lov'd a ladie of high parentage;
But, for his meane degree might not aspire
To match so high, her friends with counsell sage
Dissuaded her from such a disparage:
But she, whose hart to love was wholly lent,
Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
But, firmely following her first intent, [consent,
Resolv'd with him to wond, gainst all her friends

"So twixt themselves they pointed time and place:
To which when he according did repaire,
An hard mishap and disaventrous case
Him chaunst; instead of his Æmylia faire,
This gyants sonne, that lies there on the laire
An headlesse heape, him unawares there caught;
And all dismayd through mercilesse despaire
Him wretched thrall unto his dongeon brought,
Where he remaines of all unsuccour'd and unsought.

"This gyants daughter came upon a day
Unto the prison, in her ioyous glee,
To view the thrals which there in bondage lay:
Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see
This lovely swaine, the squire of low degree;
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
And wooed him her paramour to bee:
From day to day she woo'd and prayd him fast,
And for his love him promist libertie at last.

" He, though affiyde unto a former love,
To whom his faith he firmely ment to hold,
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,
But by that meanes which fortune did unfold,
Her graunted love, but with affection cold,
To win her grace his libertie to get:
Yet she him still detaines in captive hold,
Fearing, least if she should him freely set,
He would her shortly leave, and former love forget.

" Yet so much favour she to him hath hight
Above the rest, that he sometimes may space
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Having a keeper still with him in place;
Which keeper is this dwarfe, her dearling base,
To whom the keyes of every prison dore
By her committed be, of speciall grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,
And, whom he list, reserve to be afflicted more.

" Whereof, when tydings came unto mine eare,
Full inly sorie, for the fervent zeale
Which I to him as to my soule did beare,
I thether went; where I did long conceale
Myselfe, till that the dwarfe did me reveale,
And told his dame her squire of low degree
Did secretly out of her prison steale;
For me he did mistake that squire to bee;
For never two so like did living creature see.

" Then was I taken and before her brought;
Who, through the likenesse of my outward hew,
Being likewise beguiled in her thought,
Gan blame me much for being so untrew
To seeke by flight her fellowship t' eschew,
That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing alive.
Thence she commaunded me to prison new:
Whereof I glad did not gaine-say nor strive,
But suffred that same dwarfe me to her dongeon drive.

" There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend
In heavy plight and sad perplexitie:
Whereof I sorie, yet myselfe did bend
Him to recomfort with my companie;
But him the more agreev'd I found thereby:
For all his joy, he said, in that distresse
Was mine and his Æmylias libertie.
Æmylia well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse;
Yet greater love to me then her he did professe.

" But I with better reason him aviz'd,
And shew'd him how, through error and misthought
Of our like persons eath to be disguiz'd,
Or his exchange or freedom might be wrought,
Whereto full loth was he, ne would for ought
Consent that I, who stood all fearelesse free,
Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
Till fortune did perforce it so decree:
Yet, over-ruld at last, he did to me agree.

" The morrow next, about the wonted howre,
The dwarfe cald at the doore of Amyas
To come forthwith unto his ladies bowre:
Instead of whom forth came I Placidas,
And undiscerned forth with him did pas,
There with great joyance and with gladsome glee
Of faire Pæana I received was,
And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee, [mee.
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great love to

" Which I, that was not bent to former love
As was my friend that had her long refus'd,
Did well accept, as well it did behove,
And to the present neede it wisely usd.
My former hardnesse first I faire excusd;
And, after, promist large amends to make.
With such smooth termes her error I abusd
To my friends good more then for mine owne sake,
For whose sole libertie I love and life did stake.

" Thenceforth I found more favour at her hand;
That to her dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
She bad to lighten my too heavie band,
And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.
So on a day, as by the flowrie marge
Of a fresh streame I with that Elfe did play,
Finding no meanes how I might us enlarge,
But if that dwarfe I could with me convay,
I lightly snatcht him up and with me bore away.

" Thereat he shrickt aloud, that with his cry
The tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
And me pursew'd; but nathemore would I
Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
But have perforce him hether brought away."
Thus as they talked, loe! where nigh at hand
Those ladies two, yet doubtfull through dismay,
In presence came, desirous t' understand
Tydings of all which there had hapned on the land.

Where soone as sad Æmylia did espie
Her captive lovers friend, young Placidas;
All mindlesse of her wonted modestie
She to him ran, and, him with streight embras
Enfolding, said; " And lives yet Amyas?"
" He lives," quoth he, " and his Æmylia loves."
" Then losse," said she, " by all the woe I pas,
With which my weaker patience fortune proves;
But what mishap thus long him fro myselfe removes?"

Then gan he all this storie to renew,
And tell the course of his captivitie;
That her deare hart full deapley made to rew
And sigh full sore, to heare the miserie
In which so long he mercilesse did lie.
Then, after many teares and sorrowes spent,
She deare besought the prince of remedie;
Who thereto did with readie will consent,
And well performd; as shall appeare by his event.

CANTO IX.

The squire of low degree, releast,
Pæana takes to wife:
Britomart fightes with many knights;
Prince Arthur stints their strife.

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of love together meet
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance downe; to weet,
The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet.
But of them all the band of vertuous mind,
Me seemes, the gentle hart should most assured bind.

For naturall affection soone doth cesse,
And quenched is with Cupids greater flame;
But faithfull friendship doth them both suppresse,
And them with maystring discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame.
For as the soule doth rule the earthly masse,
And all the service of the bodie frame;
So love of soule doth love of bodie passe, [brasse.
No lesse than perfect gold surmounts the meanest

All which who list by tryall to assay,
Shall in this storie find approved plaine;
In which these squires true friendship more did sway
Then either care of parents could refraine,
Or love of fairest ladie could constraine.
For though Pæana were as faire as morne,
Yet did this trustie squire with proud disdaine
For his friends sake her offred favours scorne,
And she herselfe her syre of whom she was yborne.

Now, after that prince Arthur graunted had
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swayne,
Who now long time had lyen in prison sad;
He gan advise how best he mote darrayne
That enterprize, for greatest glories gayne.
That headlesse tyrants tronke he reard from ground,
And, having ympt the head to it agayne,
Upon his usuall beast it firmely bound,
And made it so to ride as it alive was found.

Then did he take that chaced squire, and layd
Before the ryder, as he captive were,
And made his dwarfe, though with unwilling ayd,
To guide the beast that did his maister beare,
Till to his castle they approched neare;
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward,
Saw comming home, all voide of doubtfull feare
He, running downe, the gate to him unbard;
Whom straight the prince ensuing in together far'd.

There did he find in her delitious boure
The faire Pæana playing on a rote,
Complayning of her cruell paramoure,
And singing all her sorrow to the note,
As she had learned readily by rote;
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight
The prince half rapt began on her to dote;
Till, better him bethinking of the right,
He her unwares attacht, and captive held by might.

Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceived
Her owne deare sire, she cald to him for aide:
But whan of him no aunswere she received,
But saw him senceless by the squire upstaide,
She wooned well that then she was betraide:
Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,
And that same squire of treason to upbraide:
But all in vaine; her plaints might not prevaile;
Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none to baile.

Then tooke he that same dwarfe, and him compeld
To open unto him the prison dore,
And forth to bring those thrals which there he held.
Thence forth were brought to him above a score
Of knights and squires to him unknowne afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And unto former liberty restore.
Amongst the rest that squire of low degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like himselfe to bee.

Whom soone as faire Æmylia beheld
And Placidas, they both unto him ran,
And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
Striving to comfort him all that they can,
And kissing oft his visage pale and wan:
That faire Pæana, them beholding both,
Gan both envy, and bitterly to ban;
Through jealous passion weeping inly wroth, [loth.
To see the sight perforce that both her eyes were

But when awhile they had together beene,
And diversly conferred of their case,
She, though full oft she both of them had seene
Asunder, yet not ever in one place,
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
Which was the captive squire she lov'd so deare,
Deceived through great likenesse of their face:
For they so like in person did appeare,
That she uneath discerned whether whether weare.

And eke the prince whenas he them avized,
Their like resemblaunce much admired there,
And mazd how Nature had so well disguized
Her worke, and counterfet herselfe so nere,
As if that by one patterne seene somewhere
She had them made a paragone to be;
Or whether it through skill or errour were.
Thus gazing long at them much wondred he;
So did the other knights and squires which him did see.

Then gan they ransacke that same castle strong,
In which he found great store of hoorded threasure,
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without respect or measure.
Upon all which the Britõn prince made seasure,
And afterwards continu'd there a while
To rest himselfe, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker ladies after weary toile;
To whom he did divide part of his purchast spoile.

And, for more ioy, that captive lady faire,
The faire Pæana, he enlarged free,
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire
To feast and frollicke; nathëmore would she
Shew gladsome countenaunce nor pleasaunt glee;
But grieved was for losse both of her sire,
And eke of lordship with both land and fee;
But most she touched was with griefe entire
For losse of her new love, the hope of her desire.

But her the prince, through his well-wonted grace,
To better terines of myldnesse did entreat
From that fowle rudenesse which did her deface;
And that same bitter cor'sive, which did eat
Her tender heart and made refraine from meat,
He with good thewes and speaches well applyde
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat:
For though she were most faire, and goodly dyde,
Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

And, for to shut up all in friendly love,
Sith love was first the ground of all her griefe,
That trusty squire he wisely well did move
Not to despise that dame which lov'd him liefe,
Till he had made of her some better prieſe;
But to accept her to his wedded wife:
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordship during life:
He yeelded, and her tooke; so stinted all their strife.

From that day forth in peace and ioyous blis
They liv'd together long without debate;
Ne private iarre, ne spite of enemis,
Could shake the safe assurance of their state:
And she, whom Nature did so faire ornate
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate
Had it defaste, thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and spake her praise.

Thus when the prince had perfectly compylde
These paires of friends in peace and setled rest;
Himselfe, whose minde did trauell as with chylde
Of his old love conceav'd in secret brest,
Resolved to pursue his former guest;
And, taking leave of all, with him did beare
Faire Amoret, whom fortune by bequest
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into another feare.

Feare of her safety did her not constraine;
For well she wist now in a mighty hond
Her person, late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was all daungers to withstond:
But now in feare of shame she more did stond,
Seeing herselfe all soly succourlesse,
Left in the victors powre, like vassall bond;
Whose will or weakenesse could no way represse,
In case his burning lust should breake into excesse.

But cause of feare sure had she none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The course of loose affection to forstall,
And lawlesse lust to rule with reasons lore;
That, all the while he by his side her bore,
She was as safe as in a sanctuary.
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To seeke their lovers dispersed diversly;
Yet neither shewed to other their hearts privity.

At length they came whereas a troupe of knights
They saw together skirmishing, as seemed:
Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,
But foure of them the battell best beseemed,
That which of them was best mote not be deemed.
These foure were they from whom false Florimel
By Braggadochio lately was redeemed;
To weet, sterne Druons and lewd Claribell,
Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustfull Paridell.

Druons delight was all in single life,
And unto ladies love would lend no leasure:
The more was Claribell enraged rife
With fervent flames, and loved out of measure:
So eke lov'd Blandamour, but yet at pleasure
Would change his liking, and new lemans prove:
But Paridell of love did make no threasure,
But lusted after all that him did move:
So diversly these foure disposed were to love.

But those two other, which beside them stoode,
Were Britomart and gentle Scudamour;
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
And wondred at their impacable stoure,
Whose like they never saw till that same houre:
So dreadfull strokes each did at other drive,
And laid on lond with all their might and powre,
As if that every dint the ghost would rive
Out of their wretched corses, and their lives deprive.

As when Dan Æolus, in great displeasure
For losse of his deare love by Neptune hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure
Upon the sea to wreake his full intent;
They, breaking forth with rude unruliment
From all foure parts of Heaven, doe rage full sore,
And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide uprore;
As if instead thereof they chaos would restore.

Cause of their discord and so fell debate
Was for the love of that same snowy maid,
Whome they had lost in turneyment of late;
And, seeking long to weet which way she straid,
Met here together; where, through lewd upbraide
Of Ate and Duessa, they fell out;
And each one taking part in others aide
This cruell conflict raised thereabout,
Whose dangerous successe depended yet in doubt:

For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
The better had, and bet the others backe;
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did worke full cruell wracke:
Yet neither would their fiend-like fury slacke,
But evermore their malice did augment;
Till that uneath they forced were, for lacke
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselves for to recover spirits spent.

There gan they change their sides, and new parts take;
For Paridell did take to Druons side,
For old despight which now forth newly brake
Gainst Blandamour whom alwaies he envide;
And Blandamour to Claribell relide:
So all afresh gan former fight renew.
As when two barkes, this caried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courses sew,
If wind and tide doe change, their courses change anew.

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan fare,
As if but then the battell had begonne;
Ne helmets bright ne hawberks strong did spare,
That through the clifts the vermeil bloud out sponne,
And all adowne their riven sides did ronne.
Such mortall malice wonder was to see
In friends profest, and so great outrage donne:
But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out most cruell fomen bee.

Thus they long while continued in fight;
Till Scudamour and that same Briton maide
By fortune in that place did chance to light:
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
They gan remember of the fowle upbraide,
The which that Britonesse had to them donne
In that late turney for the snowy maide;
Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
Of fell revenge, in their malicious mood
They from themselves gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades yet steeming with whot bloud
Against those two let drive, as they were wood:
Who wondring much at that so sodaine fit,
Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood;
Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But, being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

The warlike dame was on her part assaid
Of Clarabell and Blandamour attone;
And Paridell and Druon fiercely laid
At Scudamour, both his professed fone:
Foure charged two, and two surcharged one;
Yet did those two themselves so bravely beare,
That th' other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely weare,
And usury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
To speake to them, and some emparlance move;
But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,
Ne lend an eare to ought that might bellove.
As when an eager mastiffe once doth prove
The tast of bloud of some engored beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
From greedy hold of that his bloudy feast:
So, litle did they hearken to her sweet behest.

Whom when the Briton prince afarre beheld
With ods of so unequall match oppresf,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest:
Eftsoones himselfe he to their aide addrest,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace
Divided them, however loth to rest;
And would them faine from battell to surceasse,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace.

But they so fawre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a storme which hovers under skie,
Long here and there and round about doth stie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and hayle, and sleet,
First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie;
And then another, till that likewise fleet;
And so from side to side till all the world it weet.

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The prince yet being fresh untought afore;
Who them with speaches milde gan first disswade
From such foule outrage, and them long forbore;
Till, seeing them through sufferance hartned more,
Himselfe he bent their furies to abate,
And layd at them so sharpely and so sore,
That shortly them compelled to retrate,
And being brought in daunger to relent too late.

But now his courage being throughly fired,
He ment to make them know their follies prise,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T' asswage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise:
At whose request he gan himselfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder termes, as list them to devise;
Mought which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske; who all that passed gan repeat;

And told at large how that same errant knight,
To weet, faire Britomart, them into had foyled
In open tourney, and by wrongfull fight
Both of their publicke praise had them despoyled,
And also of their private loves beguyled;
Of two full hard to read the harder theft.
But she that wrongfull challenge soone assoyled,
And show'd that she had not that lady reft,
(As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

To whom the prince thus goodly well replied;
"Certes, sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame
To rip up wrong that battell once hath tried;
Wherein the honor both of armes ye shame,
And eke the love of ladies foule defame;
To whom the world this franchise ever yeelded,
That of their loves choise they might freedom claime,
And in that right should by all knights be shielded:
Gainst which, me seemes, this war ye wrongfully have wielded."

"And yet," quoth she, "a greater wrong remaines:
For whereby my former love have lost;
Whom seeking ever since with endlesse paines
Hath me much sorrow and much travell cost:
Aye me, to see that gentle maide so tost!"
But Scudamour then sighing deepe thus saide;
"Certes nor losse ought me to sorrow most,
Whose right she is, wherever she be straide,
Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes waide:

"For from the first that I her love profest,
Unto this houre, this present luckless howre,
I never ioyed happinesse nor rest;
But thus turmoild from one to other stowre,
I wast my life, and doe my daies devowre
In wretched anguishe and incessant woe,
Passing the measure of my feeble powre;
That, living thus a wretch and loving so,
I neither can my love ne yet my life forgo."

The good sir Claribell him thus bespake;
"Now were it not, sir Scudamour, to you
Dislikefull paine so sad a taske to take,
Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
Is now so well accorded all anew,
That, as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to us in order dew
All that adventure which ye did assay
For that faire ladies love: past perils well apay."

So gan the rest him likewise to require:
But Britomart did him importune hard
To take on him that paine; whose great desire
He glad to satisfie, himselfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd
In that atchievement, as to him befell,
And all those daungers unto them declar'd;
Which sith they cannot in this canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

CANTO X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell
Of vertuous Amoret:
Great Venus temple is describ'd;
And lovers life 'orth set.

"True he it said, whatever man it sayd,
That love with gall and hony doth abounde:
But if the one be with the other wayd,
For every dram of hony, therein found,
A pound of gall doth over it redounde:
That I too true by triall have approved;
For since the day that first with deadly wound
My heart was launcht, and learned to have loved,
I never ioyed howre, but still with care was moved.

" And yet such grace is given them from above,
That all the cares and evill which they meet
May nought at all their setled mindes remove,
But seeme gainst common sence to them most sweet;
As bosting in their martyrdome unmeet.
So all that ever yet I have endured
I count as naught, and tread downe under feet,
Since of my love at length I rest assured,
That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

" Long were to tell the travell and long toile,
Through which this shield of love I late have wonne,
And purchased this peerelesse beauties spoile,
That harder may be ended, then begonne:
But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
Then hearke, ye gentle knights and ladies free,
My hard mishaps that ye may learne to shonne;
For though sweet love to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

" What time the fame of this renowmed prise
Flew first abroad, and all mens eares possest;
I, having armes then taken, gan avise
To winne me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought, (so young mens thoughts are bold)
That this same brave emprize for me did rest,
And that both shield and she whom I behold
Might be my lucky lot; sith all by lot we hold.

" So on that hard adventure forth I went,
And to the place of perill shortly came:
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
And farre renowmed through exceeding fame;
Much more then that which was in Paphos built,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this same,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
And all the others pavement were with yvory spilt:

" And it was seated in an island strong,
Abounding all with delices most rare,
And wall'd by nature gainst invaders wrong,
That none mote have accesse, nor inward fare,
But by one way that passage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize
With curious corbes and pendants graven faire,
And arched all with porches did arize
On stately pillours fram'd after the Dorieke guize:

" And for defence thereof on th' other end
There reared was a castle faire and strong,
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flancked both the bridges sides along,
Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong:
And therein wonned twenty valiant knights;
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whose office was against all manner wights
By all meanes to maintaine that castels ancient rights.

" Before that castle was an open plaine,
And in the midst thereof a pillar placed;
On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,
The shield of love, whose guerdon me hath graced,
Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced;
And in the marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced;
Blessed the man that well can use this blis:
Whose ever be the shield, faire Amoret be his.

" Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
And pant with hope of that adventures hap:
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my speare upon the shield did rap,
That all the castle ringed with the clap.
Streight forth issewd a knight all arm'd to proofe,
And bravely mounted to his most mishap:
Who, staying nought to question from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunst from his horses hoofe.

" Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune shortly him unseated.
Eftsoones outsprung two more of equall mould;
But I them both with equall hap defeated:
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
And left them groning there upon the plaine.
Then, prancing to the pillour, I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And, taking downe the shield, with me did it retaine.

" So forth without impediment I past,
Till to the bridges utter gate I came;
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
I knockt, but no man answred me by name;
I cald, but no man answred to my clame:
Yet I perséver'd still to knocke and call;
Till at the last I spide within the same
Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

" That was to weet the porter of the place,
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:
His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, th' other backeward bent,
Therein resembling Janus auncient
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not appeare.

" On th' one side he, on th' other sate Delay,
Behinde the gate, that none her might espy;
Whose manner was, all passengers to stay
And entertaine with her occasions sly;
Through which some lost great hope unheedily,
Which never they recover might againe;
And others, quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in unpitied paine,
And seeking often entraunce afterwards in vaine.

" Me whenas he had privily espide
Bearing the shield which I had conquerd late,
He kend it streight, and to me opened wide:
So in I past, and streight he closd the gate.
But being in, Delay in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
And time to steale, the threasure of mans day,
Whose smallest minute lost no riches render may.

" But by no meanes my way I would forslow,
For ought that ever she could doe or say;
But from my lofty steede dismounting low
Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and stones of rich assay,
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
That like on Earth no where I recken may;
And underneath, the river rolling still
With murmure soft, that seem'd to serve the worke-mans will.

" Thence forth I passed to the second gate,
The gate of Good Desert, whose goodly pride
And costly frame were long here to relate:
The same to all stoode alwaies open wide;
But in the porch did evermore abide
An hideous giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entraunce with his spacious stride,
And with the terrour of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would:

" His name was Daunger, dreaded over all;
Who day and night did watch and duely ward
From fearefull cowards entrance to forstall
And faint-heart fooles, whom shew of perill hard
Could terrifie from fortunes faire adward:
For oftentimes faint hearts, at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching scard:
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from fairest hope withouten further triall.

" Yet many doughty warriours, often tride
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternnesse of his looke abide;
But, soone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feele their corage cold.
Againe, some other, that in hard assaies
Were cowards knowne, and litle count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the kaies.

" But I, though meanest man of many moe,
Yet much disdaining unto him to lout,
Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
Resolv'd him to assault with manhood stout,
And either beat him in or drive him out.
Eftsoones, advauncing that enchaunted shield,
With all my might I gan to lay about:
Which when he saw, the glaive which he did wield
He gan forthwith t'avale, and way unto me yield.

" So, as I entred, I did backeward looke,
For feare of harme that might lie hidden there;
And loe! his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,
Much more deformed, fearfull, ugly were,
Then all his former parts did earst appere:
For Hatred, Murther, Treason, and Despight,
With many moe lay in ambúshment there,
Awayting to entrap the warelesse wight
Which did not them prevent with vigilant foresight.

" Thus having past all perill, I was come
Within the compasse of that islands space;
The which did seeme, unto my simple doome,
The onely pleasant and delightfull place
That ever troden was of footings trace:
For all that Nature by her mother-wit
Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,
Was there; and all that Nature did omit,
Art, playing second Natures part, supplyed it.

" No tree, that is of count, in greenewood growes,
From lowest iunipar to cedar tall;
No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
And deckes his branch with blossomes over all,
But there was planted, or grew naturall:
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please itselfe withall;
Nor hart could wish for any queint device,
But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.

" In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,
It seem'd a second Paradise I ghesse,
So lavishly enricht with Natures threasure,
That if the happie soules, which doe possesse
Th' Elysian fields and live in lasting blesse,
Should happen this with living eye to see,
They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,
And wish to life return'd againe to bee,
That in this ioyous place they mote have ioyance free.

" Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the Sunne in season dew;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand nymphs did play;
Soft-rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew;
High-reared mounts, the lands about to view;
Low-looking dales, disloigned from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew;
False labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which by Nature made did Nature selfe amaze.

" And all without were walkes and alleyes dight
With divers trees enrang'd in even rankes;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
And shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes,
To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes:
And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
Praysing their God, and yeelding him great thankes,
Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

" All these together by themselves did sport
Their spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves content.
But, farre away from these, another sort
Of lovers linckèd in true harts consent;
Which loved not as these for like intent,
But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,
Farre from all fraud or fayned blandishment;
Which, in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Brave thoughts and noble deedes did evermore aspire.

" Such were great Hercules, and Hyllus deare;
Trew Ionathan, and David trustie tryde;
Stout Theseus, and Pirithous his feare;
Pylades, and Orestes by his syde;
Myld Titus, and Gesippus without pryde;
Damon, and Pythias, whom death could not sever:
All these, and all that ever had bene tyde
In bands of friendship, there did live for ever;
Whose lives although decay'd, yet loves decayed never.

" Which whenas I, that never tasted blis
Nor happy howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other Heaven then this;
And gan their endlesse happinesse envye,
That being free from feare and gealosye
Might frankely there their loves desire possesse;
Whilest I, through pains and perlous ieopardie,
Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patronesse:
Much dearer be the things which come through hard distresse.

" Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps withhold but that forthright
Unto that purposd place I did me draw,
Whereas my love was lodged day and night,
The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The queene of Beautie, and of Love the mother,
There worshipped of every living wight;
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
That ever were on Earth, all were they set together.

" Not that same famous temple of Diiane,
Whose hight all Ephesus did oversee,
And which all Asia sought with vowes prophane,
One of the worlds seven wonders snyd to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wise king of Iurie framed
With endlesse cost to be th' Almighties see;
Nor all, that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen gods, might like to this be clamed.

" I, much admyring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approcht, which open stood;
But therein sate an amiable dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tyre; for on her head a crowne
She wore, much like unto a Danisk hood,
Poudred with pearle and stone; and all her gowne
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low adowne.

" On either side of her two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrárie natures each to other:
The one of them hight Love, the other Hate;
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother;
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Then th' elder, and him maystred still in all debate.

" Nathlesse that dame so well them tempred both,
That she them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Unwilling to beliold that lovely band:
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
That her commaundment he could not withstand,
But bit his lip for felonous despight,
And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

" Concord she cleoped was in common reed,
Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship trew;
They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,
And she herselfe likewise divinely grew;
The which right well her workes divine did show:
For strength and wealth and happinesse she lends,
And strife and warre and anger does subdew;
Of little much, of foes she maketh frends,
And to afflicted minds Sweet rest and quiet sends.

" By her the Heaven is in his course contained,
And all the world in state unmoved stands,
As their Almightie Maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devoure the ayre, and Hell them quight;
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

" By her I entring half dismayed was;
But she in gentle wise me entertayned,
And twixt herselfe and Love did let me pas;
But Hatred would my entrance have restrayned,
And with his club me threatned to have brayned,
Had not the ladie with her powrefull speach
Him from his wicked will uneath refrayned;
And th' other eke his malice did empeach,
Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

" Into the inmost temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankensence I found,
And odours rising from the altars flame.
Upon an hundred marble pillors round
The roof up high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and girlands gay,
And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay;
And all the ground was strow'd with flowres as fresh as May.

" An hundred altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the temple swet,
Which rould in clouds to Heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true lovers vowes entire:
And eke an hundred brasen caudrons bright,
To bath in ioy and amorous desire,
Every of which was to a damzell hight;
For all the priests were damzels in soft linnen dight.

" Right in the midst the goddesse selfe did stand
Upon an altar of some costly masse,
Whose substance was uneath to understand:
For neither pretious stone, nor durefull brasse,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
Pure in aspect, and like to christall glasse;
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme;
But, being faire and brickle, likest glasse did seeme.

" But it in shape and beautie did excell
All other idoles which the heath'en adore,
Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in Paphos isle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke, that life forlore,
Did fall in love: yet this much fairer shined,
But covered with a slender veile afore;
And both her feete and legs together twyned
Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast combyned.

" The cause why she was covered with a vele
Was hard to know, for that her priests the same
From peoples knowledge labour'd to concele:
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish, which the worke mote blame;
But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name:
She syre and mother is herselfe alone,
Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

And all about her neoke and shoulders flew
A flocke of litle Loves, and Sports, and loyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
But like to angels playing heavenly toyes;
The whilest their eldest brother was away,
Cupid their eldest brother: he enioyes
The wide kingdome of Love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

" And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts of lovers piteously complayning,
Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
As every one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest some one, through Loves constraining
Tormented sore, could not conteine it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill;

" 'Great Venus! queene of Beautie and of Grace,
The joy of gods and men, that under skie
Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place;
That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie;
Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare;
And, when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
And Heavens laugh, and al the world shews ioyous cheare:

" 'Then doth the dædale Earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres;
And then all living wights, soone as they see
The Spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
They all doe learne to play the paramours:
First doe the merry birds, thy prety pages,
Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

" 'Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play
Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted food:
The lyons rore; the tygers loudly bray;
The raging bulls rebellow through the wood,
And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest flood
To come where thou doest draw them with desire:
So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

" 'So all the world by thee at first was made,
And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre:
Ne ought on Earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on Earth that lovely is and fayre,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre:
Thou art the root of all that ioyous is:
Great god of men and women, queene of th' ayre,
Mother of laughter, and wel-spring of blisse,
O graunt that of my love at last I may not misse!'

" So did he say: but I with murmure soft,
That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
Yet inly groning deepe and sighing oft,
Besought her to graunt ease unto my smart,
And to my wound her gratious help impart.
Whilest thus I spake, behold! with happy eye
I spyde where at the idoles feet apart
A bevie of fayre damzels close did lye,
Wayting whenas the antheme should be sung on hye.

" The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares
And graver countenance then all the rest;
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
Yet unto her obayed all the best:
Her name was Womanhood; that she exprest
By her sad semblant and demeanure wyse:
For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
Ne rov'd at random, after gazers guyse,
Whose luring baytes oftimes doe heedlesse harts entyse.

" And next to her sate goodly Shamefastnesse,
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground uprere,
Ne ever once did looke up from her desse,
As if some blame of evill she did feare,
That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare:
And her against sweet Cheerfulnesse was placed,
Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening cleare,
Were deckt with smyles that all sad humors chaced,
And darted forth delights the which her goodly graced.

" And next to her sate sober Modestie,
Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;
And her against sate comely Curtesie,
That unto every person knew her part;
And her before was seated overthwart
Soft Silence, and submisse Obedience,
Both linckt together never to dispart;
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence;
Both girlonds of his saints against their foes offence.

" Thus sate they all around in seemely rate:
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd
(Even in the lap of Womanhood) there sate,
The which was all in lilly white arayd,
With silver streames amongst the linnen stray'd;
Like to the Morne, when first her shyning face
Blath to the gloomy world itself bewray'd:
That same was fayrest Amoret in place, [graee.
Shyning with beauties light and heavenly vertues

" Whome soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb
And wade in doubt what best were to be donne:
For sacrilege me seem'd the church to rob;
And folly seem'd to leave the thing undonne,
Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.
Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
Which ladies love I heard had never wonne
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
And by the lilly hand her labour'd up to reare.

" Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,
And sharpe rebuke for being over-bold;
Saying it was to knight unseemely shame,
Upon a recluse virgin to lay hold,
That unto Venus services was sold.
To whom I thus; 'Nay, but it fitteth best
For Cupids man with Venus mayd to hold;
For ill your goddesse services are drest
By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.'

" With that my shield I forth to her did show,
Which all that while I closely had conceld,
On which when Cupid with his killing bow
And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,
At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
And said no more: but I, which all that while
The pledge of faith her hand engaged held,
(Like warie hynd within the weedie soyle)
For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious spoyle.

" And evermore upon the goddesse face
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence:
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
To laugh on me, and favour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence;
And, nought for niggesse nor for envy sparing,
In presence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
Yet to lay hand on her not one of all them daring.

" She often prayd, and often me besought,
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witnilling smyles: but yet, for nought
That ever she to me could say or doe,
Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe;
But forth I led her through the temple gate,
By which I hardly past with much adoe:
But that same ladie, which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

"No lesse did Daunger threaten me with dread,
Whenas he saw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead,
Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
His leman from the Stygian princes boure.
But evermore my shield did me defend
Against the storme of every dreadfull stoure:
Thus safely with my love I thence did wend."
So ended he his tale; where I this canto end.

CANTO XI.

Marinells former wound is heald;
He comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thamis doth the Medway wedd,
And feasts the sea-gods all.

But ah! for pittie that I have thus long
Left a fayre ladie languishing in payne!
Now well away! that I have doen such wrong,
To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,
In bands of love, and in sad thraldomes chayne;
From which unlesse some heavenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
She lenger yet is like captiv'd to bee;
That even to thinke thereof it inly pitties mee.

Here needs you to remember, how erewhile
Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind
That virgins love to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:
For, whenas neither gifts nor graces kind
Her constant mind could move at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by cruelties and awe.

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dongeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres, nor brasen locke,
Did needs to gard from force or secret theft
Of all her lovers which would her have reft:
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliffe in peeces would have cleft;
Besides, ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping griesly, all begor'd.

And in the midst thereof did Horror dwell,
And Darkenesse dredd that never viewed day,
Like to the balefull house of lowest Hell,
In which old Styx her aged bones alway
(Old Styx the grandame of the gods) doth lay.
There did this lucklesse mayd seven months abide,
Ne ever evening saw, ne mornings ray,
Ne ever from the day the night deseride,
But thought it all one night, that did no houres divide.

And all this was for love of Marinell,
Who her despysd (ah! who would her despyse!)
And wemens love did from his hart expell,
And all those ioyes that weake mankind entyse.
Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse;
For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
No can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which Britomart him gave, when he did her provoke.

Yet farre and neare the nymph his mother sought,
And many salves did to his sore applie,
And many herbes did use: but whenas nought
She saw could ease his rankling maladie;
At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,
(This Tryphon is the sea-gods surgeon hight)
Whom she besought to find some remedie:
And for his paines a whistle him behight,
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

So well that leach did hearke to her request,
And did so well employ his carefull paine,
That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who sore against his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill which to him mote fall
Through his too ventrous prowesse proved over all.

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
To all the sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the spousalls which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
Long had the Thames (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wooed to his bed;
But the proud nymph would for no worldly meed,
Nor no entreatie, to his love be led;
Till now at last relenting she to him was wed.

So both agreed that this their bridale feast
Should for the gods in Proteus house be made;
To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,
As well which in the mightie ocean trade,
As that in rivers swim, or brookes doe wade:
All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I had,
And endlesse memorie that mote excell,
In order as they came could I recount them well.

Helpe therefore, O thou sacred impe of Iove,
The nourseling of dame Memorie his deare,
To whom those rolles, layd up in Heaven above,
And records of antiquitie appeare,
To which no wit of man may comen neare;
Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods
And all those nymphes, which then assembled were
To that great banquet of the watry gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

First came great Neptune, with his three-forkt mace,
That rules the seas and makes them rise or fall;
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace
Under his diademe imperiall:
And by his side his queene with coronall,
Faire Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,
As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,
And deckt with pearles which th' Indian seas for her prepaire.

These marched farre afore the other crew:
And all the way before them, as they went,
Triton his trompet shrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great iollyment,
That made the rockes to roare as they were rent.
And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent:
First the sea-gods, which to themselves doe clame
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waves to tame.

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood,
By whom those old heroés wonne such fame;
And Glaucus, that wise southsayes understood;
And tragicke Inoes sonne, the which became
A god of seas through his mad mothers blame,
Now hight Palemon, and is saylers freend;
Great Brontes; and Astreus, that did shame
Himselfe with incest of his kin unkend;
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still portend;

The rich Cteatus; and Eurytus long;
Neleus and Pelias, lovely brethren both;
Mightie Chrysaor; and Caïcus strong;
Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire Euphœmus, that upon them go'th,
As on the ground, without dismay or dread;
Fierce Eryx; and Alebius, that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;
And sad Asopus, comely with his hoarie head.

There also some most famous founders were
Of puissant nations, which the world possest,
Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled here:
Ancient Ogyges, even th' auncientest;
And Inachus renowmd above the rest;
Phœnix; and Aon; and Pelasgus old;
Great Belus; Phœax; and Agenor best;
And mightie Albion, father of the bold
And warlike people which the Britaine islands hold:

For Albion the sonne of Neptune was;
Who, for the proofe of his great puissance,
Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas
Into old Gall, that now is cleeped France,
To fight with Hercules, that did advance
To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might;
And there his mortall part by great mischance
Was slaine; but that which is th' immortall spright
Lives still, and to this feast with Neptunes seed was dight.

But what do I their names seeke to reherse,
Which all the world have with their issue fild?
How can they all in this so narrow verse
Contayned be, and in small compasse hild?
Let them record them that are better skild,
And know the moniments of passed age:
Onely what needeth shall be herein tild,
T' expresse some part of that great equipage,
Which from great Neptune do derive their parentage.

Next came the aged Ocean and his dame
Old Tethys, th' oldest two of all the rest;
For all the rest of those two parents came,
Which afterward both sea and land possest;
Of all which Nereus, th' eldest and the best,
Did first proceed; then which none more upright;
Ne more unlike in word and deed profest;
Most voide of guile, most free from fowle despight,
Doing himselfe and teaching others to doe right:

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
And could the ledden of the gods unfold;
Through which, when Paris brought his famous prise,
The faire Tindarid lasse, he him fore told
That her all Greece with many a champion bold
Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
Proud Priams towne: so wise is Nereus old,
And so well skild; nathlesse he takes great joy
Oft-times amongst the wanton nymphs to sport and toy.

And after him the famous rivers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame,
Long Rhodanus, whose sourse springs from the skie;
Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie;
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greeks and Troians, which therein did die;
Pactolus glistring with his golden flood;
And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may be withstood;

Great Ganges; and immortall Euphrates;
Deepe Indus; and Mæander intricate;
Slow Peneus; and tempestus Phasides;
Swift Rhene; and Alpheus still immaculate;
Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate;
Tybris, renowmed for the Romaines fame;
Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late;
And that huge river, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons which doe possesse the same.

Joy on those warlike women, which so long
Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold!
And shame on you, O men, which boast your strong
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,
Yet quaile in conquest of that land of gold!
But this to you, O Britons, most pertaines,
To whom the right hereof itselfe hath sold;
The which, for sparing little cost or paines,
Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse gaines.

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensew
Before the spouse: that was Arion crownd;
Who, playing on his harpe, unto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew;
That even yet the dolphin, which him bore
Through the Ægean seas from pirates vew,
Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
And all the raging seas for joy forgot to rore.

So went he playing on the watery plaine:
Soone after whom the lovely bridegroome came,
The noble Thames, with all his goodly traine.
But him before there went, as best became,
His auncient parents, namely th' auncient Thame;
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Ouze, whom men doe Isis rightly name;
Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could see.

Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two smal grooms, which by their names were hight
The Churne and Charwell, two small streames, which pained
Themselves her footing to direct aright,
Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight:
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all houry, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with silver drops that trickled downe alway:

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
With bowed backe, by reason of the lode
And auncient heavy burden which he bore
Of that faire city, wherein make abode
So many learned impes, that shoote abrode,
And with their braunches spred all Britany,
No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.
Joy to you both, ye double nourserie [rify
Of arts! but, Oxford, thine doth Thame most glo-

But he their sonne full fresh and iolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the waves, glittering like christall glas,
So cunningly enwoven were, that few
Could weenen whether they were false or trew:
And on his head like to a coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,
In which were many towres and castels set,
That it encompast round as with a golden fret.

Like as the mother of the gods, they say,
In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
When to loves pallace she doth take her way,
Old Cybele, arayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a turribant.
With such an one was Thamis beautifide;
That was to weet the famous Troynovant,
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

And round about him many a pretty page
Attended duely, ready to obay;
All little rivers which owe vassallage
To him, as to their lord, and tribute pay:
The chaulky Kenet; and the Thetis gray;
The morish Cole; and the soft-sliding Breane;
The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way;
And the still Darant, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play and decke his pleasant streame.

Then came his neighbour flouds which nigh him dwell,
And water all the English soile throughout;
They all on him this day attended well,
And with meet service waited him about;
Ne none disdained low to him to lout:
No not the stately Severne grudg'd at all,
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout;
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their swelling waters low before him fall.

There was the speedy Tamar, which divides
The Cornish and the Devonish confines;
Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,
And, meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines:
And Dart, nigh chockt with sands of tinny mines:
But Avon marched in more stately path,
Proud of his adamants with which he shines
And glisters wide, as als of wondrous Bath,
And Bristow faire, which on his waves he builded hath.

And there came Stoure with terrible aspect,
Bearing his sixe deformed heads on hye,
That doth his course through Blandford plains direct,
And washeth Winborne meades in season drye.
Next him went Wylibourne with passage slye,
That of his wylinesse his name doth take,
And of himselfe doth name the shire thereby:
And Mole, that like a nousling mole doth make
His way still under grou..d till Thames he overtake.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
Like a wood-god, and flowing fast to Rhy;
And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods
The Eastern Saxons from the Southerne ny,
And Clare and Harwitch both doth beautify:
Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwitch wall,
And with him brought a present ioyfully
Of his owne fish unto their festivall, [ruffins call.
Whose like none else could shew, the which they

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,
By many a city and by many a towne,
And many rivers taking under-hand
Into his waters, as he passeth downe,
(The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne)
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse and many a learned wit.

And after him the fatall Welland went,
That if old saw..s prove true (which God forbid!)
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then shine in learning more then ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
And next to him the Nene downe softly sl d;
And bounteous Trent, that in himselfe enseames
Both thirty sorts of fish and thirty sundry streames.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine monarch built a brasen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons strongly blancke
Against the Picts that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof Gualsever they doe call:
And Twede, the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany: and Eden, though but small,
Yet often stainde with bloud of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tynod on his strand.

Then came those sixe sad brethren, like forlorne,
That whilome were, as antique fathers tell,
Sixe valiant knights of one faire nymphe yborne,
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of might,
High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quite:

But past not long, ere Brutus warlicke sonne,
Locrinus, them aveng'd, and the same date,
Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,
By equall dome repayd on his owne pate:
For in the selfe same river, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe;
And nam'd the river of his wretched fate;
Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine, [maine.
Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still re-

These after came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Loncaster his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend;
And Conway, which out of his streame doth send
Plenty of pearles to deeke his dames withall;
And Lindus, that his pikes doth most commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call:
All these together marched toward Proteus hall.

Ne thence the Irishe rivers absent were:
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And ioy likewise this solemne day to see?
They saw it all, and present were in place;
Though I them all, according their degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the salvage countries thorough which they pace.

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea;
The sandy Slane; the stony Aubrian;
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea;
The pleasant Boyne; the fishy fruitfull Ban;
Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke-water; and the Lissar deep;
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran;
Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher-steep; [weep.
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to

And there the three renowmed brethren were,
Which that great gyant Blomius begot
Of the faire nimph Rheüsa wandring there:
One day, as she to shunne the season whot
Under Slewboome in shady grove was got,
This gyant found her and by force deflowr'd;
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being thenceforth powrd
In three great rivers ran, and many countreis scowrd.

The first the gentle Shure that, making way
By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborne Newre, whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rosseponte boord;
The third, the goodly Barow which doth hoord
Great heaps of salmons in his deepe bosome:
All which, long sundred, doe at last accord
To ioyne in one, ere to the sea they come;
So, flowing all from one, all one at last become.

There also was the wide embayed Mayre;
The pleasaunt Bandon crownd with many a wood;
The spreading Lee that, like an island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood;
And balefull Oure late staind with English blood:
With many more whose names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thames attend, and waited well
To doe their dueful service, as to them befell.

Then came the bride, the lovely Medua came,
Clad in a vesture of unknowen geare
And uncouth fashion, yet her well became,
That seem'd like silver sprinckled here and theare
With glittering spangs that did like starres appeare,
And wav'd upon, like water chamelot,
To hide the motall, which yet every where
Bewrayd itselfe, to let men plainely wot
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
Unto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spread
As a gay mantle; and likewise on her hed
A chaplet of sundry flowers she wore,
From under which the downy humour shed
Did trickle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed litle drops which doe the morne adore.

On her two pretty handmaides did attend,
One cald the Theise, the other cald the Crane;
Which on her waited things amisse to mend,
And both behind upheld her spredding traine;
Under the which her feet appeared plaine,
Her silver feet, faire washt against this day;
And her before there paced pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like and like array,
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which prepard her way.

And after these the sea-nymphs marched all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their sire Nereides men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare,
The gray-eyde Doris; all which fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had:
Swift Proto; milde Eucratè; Thetis faire;
Soft Spio; sweete Endorè; Sao sad;
Light Doto; wanton Glaucè; and Galenè glad;

White-hand Eunica; proud Dynamenè;
Ioyous Thalia; goodly Amphitrite;
Lovely Pasithee; kinde Eulimene;
Light-foote Cymothoë; and sweete Melitè;
Fairest Phorusa; Phao lilly white;
Wondred Agavè; Poris; and Nesæa;
With Erato that doth in love delite;
And Panopæ; and wise Protomedæa;
And snowy-necked Doris; and milke-white Galathæa;

Speedy Hippothoë; and chaste Actea;
Large Lisianassa; and Pronæa sage;
Euagorè; and light Pontoporea;
And, she that with her least word can asswage
The surging seas when they do sorest rage,
Cymodocè; and stont Autonoë;
And Neso; and Eionè well in age;
And seeming still to smile Glauconomè;
And, she that hight of many heastes, Polynomè;

Fresh Alimeda deckt with girlond greene;
Hyponeo with salt-bedewed wrests;
Laomedia like the christall sheene;
Liagorè much praisd for wise behests;
And Psamathè for her brode snowy brests;
Cymo; Eupompè; and Themistè iust;
And, she that vertue loves and vice detests,
Euarna; and Menippè true in trust;
And Nemertea learned well to rule her lust.

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
Which have the sea in charge to them assinde,
To rule his tides, and surges to uprere;
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to upbinde,
And sailers save from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet besides, three thousand more there were
Of th' Oceans seede, but loves and Phœbus kinde;
The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
And all mankinde do nourish with their waters clere.

The which, more eath it were for mortall wight
To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right,
But well I wote that these, which I descry,
Were present at this great solemnity:
And there, amongst the rest, the mother was
Of luckelesse Marinell, Cymodocè;
Which, for my Muse herselfe now tyred has,
Unto an other canto I will overpas.

CANTO XII.

Marin, for love of Florimell,
In languor wastes his life:
The nymph, his mother, getteth her
And gives to him for wife.

O what an endlesse worke have I in hand,
To count the seas abundant progeny,
Whose fruitfull seede farre passeth those in land,
And also those which wonne in th' azure sky!
For much more eath to tell the starres on hy,
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the seas posterity:
So fertile be the flouds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation.

Therefore the antique wisards well invented
That Venus of the fomy sea was bred;
For that the seas by her are most augmented.
Witnesse th' exceeding fry which there are fed,
And wondrous sholes which may of none be red.
Then blame me not if I have err'd in count
Of gods, of nymphs, of rivers, yet unred:
For though their numbers doe much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there which erst I did recount.

All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That Proteus house they fild even to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees disposed well.
Amongst the rest was faire Cymodoce,
The mother of unlucky Marinell,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the gods when they at banquet be.

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortal sire, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th' eternall gods to banquet come;
But walkt abrode, and round about did rome
To view the building of that uncouth place,
That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home:
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There unto him betid a disadventrous case.

Under the hanging of an hideous cliffe
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That piteously complaind her carefull griefe,
Which never she before disclosd to none,
But to herselfe her sorrow did bemone:
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the maine:

"Though vaine I see my sorrowes to unfold
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare;
Yet, hoping griefe may lessen being told,
I will them tell though unto no man neare:
For Heaven, that unto all leads equall eare,
Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight;
And lowest Hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight:
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

"Yet loe! the seas I see by often beating
Doe pearce the rockes; and hardest marble weares;
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
Will yeeld, but, when my piteous plaints he heares,
Is hardned more with my aboundant teares:
Yet though he never list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I never of my love repent,
But joy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

"And when my weary ghost, with griefe outworne,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint unto his cares be borne,
That blame it is, to him that armes profest,
To let her die whom he might have redrest!"
There did she pause, inforced to give place
Unto the passion that her heart oppprest;
And, after she had wept and wail'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case:

"Ye gods of seas, if any gods at all
Have care of right or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me woefull thrall
Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long:
And if ye deeme me death for loving one
That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me die and end my daies attone,
And let him live unlov'd, or love himselfe alone.

"But if that life ye unto me decree,
Then let mee live, as lovers ought to do,
And of my lifes dame love beloved be:
And, if he should through pride your doome undo,
Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me;
One prison fittest is to hold us two:
So had I rather to be thrall then free;
Such thraldome or such freedome set it surely be.

"But O vaine judgment, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points unto the free!
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
He where he list goes loose, and laughes at me:
So ever loose, so ever happy be!
But whereso loose or happy that thou art,
Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee!"
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart
Would quite have burst through great abundance of her smart.

All which complaint when Marinell had heard,
And understood the cause of all her care
To come of him for using her so hard;
His stubborne heart, that never felt misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pitty rare;
That even for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wish that in his powre it weare
Her to redresse: but since he meanes found none,
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
Dame Venus soone that tameth stubborne youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide
Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his unystring bridle threw,
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride:
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to love by learning lovers paines to rew.

Now gan he in his grieved minde devise,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge:
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise
To Proteus selfe to sue for her discharge:
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
Gainst womens love, long given him in vaine:
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constraine:
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
And with him beare where none of her might know.
But all in vaine: for why? he found no way
To enter in, or issue forth below;
For all about that rocke the sea did flow.
And though unto his will she given were,
Yet, without ship or bote her thence to row,
He wist not how her thence away to bere;
And daunger well he wist long to continue there.

At last, whenas no meanes he could invent,
Backe to himselfe he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her punishment;
And with vile curses and reprochfull shame
To damne himselfe by every evil name,
And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
That had despisde so chast and faire a dame,
Which him had sought through trouble and long strife;
Yet had refusde a god that her had sought to wife.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
As he had lost himselfe he wist not where;
Oft listening if he mote her heare againe;
And still bemoning her unworthy paine:
Like as an hynde whose calfe is false unwares
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares,
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.

And now by this the feast was throughly ended,
And every one gan homeward to resort:
Which seeing, Marinell was sore offended
That his departure thence should beso short,
And leave his love in that sea-walled fort:
Yet durst he not his mother disobay;
But, her attending in full seemly sort,
Did march amongst the many all the way;
And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
In solitary silence far from wight
He gan record the lamentable stowre,
In which his wretched love lay day and night,
For his deare sake, that ill deserv'd that plight:
The thought whereof empierst his hart so deepe,
That of porwoldly thing he tooke delight;
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyn'd, and mourn'd, and languisht, and alone did weepe;

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quight:
His cheekebones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,
And brawney armes had lost their knowen might,
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of love
He woxe, that longer he note stand upright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd above,
Like ruefull ghost, unable once to stir or move.

Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene;
Ne could by search nor any meanes out find
The secret cause and nature of his teene,
Whereby she might apply some medicine;
But wayling day and night did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne,
Which griev'd her more that she it could not mend:
To see an helplesse evill double griefe doth lend.

Nought could she read the root of his disease,
Ne weene what mister maladie it is,
Whereby to seeke some means it to appease.
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amis,
That that same former fatall wound of his
Whyleare by Tryphon was not throughly healed,
But closely rankled under th' orifis:
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,
That love it was, which in his hart lay unrevealed.

Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth hast,
And him doth chyde as false and fraudulent,
That fayld the trust, which she in him had plast,
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent;
Who now was falne into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured.
So backe he came unto her patient;
Where, searching every part, her well assured
That it was no old sore which his new paine procured;

But that it was some other maladie,
Or grief unknowne, which he could not discerne:
So left he her withouten remedie.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,
And inly troubled was, the truth to learne.
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speeches, now with threatnings sterne,
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
It to reveale: who still her answered, there was nought.

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide;
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
Unto the shinie Heaven in haste she hide,
And thence Apollo king of leaches brought.
Apollo came; who, soone as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by out find
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieved mind;
Which love he red to be, that leads each living kind.

Which when he had unto his mother told,
She gan therent to frot and greatly grieve:
And, comming to her sonne, gan first to scold
And chyde at him that made her misbelieve:
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,
And wooe with fair intreatie, to disclose
Which of the nymphes his heart so sore did mieve:
For sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seene, that for his love he chose.

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
That warned him of womens love beware:
Which being ment of mortal creatures sead,
For love of nymphes she thought she need not care,
But promist him, whatever wight she weare,
That she her love to him would shortly gaine:
So he her told: but soone as she did heare
That Florimell it was which wrought his paine,
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every vaine.

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie,
In which his life unluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd;
(It 's late, in death, of daunger to advize;
Or love forbid him, that his life denayd;)
But rather gan in troubled mind devize
How she that ladies libertie might enterprize.

To Proteus selfe to sew she thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe;
Nor unto any meaner to complaine;
But unto great king Neptune selfe did goe,
And, on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit unto his majestie
To graunt to her her sonnes life, which his foe,
A cruell tyrant, had presumpteously [die.
By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death to

To whom god Neptune, softly smyling, thus;
"Daughter, me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us:
For death t'adward I ween'd did appertaine
To none but to the seas sole soveraine:
Read therefore who it is which this hath wrought,
And for what cause; the truth discover plaine:
For never wight so evill did or thought,
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though rightly nought."

To whom she answer'd; "Then it is by name
Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my sonne to die;
For that a waift, the which by fortune came
Upon your seas, he claym'd as propertie:
And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
But yours the waift by high prerogative:
Therefore I humbly crave your majestie
It to replevie, and my sonne reprive:
So shall you by one gift save all us three alive."

He graunted it: and *streight his warrant made,*
Under the sea-god's seale autenticall;
Commaunding Proteus streight t' enlarge the mayd
Which wandring on his seas imperiall
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.
Which she receiving with meete thankefulnesse,
Departed straight to Proteus therewithall:
Who, reading it with inward loathfulnesse,
Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possesse.

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
But unto her delivered Florimell.
Whom she receiving by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well,
For she all living creatures did excell;
And was right joyous that she gotten had
So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell.
So home with her she streight the virgin lad,
And shewed her to him then being sore bestad.

Who soone as he beheld that angels face
Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared heart eftsoones away gan chace
Sad Death, revived with her sweet inspection,
And feeble spirit inly felt refection;
As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
That feeles the warmth of sunny beames reflection,
Lifts up his head that did before decline,
And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sunshine.

Right so himselfe did Marinell upreare,
When he in place his dearest love did spy;
And though his limbs could not his bodie beare,
Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.
No lesse was she in secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie,
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected;
Which to another place I leave to be perfected.

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING THE

LEGEND OF ARTEGALL OR OF JUSTICE.

SO oft as I with state of present time
The image of the antique world compare,
Whenas mans age was in his freshest prime,
And the first blossome of faire vertue bare;
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these which are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quite out of square
From the first point of his appointed sourse;
And being once amisse growes daily wourse and wourse:

For from the golden age, that first was named,
It 's now at earst become a stonie one;
And men themselves, the which at first were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone;
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalione:
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degendered.

Let none then blame me, if, in discipline
Of vertue and of civill uses lore,
I do not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes which are corrupted sore;
But to the antique use which was of yore,
When good was onely for itselfe desyred,
And all men sought their owne, and none no more;
When Iustice was not for most meed out-hyred,
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.

For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and so us'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right;
As all things else in time are chaunged quight:
No wonder; for the Heavens revolution
Is wandred farre from where it first was pight,
And so doe make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world toward his dissolution.

For whoso list into the Heavens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
They all are wandred much; that plaine appeares:
For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
And shouldred hath the Bull which fayre Europa bore:

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne
So hardly butted those two Twinnes of love,
That they have crusht the Crab, and quite him borne
Into the great Nemæan Lions grove.
So now all range, and doe at random rove
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amisse doe move,
And all his creatures from their course astray;
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of light,
That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
In better case, ne keepes his course more right,
But is miscaried with the other spheres:
For since the terme of fourteen hundred yeres,
That learned Ptolomæe his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs
Nigh thirtie minutes to the southerne lake;
That makes me feare in t'ime he will us quite forsake.

And if to those Ægyptian wisards old
(Which in star-read were wont have best insight)
Faith may be given, it is by them told
That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes hight,
Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
And twice hath risen where he now doth west,
And wested twice where he ought rise aright.
But most is Mars amisse of all the rest;
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be best.

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it 's sayd
That all the world with goodnesse did abound;
All loved vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found;
No warre was knowne, no dreadful trompets sound;
Peace universal rayn'd mongst men and beasts:
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Justice sate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
And to all people did divide her dred behests.

Most sacred Vertue she of all the rest,
Resembling God in his imperiall might;
Whose soveraine powre is herein most exprest,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with justice hath bedight.
That powre he also doth to princes lend,
And makes them like himselfe in glorious sight
To sit in his own seate, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

Dread soverayne goddesse, that dost highest sit
In seate of judgement in th' Almighties stead,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furthest nations filles with awfull dread,
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
That dare discourse of so divine a read,
As thy great justice praysed over all;
The instrument whereof loe here thy Artegall.

CANTO I.

Artegall trayn'd in Iustice lore
Irenaes quest pursewed;
He doth avenge on Sanglier
His ladies blond embrewed.

Though vertue then were held in highest price,
In those old times of which I doe intreat,
Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
Began to spring; which shortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat:
But evermore some of the vertuous race
Rose up, inspired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the sient base,
And with strong hand their fruitfull rankues did deface.

Such first was Bacchus, that with furious might
All th' east before untam'd did over-ronne,
And wrong repressed, and establisht right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne:
There Justice first her princely rule begonne.
Next Hercules his like ensample shewed,
Who all the west with equall conquest wonne,
And monstrous tyrants with his club subdewed;
The club of Justice dread with kingly powre endewed.

And such was he of whom I have to tell,
The champion of true Justice, Artegall:
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard adventure, which did then befall,
Into redoubted perill forth did call;
That was, to succour a distressed dame
Whom a strong tyrant did unjustly thrall,
And from the heritage, which she did clame,
Did with strong hand withhold; Grantorto was his name.

Wherefore the lady, which Irena hight,
Did to the Faerie queene her way addresse,
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her besought of gratious redresse:
That soveraine queene, that mightie emperesse,
Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants pore,
And of weake princes to be patroncsse,
Chose Artegall to right her to restore;
For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore.

For Artegall in justice was upbrought
Even from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire Astræa, with great industrie,
Whilest here on Earth she lived mortallie:
For, till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
Astræa here mongst earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of justice them instructed well.

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,
Upon a day she found this gentle childe
Amongst his peres playing his childish sport;
Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and speaches milde
To wend with her: so thence him farre she brought
Into a cave from companie exilde,
In which she nourshed him, till yeares he raught;
And all the discipline of justice there him taught.

There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equitie to measure out along
According to the line of conscience,
Whenso it needs with rigour to dispence:
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She causod him to make experience
Upon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Untill the ripenesse of mans yeares he raught;
That even wilde beasts did feare his awfull sight,
And men admyr'd his over-ruling might;
Ne any liv'd on ground that durst withstand
His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
Whenso he list in wrath lift up his steely brand:

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more,
She gave unto him, gotten by her slight
And earnest search, where it was kept in store
In Joves eternall house, unwist of wight,
Since he himselfe it us'd in that great fight
Against the Titans, that whylome rebelled
Gainst highest Heaven; Chrysaor it was hight;
Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled,
Well prov'd in that same day when love those gyants quelled:

For of most perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with adamant amongst the same,
And garnisht all with gold upon the blade
In goodly wise, whereof he tooke his name,
And was of no lesse vertue then of fame:
For there no substance was so firme and hard,
But it would pierce or cleave whereso it came;
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward;
But wheresoever it did light, it throughly sheard

Now when the world with sinne gan to abound,
Astræa loathing lenger here to space
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
Return'd to Heaven, whence she deriv'd her race;
Where she hath now an everlasting place
Mongst those twelve signes, which nightly we do see
The Heavens bright-shining baudricke to enchace;
And is the Virgin, fixt in her degree, [bee.
And next herselfe her righteous ballance hanging

But when she parted hence she left her groome,
An yron man, which did on her attend
Always to execute her stedfast doome,
And willed him with Artegall to wend,
And doe whatever thing he did intend:
His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, resistlesse, without end;
Who in his hand an yron flale did hould,
With which he thresht out falshood, and did truth unfould.

He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to neede,
Against that cruell tyrant, which oppresst
The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,
And kept the crowne in which she should succeede;
And now together on their way they bin,
Whenas they saw a squire in squallid weed
Lamenting sore his sorrowfull sad tyne
With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred eyne.

To whom as they approched, they espide
A sorie sight as ever seene with eye,
An headlesse ladie lying him beside
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in discolour die,
Much was he moved at that ruefull sight;
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly
He askt who had that dame so foully dight,
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

"Ah! woe is me, and well away," quoth hee
Bursting forth teares like springs out of a banke,
"That ever I this dismall day did see!
Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke;
Yet litle losse it were, and wickle thanke,
If I should graunt that I have doen the same,
That I mote drinke the cup whereof she dranke;
But that I should die guiltie of the blame,
The which another did who now is fled with shame."

"Who was it then," sayd Artegall, "that wrought?
And why? doe it declare unto me trew."
"A knight," said he, "if knight he may be thought,
That did his hand in ladies bloud embrew,
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
This day as I in solace sate hereby
With a fayre love whose losse I now do rew,
There came this knight, having in companie [lie:
This hapless ladie which now here doth headlesse

"He, whether mine seemd fayrer in his eye,
Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
Would chaunge with me; but I did it denye,
So did the ladies both, as may be knowne:
But he, whose spirit was with pride upblowne,
Would not so rest contented with his right;
But, having from his courser her downe throwne,
Fro me reft mine away by lawlesse might,
And on his steed hoysed to beare her out of sight.

"Which when his ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
And on him catching hold gan loud to crie
Not so to leave her nor away to cast,
But rather of his hand besought to die:
With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one stroke cropt off her head with scorne,
In that same place whereas it now doth lie:
So he my love away with him hath borne,
And left me here both his and mine owne love to morne."

"Aread," sayd he; "which way then did he make?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?"
"To hope," quoth he, "him soone to overtake,
That hence so long departed, is but vaine:
But yet he pricked over yonder plaine,
And as I marked bore upon his shield,
By which it 's easie him to know againe,
A broken sword within a bloodie field;
Expressing well his nature which the same did wield."

No sooner sayd, but streight he after sent
His yron page, who him pursewd so light,
As that it seem'd above the ground he went:
For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
And strong as lyon in his lordly might.
It was not long before he overtooke
Sir Sanglier, (so cleeped was that knight)
Whom at the first he ghessed by his looke,
And by the other markes which of his shield he tooke.

He bad him stay and backe with him retire;
Who, full of scorne to be commaunded so,
The lady to alight did eft require,
Whilest he reformed that uncivill fo;
And streight at him with all his force did go:
Who inov'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
Is lightly stricken with some stones throw;
But to him leaping lent him such a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a senceless blocke.

But, ere he could himselfe recure againe,
Him in his iron paw he seized had;
That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,
He found himself unwist so ill bestad,
That him he could not wag: thence he him lad,
Bound like a beast appointed to the stall:
The sight whereof the lady sore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
But he her quickly stayd, and forst to wend withall.

When to the place they came where Artegall
By that same carefull squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demaund of all
That did betwixt him and that squire betide:
Who with stout countenance and indignant pride
Did aunswere him that of all he guiltlesse stood,
And his accuser thereuppon defide;
For neither he did shed that ladies bloud,
Nor tooke away his love, but his owne proper good.

Well did the squire perceive himselfe too weake
To aunswere his defiaunce in the field,
And rather chose his challenge off to breake,
Then to approve his right with speare and shield.
And rather guilty chose himselfe to yield.
But Artegall by signes perceiving plaine
That he it was not which that lady kild,
But that strange knight, the fairer love to gaine,
Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout straine;

And sayd; "Now sure this doubtfull causes right
Can hardly but by sacrament be tride,
Or else by ordele, or by bloodly fight;
That ill perhaps mote fall to either side:
But if ye please that I your cause decide,
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
So ye will sweare my judgement to abide."
Thereto they both did frankly condiscend,
And to his doome with listfull eares did both attend.

"Sith then," sayd he, "ye both the dead deny,
And both the living lady claime your right,
Let both the dead and living equally
Devided be betwixt you here in sight,
And each of either take his share aright.
But looke, who does dissent from this my read,
He for a twelve moneths day shall in despight
Beare for his pennance that same ladies head;
To witnesse to the world that she by him is dead."

Well pleased with that doome was Sangliere,
And offred streight the lady to be slaine:
But that same squire to whom she was more dere,
Whenas he saw she should be cut in twaine,
Did yield she rather should with him remaine
Alive then to himselfe be shared dead;
And rather then his love should suffer paine,
He chose with shame to beare that ladies head:
True love despiseth shame when life is cald in dread.

Whom when so willing Artegall perceaved;
"Not so, thou squire," he sayd, "but thine I deeme
The living lady, which from thee he reaved:
For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme.
And you, sir Knight, that love so light esteeme,
As that ye would for little leave the same,
Take here your owne that doth you best beseeme,
And with it beare the burden of defame;
Your owne dead ladies head, to tell abrode your shame."

But Sangliere disdained much his doome,
And sternly gan repine at his behaest;
No would for ought obay, as did become,
To beare that ladies head before his breast:
Untill that Talus had his pride repreat,
And forced him, maulgrè, it up to reare.
Who when he saw it bootelesse to resist,
He tooke it up, and thence with him did beare;
As rated spaniell takes his burden up for feare.

Much did that squire sir Artegall adore
For his great justice held in high regard;
And as his squire him offred evermore
To serve, for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his adventure hard:
But he thereto would by no meanes consent;
But leaving him forth on his iourney far'd:
No wight with him but onely Talus went;
They two enough t' encounter an whole regiment.

CANTO II.

Artegall heares of Florimell;
Does with the Pagan fight:
Him slaies; drownes lady Munera;
Does race her castle quight.

Nought is more honourable to a knight;
Ne better doth beseeme brave chevalry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry:
Whilome those great heröes got thereby
Their greatest glory for their rightfull dgedes,
And place deserved with the gods on hy:
Herein the noblesse of this knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for justice sake proceedes:

To which as he now was uppon the way,
He chaunst to meet a dwarfe in hasty course;
Whom he requir'd his forward hast to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse.
Loth was the dwarfe, yet did he stay perforse,
And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
As to his memory they had recourse;
But chiefly of the fairest Florimell,
How she was found againe, and spousde to Marinell.

For this was Dony, Florimells owne dwarfe,
Whom having lost (as ye have heard whyleare)
And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare:
But of her health when Artegall did hoare,
And safe returne, he was full inly glad,
And askt him where and when her bridale cheare
Should be soleminiz'd; for, if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spousall ad.

"Within three daies," quoth he, "as I do heare,
It will be at the Castle of the Strond;
What time, if naught me let, I will be there
To do her service so as I am bond.
But in my way a little here beyond
A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
That keepes a bridges passage by strong hond,
And many errant knights hath there fordonne;
That makes all men for feare that passage for to shonne."

"What mister wight," quoth he, "and how far hence
Is he, that doth to travellers such harmes?"
"He is," said he, "a man of great defence;
Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
With which his daughter doth him still support;
Having great lordships got and goodly farmes
Through strong oppression of his powre extort;
By which he stil them holds, and keepes with strong effort.

"And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth more;
For never wight he lets to passe that way,
Over his bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
Else he doth hold him backe or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groome of evill guize,
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which pols and pils the poore in piteous wize;
But he himselfe upon the rich doth tyrannize.

" His name is hight Pollente, rightly so,
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his powre he all doth over-go,
And makes them subiect to his mighty wrong;
And some by sleight he eke doth underfong:
For on a bridge he custometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the same are many trap-fals pight,
Through which the rider downe doth fall through oversight.

" And underneath the same a river flowes,
That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall;
Into the which whomso he overthrowes,
All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall;
But he himselfe through practise usuall
Leapes forth into the floud, and there assaies
His foe confused through his sodaine fall,
That horse and man he equally dismaies,
And either both them drownes, or trayterously slaies.

" Then doth he take the spoile of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwells thereby:
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
The coffers of her wicked threasury;
Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so hy
That many princes she in wealth exceedes,
And purchast all the countrey lying ny
With the revenue of her plenteous meedes:
Her name is Munera, agreeing with her deedes.

" Thereto she is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden bands and silver feete beside,
That many lords have her to wife desired;
But she them all despiseth for great pride."
" Now by my life," sayd he, " and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that bridge whereas he doth abide:
Therefore me thither lead." No more he spake,
But thitherward forthright his ready way did make.

Unto the place he came within a while,
Where on the bridge he ready armed saw
The Sarazin, awayting for some spoile:
Who as they to the passage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with scull all raw,
That passage-money did of them require,
According to the custome of their law:
To whom he answerd wroth, " Loe there thy hire;"
And with that word him strooke, that streight he did expire.

Which when the Pagan saw he wexed wroth,
And streight himselfe unto the fight addrest;
Ne was sir Artegall behinde: so both
Together ran with ready speares in rest.
Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the floud: streight leapt the carle unblest,
Well weeting that his foe was false withall:
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

There being both together in the floud,
They each at other tyrannously flew;
Ne ought the water cooled their whot bloud,
But rather in them kindled choler new:
But there the Paynim, who that use well knew
To fight in water, great advantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew:
And eke the courser whereuppon he rad
Could swim like to a fish whiles he his backe bestrad.

Which oddes whenas sir Artegall espide,
He saw no way but close with him in hast;
And to him driving strongly downe the tide
Uppon his iron coller griped fast,
That with the straint his wesand nigh he brast,
There they together strove and struggled long,
Either the other from his steed to cast;
Ne ever Artegall his gripe strong
For any thinge wold slacke, but still upon him hong.

As when a dolphin and a sele are met
In the wide champian of the ocean plaine,
With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
The maysterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine;
They snuf, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
That all the sea, disturbed with their traine,
Doth frie with fome above the surges hore:
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome uprore.

So Artegall at length him forst forsake
His horses backe for dread of being drownd,
And to his handy swimming him betake.
Eftsoones himselfe he from his hold unbownd,
And then no ods at all in him he fownd;
For Artegall in swimming skilfull was,
And durst the depth of any water sownd.
So ought each knight, that use of perill has,
In swimming be expert, through waters force to pas.

Then very doubtfull was the warres event,
Uncertaine whether had the better side:
For both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well trained and throughly tride.
But Artegall was better breath'd beside,
And towards th' end grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, ne beare himselfe upright;
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

But Artegall pursewd him still so neare
With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
That, as his head he gan a litle reare
Above the brincke to tread upon the land,
He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
It bit the earth for very fell despight,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,
Or curst the hand which did that vengeance on him dight.

His corps was carried downe along the lee,
Whose waters with his filthy blood it stayned:
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
He pitcht upon a pole on high ordayned;
Where many years it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is contayned,
That none of them the feeble over-ren,
But alwaies doe their powre within just compasse pen.

That done, unto the castle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blasphemy defide,
Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to withdraw aside;
And bad his servant Talus to invent
Which way he enter might without endangerment.

Eftsoones his page drew to the castle gate,
And with his iron flaile at it let flie,
That all the warders it did sore amate,
The which ere-while spake so reprochfully,
And made them stoupe, that looked earst so hie.
Yet still he bet and bounst uppon the dore,
And thundred strokes thereon so hideouslie,
That all the peece he staked from the flore,
And filled all the house with feare and great uprore.

With noise whereof the lady forth appeared
Uppon the castle wall; and, when she saw
The daungerous state in which she stood, she feared
The sad effect of her neare overthrow;
And gan intreat that iron man below
To cease his outrage, and him faire besought;
Sith neither force of stones which they did throw,
Nor powr of charms, which she against him wrought,
Might otherwise prevaile, or make him cease for ought.

But, whenas yet she saw him to proceede
Unmov'd with praiers or with piteous thought,
She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede;
And causde great sackes with endlesse riches fraught
Unto the battilment to be upbrought,
And powred forth over the castle wall,
That she might win some time, though dearly bought,
Whilest he to gathering of the gold did fall;
But he was nothing mov'd nor tempted therewithall:

But still continu'd his assault the more,
And layd on load with his huge yron flaile,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maister to assaile:
Who being entred, nought did then availe
For wight against his powre themselves to reare:
Each one did flie; their harts began to faile;
And hid themselves in corners here and there;
And eke their dame halfe dead did hide herself for feare.

Long they her sought, yet no where could they finde
That sure they ween'd she was escapt away: [her,
But Talus, that could like a lime-hound winde her,
And all things secrete wisely could bewray,
At length found out whereas she hidden lay
Under an heape of gold: thence he her drew
By the faire lockes, and fowly did array
Withouten pitty of her goodly hew,
That Artegall himselfe her sucmelesse plight did rew.

Yet for no pitty would he change the course
Of justice, which in Talus hand did lye;
Who rudely hayld her forth without remorse,
Still holding up her suppliant hands on hye,
And kneeling at his feete submissively:
But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
And eke her feete, those feete of silver trye,
Which sought unrighteousnesse, and justice sold,
Chopt off, and nayld on high, that all might them behold.

Herselfe then tooke he by the sclender wast
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Over the castle wall adowne her cast,
And there her drowned in the dirty mud:
But the streame washt away her guilty blood.
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The spoile of peoples evil gotten good,
The which her sire had scrap't by hooke and crooke,
And burning all to ashes powr'd it down the brooke.

And lastly all that castle quite he raced,
Even from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when Talus throughly had perfourmed,
Sir Artegall undid the evil fashion,
And wicked customes of that bridge refourmed:
Which done, unto his former iourney he retourned

In which they mensur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew;
By which as they did travell on a day,
They saw before them, far as they could vew,
Full many people gathered in a crew;
Whose great assembly they did much admire;
For never there the like resort they knew.
So towardes them they coasted, to enquire
What thing so many nations met did there desire.

There they beheld a mighty gyant stand
Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,
With which he boasted in his surquedrie
That all the world he would weigh equallie,
If ought he had the same to counterpoys:
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys:
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boys.

He snyd that he would all the earth uptake
And all the sea, divided each from either:
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th' ayre, without or wind or wether:
Then would he ballaunce Heaven and Hell together,
And all that did within them all containe;
Of all whose weight he would not misse a fether:
And looke what surplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part restore the same againe.

For why, he sayd, they all unequall were,
And had encroched upon others share;
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
Had worne the earth; so did the fire the aire;
So all the rest did others parts empaire:
And so were realmes and nations run awry.
All which he undertooke for to repaire,
In sort as they were formed anuciently;
And all things would reduce unto equality.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And cluster thicke unto his leasings vaine;
Like foolish flies about an hony-crocke;
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which when Artegall did see and heare,
How he misled the simple peoples traine,
In sdeignfull wize he drew unto him neare,
And thus unto him spake, without regard or feare;

"Thou, that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equall to restore,
Instead of right me seemes great wrong dost shew,
And far above thy forces pitch to sore;
For, ere thou limit what is lesse or more
In every thing, thou oughtest first to know
What was the poyse of every part of yore:
And looke then, how much it doth overflow
Or faile thereof, so much is more then iust to trow,

' For at the first they all created were
In goodly measure by their Makers might;
And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
That not a dram was missing of their right:
The Earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoveable abide,
Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight,
And they with aire, that not a drop can slide:
All which the Heavens containe, and in their courses guide.

" Such heavenly iustice doth among them raine,
That every one doe know their certaine bound;
In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
And mongst them al no change hath yet beene found:
But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in pound,
We are not sure they would so long remaine:
All change is perillous, and all chaunce unsound.
Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retaine."

" Thou foolishe elfe," said thou the gyant wroth,
" Seest not how badly all things present bee,
And each estate quite out of order goth?
The sea itselfe doest thou not plainely see
Encroch uppon the land there under thee?
And th' earth itselfe how daily its increase
By all that dying to it turned be?
Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the most that some were given to the least?

" Therefore I will throw downe these mountains hie,
And make them levell with the lowly plaine,
These towring rocks, which reach unto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
And, as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants, that make men subiect to their law,
I will suppresse, that they no more may raine;
And lordlings curbe that commons over-aw;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw."

" Of things unseene how canst thou deeme aright,"
Then answered the righteous Artegall,
" Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
What though the sea with waves continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all;
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought:
For whatsoever from one place doth fall
Is with the tide unto another brought:
For there is nothing lost, that may be found if sought.

" Likewise the earth is not augmented more
By all that dying into it doe fade;
For of the earth they formed were of yore:
However gay their blossome or their blade
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it if that when they die
They turne to that whereof they first were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voice of the Most Hie.

" They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
Ne ever any askoth reason why.
The hils doe not the lowly dales disdaine;
The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
He maketh kings to sit in soverainty;
He maketh subiects to their powre obay;
He pulleth downe, he setteth up on hy;
He gives to this, from that he takes away:
For all we have is his; what he list doe, he may.

" Whatever thing is done, by him is donne,
Ne any may his mighty will withstand;
Ne any may his soveraine power shonne,
Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast band:
In vaine therefore doest thou now take in hand
To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand;
Sith of things subiect to thy daily vew [dew.
Thou doest not know the causes nor their courses

" For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the winde that under Heaven doth blow;
Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise;
Or weigh the thought that from mans mind doth flow:
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall:
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That doest not know the least thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small."

Therewith the gyant much abashed sayd
That he of little things made reckoning light;
Yet the least word that ever could be layd
Within his ballaunce he could way aright.
" Which is," sayd he, " more heavy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the trew?"
He answered that he would try it streight:
So he the words into his ballaunce threw; [flew.
But streight the winged words out of his ballaunce

Wroth wext he then, and sayd that words were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide:
But he could iustly weigh the wrong or right.
" Well then," sayd Artegall, " let it be tride:
First in one ballance set the true aside."
He did so first, and then the false he layd
In th' other scale; but still it downe did slide,
And by no meane could in the weight be stayd:
For by no meanes the false will with the truth be wayd.

" Now take the right likewise," sayd Artegale,
" And counterpeise the same with so much wrong."
So first the right he put into one scale;
And then the gyant strove with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong:
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
Might not it peise; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chauf'd, and proved every way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe way.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his balances have broken:
But Artegall him fairely gan asswage,
And said, " Be not upon thy ballance wroken:
For they do nought but right or wrong betoken;
But in the mind the doome of right must bee:
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The eare must be the ballaunce, to decree [agree,
And iudge, whether with truth or falshood they

" But set the truth and set the right aside,
For they with wrong or falshood will not fare,
And put two wrongs together to be tride,
Or else two falses, of each equal share,
And then together doe them both compare:
For truth is one, and right is ever one."
So did he; and then plaine it did appeare,
Whether of them the greater were attone:
But right sat in the middest of the beame alone.

But he the right from thence did thrust away;
For it was not the right which he did seeke:
But rather strove extremities to way,
Th' one to diminish, th' other for to eeke:
For of the meane he greatly did misleeke.
Whom when so lewdly minded Talus found,
Approching nigh unto him cheeke by cheeke
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And down the rock him throwing in the sea him
droud.

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives
Upon a rocke with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces rives,
And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray
Does make herselfe misfortunes piteous pray.
So downe the cliffe the wretched gyant tumbled;
His battred ballances in peeces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:
So was the high-aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

That when the people, which had there about
Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining to stirre up civill faction
For certaine losse of so great expectation:
For well they hoped to have got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innovation:
Therefore resolving to revenge his blood
They rose in armes, and all in battell order stood.

Which lawlesse multitude him comming to
In warlike wise when Artegall did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to do:
For both he was his noble hands t' embrew
In the base blood of such a rascall crew;
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with shame would him pursew:
Therefore he Talus to them sent t' inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

But soone as they him nigh approching spide,
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely stroke at him on every side;
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay:
But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a swarm of flyes them overthrew:
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his
vew.

As when a faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of ducks foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull sight
Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke
Amongst the flags and covert round about.
When Talus saw they all the field forsooke,
And none appear'd of all that rascall rout,
To Artegall he turn'd and went with him through-
out.

CANTO III.

The spousals of faire Florimell,
Where turney many knights:
There Braggadochio is uncas'd
In all the ladies sights.

After long stormes and tempests over-blowne
The Sunne at length his ioyous face doth cleare:
So whenas fortune all her spight hath showne,
Some blisfull houres at last must needes appeare;
Else should afflicted wights oft-times despeire.
So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,
After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
In which captiv'd she many moneths did mourne,
To tast of ioy, and to wont pleasures to retourne:

Who, being freed from Proteus cruell band
By Marinell, was unto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie land;
Where he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide,
And solemne feastes and giusts ordain'd therefore:
To which there did resort from every side
Of lords and ladies infinite great store;
Ne any knight was absent that brave courage bore.

To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
The goodly service, the devicefull sights,
The bridegromes state, the brides most rich aray,
The pride of ladies, and the worth of knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an herauld, not for me:
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to advance, shall here recounted bee

When all men had with full satietie
Of meates and drinkes their appetites suffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and proofe of chevalrie
They gan themselves addresse, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furnitures deviz'd.
And first of all issu'd sir Marinell,
And with him sixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of Florimell,
And to maintaine that she all others did excell.

The first of them was hight sir Orimont,
A noble knight, and tride in hard assayes:
The second had to name sir Bellisont,
But second unto none in prowesse prayse:
The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes:
The fourth Ecastor, of exceeding might:
The fift Armeddan, skild in lovely layes:
The sixt was Lansack, a redoubted knight:
All sixe well seene in armes, and prov'd in many a
fight.

And them against came all that list to giust,
From every coast and countrie under Sunne:
None was debard, but all had leave that lust.
The trompets sound; then all together ronne.
Full many deeds of armes that day were donne;
And many knights unhorst, and many wounded,
As fortune fell; yet little lost or wonne:
But all that day the greatest prayse redounded [ed,
To Marinell, whose name the heralds loud resound-

The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appear'd in Heaven, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With divers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all strove with perill to winne fame;
Yet whether side was victor note be ghest:
But at the last the trompets did proclame
That Marinell that day deserved best.
So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

The third day came, that should due tryall lend
Of all the rest; and then this warlike crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There Marinell great deeds of armes did shew;
And through the thickest like a lyon flew,
Rashing off helmes, and ryving plates asonder;
That every one his daunger did eschew:
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,
That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

But what on Earth can alwayes happie stand?
The greater prowesse greater perills find.
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
That they have him enclosed so behind,
As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind:
And now perforce they have him prisoner taken;
And now they doe with captive bands him bind;
And now they lead him hence, of all forsaken,
Unlesse some succour had in time him overtaken.

It fortun'd, whylest they were thus ill beset,
Sir Artegall into the tilt-yard came,
With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
Upon the way with that his snowy dame:
Where when he understood by common fame,
What evil hap to Marinell betid,
He much was mov'd at so unworthie shame,
And streight that boaster prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

So forth he went, and soone them overhent,
Where they were leading Marinell away;
Whom he assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
And forst the burden of their prize to stay.
They were an hundred knights of that array;
Of which th' one halfe upon himselfe did set,
The other stayd behind to gard the pray:
But he ere long the former fiftie bet;
And from the other fiftie soone the prisoner fet.

So backe he brought sir Marinell againe;
Whom having quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together ioyned might and maine,
To set afresh on all the other crew:
Whom with like havocke soone they overthrew,
And chased quite out of the field, that none
Against them durst his head to perill shew;
So were they left lords of the field alone:
So Marinell by him was rescu'd from his fone.

Which when he had performd, then backe againe
To Braggadochio did his shield restore:
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious store
That his false ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets sound, and iudges rose,
And all those knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adiudg'd by those.

And thether also came in open sight
Fayre Florimell into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every knight,
And best to him to whom the best should fall.
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the girlond yield;
Who came not forth: but for sir Artegall
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the Sunne brode blazed in a golden field.

The sight whereof did all with gladnesse fill:
So unto him they did addeeme the prise
Of all that tryumph. Then the trompets shrill
Don Braggadochios name resounded thrise:
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise:
And then to him came fayrest Florimell,
And goodly gan to greete his brave emprise,
And thousand thankes him yeeld, that had so well
Approv'd that day that she all others did excell.

To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot,
With proud disdaine did scornefull answere make,
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare ladies sake,
Whom on his perill he did undertake
Both her and eke all others to excell:
And further did uncomely speaches crake.
Much did his words the gentle ladie quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell.

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimele,
Whom Trompart had in keeping there beside,
Covered from peoples gazement with a vele:
Whom when discovered they had throughly eide,
With great amazement they were stupefide;
And said, that surely Florimell it was,
Or if it were not Florimell so tride,
That Florimell herselfe she then did pas.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

Which whenas Marinell beheld likewise,
He was therewith exceedingly dismayd;
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to devise:
But, like as one whom feends had made affrayd,
He long astonisht stood, ne ought he sayd,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eies
He gazed still upon that snowy mayd;
Whom ever as he did the more avize,
The more to be true Florimell he did surmize.

As when two sunnes appeare in th' azure skye,
Mounted in Phœbus charet fierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light;
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing Natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright.
So stood sir Marinell when he had seene [queene.
The semblant of this false by his faire beauties

All which when Artegall, who all this while
Stood in the preasse close covered, well advewed,
And saw that boasters pride and graceless guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth issewed,
And unto all himselfe there open shewed,
And to the boaster said; "Thou losell base,
That hast with borrowed plumes thyselfe endewed,
And others worth with leasings doest deface,
When they are all restor'd thou shalt rest in disgrace.

" That shield, which thou doest beare, was it indeed
Which this dayes honour sav'd to Marinell:
But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,
Which didst that service unto Florimell:
For proofe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell
What strokes, what dreadfull stoure, it stird this day:
Or shew the wounds which unto thee befell;
Or shew the sweat with which thou diddest sway
So sharpe a battell, that so many did dismay.

" But this the sword which wrought those cruell stounds,
And this the arme the which that shield did beare,
And these the signs," (so shewed forth his wounds)
" By which that glorie gotten doth appeare.
As for this ladie, which he showeth here,
Is not (I wager) Florimell at all;
But some fayre franion, fit for such a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did falk"
For proofe whereof he bad them Florimell forth call.

So forth the noble ladie was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace:
Whereto her bashfull shamefastnesse ywrought
A great increase in her faire blushing face;
As roses did with lillies interlace:
For of those words, the which that boaster threw,
She inly yet conceived great disgrace:
Whom whenas all the people such did vew, [shew.
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true saint beside the image set;
Of both their beauties to make paragone
And triall, whether should the honor get.
Streightway, so soone as both together met,
Th' enchaunted damzell vanisht into nought:
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought, [wrought.
But th' emptie girdle which about her wast was

As when the daughter of Thaumantes faire
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre;
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

Which whenas all that present were beheld,
They stricken were with great astonishment,
And their faint harts with senselesse horrour queld,
To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancies wonderment;
That what of it became none understood:
And Braggadochio selfe with dreriment
So daunted was in his despeyring mood,
That like a lifelesse corse immoveable he stood.

But Artegall that golden belt uptooke,
The which of all her spoyle was onely left;
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
But Florimells owne girdle, from her reft
While she was flying, like a weary weft,
From that foule monster which did her compell
To perils great; which he unbuckling eft
Presented to the fayrest Florimell;
Who round about her tender wast it fitted well.

Full many ladies often had assayd
About their middles that faire belt to knit;
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd:
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till Florimell about her fastned it.
Such power it had, that to no womans wast
By any skill or labour it would sit,
Unlesse that she were continent and chast;
But it would lose or breake, that many had disgrast.

Whilest thus they busied were bout Florimell,
And boastfull Braggadochio to defame,
Sir Guyon, as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickest preasse of people came,
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to clame;
And, th' one hand seizing on his golden bit,
With th' other drew his sword; for with the same
He meant the thiefe there deadly to have smit:
And, had he not bene held, he nought had fayld of it.

Thereof great hurly burly moved was
Throughout the hall for that same warlike horse:
For Braggadochio would not let him pas;
And Guyon would him algates have perforse,
Or it approve upon his carrion corse.
Which troublous stirre when Artegall perceived,
He nigh them drew to stay th' avengers forse;
And gan inquire how was that steed bereaved,
Whether by might extort, or else by slight deceaved.

Who all that piteous storie, which befell
About that wofull couple which were slaine,
And their young bloodie babe to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
His horse purloyned was by subtill traine;
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight:
But he for nought could him thereto constraine;
For as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lose than trie in armes his right.

Which Artegall well hearing, (though no more
By law of armes there needs ones right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe should him the field denie,)
Yet further right by tokens to deserie,
He askt, what privie tokens he did beare.
" If that," said Guyon, " may you satisfie,
Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
Shapt like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it theare."

Whereof to make due tryall one did take
The horse in hand within his mouth to looke:
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That never word from that day forth he spoke.
Another, that would seeme to have more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered headstall tooke:
But by the shoulder him so sore he bit, [split.
That he him maymed quite, and all his shoulder

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
Untill that Guyon selfe unto him spake,
And called Brigadore, (so was he hight)
Whose voice so soone as he did undertake,
Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,
And suffred all his secret marke to see;
And, whenas he him nam'd, for joy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friskt, and flong aloft, and louted low on knee

Thereby sir Artegall did plaine areed,
That unto him the horse belong'd; and sayd,
"Lo there, sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
As he with golden saddle is arayd;
And let that losell, plainely now displayd,
Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have gayned."
But the proud boaster gan his doome upbrayd,
And him revil'd, and rated, and disdayned,
That iudgement so uniust against him had ordayned.

Much was the knight incenst with his lewd word,
To have revenged that his villeny;
And thrice did lay his hand upon his sword,
To have him slaine, or dearely doen aby:
But Guyon did his choler pacify,
Saying, "Sir Knight, it would dishonour bee
To you that are our iudge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee:
It 's punishment enough that all his shame doe see."

So did he mitigate sir Artegall;
But Talus by the backe the boaster hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall
Upon him did inflict this punishment:
First he his beard did shave, and fowly shent;
Then from him reft his shield, and it renverst,
And blotted out his armes with falsehood blent;
And himselfe baffuld, and his armes unherst;
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour sperst.

The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away;
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie:
Who overtaking him did disaray,
And all his face deformd with infamie,
And out of court him scourged openly.
So ought all faytours, that true knighthood shame,
And armes dishonour with base villanie,
From all brave knights be banisht with defame:
For oft their lewdnes blotteth good deserts with blame.

Now when these counterfeits were thus uncased
Out of the foreside of their forgerie,
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
All gan to iest and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knaverie:
Ladies can laugh at ladies, knights at knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of braverie
He them abused through his subtill slights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their sights.

There leave we them in pleasure and repast,
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking usurie of time forepast,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for such ladies and such lovely knights:
And turne we backe to this faire furrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That, whenas time to Artegall shall tend,
We on his first adventure may him forward send.

CANTO IV.

Artegall dealeth right betwixt
Two brethren that doe strive:
Saves Terpine from the gallow tree,
And doth from death reprive.

Whoso upon himselfe will take the skill
True iustice unto people to divide;
Had need have mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride:
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers iustice to deride,
Unlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might:
For powre is the right hand of Iustice truely hight.

Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise
The charge of Iustice given was in trust,
That they might execute her iudgements wise,
And with their might beat downe licentious lust,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence iust:
Whereof no braver president this day
Remaines on Earth, preserv'd from yron rust
Of rude oblivion and long times decay,
Then this of Artegall, which here we have to say.

Who having lately left that lovely payre,
Enlinckt fast in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold Marinell with Florimell the fayre,
With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the castle of the strond
To follow his adventures first intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great yron groome, his gard and government:

With whom, as he did passe by the sea-shore,
He chaunst to come whereas two comely squires,
Both brethren whom one wombe together bore,
But stirred up with different desires,
Together strove, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beside two seemely damzels stood,
By all meanes seeking to asswage their ires,
Now with faire words; but words did little good;
Now with sharpe threats; but threats the more increast their mood.

And there before them stood a coffer strong
Fast bound on every side with iron bands,
But seeming to have suffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt uppon the sands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands:
Seem'd that for it these squires at ods did fall,
And bent against themselves their cruell hands;
But evermore those damzels did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

But firmely fixt they were with dint of sword
And battailes doubtfull proofe their rights to try;
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them fortune would iustify:
So stood they both in readinesse thereby
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent:
When Artegall arriving happily
Did stay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

To whom the elder did this aunswere frame;
"Then weet ye, sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our sire, Milesio by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two islands, which ye there before you see
Not farre in sea; of which the one appeares
But like a little mount of small degree;
Yet was as great and wide ere many years,
As that same other isle, that greater bredth now beares.

"But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this devouring sea, that nought doth spare,
The most part of my land hath washt away,
And throwne it up unto my brothers share:
So his encreased, but mine did empaire.
Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
That further mayd, hight Philtera the faire,
With whom a goodly doure I should have got,
And should have ioyned bene to her in wedlocks knot.

"Then did my younger brother Amidas
Love that same other damzell, Lucy bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was:
Her vertue was the dowre that did delight:
What better dowre can to a dame be hight?
But now, when Philtra saw my lands decay
And former livel'od fayle, she left me quight,
And to my brother did elope streightway:
Who, taking her from me, his owne love left astray.

"She, seeing then herselfe forsaken so,
Through dolorous despaire which she conceyved,
Into the sea herselfe did headlong throw,
Thinking to have her griefe by death bereaved;
But see how much her purpose was deceived!
Whilest thus, amidst the billowes beating of her,
Twixt life and death long to and fro she weaved,
She chaunst unwares to light upon this coffer,
Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer.

"The wretched mayd, that earst desir'd to die,
Whenas the paine of death she tasted had,
And but halfe seene his ugly visnomie,
Gan to repent that she had beene so mad
For any death to chaunge life, though most bad:
And catching hold of this sea-beaten chest,
(The lucky pylot of her passage sad)
After long tossing in the seas distrest,
Her weary barke at last uppon mine isle did rest.

"Where I by chaunce then wandring on the shore
Did her espy, and through my good endevour
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned sore
Her to have swallow'd up, did helpe to save her.
She then in recompence of that great favour,
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
The portion of that good which fortune gave her,
Together with herselfe in dowry free;
Both goodly portions, but of both the better she.

"Yet in this coffer which she with her brought
Great threasure sithence we did finde contained;
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought:
But this same other damzell since hath fained
That to herselfe that threasure appertained;
And that she did transport the same by sea,
To bring it to her husband new ordained,
But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way:
But, whether it be so or no, I cannot say.

"But, whether it indeede be so or no,
This doe I say, that whatso good or ill
Or God or Fortune unto me did throw,
(Not wronging any other by my will)
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.
And though my land the first did winne away,
And then my love, (though now it little skill)
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray;
But I will it defend whilst ever that I may."

So having sayd, the younger did ensew;
"Full true it is whatso about our land
My brother here declared hath to you:
But not for it this ods twixt us doth stand,
But for this threasure throwne uppon his strand;
Which well I prove, as shall appeare by triall,
To be this maides with whom I fastned hand,
Known by good markes and perfect good espiall:
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall."

When they thus ended had, the knight began;
"Certes your strife were easie to accord,
Would ye remit it to some righteous man."
"Unto yourselfe," said they, "we give our word,
To bide that iudgement ye shall us afford."
"Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
Under my foote let each lay downe his sword;
And then you shall my sentence understand."
So each of them layd downe his sword out of his hand.

Then Artegall thus to the younger sayd;
"Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,
Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd
Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,
By what good right doe you withhold this day?"
"What other right," quoth he, "should you esteeme,
But that the sea it to my share did lay?"
"Your right is good," sayd he, "and so I deeme,
That what the sea unto you sent your own should seeme."

Then turning to the elder thus he sayd;
"Now, Bracidas, let this likewise be showne;
Your brothers threasure, which from him is strayd,
Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be your owne?"
"What other right," quoth he, "should you esteeme,
But that the sea hath it unto me throwne?"
"Your right is good," sayd he, "and so I deeme,
That what the sea unto you sent your own should seeme.

"For equall right in equall things doth stand:
For what the mighty sea hath once possest,
And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
Whether by rage of waves that never rest,
Or else by wracke that wretches hath distrest,
He may dispose by his imperiall might,
As thing at random left, to whom he list.
So, Amidas, the land was yours first hight;
And so the threasure yours is, Bracidas, by right."

When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
Both Amidas and Philtra were displeased:
But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,
And on the threasure by that iudgement seased.
So was their discord by this doome appeased,
And each one had his right. Then Artegall,
Whenas their sharpe contention he had ceased,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.

So, as he travelled uppon the way,
He chaunst to come, where happily he spide
A rout of many people farre away;
To whom his course he hastily applide,
To weete the cause of their assemblaunce wide:
To whom when he approched neare in sight,
(An uncouth sight) he plainely then descride
To be a troupe of women, warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight:

And in the midst of them he saw a knight,
With both his hands behinde him pinnoed hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
And ready for the gallow tree prepard:
His face was covered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was uneath was to descry;
And with full heavy heart with them he far'd,
Griev'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands so base a death should dy.

But they, like tyrants mercilesse, the more
Reioyced at his miserable case,
And him reviled, and reproched sore
With bitter taunts and termes of vile disgrace.
Now whenas Artegall, arriv'd in place,
Did aske what cause brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to swarm apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to have wrought unwares some villanous assay.

But he was soone aware of their ill minde,
And drawing backe deceived their intent:
Yet, though himselfe did shame on womankinde
His mighty hand to stend, he Talus sent
To wreake on them their follies hardyment:
Who with few sowces of his yron flale
Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a pitteous tale
Of their vaine prowesse turned to their proper bale:

But that same wretched man, ordaynd to die,
They left behind them, glad to be so quit:
Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
And horror of fowle death for knight unfit,
Who more than losse of life ydreaded it;
And, him restoring unto living light,
So brought unto his lord, where he did sit
Beholding all that womanish weake fight;
Whom soone as he beheld he knew, and thus behight;

"Sir Turpine, haplesse man, what make you here?
Or have you lost yourselfe and your discretion,
That ever in this wretched case ye were?
Or have ye yielded you to proude oppression
Of womens powre, that boast of mens subiection?
Or else what other deadly dismall day,
Is falne on you by Heavens hard direction,
That ye were wunne so fondly far astray
As for to lead yourselfe unto your owne decay?"

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
That all astonisht he himselfe did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,
But only thus; "Most haplesse well ye may
Me iustly terme, that to this shame am brought,
And made the scorne of knighthood this same day:
But who can scape what his owne fate hath wrought?
Tho, worke of Heavens will surpasseth humane thought."

"Right true: but faulty men use oftentimes
To attribute their folly unto fate,
And lay on Heaven the guilt of their owne crimes.
But tell, sir Terpin, ne let you amate
Your misery, how fell ye in this state?" [shame,
"Then sith ye needs," quoth he, "will know my
And all the ill which chaunst to me of late,
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

"Being desirous (as all knights are woont)
Through hard adventures deedes of armes to try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt,
I heard report that farre abrode did fly,
That a proud Amazon did late defy
All the brave knights that hold of Maidenhead,
And unto them wrought all the villany
That she could forge in her malicious head, [dead.
Which some hath put to shame, and many done be

"The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,
Is for the sake of Bellodant the bold,
Whom she bore most fervent love of late,
And wooed him by all the waies she could:
But, when she saw at last that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne unto her will,
She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill [fulfill,
Which she could doe to knights; which now she doth

"For all those knights, the which by force or guile
She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate:
First, she doth them of warlike armes despoile,
And cloth in womens weedes; and then with threat
Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring;
Ne doth she give them other thing to eat
But bread and water or like feeble thing;
Them to disable from revenge adventuring.

"But if through stout disdaine of manly mind
Any her proud obsemvaunce will withstand,
Uppon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She causeth them be hang'd up out of hand;
In which condition I right now did stand:
For, being overcome by her in fight,
And put to that base service of her band,
I rather chose to die in lives despight,
Then lead that shamefull life, unworthy of a knight."

"How hight that Amazon," sayd Artegall,
"And where and how far hence does she abide?"
"Her name," quoth he, "they Radigund doe call,
A princesse of great powre and greater pride,
And queene of Amazons, in armes well tride
And sundry battels, which she hath atchieved
With great successe, that her hath glorifide,
And made her famous, more then is believed;
Ne would I it have weend had I not late it prieved."

"Now sure," said he, "and by the faith that I
To maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
I will not rest till I her might doe trie,
And venge the shame that she to knights doth show.
Therefore, sir Terpin, from you lightly throw
This squalid weede, the patterne of dispaire,
And wend with me, that ye may see and know
How fortune will your ruin'd name repaire
And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she would empaire."

With that, like one that hopelesse was repryv'd
From deathes dore at which he lately lay,
Those yron fetters wherewith he was gyr'd,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
Unto the dwelling of that Amazone:
Which was from thence not past a mile or tway;
A goodly citty and a mighty one,
The which, of her owne name, she called Radegone.

Where they arriving by the watchmen were
Descried streight; who all the citty warned
How that three warlike persons did appeare,
Of which the one him seem'd a knight all armed,
And th' other two well likely to have harmed.
Eftsoones the people all to harnesse ran,
And like a sort of bees in clusters swarmed:
Ere long their queene herselfe, halfe like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.

And now the knights, being arrived neare,
Did beat uppon the gates to enter in;
And at the porter, skorning them so few,
Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
To teare his flesh in pieces for his sin:
Which whenas Radigund there comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
She bad that streight the gates should be unbard,
And to them way to make with weapons well prepard.

Soone as the gates were open to them set,
They pressed forward, entraunce to have made:
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which them staid,
And better bad advise, ere they assaid
Unknowen perill of bold womens pride.
Then all that rout uppon them rudely laid,
And heaped strokes so fast on every side, [abide.
And arrowes haild so thicke, that they could not

But Radigund herselfe, when she espide
Sir Terpin from her direfull doome acquit
So cruell doale amongst her maides divide,
T' avenge that shame they did on him commit,
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit
Like a fell lioncsse at him she flew,
And on his head-piece him so fiercely smit,
That to the ground hien quite she overthrew,
Dismayd so with the stroke that he no colours knew.

Soone as she saw him on the ground to grovell,
She lightly to him leapt; and, in his necke
Her proud foote setting, at his head did levell,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,
And his contempt, that did her indgment breake:
As when a beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
Uppon the carkasse of some beast too weake,
Proudly stands over, and awhile doth pause [cause.
To heare the piteous beast pleading her plaintiffe

Whom whenas Artegall in that distresse
By chaunce beheld, he left the bloudy slaughter
In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse:
There hor assayling fiercely fresh he raught her
Such an huge stroke, that it of sense distraught her;
And, had she not it warded warily,
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter:
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply
It made her stagger off, and stare with ghastly eye.

Like to an eagle, in his kingly pride
Soring through his wide empire of the aire,
To weather his brode sailes, by chaunce hath spide
A goshauke, which hath seized for her share
Uppon some fowle, that should her feast prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her bylive,
That with his souce, which none endnren dare,
Her from the quarry he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rive.

But, soone as she her sence recover'd had,
She fiercely towards him herselfe gan dight,
Through vengeful wrath and sdeignfull pryde half mad;
For never had she suffred such despight:
But, ere she could joyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike maides about her flockt so fast,
That they disparted them, maugre their might,
And with their troupes did far asunder cast:
But mongst the rest the fight did untill evening last.

And every while that mighty yron man
With his strange weapon, never wont in warre,
Them sorely vext, and courst, and over-ran,
And broke their bowes, and did their shooting marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
Him to assault, nor once approach him nie;
But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre,
For dread of their devouring enemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

But whenas daies faire shinie beame, yclowded
With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
Bold Radigund with sound of trumpe on hight,
Causd all her people to surcease from fight;
And, gathering them unto her citties gate,
Made them all enter in before her sight;
And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
To be convayed in, ere she would once retrate.

When thus the field was voided all away,
And all things quieted; the Elfin knight,
Weary of toile and travell of that day,
Causd his pavilion to be richly pight
Before the city-gate in open sight;
Where he himselfe did rest in safety
Together with sir Terpin all that night:
But Talus usde, in times of icopardy,
To keepe a nightly watch for dread of treachery

But Radigund, full of heart-gnawing griefe
For the rebuke which she sustain'd that day,
Could take no rest, ne would receive reliefe;
But tossed in her troublous minde what way
She mote revenge that blot which on her lay,
There she resolv'd herselfe in single fight
To try her fortune, and his force assay,
Rather than see her people spoiled quight,
As she had seene that day, a disadventerous sight.

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse;
Her name was Clarin, and thus to her sayd;
" Goe, damzell, quickly, doe thyselfe addresse
To doe the message which I shall expresse:
Goe thou unto that stranger Faery knight,
Who yesterday drove us to such distresse;
Tell, that to morrow I with him will fight,
And try in equall field whether hath greator might

" But these conditions doe to him propound;
That, if I vanquishe him, he shall obay
My law, and ever to my lore be bound;
And so will I, if me he vanquish may;
Whatever he shall like to doe or say:
Goe streight, and take with thee to witnesse it
Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,
And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
And bid him eate; henceforth he oft shall hungry sit."

The damzell streight obayd; and, putting all
In readinesse, forth to the town-gate went;
Where, sounding loud a trumpet from the wall,
Unto those warlike knights she warning sent.
Then Talus forth issuing from the tent
Unto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
To weeten what that trumpets sounding ment:
Where that same damzell lowdly him bespake,
And shew'd that with his lord she would emparlaunce make.

So he them streight conducted to his lord;
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their message word by word:
Which he accepting, well as he could weete,
Them fairely entertaynd with curt'sies meete,
And gave them gifts and things of deare delight:
So backe againe they homeward turn'd their feete;
But Artegall himselfe to rest did dight,
That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.

CANTO V.

Artegall fights with Radigund,
And is subdew'd by guile:
He is by her emprisoned,
But wrought by Clarins wile.

So soone as Day forth dawning from the east
Nights humid curtaine from the Heavens withdrew,
And earely calling forth both man and beast
Commaunded them their daily workes renew;
These noble warriors mindefull to pursew
The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
Themselves thereto preparde in order dew;
The knight, as best was seeming for a knight,
And th' Amazon, as best it likt herselfe to dight.

All in a camis light of purple silke
Woven uppon with silver, subtly wrought,
And quilted uppon sattin white as milke;
Tmylad with ribbands diversly distraught,
Like as the workeman had their courses taught;
Which was short tucked for light motion
Up to her hanch; but, when she list, it raught
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereuppon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
Basted with bends of gold on every side,
And mailes betweene, and laced close afore;
Uppon her thigh her cemitare was tide
With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
Uppon the bosse with stones that shined wide,
As the faire Moone in her most full aspect;
That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect.

So forth she came out of the citty-gate
With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many damzels that did waite
Uppon her person for her sure defence,
Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from hence
Their sound did reach unto the Heavens hight:
So forth into the field she marched thence,
Where was a rich pavilion ready pight
Her to receive, till time they should begin the fight.

Then forth came Artegall out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and first the lists did enter:
Soone after eke came she with full intent
And countenaunce fierce, as having fully bent her
That battels utmost triall to adventer.
The lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudely pressing on the middle center;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Wayting how fortune would resolve that dangerous dout.

The trumpets sounded, and the field began;
With bitter strokes it both began and ended.
She at the first encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if she had intended
Out of his breast the very heart have rended:
But he, that had like tempests often tride,
From that first flaw himselfe right well defended.
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide; [side.
She hewd, she foynd, she lasht, she laid on every

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win advantage new;
Yet still her crueltie increased more,
And, though powre faild, her courage did accrew;
Which fayling, he gan fiercely her pursew:
Like as a smith, that to his cunning feat
The stubborne mettall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he feeles it mollifide with heat,
With his great yron sledge doth strongly on it beat.

So did sir Artegall upon her lay,
As if she had an yron andvile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing seene,
That all on fire ye would her surely weene:
But with her shield so well herselfe she warded
From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely garded; [ed,
But he that helpe from her against her will discard-

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
That halfe her side itselfe did naked show,
And thenceforth unto daunger opened way.
Much was she moved with the mightie sway
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew;
And like a greedie beare unto her pray
With her sharpe cemitare at him she flew,
That glauncing downe his thigh the purple bloud forth drew.

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to upbrayd that chaunce which him misfell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speaches, fitting with her well;
That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissaunce fearefull fell;
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to pieces round about the plaine.

Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
Upon her helmet he againe her strooke,
That downe she fell upon the grassie field
In sencelesse swoune, as if her life forsooke,
And pangs of death her spirit overtooke:
Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
He to her lept with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her sun-shynie helmet soone unlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have raced.

But, whenas he discovered had her face,
He saw, his sences straunge astonishment,
A miracle of Natures goodly grace
In her faire visage voide of ornament,
But bath'd in blood and sweat together ment;
Which, in the rudenesse of that evill plight,
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:
Like as the Moone, in foggie winters night, [light.
Doth seeme to be herselfe, though darkned be her

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regard,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie.
By this, upstarting from her swoune she star'd
A while about her with confused eye;
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenlye.

Soone as the knight she there by her did spy
Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelnesse:
And though he still retyr'd, yet nathëlesse
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
And more increast her outrage mercilesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to have stayd.

Like as a puttocke having spyde in sight
A gentle faulcon sitting on an hill,
Whose other wing, now made unmeete for flight,
Was lately broken by some fortune ill;
The foolish kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle stoups her troubling still:
Even so did Radigund with bootlesse paine
Annoy this noble knight, and sorely him constraine.

Nought could he do but shun the dred despight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyre;
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre;
And evermore he gently did desyre
To stay her strokes, and he himselfe would yield:
Yet would she hearke, ne let him once respyre,
Till he to her delivered had his shield,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field.

So was he overcome, not overcome;
But to her yeelded of his owne accord;
Yet was he justly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse word,
To be her thrall and service her afford:
For though that he first victorie obtayned,
Yet after, by abandoning his sword,
He wilfull lost that he before attayned;
No fayrer conquest than that with goodwill is gayned.

Tho with her sword on him she flatling strooke,
In signe of true subiection to her powre,
And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke:
But Terpine, borne to' a more unhappy howre,
As he on whom the lucklesse starres did lowre,
She caused to be attacht and forthwith led
Unto the crooke, t' abide the balefull stowre
From which he lately had through reskew fled:
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the hed.

But, when they thought on Talus hands to lay,
He with his yron flaile amongst them thondred,
That they were fayne to let him scape away,
Glad from his companie to be so sondred;
Whose presence all their troupes so much incombred,
That th' heapes of those which he did wound and slay,
Besides the rest dismayd, might not be nombred:
Yet all that while he would not once assay
To reskew his owne lord, but thought it iust t' obay.

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And caused him to be disarmed quight
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
Instead whereof she made him to be dight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,
And put before his lap an apron white,
Instead of curiets and bases fit for fight.

So being clad she brought him from the field,
In which he had been traynod many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was field
With moniments of many knights decay
By her subdewed in victorious fray:
Amongst the which she caused his warlike armes
Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray;
And broke his sword for feare of further harmes,
With which he wont to stirre up battailous alarmes.

There entred in he round about him saw [knew.
Many brave knights whose names right well he
There bound t' obay that Amazons proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge hart loth'd so unwomely vew:
But they were forst, through penurie and pyne,
To doe those workes to them appointed dew:
For nought was given them to sup or dyne, [twyne.
But what their hands could earne by twisting lynen

Amongst them all she placed him most low,
And in his hand a distaffe to him gave,
That he thereon should spin both flax and tow;
A sordid office for a mind so brave:
So hard it is to be a womans slave!
Yet he it tooke in his owne selfes despight,
And thereto did himselfe right well behave
Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight
Her vassall to become, if she him wonne in fight.

Who had him seene, imagine mote thereby
That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,
How for Iolas sake he did apply
His mightie hands the distaffe vile to hold
For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old
So many monsters which the world annoyed;
His lyons skin chaunged to a pall of gold,
In which, forgetting warres, he onely loyed [ed.
In combats of sweet love, and with his mistresse toy-

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they have shaken off the shamefast band,
With which wise Nature did them strongly bynd
T' obay the heasts of mans well-ruling hand,
That then all rule and reason they withstand
To purchase a licentious libertie:
But vertuous women wisely understand,
That they were borne to base humilitie,
Unlesse the Heavens them lift to lawfull soveraintie.

Thus there long while continu'd Artegall,
Serving prond Radigund with true subiection;
However it his noble heart did gall
T' obay a womans tyrannous direction,
That might have had of life or death election:
But, having chosen, now he might not chaunge.
During which time the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandring fancie after lust did raunge,
Gan cast a secret liking to this captive straunge.

Which long concealing in her covert brest,
She chaw'd the cud of lovers carefull plight;
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,
But it tormented her both day and night:
Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord
To serve the lowly vassall of her might,
And of her servant make her soverayne lord: [lhord.
So great her pride that she such basenesse much ab-

So much the greater still her anguish grew,
Through stubborne handling of her love-sicke hart;
And still the more she strove it to subdew,
The more she still augmented her owne smart,
And wyder made the wound of th' hidden dart.
At last, when long she struggled had in vaine,
She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind convert
To meeke obeysance of Loves mightie raine,
And him entreat for grace that had procur'd her paine.

Unto herselfe in secret she did call
Her nearest handmayd, whom she most did trust,
And to her said; "Clarinda, whom of all
I trust alive, sith I thee fostred first;
Now is the time that I intimely must
Thereof make tryall, in my greatest need!
It is so hapned that the Heavens unjust,
Spighting my happie freedome, have agreed
To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed."

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
To hide the blush which in her visage rose
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion rose:
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And, to her turning, thus began againe;
"This griefes deepe wound I would to thee disclose,
Thereto compelled through hart-murdring paine;
But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still restraine."

"Ah! my dame dread," said then the fearefull mayd,
"Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare even Deathes most dreadfull face behold?
Say on, my soverayne ladie, and be bold;
Doth not your handmayds life at your foot lie?"
Therewith much comforted she gan unfold
The cause of her conceived maladie;
As one that would confesse, yet faine would it denie.

"Clarin," said she, "thou seest yond Fayry knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne brave mind
Subiected hath to my unequall might!
What right is it, that he should thraldome find
For lending life to me a wretch unkind,
That for such good him recompence with ill!
Therefore I cast how I may him unbind,
And by his freedome get his free goodwill;
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still:

"Bound unto me; but not with such hard bands
Of strong compulsion and streight violence,
As now in miserable state he stands;
But with sweet love and sure benevolence,
Voide of malitious mind or foule offence:
To which if thou canst win him any way
Without discoverie of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,
And eke with gratefull service me right well apay.

"Which that thou mayst the better bring to pass,
Loe! here this ring, which shall thy warrant bee
And token true to old Eumenias,
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
That in and out thou mayst have passage free.
Goe now, Clarinda; well thy wits advise,
And all thy forces gather unto thee,
Armies of lovely lookes, and speeches wise, [entise."
With which thou canst even love himselfe to love

The trustie mayd, conceiving her intent,
Did with sure promise of her good endevour
Give her great comfort and some hart content:
So from her parting she thenceforth did labour,
By all the meanes she might, to curry favour
With the Elfin knight, her ladies best beloved:
With daily show of courteous kind behaviour,
Even at the marke-white of his hart she roved,
And with wide-glauncing words one day she thus him proved:

"Unhappie knight, upon whose hopelesse state
Fortune, envying good, hath felly frowned,
And cruell Heavens have heapt up heavy fate
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned
In stupid sorow, sith thy juster merit
Might else have with felicitie beene crowned:
Looke up at last, and wake thy dulled spirit [rit."
To thinke how this long death thou mightest disinhe-

Much did he marvell at her uncouth speach,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive;
And gan to doubt least she him sought t' appeach
Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weave,
Through which she might his wretched life bereave:
Both which to barre he with this answere met her:
"Faire damzell, that with ruth, as I perceave,
Of my mishaps art mov'd to wish me better,
For such your kind regard I can but rest your debter

"Yet weet ye well, that to a courage great
It is no losse beseeming well to beare
The storme of Fortunes frowne or Heavens threat;
Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
Timely to joy and carrie comely cheare:
For though this cloud have now me overcast,
Yet doe I not of better times despeyre;
And though (unlike) they should for ever last,
Yet in my truthes assurance I rest fixed fast."

"But what so stonie minde," she then replyde,
"But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
Would to his hope a windowe open wyde,
And to his fortunes helpe make readie way?"
"Unworthy sure," quoth he, "of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke pursew, if he attaine it may."
Which speaches she applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope:

"Then why doest not, thou ill-advized man,
Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
And try if thou by faire entreatie can
Move Radigund? who though she still have worne
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne
Of beares and tygres, nor so salvage-mynded
As that, albe all love of men she scorne,
She yet forgets that she of men was kynded:
And sooth oft seene that proudest harts base love hath blynded."

"Certes, Clarinda, not of cancred will,"
Sayd he, "nor obstinate disdainefull mind,
I have forbore this dutie to fulfill:
For well I may this weene, by that I fynd,
That she a queene, and come of princely kynd,
Both worthie is for to be sewd unto,
Chiefely by him whose life her law doth bynd,
And eke of powre her owne doome to undo,
And als' of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto.

"But want of meanes hath bene mine onely let
From seeking favour where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to yourselfe should rest for ever bound,
And ready to deserve what grace I found."
She feeling him thus bite upon the bayt,
Yet doubting least his hold was but unsound
And not well fastened, would not strike him strayt,
But drew him on with hope, fit leasure to awayt.

But foolish mayd, whyles heedlesse of the hooke
She thus oft-times was beating off and on,
Through slipperie footing fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confusion:
For, seeking thus to salve the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
Conceived close in her beguiled hart,
To Artegall, through pittie of his causelesse smart.

Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,
Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being sdayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her mistresse should have knowledge gayned;
But to herselfe it secretly retayned
Within the closet of her covert brest:
The more thereby her tender hart was payned:
Yet to awayt fit time she weened best,
And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts unrest.

One day her ladie, calling her apart,
Gan to demaund of her some tydings good,
Touching her loves successe, her lingring smart:
Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,
As one adaw'd, and halfe confused stood;
But quickly she it overpast, so soone
As she her face had wypt to fresh her blood:
Tho gan she tell her all that she had donne, [wonne.
And all the wayes she sought his love for to have

But sayd, that he was obstinate and sterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;
Ne would be taught with any termes to lerne
So fond a lesson as to love againe:
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abridged dayes in dolour wast,
Then his foes love or liking entertaine:
His resolution was, both first and last,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plast.

Which when the cruell Amazon perceived,
She gan to storme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell despight, which she conceived,
To be so scorned of a base-borne thrall,
Whose life did lie in her least eye-lids fall;
Of which she vow'd with many a cursed threat,
That she therefore would him ere long forstall.
Nathlesse, when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan entreat:

"What now is left, Clarinda? what remaines,
That we may compasse this our enterprize?
Great shame to lose so long employed paines,
And greater shame t' abide so great mesprize,
With which he dares our offers thus despize:
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gratious mercie by this wize,
I will awhile with his first folly beare, [neare.
Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him more

"Say and do all that may hereto prevaile;
Leave nought unpromist that may him perswade,
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great availe,
With which the gods themselves are mylder made:
Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
The art of mightie words that men can charme;
With which in case thou canst him not invade,
Let him feele hardnesse of thy heavie arme:
Who will not stoupe with good shall be made stoupe with harme.

"Some of his diet doe from him withdraw;
For I him find to be too proudly fed:
Give him more labour, and with streighter law,
That he with worke may be forwearied:
Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
Cold yron chaines with which let him be tide;
And let, whatever he desires, be him denide.

"When thou hast all this doon, thou bring me newes
Of his demeane; thenceforth not like a lover,
But like a rebell stout, I will him use:
For I resolve this siege not to give over,
Till I the conquest of my will recover."
So she departed full of griefe and staine,
Which inly did to great impatience move her:
But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
Unto the prison, where her hart did thrall remaine.

There all her subtill nets she did unfold,
And all the engine of her wit display;
In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her ladie, and herselfe withall,
And eke the knight attonce she did betray;
But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call
Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

As a bad nurse, which, fayning to receive
In her owne mouth the food ment for her chyld,
Withholdes it to herselfe, and doeth deceive
The infant, so for want of nourture spoyld;
Even so Clarinda her owne dame beguyld,
And turn'd the trust, which was in her affyde,
To feeding of her private fire, which boyld
Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that she it sought to cover and to hyde.

For, comming to this knight, she purpose fayned,
How earnest suit she earst for him had made
Unto her queene, his freedome to have gayned;
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade,
But that instead thereof she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade;
All which nathlesse she for his love forbore:
So praying him t' accept her service evermore.

And, more then that, she promist that she would,
In case she might finde favour in his eye,
Devize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie, glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yeeld great thankes for such her curtesie;
And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To feede the humour of her maladie,
Promist, if she would free him from that case,
He wold by all good means he might deserve such grace.

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet never meant he in his noble mind
To his owne absent love to be untrew:
Ne ever did deceiptfull Clarin find
In her false hart his bondage to unbind;
But rather how she mote him faster tye.
Therefore unto her mistresse most unkind
She daily told her love he did defye;
And *him* she told her dame his freedome did denye.

Yet thus much friendship she to him did show,
That his scarse diet somewhat was amended,
And his worke lessened, that his love mote grow:
Yet to her dame him still she discommended,
That she with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
Of both beloved well, but little friended;
Untill his owne true love his freedome gayned:
Which in another canto will be best contayned.

CANTO VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart
Of Artegals mishap:
She goes to seeke him; Dolon meetes,
Who seekes her to entrap.

Some men, I wote, will deeme in Artegall
Great weaknesse, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall
To th' insolent commaund of womens will;
That all his former *praise* doth fowly spill:
But he the man, that say or doe so dare,
Be well adviz'd that he stand stedfast still;
For never yet was wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trapt in womens snare.

Yet in the streightnesse of that captive state
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaved,
That notwithstanding all the subtill bait,
With which those Amazons his love still craved,
To his owne love his loialtie he saved:
Whose character in th' adamantine mould
Of his true hart so firmely was engraved,
That no new loves impression ever could [should.
Bereave it thence: such blot his honour blemish

Yet his owne love, the noble Britomart,
Scarse so conceived in her jealous thought,
What time sad tydings of his balefull smart
In womans bondage Talus to her brought;
Brought in untimely houre, ere it was sought:
For, after that the utmost date assynde
For his returne she waited had for nought,
She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull mynde [fynde.
A thousand feares, that love-sicke fancies faine to

Sometime she feared least some hard mishap
Had him misfalne in his adventurous quest;
Sometime least his false foe did him entrap
In traytrous trayne, or had unwares opprest;
But most she did her troubled mynd molest,
And secretly afflict with jealous feare,
Least some new love had him from her possest;
Yet loth she was, since she no ill *did* heare,
To thinke of him so ill; yet could she not forbeare.

One whyle she blam'd herselfe; another whyle
She him condemn'd as trustlesse and untrew:
And then, her griefe with errour to beguyle,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before she had not counted trew:
For howres, but dayes; for weekes that passed were,
She told but monthes, to make them seeme more few:
Yet, when she reckned them still drawing neare,
Each hour did seeme a moneth, and every moneth a yeare.

But, whenas yet she saw him not returne,
She thought to send some one to seeke him out;
But none she found so fit to serve that turne,
As her owne selfe, to ease herselfe of dout.
Now she deviz'd, amongst the warlike rout
Of errant knights, to seeke her errant knight;
And then againe resolv'd to hunt him out
Amongst loose ladies lapped in delight: [spight.
And then both knights envide, and ladies eke did

One day whenas she long had sought for ease
In every place, and every place thought best,
Yet found no place that could her liking please,
She to a window came, that opened west,
Towards which coast her love his way addrest:
There looking forth shee in her heart did find
Many vain fancies working her unrest;
And sent her winged thoughts more swift than wind
To beare unto her love the message of her mind.

There as she looked long, at last she spide
One comming towards her with hasty speede;
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descride,
That it was one sent from her love indeede:
Who when he nigh approcht, shee mote aread
That it was Talus, Artegall his groome:
Whereat her hart was fild with hope and dreade;
Ne would she stay till he in place could come,
But ran to meete him forth to know his tidings sonme.

Even in the dore him meeting, she begun;
"And where is he thy lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once: and hath he lost or wun?"
The yron man, albe he wanted sence
And sorrowes feeling, yet, with conscience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And stood still mute, as one in great suspence;
As if that by his silence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning then himselfe it spake.

Till she againe thus sayd; "Talus, be bold,
And tell whatever it be, good or bad,
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold."
To whom he thus at length; "The tidings sad,
That I would hide, will needs I see be rad.
My lord (your love) by hard mishap doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully bestad."
"Ay me," quoth she, "what wicked destinie!
And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?"

"Not by that tyrant, his intended foe;
But by a tyrannesse," he then replide,
"That him captived hath in haplesse woe."
"Cease thou, bad newes-man; badly doest thou hide
Thy maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide;
The rest myselfe too readily can spell."
With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell;
And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

There she began to make her moanefull plaint
Against her knight for being so untrew;
And him to touch with falshoods fowle attaint,
That all his other honour overthrew.
Oft did she blame herselfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a straungers love so light,
Whose life and manners straunge she never knew;
And evermore she did him sharpely twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmely plight.

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,
To fight with him, and goodly die her last:
And then againe she did herselfe torment,
Inflicting on herselfe his punishment.
Awhile she walkt, and chaunt; awhile she threw
Herselfe uppon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did she not lament with loude alew, [few.
As women wont, but with deepe sighes and singults

Like as a wayward childe, whose sounder sleepe
Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth set himselfe to weepe,
Ne can be stild for all his nurses might,
But kicks, and squals, and shrickes for fell despight;
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing,
Now seeking darkenesse, and now seeking light,
Then craving sucke, and then the sucke refusing:
Such was this ladies fit in her loves fond accusing.

But when she had with such unquiet fits
Herselfe there close afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She unto Talus forth returu'd againe,
By change of place seeking to ease her paine;
And gan enquire of him with mylder mood
The certaine cause of Artegals detaine,
And what he did, and in what statę he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

"Ah wellaway!" sayd then the yron man,
"That he is not the while in state to woo;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now undoo."
"Sayd I not then," quoth she, "ere-while aright,
That this is thinge compacte betwixt you two
Me to deceive of faith unto me plight,
Since that he was not forst, nor overcome in fight?"

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captivance sad;
In sort as ye have heard the same of late:
All which when she with hard endurance had
Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad,
With sòdaine stounds of wrath and grief attone;
Ne would abide, till she had aunswere made;
But streight herselfe did dight, and armor don,
And mounting to her steede bad Talus guide her on.

So forth she rode uppon her ready way,
To seeke her knight, as Talus her did guide:
Sadly she rode, and never word did say
Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside,
But still right downe; and in her thought did hide
The falnesse of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce avengement of that womans pride,
Which had her lord in her base prison pent,
And so great honour with so fowle reproch had blent.

So as she thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
She chaunst to meete toward the even-tide
A knight, that softly paced on the plaine,
As if himselfe to solace he were faine:
Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
To peace then needlesse trouble to constraine;
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant, that no evill ment.

He comming neare gan gently her salute
With curteous words, in the most comely wize;
Who though flesirous rather to rest mute,
Then termes to entertaine of common guize,
Yet rather then she kindnesse would despize,
She would herselfe displease, so him requite:
Then gan the other further to devize
Of things abrode, as next to hand did light, [light:
And many things demaund, to which she answer'd

For little lust had she to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare that mote delightfull bee;
Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,
That gave none other place. Which when as hee
By outward signes (as well he might) did see,
He list no longer to use lothfull speach,
But her besought to take it well in gree,
Sith shady dampe had dimd the Heavens reach,
To lodge with him that night, unles good cause empeach.

The champioresse, now seeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeeld unto his good request;
And with him went without gaine-saying more
Not farre away, but little wide by west,
His dwelling was, to which he her addrest;
Whose soone arriving they rece ved were
In seemely wise, as them beseemed best;
For he their host them goodly well did cheare,
And talk't of pleasant things the night away to weare.

Thus passing th' evening well, till time of rest,
Then Britomart unto a bowre was brought;
Where groomes awayted her to have undrest:
But she ne would undressed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much besought:
For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo
Those warlike weedes, till she revenge had wrought
Of a late wrong uppon a mortall foe;
Which she would sure performe betide her wele or wo.

Which when their host perceiv'd, right discontent
In minde he grew, for feare least by that art
He should his purpose misse, which close he ment:
Yet taking leave of her he did depart:
There all that night remained Britomart,
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe-grieved,
Not suffering the least twinckling sleepe to start
Into her eye, which th' heart mote have relieved;
But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight reprieved.

"Ye guilty eyes," sayd she, "the which with guyle
My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray,
My life now too, for which a little whyle
Ye will not watch? false watches, wellaway!
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Unto your losse; and now needes will ye sleepe?
Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather weepe
To thinke of your nights want, that should yee waking keepe."

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
In waylfull plaints, that none was to appease;
Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,
As sundry change her seemed best to ease.
No lesse did Talus suffer sleepe to seaze
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease;
Like to a spaniell wayting carefully
Least any should betray his lady treacherously.

What time the native bellman of the night,
The bird that warned Peter of his fall,
First rings his silver bell t' each sleepy wight,
That should their mindes up to devotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall:
All sodainely the bed, where she should lie,
By a false trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was raysd againe, that no man could it spie.

With sight whereof she was dismayd right sore,
Perceiving well the treason which was ment:
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would ensue of that event.
It was not long before she heard the sound
Of armed men comming with close intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull stound
She quickly caught her sword, and shield about her bound.

With that there came unto her chamber dore
Two knights all armed ready for to fight;
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight:
Whom soone as Talus spide by glims of night,
He started up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thresher ready knight:
They, seeing that, let drive at him streightway,
And round about him preace in riotous array.

But, soone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed knights and eke unarmed rout:
Yet Talus after them apace did plie,
Whorever in the darke he could them spie;
That here and there like scattred sheepe they lay:
Then, backe returning where his dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning
To be avenged for so fowle a deede,
Yet being forst t' abide the dawes returning,
She there remain'd; but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practise should proceede.
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknowen was) whence all this did proceede;
And for what cause so great mischievous smart
Was ment to her that never evill ment in hart.

The goodman of this house was Dolon hight;
A man of subtill wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde
Of life: for he was nothing valorous,
But with slie shiftes and wiles did undermine
All noble knights, which were adventurous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compasse wonnes:
The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
By Artegall, through his owne guilty wile;
His name was Guizor; whose untimely fate
For to avenge, full many trensons vile
His father Dolon had deviz'd of late [hate,
With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cankred

For sure he weend that this his present guest
Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,
Which still was wont with Artegall remaine;
And therefore ment him surely to have slaine:
But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,
She was preserved from their traytrous traine.
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eyelids to oppresse.

The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
Discovered had the light to living eye,
She forth yssew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t' avenge that villany
On that vilde man and all his family:
And, comming down to seeke them where they wond,
Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie;
Each rowme she sought, but them all empty fond:
They all were fled for feare; but whether, nether kond.

She saw it vaine to make there longer stay,
But tooke her steede; and thereon mounting light
Gan her addresse unto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that she saw there present in her sight
Those two false brethren on that perillous bridge,
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight.
Streight was the passage, like a ploughed ridge,
That, if two met, the one mote needs fall o'er the ridge.

There they did thinke themselves on her to wreake:
Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one
These vile reproches gan unto her speake;
"Thou recreant false traytor, that with loue
Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet knight art none,
No more shall now the darkenesse of the night
Defend thee from the vengeaunce of thy fone;
But with thy blood thou shalt appease the spright
Of Guizor by thee slaine and murdred by thy slight."

Strange were the words in Britomartis eare;
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perilous bridge she came; and there
Talus desir'd that he might have prepared
The way to her, and those two losels scared:
But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
The glauncing sparkles through her bever glared,
And from her eies did flash out fiery light,
Like coles that through a silver censer sparkle bright.

She stayd not to advise which way to take;
But, putting spurres unto her fiery beast,
Thorough the midst of them she way did make.
The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
Upon her speare she bore before her breast,
Till to the bridges further end she past;
Where falling downe his challenge he releast:
The other over side the bridge she cast
Into the river, where he drunke his deadly last.

As when the flashing levin haps to light
Upon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare
That way betwixt them none appeares in sight;
The engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th' one from the earth, and through the aire doth beare;
The other it with force doth overthrow
Upon one side, and from his rootes doth reare:
So did the championesse those two there strow,
And to their sire their careassess left to bestow.

CANTO VII.

Britomart comes to Isis Church,
Where shee strange visions sees:
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Artegall thence frees.

Nought in on Earth more sacred or divine,
That gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue that doth right define:
For th' Heavens themselves, whence mortal men implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest Iove, who doth true justice deale
To his inferiour gods, and evermore
Therewith contalues his heavenly common weale:
The skill whereof to princes hearts he doth reveale.

Well therefore did the antique world invent
That Justice was a god of soveraine grace
And altars unto him and temples lent,
And heavenly honours in the highest place;
Calling him great Osyris, of the race
Of th' old Ægyptian kings that whylome were;
With fayned colours shading a true case;
For that Osyris, whilest he lived here,
The justest man alive and truest did appeare,

His wife was Isis; whom they likewish made
A goddesse of great powre and soverainety,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of justice which is equity,
Whereof I have to treat here presently:
Unto whose temple whenas Britomart
Arrived, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But Talus mote not be admitted to her part.

There she received was in goodly wize
Of many priests, which duely did attend
Uppon the rites and daily sacrifize,
All clad in linnen robes with silver hemd;
And on their heads with long locks comely kemd
They wore rich mitres shaped like the Moone,
To shew that Isis doth the Moone portend;
Like as Osyris signifies the Sunne:
For that they both like race in equall justice runne.

The championesse them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did behould
Borne uppon stately pillours, all dispred
With shining gold, and arched over hed,
She wondred at the workmans passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor red;
And thereuppon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never gaze her fill.

Thenceforth unto the idoll they her brought;
The which was framed all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of silver twine:
Uppon her head she wore a crowne of gold;
To shew that she had powre in things divine:
And at her feete a crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

One foote was set uppon the crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand;
So meaning to suppresse both forged guile
And open force: and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white scepter wand.
Such was the goddesse: whom when Britomart
Had long beheld, herselfe uppon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart
Unto herselfe her silent prayers did impart.

To which the idoll as it were inclining
Her wand did move with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sence desining:
Who well perceiving how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was overcast,
And ioyous light the house of love forsooke:
Which when she saw, her helmet she unlaste,
And by the altars side herselfe to slumber plaste.

For other beds the priests there used none,
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,
And bake their sides uppon the cold hard stone,
T' enure themselves to sufferaunce thereby,
And proud rebellious flesh to mortify:
For, by the vow of their religion,
They tied were to stedfast chastity
And continence of life; that, all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their devotion.

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth blond containe,
Ne drinke of wine; for wine they say is blood,
Even the bloud of gyants, which were slaine
By thundring Iove in the Phlegrean plaine:
For which the Earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her sonnes which gainst them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did against them swell:

And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
The fruitfull vine; whose liquor blouddy red,
Having the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stirre up old rebellious thought
To make new warre against the gods againe:
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
The foll contagion may thereof restraine,
Ne within reasons rule her madding mood containe.

There did the warlike maide herselfe repose,
Under the wings of Isis all that night;
And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,
After that long daies toile and weary plight:
Where whilest her earthly parts with soft delight
Of sencelesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare unto her heavenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close implie
The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifize
To Isis, deckt with mitre on her hed
And linnen stole after those priestes guize,
All sodainely she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And moone-like mitre to a crowne of gold;
That even she herselfe much wondered
At such a chaunge, and ioyed to behold
Herselfe adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold.

And, in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemed from below
To rise through all the temple sodainely,
That from the altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Uppon the ground; which, kindled privily,
Into outragious flames unwares did grow,
That all the temple put in icopardy
Of flaming, and herselfe in great perplexity.

With that the crocodile, which sleeping lay
Under the idols feete in fearelesse bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stowre;
And gaping greedy wide did streight devoure
Both flames and tempest; with which growen great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse powre,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat; [beat.
But that the goddesse with her rod him backe did

The, turning all his pride to humblesse meeke,
Himselfe before her feete he lowly throw,
And gan for grace and love of her to seeke:
Which she accepting, he so neare her drew,
That of his game she soone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a lion of great might,
That shortly did all other beasts subdew:
With that she waked full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that so uncouth sight.

So thereuppon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie;
Untill she spide the lampe of lightsome day
Up-lifted in the porch of Heaven hie:
Then up she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas,
Whereas the priests she found full busily
About their holy things for morrow mas;
Whom she saluting faire, faire resaluted was:

But, by the change of her unchearefull looke,
They might perceive she was not well in plight,
Or that some pensiveness to heart she tooke:
Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd in sight
To be the greatest and the gravest wight,
To her bespake; "Sir Knight, it seemes to me
That, thorough evill rest of this last night,
Or ill apayd or much dismayd ye be;
That by your change of cheare is easie for to see."

"Certes," sayd she, "sith ye so well have spide
The troublous passion of my pensive mind,
I will not seeke the same from you to hide;
But will my cares unfolde, in hope to find
Your aide to guide me out of errour blind."
"Say on," quoth he, "the secret of your hart:
For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,
I am adiur'd best counsell to impart
To all that shall require my comfort in their smart."

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
Of all that vision which to her appeard,
As well as to her minde it had recourse.
All which when he unto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared
Through great astonishment of that strange sight;
And, with long locks up-standing stifly, stared
Like one adawed with some dreadfull spright:
So fild with heavenly fury thus he her behight;

"Magnificke virgin, that in queint disguise
Of British armes doest maske thy royall blood,
So to pursue a perillous emprize; [hood,
How couldst thou weene, through that disguized
To hide thy state from being understood?
Can from th' immortall gods ought hidden bee?
They doe thy linage, and thy lordly brood,
They doe thy sire lamenting sore for thee,
They doe thy love forlorne in womens thraldome see.

"The end whereof, and all the long event,
They do to thee in this same dreame discover:
For that same crocodile doth represent
The righteous knight that is thy faithfull lover,
Like to Osyris in all iust endover:
For that same crocodile Osyris is,
That under Isis feete doth sleepe for ever;
To shew that clemence oft, in things amis, [his
Restraines those sterne behests and cruell doomes of

"That knight shall all the troublous stormes asswage
And raging flames, that many foes shall reare
To hinder thee from the iust heritage
Of thy sires crowne, and from thy countrey deare:
Then shalt thou take him to thy loved fore,
And ioyne in equall portion of thy realme:
And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
That lion-like shall show his powre extreame.
So blesse thee God, and give thee ioyance of thy dreame!"

All which when she unto the end had heard,
She much was eased in her troublous thought,
And on those priests bestowed rich reward;
And royall gifts of gold and silver wrought
She for a present to their goddesse brought.
Then taking leave of them she forward went
To seeke her love, where he was to be sought;
Ne rested till she came without relent
Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

Whereof when newes to Radigund was brought,
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confused in her troublous thought;
But filld with courage and with ioyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
Had long surceast, she had to open bold,
That she the face of her new foe might see:
But when they of that yron man had told,
Which late her folke had slaine, she bad them forth to hold.

So there without the gate, as seemed best,
She caused her pavilion be pight;
In which stout Britomart herselfe did rest,
Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night.
All night likewise they of the towne in fright
Uppon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
Had doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe;

And caused streight a trumpet loud to shrill,
To warne her foe to battell soone be prest:
Who, long before awoke, (for she full ill
Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet brest
Did closely harbour such a ielous guest)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty crest
Did forth issue all ready for the fight;
On th' other side her foe appeared soone in sight.

But, ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the streight conditions to propound,
With which she used still to tye her fone,
To serve her so, as she the rest had bound:
Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd
For high disdaine of such indignity,
And would no longer treat, but bad them sound:
For her no other termes should ever tie
Then what prescribed were by lawes of chevalrie.

The trumpets sound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smot;
Ne either sought the others strokes to shun,
But through great fury both their skill forgot,
And practicke use in armes; ne spared not
Their dainty parts, which Nature had created
So faire and tender without staine or spot
For other uses then they them translated; [hated.
Which they now hackt and hewd as if such use they

As when a tygre and a lionesse
Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedinesse:
But first the tygre clawes thereon did lay;
And therefore loth to loose her right away
Doth in defilnce thereof full stoutly stond:
To which the lion strongly doth gainesay,
That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hond;
And therefore ought it have wherever she it fond.

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes unmercifully sore;
Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,
And them repaide againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
Was filld with bloud which from their sides did flow,
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lives did strow,
Like fruitles seede, of which untimely death should grow.

At last proud Radigund with fell despight,
Having by chaunce espide advantage neare,
Let drive at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus upbrayding said; "This token beare
Unto the man whom thou doest love so deare;
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gavest."
Which spitefull words she sore engriev'd to heare
Thus answer'd; "Lewdly thou my love depravest,
Who shortly must repent that now so vainely bravest."

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glauncing on her shoulder-plate it bit
Unto the bone, and made a grisly wound,
That she her shield through raging smart of it
Could scarse uphold; yet soone she it requit:
For, having force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on the plaine.

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britonesse
Stayd not till she came to herselfe againe;
But in revenge both of her loves distresse
And her late vile reproch though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft:
Which dreadfull sight when all her warlike traine
There present saw, each one of sence bereft
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor left.

But yet so fast they could not home retrate,
But that swift Talus did the formost win;
And, pressing through the preace unto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in:
There then a piteous slaughter did begin;
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his yron flale did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach; [preach.
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may em-

And now by this the noble conqueresse
Herselfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where though revengefull vow she did professe,
Yet, when she saw the heapes which he did make
Of slaughtred carkasses, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost rive,
That she his fury willed him to slake:
For else he sure had left not one alive;
But all, in his revenge, of spirite would deprive.

Tho, when she had his execution stayd,
She for that yron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched love was captive layd:
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred into all the partes entire:
Where when she saw that lothly uncouth sight
Of man disguiz'd in womanishe attire,
Her heart gan grudge for very deepe despight
Of so unmanly maske in misery misdight.

At last whenas to her owne love she came,
Whom like disguize no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad
To have beheld a spectacle so bad;
And then too well believ'd that which tofore
Iealous suspect as true untruely drad:
Which vaine conceipt now nourishing no more,
She sought with ruth to salve his sad misfortunes sore.

Not so great wonder and astonishment
Did the most chast Penelope possesse,
To see her lord, that was reported drent
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
After long travell of full twenty yeares;
That she knew not his favours likelynesse,
For many scarres and many hoary heares; [feares.
But stood long staring on him mongst uncertaine

"Ah! my deare lord, what sight is this," quoth she,
"What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t' embrew
In bloud of kings, and great hoastes to subdew?
Could ought on Earth so wondrous change have wrought,
As to have robde you of that manly hew?
Could so great courage stouped have to ought?
Then farewell, fleshly force; I see thy pride is nought!"

Thenceforth she streight into a bowre him brought,
And causd him those uncomely weedes undight;
And in their steede for other rayment sought,
Whereof there was great store, and armors bright,
Which had bene reft from many a noble knight;
Whom that proud Amazon subdewed had,
Whilest fortune favourd her successe in fight:
In which whenas she him anew had clad, [glad.
She was reviv'd, and ioyd much in his semblance

So there awhile they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:
During which space she there as princesse rained;
And changing all that forme of common-weale
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long usurpt; and, them restoring
To mens subiection, did true iustice deale:
That all they, as a goddesse her adoring, [loring.
Her wisedome did admire, and hearkned to her

For all those knights, which long in captive shade
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free;
And magistrates of all that city made,
And gave to them great living and large fee:
And, that they should for ever faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fealty to Artegall:
Who when himselfe now well recur'd did see,
He purposd to proceed, whatso befall,
Uppon his first adventure which him forth did call.

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
For his departure, her new cause of griefe;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consisted much in that adventures priefe:
The care whereof, and hope of his successe,
Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe;
That womanish complaints she did represse,
And tempred for the time her present heavinesse.

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more increase:
Then, hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine and sorrow somewhat ease,
She parted thence, her anguish to appease.
Meane while her noble lord sir Artegall
Went on his way; ne ever howre did cease,
Till he redeemed had that lady thrall:
That for another canto will more fitly fall.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure and sir Artegall
Free Samient from feare:
They slay the Soudan; drive his wife'
Adicia to despaire.

Nought under Heaven so strongly doth allure
The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigour to represse,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifye
Their hardned hearts enur'd to blood and cruelty.

So whylome learnd that mighty Iewish swaine,
Each of whose lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his spoiles before his lemans traine:
So also did that great Oetean knight
For his love sake his lions skin undight;
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The worlds whole rule for Cleopatras sight.
Such wondrous powre hath womens faire aspect
To captive men, and make them all the world reiect.

Yet could it not sterne Artegall retraine,
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
Which he had undertane to Gloriane;
But left his love (albe her strong request)
Faire Britomart in languor and unrest,
And rode himselfe uppon his first intent:
Ne day nor night did ever idly rest;
Ne wight but onely Talus with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous government.

So travelling, he chaunst far off to heed
A damzell flying on a palfrey fast
Before two knights that after her did speed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chast
In hope to have her overhent at last:
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent;
And ever as she rode her eye was backeward bent.

Soone after these he saw another knight,
That after those two former rode apace
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might:
So ran they all, as they had bene at bace,
They being chased that did others chace.
At length he saw the hindmost overtake
One of those two, and force him turne his face;
However loth he were his way to slake,
Yet mote he algates now abide, and answere make.

But th' other still pursu'd the fearefull mayd;
Who still from him as fast away did flie,
Ne once for ought her speedy passage stayd,
Till that at length she did before her spie
Sir Artegall, to whom she streight did hie
With gladfull hast, in hope of him to get
Succour against her greedy enimy:
Who seeing her approch gan forward set
To save her from her feare, and him from force to let.

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd still his course, and by the way
Thought with his speare him quight have overwent.
So both together, ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met: but Artegall was stronger,
And better skild in tilt and turnament,
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer
Then two speares length: so mischiefe overmatcht the wronger:

And in his fall misfortune him mistooke;
For on his head unhappily he pight,
That his owne waight his necke asunder broke,
And left there dead. Meane while the other knight
Defeated had the other faytour quight,
And all his bowels in his body brast:
Whom leaving there in that dispiteous plight,
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
His other fellow Pagan which before him past.

Instead of whom finding there ready prest
Sir Artegall, without discretion
He at him ran with ready speare in rest:
Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,
Against him made againe: so both anon
Together met, and strongly either stroke
And broke their speares; yet neither has forgon
His horses backe, yet to and fro long shooke
And tottred, like two towres which through a tempest quooke.

But, when againe they had recovered sence,
They drew their swords, in mind to make amends
For what their speares had fayld of their pretence:
Which when the damzell, who those deadly ends
Of both her foes had seene, and now her frends
For her beginning a more fearefull fray;
She to them runnes in hast, and her haire rends,
Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
Untill they both do heare what she to them will say.

They stayd their hands; when she thus gan to speake;
"Ah! gentle knights, what meane ye thus unwise
Upon yourselves anothers wrong to wreake?
I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprise
Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise:
Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see
There dead on ground: what doe ye then devise
Of more revenge? if more, then I am shee [mee."
Which was the roote of all; end your revenge on

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about
To weete if it were true as she had told;
Where when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftsoones they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,
And ventailes reare each other to behold.
Tho, when as Artegall did Arthure vew,
So faire a creature and so wondrous bold,
He much admired both his heart and hew,
And touched with intire affection nigh him drew;

Saying, "Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus soft,
Suffring my hand against my heart to stray:
Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
Yeeld for amends myselfe yours evermore,
Or whatso penaunce shall by you be red."
To whom the prince; "Certes me needeth more
To crave the same; whom errour so misled,
As that I did mistake the living for the ded.

"But, sith ye please that both our blames shall die,
Amends may for the trespasse soone be made,
Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby."
So can they both themselves full eath perswade
To faire accordaunce, and both faults to shade,
Either embracing other lovingly,
And swearing faith to either on his blade,
Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,
But either others cause to maintaine mutually.

Then Artegall gan of the prince enquire,
What were those knights which there on ground were layd,
And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire,
And for what cause they chased so that mayd.
"Certes I wote not well," the prince then sayd,
"But by adventure found them faring so,
As by the way unweetingly I strayd,
And lo! the damzell selfe, whence all did grow,
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion know."

Then they that damzell called to them nie,
And asked her, what were those two her fone,
From whom she earst so fast away did flie;
And what was she herselfe so woe-begone,
And for what cause pursu'd of them attone.
To whom she thus; "Then wote ye well, that I
Doe serve a queene that not far hence doth wone,
A princesse of great powre and maiestie, [nie.
Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and

"Her name Mercilla most men use to call;
That is a mayden queene of high renowne,
For her great bounty knowen over all
And soveraine grace, with which her royall crowne
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
The malice of her foes, which her envy
And at her happinesse do fret and frowne;
Yet she herselfe the more doth magnify,
And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

"Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
There is a mighty man, which wonnes here by,
That with most fell despight and deadly hate
Seekes to subvert her crowne and dignity,
And all his powre doth thereunto apply:
And her good knights, (of which so brave a band
Serves her as any princesse under sky)
He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand.

"Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill,
Which he unto her people does each day;
But that he seekes by trayterous traines to spill
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay:
That, O ye Heavens, defend! and turne away
From her unto the miscreant himselfe;
That neither hath religion nor fay,
But makes his god of his ungodly pelfe,
And idoles serves: so let his idols serve the Elfe!

" To all which cruell tyranny, they say,
He is provokt, and stird up day and night
By his bad wife that hight Adicia;
Who counsels him, through confidence of might,
To breake all bonds of law and rules of right:
For she herselfe professeth mortall foe
To Justice, and against her still doth fight,
Working, to all that love her, deadly woe,
And making all her knights and people to doe so.

" Which my liege lady seeing, thought it best
With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,
For stint of strife and stablishment of rest
Both to herselfe and to her common-weale,
And all forepast displeasures to repeale.
So me in message unto her she sent,
To treat with her, by way of enterdeale,
Of finall peace and faire attonëment
Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

" All times have wont safe passage to afford
To messengers that come for causes iust:
But this proude dame, disdayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,
Reviling me and rayling as she lust,
But lastly, to make proofe of utmost shame,
Me like a dog she out of doros did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That never did her ill, ne once deserved blame.

" And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
When I was gone, soone after me she sent
These two false knights, whom there ye lying see,
To be by them dishonoured and shent:
But, thanke be God, and your good hardiment!
They have the price of their owne folly payd."
So said this damzell, that hight Samient;
And to those knights for their so noble ayd
Herselfe most gratefull shew'd, and heaped thanks repayd.

But they now having throughly heard and seene
All those great wrongs, the which that mayd com-
To have bene done against her lady queene [plained
By that proud dame, which her so much disdained,
Were moved much thereat, and twixt them fained
With all their force to worke avengement strong
Upon the Souldan selfe, which it maintained,
And on his lady, th' author of that wrong,
And uppon all those knights that did to her belong.

But, thinking best by counterfet disguise
To their designe to make the easier way,
They did this complot twixt themselves devise:
First, that sir Artegall should him array
Like one of those two knights which dead there lay;
And then that damzell, the sad Samient,
Should as his purchast prize with him convay
Unto the Souldans court, her to present
Unto his scornefull lady that for her had sent.

So as they had deviz'd, sir Artegall
Him clad in th' armour of a Pagan knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
That damzell, led her to the Souldans right:
Where soone as his proud wife of her had sight,
Forth of her window as she looking lay,
She weened straight it was her Paynim knight,
Which brought that damzell as his purchast pray;
And sent to him a page that mote direct his way:

Who, bringing them to their appointed place,
Offred his service to disarme the knight;
But he refusing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be discovered by his sight,
Kept himselfe still in his straunge armour dight:
Soone after whom the prince arrived there,
And, sending to the Souldan in despight
A bold defyance, did of him requere
That damzell whom he held as wrongfull prisonere.

Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swearing and banning most blasphemously,
Commaunded straight his armour to be brought;
And, mounting straight upon a charret hye,
(With yron wheeles and hookes arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell steedes which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He slaughtred hall, and ere they were halfe ded
Their bodies to his beastes for provendin did spred;)

So forth he came all in a cote of plate
Burnisht with bloudie rust; whiles on the greene
The Briton prince him readie did awayte
In glistering armes right goodly well beseene,
That shone as bright as doth the Heaven sheene;
And by his stirrup Talus did attend,
Playing his pages part, as he had beene
Before directed by his lord; to th' end
He should his flaile to finall execution bend.

Thus goe they both together to their geare
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
For the proud Souldan, with presumptuous cheare
And countenance sublime and insolent,
Sought onely slaughter and avengëment;
But the brave prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
More in his cause truth he trusted then in might.

Like to the Thracian tyrant, who they say
Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedie pray,
And torne in pieces by Alcides great;
So thought the Souldan, in his follies threat,
Either the prince in peeces to have torne
With his sharpe wheeles in his first rages heat,
Or under his fierce horses feet have borne,
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdained scorne.

But the bold child that perill well espying,
If he too rashly to his charret drew,
Gave way unto his horses speedie flying,
And their resistlesse rigour did eschew:
Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,
That, had he not it shunn'd with heedfull vew,
It had himselfe transfixed or his horse, [morse.
Or made them both one masse withouten more re-

Oft drew the prince onto his charret nigh,
In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare;
But he was mounted in his seat so high,
And his wing-footed courseres him did beare
So fast away, that, ere his readie speare
He could advance, he farre was gone and past;
Yet still he him did follow every where,
And followed was of him likewise full fast,
So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did last.

Againe the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant store
On every side of his embattled cart,
And of all other weapons lesse or more,
Which warlike uses had deviz'd of yore:
The wicked shaft, guyded through th' ayrie wyde
By some bad spirit that it to mischiefe bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
And made a griesly wound in his enriven side.

Much was he grieved with that haplesse throe,
That opened had the wellspring of his blood;
But much the more that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come to wreake his wrathfull mood:
That made him rave, like to a lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand
Cannot come neare him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,
And fenst himselfe about with many a flaming brand.

Still when he sought t' approch unto him ny
His charret wheeles about him whirled round,
And made him backe againe as fast to fly;
And eke his steedes, like to an hungry hound
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursew and chace,
That his good steed, all were he much renound
For noble courage and for hardie race, [place.
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from place to

Thus long they trast and traverst to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make some breach;
Yet could the prince not nigh unto him goe,
That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,
Whereby his strengthes assay he might him teach:
At last, from his victorious shield he drew
The raile, which did his powrefull light empeach;
And comming full before his horses vew,
As they upon him prest, it plaine to them did shew.

Like lightening flash that hath the gazer burned,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That backe againe upon themselves they turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away:
Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay
With raynes or wonted rule, as well he knew:
Nought feared they what he could do or say,
But th' onely feare that was before their vew;
From which like mazed deere dismayfully they flew.

Past did they fly as them there feete could beare
High over hilles, and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare:
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweares, and rayles,
And backe with both his hands unto him hayles
The resty raynes, regarded now no more:
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought avayles;
They heare him not, they have forgot his lore;
But go which way they list; their guide they have forlore.

As when the furie-mouthed steedes, which drew
The Sunnes bright wayne to Phaëtons decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous scorpion vew
With ugly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,
That their well-knowen course they forwent;
And, leading th' ever burning lampe astray,
This lowar world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firmament.

Such was the furie of these head-strong steeds,
Soone as the infants sunlike shield they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and scorned all former law: [draw
Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did
The yron charet, and the wheeles did teare,
And tost the Paynim without feare or awe;
From side to side they tost him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine that would his crying heare.

Yet still the prince pursew'd him close behind,
Oft making offer him to smite, but found
No easie meanes according to his mind:
At last they have all overthrowne to ground
Quite topside turvey, and the Pagan hound
Amongst the yron hookes and graples keene
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound;
That no whole peece of him was to be seene,
But scattred all about, and strow'd upon the greene.

Like as the cursed sonne of Thesëus,
That following his chace in dewy morne,
To fly his stepdames love outrageous,
Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne;
That for his sake Diana did lament,
And all the woody nymphes did wayle and mourne:
So was this Souldain rapt and all to rent,
That of his shape appear'd no litle moniment.

Onely his shield and armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to brus'd and broken,
He up did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all, mongst whom this storie should be spoken,
How worthily, by Heavens high decree,
Iustice that day of wrong herselfe had wroken;
That all men, which that spectacle did see,
By like ensample mote for ever warned bee.

So on a tree, before the tyrants dore,
He caused them be hung in all mens sight,
To be a mouiment for evermore.
Which when his ladie from the castles hight
Beheld, it much appald her troubled spright:
Yet not, as women wont, in dolefull fit
She was dismayd, or fayntod through affright,
But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
And gan eftsoones devize to be aveng'd for it.

Streight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow
That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand, and fatally did vow
To wreake her on that mayden messengere,
Whom she had causd be kept as prisonere
By Artegall, misween'd for her owne knight,
That brought her backe: and, comming present there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with revenge and furious despight.

Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
She threw her husbands murdred infant out;
Or fell Medea, when on Colchicke strand
Her brothers bones she scattered all about;
Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout
Of Bacchus priests, her owne deare flesh did teare:
Yet neither Ino, nor Medea stout,
Nor all the Menades so furious were,
As this bold woman when she saw that damzell there.

But Artegall being thereof aware
Did stay her cruell hand ere she her raught;
And, as she did herselfe to strike prepare,
Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:
With that, like one enfelon'd or distraught,
She forth did rome whether her rage her bore,
With franticke passion and with furie fraught;
And, breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
Unto the wilde wood ranne, her dolours to deplore:

As a mad bytch, whenas the frantieke fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at random, and with furious bit
Snatching at every thing doth wreake her wrath
On man and beast that commeth in her path.
There they doe say that she transformed was
Into a tygre, and that tygres scath
In crueltie and outrage she did pas,
To prove her surname true, that she imposed has.

Then Artegall, himselfe discovering plaine,
Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout
Of knights and armed men, which did maintaine
That ladies part and to the Souldan lout:
All which he did assault with courage stout,
All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
And like wyld goates them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with cowheard shame;
So that with small force them all he overcame.

Then caused he the gates be opened wyde;
And there the prince, as victour of that day,
With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
Presenting him with all the rich array
And roiall pomp, which there long hidden lay,
Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong,
Of that proud Souldan, whom he earst did slay.
So both, for rest, there having stayd not long,
Marcht with that mayd; fit matter for another song.

CANTO IX.

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle
Whom Talus doth dismay:
They to Mercillaes pallace come,
And see her rich array.

What tygre, or what other salvage wight,
Is so exceeding furious and fell
As Wrong, when it hath arm'd itselfe with might?
Not fit mongst men that doe with reason mell,
But mongst wyld beasts, and salvage woods, to dwell;
Where still the strongor doth the weake devoure,
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell
Are dreadded most, and feared for their powre;
Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked bowre.

There let her wonne, farre from all sort of men,
Where righteous Artegall her late exyled;
There let her ever keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled:
And turne we to the noble prince, where late
We did him leave, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state.

Where having with sir Artegall a space
Well solast in that Souldans late delight,
They both, resolving now to leave the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Unto that damzell and her ladies right,
And so would have departed on their way:
But she them woo'd, by all the meanes she might,
And earnestly besought to wend that day
With her, to see her ladie thence not farre away.

By those entreatie both they overcommen
Agree to goe with her; and by the way,
As often falles, of sundry things did commen;
Mongst which that damzell did to them bewray
A straunge adventure which not farre thence lay;
To weet, a wicked villaine, bold and stout,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the countrie thereabout,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it out.

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, she sayd,
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both unassaylable, gave him great ayde:
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face:
Therefore by name Malengin they him call,
Well knowen by his feates, and famous over all.

Through these his slights he many doth confound:
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous strong and hewn farre under ground,
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell;
But some doe say it goeth downe to Hell:
And, all within, it full of wyndings is
And hidden wayes, that scarse an hound by smell
Can follow out those false footsteps of his,
Ne none can backe returne that once are gone amis.

Which when those knights had heard, their hearts gan earne
To understand that villeins dwelling place,
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it should trace.
"Were not," sayd she, "that it should let your pace
Towards my ladies presence by you ment,
I would you guyde directly to the place."
"Then let not that," said they, "stay your intent;
For neither will one foot, till we that carle have hent."

So forth they past, till they approched ny
Unto the rocke where was the villeins won:
Which when the damzell neare at hand did spy,
She warn'd the knights thereof: who thereupon
Gan to advize what best were to be done.
So both agreed to send that mayd afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and raysing pittifull uprore,
As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

With noyse whereof whenas the cnytive carle
Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
They in awayt would closely him ensnarle,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle;
And so would hope him easily to foyle.
The damzell straight went, as she was directed,
Unto the rocke; and there, upon a soyle
Having herselfe in wretched wize abiected,
Gan weepe and wayle as if great griefe had her affected.

The cry whereof entring the hollow cave
Liftsoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her some wishfull boot to have:
Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went
Upon the Earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long gurld locks that downe his shoulders shag-
And on his backe an uncouth vestiment [ged;
Made of straunge stuffe, but all to worne and ragged,
And underneath his breech was all to torne and
iagged.

And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
Whose top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke;
And ever round about he cast his looke:
Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
With which he seldom fished at the brooke,
But usd to fish for fooles on the dry shore, [store.
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great

Him when the damzell saw fast by her side,
So ugly creature, she was nigh dismayd;
And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride:
But, when the villaine saw her so affrayd,
He gan with guilefull words her to perswade
To banish feare; and with Sadonian smyle
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle, [whyle.
That from herself unwares he might her steale the

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
That they the whiles may take lesse heedie keepe,
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
So did the villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleasant tricks before her show,
To turne her eyes from his intent away:
For he in slights and ingling feates did flow,
And of legierdemayne the mysteries did know.

To which whilest she lent her intentive mind,
He suddenly his net upon her threw,
That overspread her like a puffe of wind;
And snatching her soone up, ere well she knew,
Ran with her fast away unto his mew,
Crying for helpe aloud: but whenns ny
He came unto his cave, and there did vew
The armed knights stopping his passage by,
He threw his burden downe and fast away did fly.

But Artegall him after did pursew;
The whiles the prince there kept the entrance still:
Up to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wyld gote, leaping from hill to hill,
And daunsing on the craggy cliffes at will;
That deadly daunger seem'd in all mens sight
To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill:
No ought avayled for the armed knight
To thinke to follow him that was so swift and light.

Which when he saw, his yron man he sent
To follow him; for he was swift in chace:
He him pursewd wherever that he went;
Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place
Whereso he fled, he followd him apace:
So that he shortly forst him to forsake
The hight, and downe descend unto the base:
There he him courst afresh, and soone did make
To leave his proper forme, and other shape to take.

Into a foxe himselfe he first did tourne;
But he him hunted like a foxe full fast:
Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme;
But he the bush did beat, till that at last
Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand:
But he then stones at it so long did cast,
That like a stone it fell upon the land;
But he then tooke it up, and held fast in his hand.

So he it brought with him unto the knights,
And to his lord sir Artegall it lent,
Warning him hold it fast for feare of slights:
Who whilest in hand it gryping hard he hent,
Into a hedgehogge all unwares it went,
And prickt him so that he away it threw:
Then gan it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew;
But Talus soone him overtooke, and backward drew.

But, whenas he would to a snake againe
Have turn'd himselfe, he with his yron flayle
Gan drive at him with so huge might and maine,
That all his bones as small as sandy grayle
He broke, and did his bowels disentrayle,
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past;
So did deceipt the selfe-deceiver fayle:
There they him left a carrion outcast
For beasts and foules to feede upon for their repast.

Thence forth they passed with that gentle mayd
To see her ladie, as they did agree:
To which when she approched, thus she sayd;
"Loe now, right noble knights, arriv'd ye bee
Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see:
There shall ye see my soverayne ladie queene,
Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
That ever yet upon this Earth was seene,
Or that with diademe hath ever crowned beene."

The gentle knights reioyced much to heare
The prayses of that prince so manifold;
And, passing litle further, commen were
Where they a stately pallace did behold
Of pompous show, much more then she had told,
With many towres and tarras mounted hye,
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seemed to out-shine the dimmed skye,
And with their brightnesse daz'd the straunge beholders eye.

There they alighting, by that damzell were
Directed in, and shewed all the sight;
Whose porch, that most magnificke did appeare,
Stood open wyde to all men day and night;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might
That sate thereby, with gyant-like resemblance,
To keepe out guyle, and malice, and despight,
That under shew oft-times of fayned semblance,
Are wont in princes courts to worke great scath and hindrance:

His name was Awe; by whom they passing in
Went up the hall, that was a large wyde roome,
All full of people making troublous din
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some
Which unto them was dealing righteous doome:
By whom they passing through the thickest preasse,
The marshall of the hall to them did come,
His name hight Order; who, commaunding peace,
Them guyded through the throng, that did their clamors ceasse.

They ceast their clamors upon them to gaze;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Straunge there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with unwonted terror halfe affray:
For never saw they there the like array;
No ever was the name of warre there spoken,
But ioyous peace and quietnesse alway
Dealing iust iudgments, that mote not be broken
For any brybes, or threates of any to be wroken.

There, as they entred at the seriene, they saw
Some one, whose tongue was for his trespasse vyle
Nayld to a post, adiudged so by law;
For that therewith he falsely did revyle
And foule blaspheme that queene for forged guyle,
Both with bold speaches which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems which he did compyle;
For the bold title of a poet bad [sprad.
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling rymes had

Thus there he stood, whilest high over his head
There written was the purport of his sin,
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
Bon Fons; but *Bon*, that once had written bin,
Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in:
So now *Malfont* was plainely to be red;
Eyther for th' evill which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welhed
Of evill words, and wicked sclaunders by him shed.

They, passing by, were guyded by degree
Unto the presence of that gratious queene;
Who sate on high, that she might all men see
And might of all men royally be seene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
As either might for wealth have gotten beene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare device;
And all embost with lyons and flourdelice.

All over her a cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her brode-spreading wings did wyde unfold;
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny beames,
Glistring like gold amongst the plights enrold,
And here and there shooting forth silver streames,
Mongst which crept litle angels through the glittering gleames.

Seemed those litle angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants through their nimblesse bold;
Besides, a thousand more of such as sings
Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompassed the throne on which she sate;
She, angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie conquerors, in royall state; [trate.
Whylest kings and Kesars at her feet did them pros-

Thus she did sit in soverayne maiestie,
Holding a sceptre in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had blest her happie land,
Maugre so many foes which did withstand:
But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand;
Yet whenas foes enforst, or friends sought ayde,
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismayde.

And round about before her feet there sate
A bevie of faire virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd t' adorne her royall state;
All lovely daughters of high Iove, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in loves delight
Upon the righteous Themis; those they say
Upon Ioves iudgment-seat wayt day and night;
And, when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,
They doe his anger calme and cruell vengeance stay.

They also doe, by his divine permission,
Upon the thrones of mortall princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through frayltie which offend:
Those did upon Mercillaes throne attend,
Iust Dice, wise Eunomie, myld Eirene;
And them amongst, her glorie to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance in garments clene,
And sacred Reverence yborne of heavenly strene.

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all;
Whylest underneath her feete, there as she state,
An huge great lyon lay, (that mote appall
An hardie courage) like captived thrall
With a strong yron chaine and coller bound,
That once he could not move, nor quich at all;
Yet did he murmure with rebellious sound,
And softly royne, when salvage choler gan redound,

So sitting high in dreaded soverayntie,
Those two strange knights were to her presence brought;
Who, bowing low before her maiestie,
Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,
And meekest boone that they imagine mought:
To whom she eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire stoupe of her high-soaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with some maiestie imperiall.

As the bright Sunne, what time his fierie teme
Towards the westerne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw;
So did this mightie ladie, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to her make,
Bate somewhat of that maiestie and awe
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more myld aspect those two to entertake.

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriv'd in place,
She was about affaires of common-wele,
Dealing of iustice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people mean and base:
Mongst which, as then, there was for to be heard
The tryall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard:
But, at the sight of these, those were awhile debard.

But, after all her princely entertayne,
To th' hearing of that former cause in hand
Herselfe oftsoones she gan convert againe;
Which that those knights likewise mote understand,
And witnesse forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them up unto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly scand
One either part, she placed th' one on th' one,
Th' other on th' other side, and neare them none.

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre,
A Indie of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface:
Yet, in that wretched semblant, she did sure
The peoples great compassion unto her allure.

Then up arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight, hard matters to revele; [speach
That well could charme his tongue, and time his
To all assayes; his name was called Zele:
He gan that ladie strongly to appole
Of many haynous crymes by her enured;
And with sharp reasons rang her such a pele,
That those, whom she to pitie had allured, [ed.
He now t' abhorre and loathe her person had procur-

First gan he tell how this, that seem'd so faire
And royally arayd, Duessa hight;
That false Duessa, which had wrought great care
And mickle mischiefe unto many a knight
By her beguyled and confounded quight:
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vyld treasons and outrageous shame,
Which she against the dred Mercilla oft did frame.

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspyred
With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspyred)
And with them practiz'd, how for to depryve
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it unto herselfe deryve, [dryve.
And tryumph in their blood whom she to death did

But through high Heavens grace, which favour not
The wicked driftes of trayterous desynes
Gainst loiall princes, all this cursed plot
Ere proofe it tooke discovered was betymes,
And th' actours won the meede meet for their crymes:
Such be the meede of all that by such meane
Unto the type of kingdomes title clymes!
But false Duessa, now untitled queene, [seene.
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be

Strongly did Zele her haynous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggravate the horror of her blame:
And with him, to make part against her, came
Many grave persons that against her pled.
First was a sage old syre, that had to name
The Kingdomes Care, with a white silver hed,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her red.

Then gan Authority her to oppose
With peremptorie powre, that made all mute;
And then the Law of Nations gainst her rose,
And reasons brought, that no man could repute;
Next gan Religion gainst her to impute
High Gods behoast, and powre of holy lawes;
Then gan the peoples cry and commons sute
Importune care of their owne publicke cause;
And lastly Iustice charged her with breach of lawes.

But then, for her, on the contrárie part,
Rose many advocates for her to plead:
First there came Pittie with full tender hart,
And with her ioyn'd Regard of Womanhead;
And then came Daunger threatning hidden dread
And high alliance unto forren powre;
Then came Nobilitie of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke stowre;
And lastly Griefe did plead, and many teares forth powre.

With the neare touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton prince was sore compassionate,
And woxe inclined much unto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate;
That for great ruth his courage gan relent:
Which whenas Zele perceived to abate,
He gan his earnest fervour to augment,
And many fearefull obiects to them to present.

He gan t' efforce the evidence anew,
And new accusements to produce in place:
He brought forth that old hag of hellish hew,
The cursed Atè, brought her face to face,
Who privie was and partie in the case:
She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach; and, to her more disgrace,
The plot of all her practise did display,
And all her traynes and all her treasons forth did lay.

Then brought he forth with griesly grim aspéct
Abhorred Murder, who with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect,
And there with guiltie bloudshed charged ryfe:
Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding stryfe
In troublous wits and mutinous uprore:
Then brought he forth Incontinence of lyfe,
Even foule Adulterie her face before,
And lewd Impietie, that her accused sore.

All which whenas the prince had heard and seene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie eftsoones was drawn cleene:
But Artegall, with constant firme intent
For zeale of justice, was against her bent:
So was she guiltie deemed of them all.
Then Zele began to urge her punishment,
And to their queene for iudgement loudly call,
Unto Mercilla myld, for justice gainst the thrall.

But she, whose princely breast was touched neare
With pitcous ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine she saw, by all that she did heare,
That she of death was guiltie found by right,
Yet would not let iust vengeance on her light;
But rather let, instead thereof, to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light;
The which she covering with her purple pall
Would have the passion hid, and up arose withall.

CANTO X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
For Belgee for to fight:
Geriones seneschall
He slayes in Belges right.

Some clarkes doe doubt in their devicefull art
Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
To weeten Mercie, be of Justice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate:
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almighties everlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men by influence of grace.

For if that vertue be of so great might
Which from iust verdict will for nothing start,
But, to preserve inviolated right,
Oft spilles the principall to save the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art
That seekes to save the subiect of her skill,
Yet never doth from doome of right depart;
As it is greater prayse to save then spill,
And better to reforme then to cut off the ill.

Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly prayse,
That herein deest all earthly princes pas?
What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour rayse
Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
And now on Earth itselfe enlarged has,
From th' utmost brinke of the Armericke shore,
Unto the margent of the Moluccas?
Those nations farre thy iustice doe adore; [more.
But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse much

Much more it praysed was of those two knights,
The noble prince and righteous Artegall,
Whon they had seene and heard her doome arights
Against Duessa, damned by them all;
But by her tempred without grieſe or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce:
And yet even then ruing her wilfull fall
With more then needfull naturall remorse,
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse.

During all which, those knights continu'd there
Both doing and receiving courtesies
Of that great ladie, who with goodly chere
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approving dayly to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare
And worthie paterns of her clemencies;
Which till this day mongst many living are,
Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
There came two springals of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land where they did dwell,
To seeke for succour of her and her peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
Sent by their mother who, a widow, was
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares
By a strong tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully, alas!

Hor name was Belgè; who in former age
A ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a frutefull heritage, [seen
Even seventeene goodly sonnes; which who had
In their first flowre, before this fatall teene,
Them overtooke and their faire blossoms blasted,
More happie mother would her surely weene
Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latonaes childrens wrath that all her issue wasted.

But this fell tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but five of all that brood:
For twelve of them he did by times devoure,
And to his idols sacrifice their blood,
Whylest he of none was stopped nor withstood:
For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,
Of horrible aspect and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one wast empight, [fight.
And th' armes and legs of three to succour him in

And sooth they say that he was borne and bred
Of gyants race, the sonne of Geryon;
He that whylome in Spaine so sore was dred
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subiection,
Through his three bodies powre in one combyn'd;
And eke all strangers, in that region
Arryving, to his kyne for food assynd;
The fayrest kyne alive, but of the fiercest kynd:

For they were all, they say, of purple hew,
Kept by a cowheard, hight Eurytion,
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe t' attend them on,
But walkt about them ever and anone
With his two-headed dogge that Orthrus hight;
Orthrus begotten by great Typhaon
And foule Echidna in the house of Night:
But Hercules them all did overcome in fight.

His sonne was this Geryoneo hight;
Who, after that his monstrous father fell
Under Alcides club, streight tooke his flight
From that sad land, where he his syre did quell,
And came to this, where Belgè then did dwell
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,
Being then new made widow, as befell,
After her noble husbands late decesse;
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretchednesse.

Then this bold tyrant, of her widowhed
Taking advantage and her yet fresh woes,
Himselfe and service to her offered,
Her to defend against all forrein foes
That should their powre against her right oppose:
Wherefore she glad, now needing strong defence,
Him entertayn'd and did her champion chose;
Which long he usd with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her fearelesse confidence.

By meanes whereof she did at last commit
All to his hands, and gave him soverains powre
To doe whatever he thought good or fit:
Which having got, he gan forth from that howre
To stirre up strife and many a tragicke stowre;
Giving her dearest children one by one
Unto a dreadfull monster to devoure,
And setting up an idole of his owne,
The image of his monstrous parent Geryone.

So tyrannizing and oppressing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
Yt unto gratious great Mercilla call
Mayde against that cruell tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft:
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes, she sent
To seeke for succour of this ladies gieft:
To whom their suite they humbly did present
In th' hearing of full many knights and ladies gent.

Amongst the which then fortuned to bee
The noble Briton prince with his brave peare;
Who when he none of all those knights did see
Hastily bent that enterprise to heare,
Nor undertake the same for cowheard feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mightie queene entreat
To graunt him that adventure for his former feat.

She gladly graunted it: then he straightway
Himselfe unto his iourney gan prepare,
And all his armours readie dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd with purple hayre
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light into the Heavens fayre,
When he was readie to his steede to mount
Unto his way, which now was all his care and count.

Then taking humble leave of that great queene,
Who gave him roiall giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankefull mind beseene,
And leaving Artegall to his owne care,
Upon his voyage forth he gan to fare
With those two gentle youthes, which him did guide
And all his way before him still prepare:
Ne after him did Artegall abide,
But on his first adventure forward forth did ride.

It was not long till that the prince arrived
Within the land where dwelt that ladie sad;
Whereof that tyrant had her now deprived,
And into moores and marshes banisht had,
Out of the pleasant soyle and cities glad,
In which she wont to harbour happily:
But now his cruelty so sore she drad,
That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,
And there herselfe did hyde from his hard tyranny.

There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
All solitarie without living wight;
For all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themselves, or taken further flight:
And eke herselfe through sudden strange affright,
When one in armes she saw, began to fly;
But, when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
She gan take hart and looke up ioyfully;
For well she wist this knight came succour to supply.

And, running unto them with greedy ioyes,
Fell straight about their neckes as they did kneele,
And bursting forth in teares; "Ah! my sweet
Syrd she, "yet now I gin new life to feele; [boyes,"
And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now rise againe at this your ioyous sight.
Already seemes that Fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and Sunne to shine more bright
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight."

Then turning unto him; "And you, sir Knight,"
Said she, "that taken have this toylesome paine
For wretched woman, miserable wight,
May you in Heaven immortall guerdon gaine
For so great travell as you doe sustaine!
For other meede may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought else but bare life doth remaine;
And that so wretched one, as ye do see
Is liker lingring death then loathed life to bee."

Much was he moved with her piteous plight;
And low dismounting from his loftie steede
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deepe-rooted dreede
With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede.
So thence he wished her with him to wend
Unto some place where they mote rest and feede,
And she take comfort which God now did send:
Good hart in evils doth the evils much amend.

"Ay me!" sayd she, "and whither shall I goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My pallaces possessed of my foe,
My cities sackt, and their sky-threatning towres
Raced and made smooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely these marishes and myrie bogs,
In which the fearefull ewftes do build their bowres,
Yeeld me an hostry mongst the croking frogs,
And harbour here in safety from those ravenous dogs."

"Nathlesse," said he, "deare ladie, with me goe;
Some place shall us receive and harbour yield;
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
And purchase it to us with speare and shield:
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field!
The Earth to all her creatures lodging lends."
With such his chearefull speaches he doth wield
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends;
And, bynding up her locks and weeds, forth with him wends.

They came unto a citie farre up land,
The which whylome that ladies owne had bene;
But now by force extort out of her hand
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her stately towres and buildings sunny sheene,
Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a castle huge had made, [swade.
The which did her commaund without needing per-

That castle was the strength of all that state,
Untill that state by strength was pulled downe;
And that same citie, so now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne;
Both goodly castle, and both goodly towne,
Till that th' offended Heavens list to lowre
Upon their blisse, and balefull fortune frowne.
When those gainst states and kingdomes do coniure,
Who then can thinke their headlong ruine to recure!

But he had brought it now in servile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of inquisition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to withstond;
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
And life enioy for any composition:
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Imposd on it with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to doe unto his idole most untrew.

To him he hath before this castle greene
Built a faire chappell, and an altar framed
Of costly ivory full rich beseene,
On which that cursed idole, farre proclamed,
He hath set up, and him his god hath named;
Offring to him in sinfull sacrifice
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse framed,
And powring forth their blond in brutishe wize,
That any yron eyes, to see, it would agrize.

And, for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that cursed idols altar-stone
An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was never seene of none
That lives on Earth; but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificed bee:
Those he devoures, they say, both flesh and bone;
What else they have is all the tyrants fee:
So that no whit of them remayning one may see.

There eke he placed a strong garrisone,
And set a seneschall of dreaded might,
That by his powre oppressed every one,
And vanquished all venturous knights in fight;
To whom he wont shew all the shame he might,
After that them in battell he had wonne:
To which when now they gan approch in sight,
The ladie counseld him the place to shonne,
Whereas so many knights had fouly bene fordonne.

Her fearefull speaches nought he did regard;
But, ryding streight under the castle wall,
Called alond unto the watchfull ward
Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call
Into the field their tyrants seneschall:
To whom when tydings thereof came, he streight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall
Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addresse him to the fight.

They both encounter in the middle plaine,
And their sharpe speares doe both together smite
Amid their shields with so huge might and maine,
That seem'd their soules they would have ryven
Out of their breasts with furious despight:
Yet could the seneschals no entrance find
Into the princes shield where it empight,
(So pure the metall was and well refynd)
But shivered all about, and scattered in the wynd:

Not so the princes; but with restlesse force
Into his shield it readie passage found,
Both through his habericon and eke his corse;
Which tombling downe upon the senselesse ground
Gave leave unto his ghost from thraldome bound
To wander in the grislie shades of night:
There did the prince him leave in deadly swound,
And thence unto the castle marched right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.

But, as he nigher drew, three knights he spyde,
All arm'd to point issuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ryde,
And meeting him right in the middle race
Did all their speares attonce on him enchace.
As three great culverings for batterie bent,
And levold all against one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thundrous rage forthrent,
That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment:

So all attonce they on the prince did thonder;
Who from his saddle swarved nought asyde,
Ne to their force gave way, that was great wonder;
But like a bulwarke firmely did abyde,
Rebutting him, which in the midst did ryde,
With so huge vigour, that his mortall spyte
Past through his shield and pierst through either syde;
That downe he fell uppon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

Whom when his other fellowes saw, they fled
As fast as feete could carry them away;
And after them the prince as swiftly sped,
To be aveng'd of their unknightly play.
There, whilest they entring th' one did th' other stay,
The hindmost in the gate he overheht,
And, as he pressed in, him there did slay:
His carkasse tumbling on the threshold sent
His groning soule unto her place of punishment.

The other which was entred laboured fast
To sperre the gate; but that same lumpe of clay,
Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and past,
Right in the middest of the threshold lay,
That it the posterne did from closing stay:
The whiles the prince hard preased in betweene,
And entraunce wonne: streight th' other fled away,
And ran into the hall, where he did weene
Himselfe to save; but he there slew him at the skreene.

Then all the rest which in that castle were,
Seeing that sad ensample them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them convayd out at a posterne dore.
Long sought the prince; but when he found no more
T' oppose against his powre, he forth issued
Unto that lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare with what she there had vewed,
And, what she had not seene within, unto her shewed:

Who with right humble thankes him goodly greeting
For so great prowesse as he there had proved,
Much greater then was ever in her weeting,
With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,
And honoured him with all that her behoved.
Thenceforth into that castle he her led
With her two sonnes right deare of her beloved;
Where all that night themselves they cherished,
And from her balefull minde all care he banished.

CANTO XI.

Prince Arthure overcomes the great
Geniones in fight:
Doth slay the monster, and restore
Belge unto her right.

It often fals, in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong:
But Justice, though her dome she doe prolong,
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right:
As by sad Belgè seemes; whose wrongs though long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this brave Briton knight.

Whereof when newes was to that tyrant brought,
How that the lady Belgè now had found
A champion, that had with his champion fought,
And laid his seneschall low on the ground,
And like him.selfe did threaten to confound;
He gan to burne in rage, and friese in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle unsound:
Yet, sith he heard but one that did appeare,
He did himselfe encourage and take better cheare.

Nathlesse himselfe he armed all in hast,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Unto the castle which they conquerd had:
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He sternely marcht before the castle gate,
And, with bold vaunts and ydle threatning, bad
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongefull state.

The prince staid not his answere to devize,
But opening streight the sparre forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize;
And asked him, if that he were the same,
Who all that wrong unto that wofull dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.
He boldly answerd him, he there did stand
That would his doings justifie with his owne hand.

With that so furiously at him he flew,
As if he would have over-run him streight;
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideously uppon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would have chopt it quight;
That the bold prince was forced foote to give
To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight;
The whilest at him so dreadfully he drive,
That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could have rive.

Thereto a great advauntage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrise multiplyde,
Besides the double strength which in them was:
For stil, when fit occasion did betyde,
He could his weapon shift from side to syde,
From hand to hand; and with such nimblesse sly
Could wield about, that, ere it were espide,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy
Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

Which uncouth use whenas the prince perceived,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Least by such slight he were unwares deceived;
And ever, ere he saw the stroke to land,
He would it meete and warily withstand.
One time when he his weapon saynd to shift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counter-stroke so swift,
That quite smit off his arme as he it up did lift.

Therewith all fraught with fury and disdaine
He brayd aloud for very fell despight;
And sodainely, t' avenge himselfe againe
Gan into one assemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
But the sad steele seizd not, where it was hight,
But the sad steele seizd not, where it was hight,
But somewhat short did fall,
Uppon the childe, but somewhat short did fall,
And lighting on his horses head him quite did mall.

Downe streight to ground fell his astonisht steed,
And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare;
But he himselfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan himselfe to fight on foote prepare:
Whereof whenas the gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might have seene enraung'd disorderly,
Like to a ranoke of piles that pitched are awry.

Eftsoones againe his axe he raught on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare,
And can let drive at him so dreadfullie,
That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,
Ere that huge stroke arrived on him neare,
He had him surely cloven quite in twaine:
But th' adamantine shield which he did beare
So well was tempred, that for all his maine
It would no passage yeeld unto his purpose vaine.

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
That made him stagger with uncertaine sway,
As if he would have tottered to one side:
Wherewith full wroth he fiercely gan assay
That curt'sie with like kindnesse to repay,
And smote at him with so importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitlesse braunches, which the hatchets slight
Hath pruned from the native tree and cropped quight.

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,
And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw
Against his gods, and fire to them did threat,
And Hell unto himselfe with horrour great:
Thenceforth he car'd no more which way he strooke,
Nor where it light; but gan to chafe and sweat,
And gnasht his teeth, and his head at him shooke,
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats;
But onely wexed now the more aware
To save himselfe from those his furious hurts,
And watch advauntage how to worke his care,
The which good fortune to him offred faire:
For as he in his rage him overstrooke,
He, ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His side all bare and naked overtooke, [stroke.
And with his mortal steel quite through the body

Through all three bodies he him strooke attonce,
That all the three attonce fell on the plaine,
Else should he thrise have needed for the nonce
Them to have stricken, and thrise to have slaine.
So now all three one senceless lumpe remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloudy gore,
And byting th' earth for very Deaths disdaine;
Who, with a cloud of night him covering, bore
Downe to the House of Dole, his daies there to deplore.

Which when the lady from the castle saw,
Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand,
She towards him in hast herselfe did draw
To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
And all the people both of towne and land,
Which there stood gazing from the alties wall
Uppon these warriours, greedy t' understand
To whether should the victory befall,
Now when they saw it falne, they eke him greeted all.

But Belgè with her sonnes prostrated low
Before his feete, in all that peoples sight, [wo,
Mongst ioyes mixing some tears, mongst wele some
Him thus bespake; "O most redoubted knight,
The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
And these weake impes replanted by thy might;
What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,
But ev'n that which thou savedst thine still to remaine!"

He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the best he might,
Saying; "Deare lady, deedes ought not be scand
By th' authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their trueth and by the causes right:
That same is it which fought for you this day.
What other meed then need me to requight,
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
That is, the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay."

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace,
And further sayd; "Ah! sir, but mote ye please,
Sith ye thus farre have tendred my poore case,
As from my chiefest foe me to release,
That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
Till ye have rooted all the relickes out
Of that vilde race, and stablished my peace."
"What is there else," sayd he "left of their rout?
Declare it boldly, dame, and doe not stand in dout."

"Then wote you, sir, that in this church hereby
There stands an idole of great note and name,
The which this gyant reared first on hie,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:
To whom, for endlesse horrour of his shame,
He offred up for daily sacrifize
My children and my people, burnt in flame
With all the tortures that he could devize, [guize.
The more t' aggrate his god with such his blouddy

"And underneath this idoll there doth lie
An hideous monster, that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carkasses that die
In sacrifize unto that cursed feend:
Whose ugly shape none ever saw, nor kend,
That ever scap'd: for of a man they say
It has the voice, that speaches forth doth send,
Even blasphemous words, which she doth bray
Out of her poisnous entrails fraught with dire decay."

Which when the prince heard tell, his heart gan earne
For great desire that monster to assay;
And prayd the place of her abode to learne:
Which being show'd, he gan himselfe streightway
Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display.
So to the church he came, where it was told
The monster underneath the altar lay;
There he that idoll saw of massy gold
Most richly made, but there no monster did behold.

Upon the image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke;
And, the third time, out of an hidden shade
There forth issewd from under th' altars smooke
A dreadfull feend with fowle deformed looke,
That stretcht itselfe as it had long lyen still;
And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,
That all the temple did with terrour fill;
Yet him nought terrifide that feared nothing ill.

An huge great beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth that nigh fild all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,
Or other like infernall Furies kinde:
For of a mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the horrour which did lacke behinde,
The better to beguile whom she so fond did finde.

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedinesse;
A lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare whatso she can oppresse;
A dragons taile, whose sting without redresse
Full deadly wounds whereso it is empight;
And eagles wings, for scope and speedinesse,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight.

Much like in foulnesse and deformity
Unto that monster, whom the Theban knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill herselfe for very hearts despight
That he had red her riddle, which no wight
Could ever loose, but suffred deadly doole:
So also did this monster use like slight
To many a one which came unto her schoole,
Whom she did put to death deceived like a foole.

She comming forth, whenas she first beheld
The armed prince with shield so blazing bright
Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,
And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,
That backe she would have turnd for great affright:
But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
That forst her turne againe in her despight
To save herselfe, least that he did her slay;
And sure he had her slaine, had she not turnd her way.

Tho, when she saw that she was forst to fight,
She flew at him like to an hellish feend,
And on his shield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it she would in peeces rend,
Or reave out of the hand that did it hend:
Strongly he strove out of her greedy gripe
To loose his shield, and long while did contend;
But, when he could not quite it, with one stripe
Her lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe.

With that alonde she gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blasphemous speaches forth did cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell;
That even the temple, wherein she was plast,
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast;
Tho with her huge long taile she at him strooke,
That made him stagger and stand halfe aghast
With trembling ioynts, as he for terrour shooke;
Who nought was terrifide but greater courage tooke.

As when the mast of some well-timbred hulke
Is with the blast of some outragious storme
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne;
Whilest still she stands as stonisht and forlorne;
So was he stound with stroke of her huge taile:
But, ere that it she backe againe had borne,
He with his sword it strooke, that without faile
He ioynted it, and mard the swinging of her flaile.

Then gan she cry much louder than afore,
That all the people, there without, it heard,
And Belgè selfe was therewith stonied sore,
As if the onely sound thereof she feard,
But then the feend herselfe more fiercely reard
Uppon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard,
That had he not foreseene with heedfull vew, [rew:
And thrown his shield atween, she had him done to

But, as she prest on him with heavy sway,
Under her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
And for her entrailes made an open way
To issue forth; the which, once being brust,
Like to a great mill-damb forth fiercely gusht,
And powred out of her infernall sinke
Most ugly filth; and poyson therewith rusht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke:
Such loathly matter were small lust to speake or thinke.

Then downe to ground fell that deformed masse,
Breathing out clouds of sulphure fowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loathd then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped make:
Whom when he saw on ground, he was full glad,
And streight went forth his gladnesse to partake
With Belgè, who watcht all this while full sad,
Wayting what end would be of that same daunger drad.

Whom when she saw so ioyously come forth,
She gan reioyce and shew triumphant chere,
Lauding and praysing his renowmed worth
By all the names that honorable were.
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
The present of his paines, that monsters spoyle,
And eke that idoll deem'd so costly dere;
Whom he did all to peeces breake, and foyle
In filthy durt, and left so in the loathely soyle.

Then all the people which behold that day
Gan shout aloud, that unto Heaven it rong;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray
Came dauncing forth, and ioyous carrols song:
So him they led through all their streates along
Crowned with girlonds of immortall baies;
And all the vulgar did about them throng
To see the man, whose everlasting praise
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

There he with Belgè did awhile remaine
Making great feast and ioyous merriment,
Untill he had her settled in her raine
With safe assurance and establishment.
Then to his first emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to Belgè and to all the rest;
Of whom yet taking leave thenceforth he went,
And to his former iourney him addrest;
On which long way he rode, ne ever day did rest.

But turne we now to noble Artegall;
Who, having left Morcilla, streightway went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
To weet, to worke Irenes franchisement,
And eke Grantortoes worthy punishment.
So forth he fared, as his manner was,
With onely Talus wayting diligent,
Through many perils; and much way did pas,
Till nigh unto the place at length approcht he has.

There as he traveld by the way, he met
An aged wight wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long since aside had set
The use of armes, and battell quite forgone:
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire Irene in her affliction,
When first to Faery court he saw her wend,
Unto his soveraine queene her suite for to commend.

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan;
"Haile, good sir Sergis, truest knight alive,
Well tride in all thy ladies troubles than
When her that tyrant did of crowne deprive;
What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive?"
To whom he thus; "She liveth sure and sound;
But by that tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound:

"For she presuming on th' appointed tyde,
In which ye promist, as ye were a knight,
To meete her at the Salvage Hands syde,
And then and there for trinall of her right
With her unrighteous enemy to fight,
Did thither come; where she, afrayd of nought,
By guilefull treason and by subtill slight
Surprized was, and to Grantorto brought,
Who her imprisond hath, and her life often sought.

"And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which if that no champion doe appeare,
Which will her cause in battailous array
Against him iustifie, and prove her cleare
Of all those crimes that he gainst her doth reare,
She doath shall sure aby." Those tidings sad
Did much abash sir Artegall to heare,
And grieved sore, that through his fault she had
Fallen into that tyrants hand and usage bad.

Then thus replide; "Now sure and by my life,
Too much am I to blame for that faire maide,
That have her drawne to all this troublous strife,
Through promise to afford her timely aide,
Which by default I have not yet defraide:
But witnesse unto me, ye Heavens! that know
How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide:
For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
And kept from complishing the faith which I did owe.

"But now aread, sir Sergis, how long space
Hath he her lent a champion to provide."
"Ten daies," quoth he, "he graunted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well before that tide
None can have tidings to assist her side:
For all the shores, which to the sea accoste,
He day and night doth ward both farre and wide,
That none can there arrive without an hoste:
So her he deemes already but a damned ghoste."

"Now turne againe," sir Artegall then sayd;
"For, if I live till those ten daies have end,
Assure yourselfe, sir Knight, she shall have ayd,
Though I this dearest life for her doe spend."
So backeward he attone with him did wend.
Tho, as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confusde array;
As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

To which as they approcht the cause to know,
They saw a knight in daungerous distresse
Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
That sought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse:
And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
They spide a lady left all succourlesse,
Crying, and holding up her wretched hands [stands.
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage with-

Yet still he strives, ne any perill spares,
To reskue her from their rude violence;
And like a lion wood amongst them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence,
Gainst which the pallid death findes no defence:
But all in vaine; their numbers are so great,
That naught may boot to banishe them from thence;
For, soone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
They turne afresh, and oft renew their former threat.

And now they doe so sharpely him assay,
That they his shield in peeces battred have,
And forced him to throw it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to save;
Albe that it most safety to him gave,
And much did magnifie his noble name:
For, from the day that he thus did it leave,
Amongst all knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant knight with endles shame.

Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
They drew unto his aide; but that rude rout
Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, however strong and stout
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
Backe to recule; untill that yron man
With his huge flaile began to lay about;
From whose sterne presence they diffused ran, [fan.
Like scattred schaffe, the which the wind away doth

So when that knight from perill cleare was freed,
He drawing neare began to greete them faire,
And yeeld great thankes for their so goodly deed,
In saving him from daungerous despaire
Of those which sought his life for to empaire:
Of whom sir Artegall gan then enquere
The whole occasion of his late misfare,
And who he was, and what those villaines were,
The which with mortall malice him pursu'd so nere.

To whom he thus; "My name is Burbon hight,
Well knowne, and far renowmed heretofore,
Untill late mischiefe did uppon me light,
That all my former praise hath blemisht sore:
And that faire lady, which in that uprore
Ye with those caytives saw, Flourdelis hight,
Is mine owne love, though me she have forlore;
Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

"But sure to me her faith she first did plight
To be my love, and take me for her lord;
Till that a tyrant, which Grandtorto hight,
With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
Entyced her to him for to accord.
O, who may not with gifts and words be tempted!
Sith which she hath me ever since abhord,
And to my foe hath guilefully consented:
Ay me, that ever guyle in women was invented!

"And now he hath this troupe of villains sent
By open force to fetch her quite away:
Gainst whom myselfe I long in vaine have bent
To rescue her, and daily meanes assay,
Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may;
For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
And with unequall might doe overlay,
That oft I driven am to great distresse,
And forced to forgoe th' attempt remedilesse."

"But why have ye," said Artegall, "forborne
Your owne good shield in daungerous dismay?
That is the greatest shame and foulest scorne,
Which unto any knight behappen may,
To loose the badge that should his deedes display."
To whom sir Burbon, blushing halfe for shame;
"That shall I unto you," quoth he, "bewray;
Least ye therefore mote happily me blame, [came.
And deeme it doen of will, that through inforcement

"True is that I at first was dubbed knight
By a good knight, the knight of the Rederosse;
Who, when he gave me armes in field to fight,
Gave me a shield, in which he did endosse
His deare Redeemers badge upon the bosse:
The same long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or losse;
Therewith Grandtorto selfe I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

"But for that many did that shield envie,
And cruell enemies increased more;
To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,
That bloudie scutchin being battred sore
I layd aside, and have of late forbore;
Hoping thereby to have my love obtayned:
Yet can I not my love have nathëmore;
For she by force is still fro me detayned, [ed."
And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth mistrayn-

To whom thus Artegall; "Certes, sir Knight,
Hard is the case the which ye doe complaine;
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light
That it to such a straight mote you constraine)
As to abandon that which doth containe
Your honours stile, that is, your warlike shield.
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine
Then losse of fame in disaventrous field:
Dye, rather then doe ought that mote dishonour yield!"

"Not so," quoth he; "for yet, when time doth serve,
My former shield I may resume againe:
To temporize is not from truth to swerve,
Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
Whenas necessitie doth it constraine."
"Fie on such forgerie," said Artegall,
"Under one hood to shadow faces twaine:
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
Of all things, to dissemble, foully may befall!"

"Yet let me you of courtesie request,"
Said Burbon, "to assist me now at need
Against these pesants which have me opprest,
And forced me to so infamous deed,
That yet my love may from their hands be freed."
Sir Artegall, albe he erst did wyte
His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And buckling him eftsoones unto the fight [might
Did set upon these troupes with all his powre and

Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
Of flyes upon a birchen bough doth cluster,
Did them assault with terrible allarme,
And over all the fields themselves did muster,
With bils and glayves making a dreadfull luster;
That forst at first those knights backe to retyre:
As when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluster,
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre, [quyre.
Both man and beast doe fly, and succour doe in-

But, whenas overblowen was that brunt,
Those knights began afresh them to assayle,
And all about the fields like squirrels hunt;
But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote avayle,
Made cruell havocke of the baser crew,
And chaced them both over hill and dale:
The raskall manie soone they overthrew; [subdew.
But the two knights themselves their captains did

At last they came whereas that ladie bode,
Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight
To save themselves, and scattered were abrode:
Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor sorie for their sight;
Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
In roiall robes, and many iewels dight;
But that those villens through their usage bad
Them fouly rent, and shamefully defaced had.

But Burbon, streight dismounting from his steed,
Unto her ran with greedie great desyre,
And catching her fast by her ragged weed
Would have embraced her with hart entyre:
But she, backstarting, with disdainefull yre
Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore
Allured be for prayer nor for meed:
Whom when those knights so froward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and upbrayded sore.

Sayd Artegall; "What foule disgrace is this
To so faire ladie, as ye seeme in sight,
To blot your beautie, that unblemisht is,
With so foule blame as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of love for any worlds delight?
Is ought on Earth so pretious or deare
As prayse and honour? or is ought so bright
And beautifull as glories beames appeare,
Whose goodly light then Phœbus lampe doth shine more cleare?

"Why then will ye, fond dame, attempted bee
Unto a strangers love, so lightly placed,
For guiftes of gold or any worldly glee,
To leave the love that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falshood be defaced?
Fie on the pelfe for which good name is sold,
And honour with indignitie debased!
Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold; [hold."
But dearer then them both your faith once plighted

Much was the ladie in her gentle mind
Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare;
Ne ought to answere thereunto did find:
But, hanging down her head with heavie cheare,
Stood long amaz'd as she amated weare:
Which Burbon seeing, her againe assayd;
And, clasping twixt his armes, her up did reare
Upon his steede, whiles she no whit gainesayd:
So bore her quite away nor well nor ill apayd.

Nathlesse the yron man did still pursew
That raskall many with unpittied spoyle;
Ne ceassed not, till all their scattred crew
Into the sea he drove quite from that soyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle:
But Artegall, seeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from slaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed;
For that the terme, approching fast, required speed.

CANTO XII.

Artegall doth sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing shield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slaieth him in field.

O sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raine!
Whom neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common-weales containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wilde beastes restraine,
Can keepe from outrage and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine:
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may enduren long.

Witnesse may Burbon be; whom all the bands,
Which may a knight assure, had surely bound,
Untill the love of lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithless and unsound:
And witnesse be Geriones found,
Who for like cause faire Belgè did oppresse,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound:
And so be now Grantorto, who no lesse
Then all the rest burst out to all outragiousnesse.

Gainst whom sir Artegall long having since
Taken in hand th' exploit, (being thereto
Appointed by that mightie Faerie prince,
Great Gloriane, that tyrant to fordoo,)
Through other great adventures hether too
Had it forslackt: but now time drawing ny,
To him assynd her high behenst to doo,
To the sea-shore he gan his way apply,
To weete if shipping readie he mote there descry.

Tho, when they came to the sea-coast, they found
A ship all readie, as good fortune fell,
To put to sea, with whom they did compound
To passe them over where them list to tell:
The winde and weather served them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fall;
Whereas they readie found, them to repell,
Great hostes of men in order martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forstall.

But nathëmore would they from land refraine:
But, whenas nigh unto the shore they drew
That foot of man might sound the bottome plaine,
Talus into the sea did forth issew [threw;
Though darts from shore and stones they at him
And wading through the waves with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in vew,
Did win the shore; whence he them chast away
And made to fly like doves, whom th' eagle doth affray.

The whyles sir Artegall with that old knight
Did forth descend, there being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in sight.
By this came tydings to the tyrants eare,
By those which earst did fly away for feare,
Of their arrivall: wherewith troubled sore
He all his forces streight to him did reare,
And, forth issuing with his scouts afore, [shore:
Meant them to have incountred ere they left the

But ere he marched farre he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force;
But Talus stornely did upon them set,
And brusht and battred them without remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a corse;
No any able was him to withstand,
But he them overthrow both man and horse,
That they lay scattred over all the land,
As thicke as doth the seede after the sowers hand:

Till Artegall him seeing so to rage
Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:
To which all harkning did awhile asswage
Their forces furie, and their terror slake;
Till he an herauld cald, and to him spake,
Willing him wend unto the tyrant streight,
And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
He thether came, but for to trie the right
Of fayre Irenaes cause with him in single fight:

And willed him for to reclayme with speed
His scattred people, ere they all were slaine;
And time and place convenient to areed,
In which they two the combat might darraine,
Which message when Grantorto heard, full fayne
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay;
And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
The morrow next, ne gave him longer day:
So sounded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

That night sir Artegall did cause his tent
There to be pitched on the open plaine;
For he had given streight commaundëment
That none should dare him once to entertaine:
Which none durst breake, though many would right
For faire Irena whom they loved deare: [faine
But yet old Sergis did so well him paine,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did purvay which for them needfull weare.

The morrow next that was the dismall day
Appointed for Irenas death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
The heavy mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of Artegals arrivall her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full sad and hart full sore,
Weening her lifes last howre then neare to bee;
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor see.

Then up she rose, and on herselfe did dight
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day;
And with dull countenance and with doleful spright
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay
For to receive the doome of her decay:
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir Artegall in battailous array
Waiting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent in midst of deadly feare.

Like as a tender rose in open plaine,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
Thereon distill and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to look up, and with fresh wonted grace
Displeds the glorie of her leavës gay;
Such was Irenas countenance, such her case,
When Artegall she saw in that array,
There waiting for the tyrant till it was fayre day:

Who came at length with proud presumpteous gate
Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,
All armed in a cote of yron plate
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,
And on his head a steele-cap he did weare
Of colour rustie-browne, but sure and strong;
And in his hand an huge poleaxe did beare,
Whose steale was yron-studded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight, to iustifie his wrong:

Of stature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a giant for his monstrous hight,
And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,
Ne ever any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great skill in single fight:
His face was ugly and his countenance sterne,
That could have frayd one with the very sight,
And gaped like a gulfe when he did gorne;
That whether man or monster one could scarse discerne.

Soone as he did within the lists appeare,
With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with feare;
And, grinning grisely, did against him weld
His deadly weapon which in hand he held:
But th' Elfin swayne, that oft had seene like sight,
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing queld:
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
And cast his shield about to be in readie plight.

The trompets sound; and they together goe
With dreadfull terror and with fell intent;
And their huge strokes full dangerously bestow,
To doe most dammage whereas most they ment:
But with such force and furie violent
The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,
That through the yron walles their way they rent,
And even to the vitall parts they past, [brast.
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or

Which cruell outrage whenas Artegall
Did well avize, thenceforth with warie heed
He shund his strokes, where-ever they did fall,
And way did give unto their graceless speed:
As when a skilfull marriner doth reed
A storme approching that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of such dread,
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his main-sheat,
And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre to beat.

So did the Faerie knight himselfe abeare,
And stouped oft his head from shame to shield:
No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to reare;
And, much to guine, a little for to yield:
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field.
But still the tyrant sternely at him layd,
And did his yron axe so nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made, [lade.
And with his burdenous blowes him sore did over-

Yet whenas fit advantage he did spy,
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare
His cruell hand to smite him mortally,
Under his stroke he to him stepping neare
Right in the flanke him strooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore-blood thence gushing grievously
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye:
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his course, as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,
That seemed nought could him from death protect:
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And twixt him and the blow his shield did cast,
Which thereon seizing tooke no great effect;
But, byting deepe, therein did sticke so fast [wrast.
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could

Long while he tug'd and strove to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about:
Nathlesse, for all that ever he could doe,
His axe he could not from his shield undoe.
Which Artegall perceiving, strooke no more,
But loosing soone his shield did it forgoe;
And, whiles he combred was therewith so sore,
He gan at him let drive more fiercely then afore.

So well he him pursew'd, that at the last
He stroke him with Chrysaor on the hed,
That with the souse thereof full sore aghast
He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted:
Againe, whiles he him saw so ill bested,
He did him smite with all his might and maine,
That, falling, on his mother earth he fed:
Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,
He lightly reft his head to ease him of his paine.

Which when the people round about him saw,
They shouted all for ioy of his successe,
Glad to be quit from that proud tyrants awe,
Which with strong powre did them long time oppresse;
And, running all with greedie ioyfulnesse
To faire Irena, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humblenesse
As their true liege and princesse naturall;
And eke her champions glorie sounded over all:

Who, streight her leading with meete maiestie
Unto the pallace where their kings did rayne,
Did her therein establish peaceablie,
And to her kingdomes seat restore agayne;
And all such persons, as did late maintayne
That tyrants part with close or open ayde,
He sorely punished with heavie payne;
That in short space, whiles there with her he stayd,
Not one was left that durst her once have disobayd.

During which time that he did there remayne,
His studie was true iustice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his busie paine
How to reforme that ragged common-weale:
And that same yron man, which could reveale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he sent
To search out those that used to rob and steale,
Or did rebell against lawfull government;
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment.

But, ere he couldc reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faerie court, that of necessity
His course of iustice he was forst to stay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way,
In which he was that realme for to redresse:
But envies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray!
So, having freed Irena from distresse,
He tooke his leave of her there left in heavinesse.

Tho, as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriv'd againe whence forth he set,
He had not passed farre upon the strand,
Whenas two old ill-favour'd hags hee met,
By the way-side being together set,
Two grisely creatures; and, to that their faces
Most foule and filthie were, their garments yet,
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces [ornes.
Did much the more augment, and made most ugly

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt: and her foule heare
Hung loose and loathsomely; thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew
And all her bones might through her cheekes be red;
Her lips were, like raw lether, pale and blew:
And as she spake, therewith she slavered; [she sed:
Yet spake she seldom: but thought more, the lesse

Her hands were foule and durtie, never washt
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught,
Like puttocks clawes; with th' one of which she scratcht
Her cursed head, although it itched naught;
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her iawes one might descry
The bloudie gore and poyson dropping lothsomely.

Her name was Envie, knowen well thereby;
Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
That ever she sees doen prays-worthily;
Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may fall,
And vexeth so, that makes her eat her gall:
For, when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a monsters monstrous dyet:

And if she hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid;
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in another's losse great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby and gayned a great stake.

The other nothing better was than shee;
Agreeing in bad will and canored kynd,
But in bad manner they did disagree:
For whatso Envie good or bad did fynd
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
But this, whatever evill she conceived,
Did spred abroad and throw in th' open wynd:
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was mans good name to have bereaved.

For, whatsoever good by any sayd
Or doen she heard, she would streightwayes invent
How to deprave or slaunderously uphrayd,
Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment:
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort:

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worse by telling,
And take great ioy to publish it to many;
That every matter worse was for her melling:
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was neare to Envie, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and Envy selfe excelling
In mischiefe; for herselfe she only vext:
But this same both herselfe and others eke perplext.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foming with poyson round about her gils,
In which her cursed tongue full sharpe and short
Appear'd like aspis sting, that closely kils,
Or cruelly does wound whomso she wils:
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she litle spinnes, but spils;
And faynes to weave false tales and leasings bad,
To throw amongst the good, which others had disprad.

These two now had themselves combynd in one,
And linckt together gainst sir Artegall;
For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into mischiefe fall,
For freeing from their snares Irena thrall:
Besides, unto themselves they gotten had
A monster, which the Blatant Beast men call,
A dreadfull feend of gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by slights allur'd and to their purpose lad.

Such were these hags, and so unhandsome drest:
Who when they nigh approching had espyde
Sir Artegall return'd from his late quest,
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had beene two shepheards curres had seryde
A ravenous wolfe amongst the scattered flockes:
And Envie first, as she that first him eyde,
Towardes him runs, and with rude flaring lockes
About her eares does beat her brest and forhead knockes.

Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
The which whyleare she was so greedily
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throws it most despightfully:
The cursed serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all so dead,
But that some life remayned secretly;
And, as he past afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

Then th' other comming neare gan him revile,
And fouly rayle, with all she could invent;
Saying that he had, with unmanly guile
And foule abusion, both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sword of Justice lent,
Had stayned with reprochfull cruelties
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:
As for Grandtorto, him with treacheries
And traynes having surpriz'd he fouly did to die.

Thereto the Blatant Beast, by them set on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay
With bitter rage and fell contention;
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way
Began to quake and tremble with dismay;
And all the aire rebellowed againe;
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray:
And evermore those hags themselves did paine
To sharpen him, and their owne cursed tongs did straine.

And, still among, most bitter wordes they spake,
Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most untrew,
That they the mildest man alive would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeaunce dew
To her, that so false sclaunders at him threw:
And more, to make them pierce and wound more deepe,
She with the sting which in her vile tongue grew
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe:
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

But Talus, hearing her so lewdly raile
And speake so ill of him that well deserved,
Would her have chastiz'd with his yron flaile,
If her sir Artegall had not preserved,
And him forbidden, who his least observed:
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast; yet he for nought would swerve
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faerie court; where what him fell shall else be told.

THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF SIR CALIDORE, OR OF COURTESIE.

THE waies, through which my weary steps I guyde
In this delightfull land of Faëry,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinckled with such sweet varietу
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby;
And, when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strength to me supplies and cheares my dulled spright.

Such secret comfort and such heavenly pleasures,
Ye sacred imps, that on Parnasso dwell,
And there the keeping have of learnings threasures
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse;
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies where never foote did use,
Ne none can find but who was taught them by the Muse:

Revele to me the sacred noursery
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in silver bowre does hidden ly
From view of men and wicked worlds disdaine;
Since it at first was by the gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriv'd at furst
From heavenly seedes of bounty soveraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.

Amongst them all growes not a fayrer flowre
Then is the bloosme of comely courtesie;
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,
And spreds itselfe through all civilitie:
Of which though present age doe plenteous seeme,
Yet, being matcht with plaine antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned showes esteeme,
Which carry colours faire that feeble eies misdeeme:

But, in the triall of true curtesie,
Its now so farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashion'd to please the eies of them that pas,
Which see not perfect things but in a glas:
Yet is that glasse so gay that it can blynd
The wisest sight, to thinke gold that is bras:
But vertues seat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward shows but inward thoughts defynd.

But where shall I in all antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene
The goodly praise of princely curtesie,
As in yourselfe, O soveraine lady queene?
In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour sheene,
It showes, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene;
But meriteth indeede an higher name:
Yet so, from low to high, uplifted is your name.

Then pardon me, most dreaded soveraine,
That from yourselfe I doe this vertue bring,
And to yourselfe doe it returne againe:
So from the ocean all rivers spring,
And tribute backe repay as to their king:
Right so from you all goodly vertues well
Into the rest which round about you ring,
Faire lords and ladies which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your court where courtesies excell

CANTO I.

Calidore saves from Maleffort
A damzell used vylde:
Doth vanquish Crudor; and doth make
Briana wexe more mylde.

Of court, it seemes, men courtesie doe call,
For that it there most useth to abound;
And well beseemeth that in princes hall
That vertue should be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of civill conversation:
Right so in Faery court it did redound,
Where curteous knights and ladies most did won
Of all on Earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.

But mongst them all was none more courteous knight
Then Calidore, beloved over all:
In whom it seemes that gentlenesse of spright
And manners mylde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall
And gracious speach, did steale mens hearts away:
Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,
And well approv'd in batteilous affray, [play.
That him did much renowme, and far his fame dis-

Ne was there knight ne was there lady found
In Faery court, but him did deare embrace
For his faire usage and conditions sound,
The which in all mens liking gayned place,
And with the greatest purchast greatest grace;
Which he could wisely use, and well apply,
To please e'the best, and th' evill to embase:
For he loathd leasing and base flattery,
And loved simple truth and stedfast honesty.

And now he was in travell on his way,
Uppon an hard adventure sore bestad,
Whenas by chaunce he met uppon a day
With Artegall, returning yet halfe sad
From his late conquest which he gotten had:
Who whenas each of other had a sight,
They knew themselves, and both their persons rad:
When Calidore thus first; "Haile, noblest knight
Of all this day on ground that breathen living spright!

"Now tell, if please you, of the good successe
Which ye have had in your late enterprize."
To whom sir Artegall gan to expresse
His whole exploite and valorous emprize,
In order as it did to him arize.
"Now, happy man," said then sir Calidore,
"Which have, so goodly as ye can devize,
Atchiev'd so hard a quest, as few before;
That shall you *most* renowmed make for evermore.

"But where ye ended have, now I begin
To tread an endlesse trace; withouten guyde
Or good direction how to enter in,
Or how to issue forth in Wales untryde,
In perils strange, in labours long and wide;
In which although good fortune me befall,
Yet shall it not by none be testifyde."
"What is that quest," quoth then sir Artegall,
"That you into such perils presently doth call?"

"The Blattant Beast," quoth he, "I doe pursew,
And through the world incessantly doe chase,
Till I him overtake, or else subdew:
Yet know I not or how or in what place
To find him out, yet still I forward trace."
"What is that Blattant Beast then?" he replide;
"Is it a monster bred of hellishe race,"
Then answered he, "which often hath annoyd
Good knights and ladies true, and many else destroyd.

"Of Cerberus whilome he was begot
And fell Chimæra, in her darkesome den,
Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot;
Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,
Till he to perfect ripenesse grew; and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent
He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment."

"Then, since the Salvage Island I did leave,"
Sayd Artegall, "I such a beast did see,
The which did seeme a thousand tongues to have,
That all in spight and malice did agree,
With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attonce would me devoure:
But I, that knew myselfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre;
But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure."

"That surely is that beast," saide Calidore,
"Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
To heare these tidings which of none afore
Through all my weary travell I have had:
Yet now some hope your words unto me add."
"Now God you speed," quoth then sir Artegall,
"And keepe your body from the daunger drad;
For ye have much adoe to deale withall!"
So both tooke goodly leave, and parted severall.

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
Whenas by chaunce a comely squire he found,
That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong
Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound;
Who, seeing him from farre, with piteous sound
Of his shrill cries him called to his aide:
To whom approching, in that painefull stound
When he him saw, for no demaunds he staide,
But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him said;

"Unhappy squire, what hard mishap thee brought
Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
And thee captyved in this shamefull place?"
To whom he answered thus; "My haplesse case
Is not occasiond through my misdesert,
But through misfortune, which did me abase
Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

"Not farre from hence, uppon yond rocky hill,
Hard by a streight there stands a castle strong,
Which doth observe a custome lewd and ill,
And it hath long mayntaind with mighty wrong:
For may no knight nor lady passe along
That way, (and yet they needs must passe that way,
By reason of the streight, and rocks among,)
But they that ladies lookes doe shave away,
And that knights beard, for toll which they for passage pay."

" A shamefull use as ever I did heare,"
Sayd Calidore, " and to be overthrowne.
But by what meanes did they at first it reare,
And for what cause? tell if thou have it knowne."
Sayd then that squire; " The lady, which doth owne
This castle, is by name Briana hight;
Then which a prouder lady liveth none:
She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty knight,
And sought to win his love by all the meanes she might.

" His name is Crudor; who, through high disdaine
And proud despight of his seife-pleasing mynd,
Refused hath to yeeld her love againe,
Untill a mantle she for him doe fynd
With beards of knights and locks of ladies lynd:
Which to provide, she hath this castle dight,
And therein hath a seneschall assynd,
Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will with worse despight.

" He, this same day as I that way did come
With a faire damzell my beloved deare,
In execution of her lawlesse doome
Did set uppon us flying both for feare;
For little bootes against him hand to reare:
Me first he tooke unable to withstond,
And whiles he her pursued every where,
Till his returne unto this tree he bond;
Ne wote I surely whether he her yet have fond."

Thus whiles they spake they heard a ruefull shricke
Of one loud-crying, which they streightway ghest
That it was she the which for helpe did seeke.
Tho, looking up unto the cry to lest,
They saw that carle from farre with hand unblest
Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,
That all her garments from her snowy brest,
And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,
Ne would he spare for pitty, nor refraine for feare.

Which haynous sight when Calidore beheld,
Eftsoones he loosd that squire, and so him left
With hearts dismay and inward dolour queld,
For to pursue that villaine, which had reft
That piteous spoile by so iniurious theft:
Whom overtaking, loude to him he cryde;
" Leave, faytor, quickely that misgotten weft
To him that hath it better iustifyde, [defyde."
And turne thee soone to him of whom thou art

Who, hearkning to that voice, himselfe upreard,
And, seeing him so fiercely towardes make,
Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeard,
But rather more enrag'd for those words sake;
And with sterne count'naunce thus unto him spake;
" Art thou the caytive that defyest me,
And for this mayd, whose party thou dost take,
Wilt give thy beard, though it but little bee?
Yet shall it not her locke for raunsome fro me free."

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous strokes with most importune might,
That oft he made him stagger as unstayd,
And oft recuile to shunne his sharpe despight:
But Calidore, that was well skild in fight,
Him long forbore, and still his spirite spar'd,
Lying in waite how him he damadge might:
But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more hard.

Like as a water-streame, whose swelling sourse
Shall drive a mill, within strong bancks is pent,
And long restrayned of his ready course;
So soone as passage is unto him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent;
Such was the fury of sir Calidore:
When once he felt his foe-man to relent,
He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore;
Who as he still decayd, so he encreased more.

The heavy burden of whose dreadfull might
Whenas the carle no longer could sustaine,
His heart gan faint, and streight he make his flight
Toward the castle, where, if need constraine,
His hope of refuge used to remaine:
Whom Calidore perceiving fast to flie,
He him pursu'd and chaced through the plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
Unto the ward to open to him hastilie.

They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,
The gate soone opened to receive him in;
But Calidore did follow him so fast,
That even in the porch he him did win,
And cleft his head asunder to his chin:
The carkasse tumbling downe within the dore
Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of sin,
That it could not be shut; whilest Calidore
Did enter in, and slew the porter on the flore.

With that the rest the which the castle kept
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly swept,
As doth a steare, in heat of sommers day,
With his long taile the bryzes brush away.
Thence passing forth into the hall he came,
Where of the lady selfe in sad dismay
He was ymett, who with uncomely shame
Gan him salute, and fowle upbrayd with faultyblame:

" False traytor knight," said she, " no knight at all,
But scorne of armes! that hast with guilty hand
Murdered my men, and slaine my seneschall;
Now comest thou to rob my house unmand,
And spoile myselfe, that cannot thee withstand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better knight
Then thou, that shall thy treason understand,
Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right:
And if none do, yet shame shall thee with shame requight."

Much was the knight abashed at that word;
Yet answer'd thus; " Not unto me the shame,
But to the shamefull doer it afford.
Bloud is no blemish; for it is no blame
To punish those that doe deserve the same;
But they that breake bands of civilitie,
And wicked customes make, those doe defame
Both noble armes and gentle curtesie:
No greater shame to man then inhumanitie.

" Then doe yourselfe, for dread of shame, forgoe
This evill manner which ye here maintaine,
And doe instead thereof mild curt'sie showe
To all that passe: that shall you glory gaine
More then his love, which thus ye seeke t' obtaine."
Who rewith all full of wrath she thus replyde;
" Vile recreant! know that I doe much disdaine
Thy courteous lore, that doest my love deride,
Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be defyde."

" To take defiaunce at a ladies word,"
Quoth he, " I hold it no indignity;
But were he here, that would it with his sword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby." [fly
" Cowherd," quoth she, " were not that thou wouldst
Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place."
" If I doe so," sayd he, " then liberty
I leave to you for aye me to disgrace [deface."
With all those shames, that erst ye spake me to

With that a dwarfe she cald to her in hast,
And taking from her hand a ring of gould
(A privy token which betweene them past)
Bad him to flie with all the speed he could
To Crudor; and desire him that he would
Vouchsafe to reskue her against a knight,
Who through strong powre had now herself in hould
Having late slaine her seneschall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outragious might:

The dwarfe his way did hast, and went all night:
But Calidore did with her there abyde
The comming of that so much threatned knight;
Where that discourteous dame with scornfull pryde
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
That yron heart it hardly could sustaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guyde,
Did well endure her womanish disdaine,
And did himselfe from fraile impatience refraine.

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
Above the Earth upreard his flaming head,
The dwarfe, which bore that message to her knight,
Brought aunswere backe, that ere he tasted bread
He would her succour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand:
Therefore he wil'd her doe away all dread;
And, that of him she mote assured stand,
He sent to her his basenet as a faithfull band.

Thereof full blyth the ladie streight became,
And gan t' augment her bitternesse much more:
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismayed was sir Calidore;
But rather did more chearefull seeme therefore:
And, having soone his armes about him dight,
Did issue forth to meete his foe afore;
Where long he stayed not, whenas a knight
He spide come pricking on with all his powre and might.

Well weend he streight that he should be the same
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;
Ne stayed to aske if it were he by name,
But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.
They bene ymett in middest of the plaine
With so fell fury and dispiteous forse,
That neither could the others stroke sustaine,
But rudely rowld to ground both man and horse,
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorse.

But Calidore uprose againe full light,
Whilss yet his foe lay fast in senceless sound;
Yet would he not him hurt although he might:
For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.
But when Briana saw that direry stound,
There where she stood uppon the castle wall,
She deem'd him sure to have bene dead on ground;
And made such piteous mourning therewithall,
That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

Nathlesse at length himselfe he did upreare
In lustlesse wise; as if against his will,
Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to stretch his limbs; which feeling ill
Of his late fall, awhile he rested still:
But, when he saw his foe before in vew,
He shooke off luskishnesse; and, courage chill
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew, [sew.
To prove if better foote then horsebacke would en-

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
Betwixt them two for maystery of might:
For both were woudrous praeticke in that play,
And passing well expert in single fight,
And both inflam'd with furious despight;
Which as it still encreast, so still inereast
Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,
Ne once to breath awhile their angers tempest ceast.

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
And tryde all waies how each mote entrance make
Into the life of his malignant foe;
They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder brake,
As they had potshares bene; for nought mote slake
Their greedy vengeances but goary blood;
That at the last like to a purple lake
Of bloudy gore congeal'd about them stood,
Which from their riven sides forth gushed like a flood.

At length it chaunst that both their hands on hie
At once did heave with all their powre and might,
Thinking the utmost of their force to trie,
And prove the finall fortune of the fight;
But Calidore, that was more quicke of sight
And nimbler-handed then his enemie,
Prevented him before his stroke could light,
And on the helmet smote him formerlie, [militie:
That made him stoupe to ground with meeke hu-

And, ere he could recover foote againe,
He following that faire advantage fast
His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
That him upon the ground he groveling cast;
And leaping to him light would have unlast
His helme, to make unto his vengeance way:
Who, seeing in what daunger he was plast,
Cryde out; " Ah mercie, sir! doe me not slay,
But save my life, which lot before your foot doth lay."

With that his mortall hand awhile he stayd;
And, having somewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd;
" And is the boast of that proud ladies threat,
That menaced me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne
Strangers no more so rudely to entreat;
But put away proud looke and usage sterne,
The which shal nought to you but foule dishonour yeurne.

" For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
That cout'sie doth as well as armes professe,
However strong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproch of pride and cruelnesse:
In vaine he seeketh others to suppresse,
Who hath not learnd himselfe first to subdew:
All flesh is frayle and full of fickelnesse,
Subiect to fortunes chance, still chaunging new;
What hope to day to me to morrow may to you.

" Who will not mercie unto others shew,
How can he mercie ever hope to have?
To pay each with his owne is right and dew:
Yet since ye mercie now doe need to crave,
I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to save,
With these conditions which I will propound:
First, that ye better shall yourselfe beliave
Unto all errant knights, whereso on ground;
Next, that ye ladies ayde in every stead and stound."

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,
And promist to performe his precept well,
And whatsoever else he would requore.
So, suffring him to rise, he made him sweare
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,
To take Briana for his loving fere
Withouten dowre or composition;
But to release his former foule condition.

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Bynding himselfe most firmely to obay,
He up arose, however liefe or loth,
And swore to him true fealtie for aye.
Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay
The sad Briana which all this behold;
Who comming forth yet full of late affray
Sir Calidore upheard, and to her told
All this accord to which he Crudor had compeld.

Whereof she now more glad then sory earst,
All overcome with infinite affect
For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet herselfe she did project;
And him adoring as her lives deare lord,
With all dew thankes and dutifull respect,
Herselfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and love restord.

So all returning to the castle glad,
Most joyfully she them did entertaine;
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To shew her thankefull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes she mote it best explaine:
And, after all, unto sir Calidore
She freely gave that castle for his paine,
And herselfe bound to him for evermore;
So wondrously now chaung'd from that she was afore.

But Calidore himselfe would not retaine
Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good deede,
But gave them streight unto that squire againe,
Whom from her seneschall he lately freed,
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he wexed hole and strong;
And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

CANTO II.

Calidore sees young Tristram slay
A proud discourteous knight:
He makes him squire, and of him learnes
His state and present plight.

What vertue is so fitting for a knight,
Or for a ladie whom a knight should love,
As curtesie; to beare themselves aright
To all of each degree as doth behove?
For whether they be placed high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good; that none them rightly may reprove
Of rudenesse for not yeelding what they owe:
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

Thereto great helpe dame Nature selfe doth lend:
For some so goodly gratious are by kind,
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others that have greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine:
For everie thing, to which one is inclind,
Doth best become and greatest grace doth gaine:
Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes enforst with paine.

That well in courteous Calidore appeares;
Whose every act and deed, that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes
And both the eares did steale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way
To follow his first quest, whenas he spyde
A tall young man, from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
Against an armed knight that did on horsebacke ryde.

And them beside a ladie faire he saw
Standing alone on foote in foule array;
To whom himselfe he hastily did draw
To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if so he may:
But, ere he came in place, that youth had kild
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay;
Which when he saw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, and his thought with wonder fild.

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a stender slip, that scarse did see
Yet seventeene yeares, but tall and faire of face,
That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race:
All in a woodmans iacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, bolayd with silver lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,
And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne,
Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle swayne:
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whose follow he before had sent apart;
And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,
With which he wont to launch the salvage hart
Of many a lyon and of many a beare,
That first unto his hand in chase did happen neare.

Whom Calidore awhile well having vewed, [swaine!
At length bespake; "What meanes this, gentle
Why hath thy hand too bold itselfe embrewed
In blood of knight, the which by thee is slaine,
By thee no knight: which armes impugneth plaine!"
"Certes," said he, "loth were I to have broken
The law of armes; yet breake it should againe,
Rather then let myselfe of wight be stroken,
So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

"For not I him, as this his ladie here
May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,
Ne surely thus unarmd I likely were;
But he me first through pride and puissance strong
Assayld, not knowing what to armes doth long."
"Perdie great blame," then said sir Calidore,
"For armed knight a wight unarm'd to wrong:
But then aread, thou gentle chyld, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne uprore."

"That shall I sooth," said he, "to you declare.
I, whose unpryper yeares are yet unfit
For thing of weight or worke of greater care,
Doe spend my dayes and bend my carelesse wit
To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this forrest and wyld woodie raine:
Where, as this day I was entraunging it,
I chaunst to meete this knight who there lyes slaine,
Together with this ladie, passing on the plaine.

"The knight, as ye did see, on horsebacke was,
And this his ladie, that him ill became,
On her faire feet by his horse-side did pas
Through thicke and thin, unfit for any dame:
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
Whereso she lagged, as she needs mote so,
He with his speare (that was to him great blame)
Would thumppe her forward and inforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine and making pitcous woe.

"Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
Much was I moved in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for such cruelty
Towards a ladie, whom with usage kind
He rather should have taken up behind.
Wherewith he wroth and full of proud disdaine
Tooke in foule scorne that I such fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof revil'd againe,
Threatning to chastize me, as doth to a chyld pertaine.

"Which I no lesse disdayning, backe returned
His scornefull taunts unto his teeth againe,
That he streightway with haughtie choler burned,
And with his speare stroake me one stroke or twaine;
Which I, enforst to beare though to my paine,
Cast to requite; and with a slender dart,
Follow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Smote him, as seemeth, underneath the hart,
That through the wound his spirit shortly did depart."

Much did sir Calidore admyre his speach
Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke
That through the mayles had made so strong a breach
Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
His wrath on him that first occasion broke:
Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
Of that same ladie, whether what he spoke
Were soothly so, and that th' unrighteous yre
Of her owne knight had given him his owne due hire,

Of all which whenas she could nought deny,
But cleard that stripling of th' imputed blame;
Sayd then sir Calidore; "Neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame:
For, what he spake, for you he spake it, dame;
And what he did, he did himselfe to save: [shame:
Against both which that knight wrought knightlesse
For knights and all men this by nature have,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to behave.

"But, sith that he is gone irrevocable,
Please it you, ladie, to us to aread
What cause could make him so dishonourable
To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread
And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead."
"Certes, sir Knight," sayd she, "full loth I were
To rayse a lying blame against the dead:
But, since it me concernes myselfe to clere,
I will the truth discover as it chaunst whylere.

"This day, as he and I together rode
Upon our way to which we weren bent,
We chaunst to come foreby a covert glade
Within a wood, whereas a ladie gent
Sate with a knight in joyous iollyment
Of their franke loves, free from all gealous spyes:
Faire was the ladie sure, that mote content
An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
And unto him did shew all lovely courteseyes.

"Whom when my knight did see so lovely faire,
He inly gan her lover to envy,
And wish that he part of his spoyle might share:
Whereto whenas my presence he did spy
To be a let, he had me by and by
For to alight: but, whenas I was loth
My loves owne part to leave so soddenly,
He with strong hand down from his steed me throw'th, [streight go'th
And with presumpteous powre against that knight

"Unarm'd all was the knight, as then more meete
For ladies service and for loves delight,
Then fearing any foeman there to meete:
Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him dight
Himselfe to yeeld his love or else to fight:
Whereat the other starting up dismayd,
Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might,
To leave his love he should be ill apayd, [sayd
In which he had good right gaynst all that it gaine-

"Yet since he was not presently in plight
Her to defend, or his to justifie,
He him requested, as he was a knight,
To lend him day his better right to trie,
Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
Might lightly fetch: but he was fierce and whot,
No time would give, nor any termes aby,
But at him flew, and with his speare him smot;
From which to thinke to save himselfe it booted not

"Menne while his ladie, which this outrage saw,
Whilest they together for the quarrey strove,
Into the covert did herselfe withdraw,
And closely hid herselfe within the grove.
My knight hers soone, as seemes, to danger drove
And left sore wounded: but, when her he mist,
He woxe halfe mad; and in that rage gan rove
And range through all the wood, whereso he wist
She hidden was, and sought her so long as him list.

" But, whenns her he by no meanes could find,
After long search and chauff he turned backe
Unto the place where me he left behind:
There gan he me to curse and ban, for lacke
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
To weake on me the guilt of his owne wrong:
Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe
Strove to appease him, and perswaded long;
But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

" Then, as it were t' avenge his wrath on mee,
When forward we should fare, he flat refused
To take me up (as this young man did see)
Upon his steed, for no just cause accused,
But first to trot on foot, and foule misused,
Pounching me with the butt-end of his speare,
In vaine complayning to be so abused;
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare, [heare.
But more enforst my paine, the more my plaints to

" So passed we, till this young man us met;
And being moov'd with pittie of my plight
Spake, as was meete, for ease of my regret:
Whereof befell what now is in your sight."
" Now sure," then said sir Calidore, " and right
Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
Whoever thinkes through confidence of might,
Or through support of count'nance proud and hault,
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne assault."

Then turning backe unto that gentle boy,
Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit;
Seeing his face so lovely sterne and coy,
And hearing th' answeres of his pregnant wit,
He praysd it much, and much admyred it;
That sure he weened him born of noble blood,
With whom those graces did so goodly sit:
And, when he long had him beholding stood,
He burst into these wordes, as to him seemed good;

" Faire gentle swayne, and yet as stout as fayre,
That in these woods amongst the nymphs dost wonne,
Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repayre,
As they are wont unto Latonaes sonne
After his chace on woodie Cynthus donne;
Well may I certes such an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,
Or surely borne of some heroicke sead,
That in thy face appeares and gratious goodlyhead.

" But, should it not displease thee it to tell,
(Unlesse thou in these woods thyselfe conceale
For love amongst the woodie gods to dwell,)
I would thyselfe require thee to reveale;
For deare affection and unfayned zeale
Which to thy noble personage I beare,
And wish thee grow in worship and great weale:
For, since the day that armes I first did reare,
I never saw in any greater hope appeare."

To whom then thus the noble youth; " May be,
Sir Knight, that, by discovering my estate,
Harme may arise unweeting unto me;
Nathelesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.
Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
Soune of a king, (however through fate
Or fortune I my countrie have forlorne,
And lost the crowne which should my head by right adorne,)

" And Tristram is my name; the onely heire
Of good king Meliogras which did rayne
In Cornewale, till that he through lives despeire
Untimely dyde, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine:
After whose death his brother, seeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

" The widow queene my mother, which then hight
Faire Emiline, conceiving then great feare
Of my fraile safetie, resting in the might
Of him that did the kingly scepter beare,
Whose jealous dread induring not a peare
Is wont to eut off all that doubt may breed;
Thought best away me to remove somewhere
Into some forrein land, whereas no need
Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed.

" So, taking counsell of a wise man red,
She was by him adviz'd to send me quight
Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,
The which the Fertile Lionesse is hight,
Into the land of Faerie, where no wight
Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong:
To whose wise read she hearkning sont me streight
Into this land, where I have wond thus long [strong.
Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to stature

" All which my daies I have not lewdly spent,
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
In ydlesse; but, as was convenient,
Have trayned bene with many noble feres
In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres:
Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been
To hunt the salvage chace, amongst my peres,
Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene,
Of which none is to me unknowne that ev'r was seene.

" Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on pearch,
Whether high towring or accousting low,
But I the measure of her flight doe search,
And all her pray and all her diet know:
Such be our joyes which in these forrests grow:
Onely the use of armes, which most I joy,
And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,
I have not tasted yet; yet past a boy, [imploy.
And being now high time those strong joynts to

" Therefore, good sir, sith now occasion fit
Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,
Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
That ye will make me squire without delay,
That from henceforth in battailous array
I may beare armes, and learne to use them right;
The rather, since that fortune hath this day
Given to me the spoile of this dead knight,
These goodly gilden armes which I have won in fight."

All which when well sir Calidore had heard,
Him much more now, then earst, he gan admire
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide; " Faire chyld, the high desire
To love of armes, which in you doth aspire,
I may not certes without blame dispire;
But rather wish that some more noble hire
(Though none more noble then is chevalrie)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie."

There him he causd to kneele, and made to sweare
Faith to his knight, and truth to ladies all,
And never to be recreant for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his squire did call.
Full glad and ioyous then young Tristram grew;
Like as a flowre, whose silken leavës small
Long shut up in the bud from Heavens vew,
At length breaks forth, and brode displayes his smyling hew.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And Calidore betooke him to depart,
Chyld Tristram prayd that he with him might goe
On his adventure, vowing not to start,
But wayt on him in every place and part:
Whereat sir Calidore did much delight,
And greatly ioy'd at his so noble hart,
In hope he sure would prove a doughtie knight:
Yet for the time this answere he to him behight;

" Glad would I surely be, thou courteous squire,
To have thy presence in my present quest,
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble brest:
But I am bound by vow, which I profest
To my dread soveraine; when I it assayd,
That in atchievement of her high behest
I should no creature ioyne unto mine ayde;
Forthy I may not graunt that ye so greatly prayde.

" But since this ladie is all desolate,
And needeth safegard now upon her way,
Ye may doe well in this her needfull state
To succour her from daunger of dismay,
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay."
The noble ympe, of such new service fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did say:
So taking courteous leave they parted twayne;
And Calidore forth passed to his former payne.

But Tristram, then despoyling that dead knight
Of all those goodly implements of prayse,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright mettall shyning like Sunne rayes;
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes:
And, after having them upon him dight,
He tooke that ladie, and her up did rayse
Upon the steed of her owne late dead knight:
So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.

There to their fortune leave we them awhile,
And turne we backe to good sir Calidore;
Who, ere he thence had travelld many a mile,
Came to the place whereas ye heard afore
This knight, whom Tristram slew, had wounded sore
Another knight in his despiteous pryde;
There he that knight found lying on the flore
With many wounds full perilous and wyde, [dyde:
That all his garments and the grasse in vermeill

And there beside him sate upon the ground
His wofull ladie, piteously complayning
With loud laments that most unluckie stound,
And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrayning
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter payning;
Which sothe sight when Calidore did vew,
With heavie ayne from teares uneath refrayning,
His mightie hart their mournefull ease can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

Then, speaking to the ladie, thus he said;
" Ye dolefull dame, let not your griefe empeach
To tell what cruell hand hath thus arayd
This knight unarm'd with so unknightly breach
Of armes, that, if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may avenge him of so foule despight."
The ladie, hearing his so courteous speach,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her sory hart few heavie words forth sigh't:

In which she shew'd, how that a courteous knight,
Whom Tristram slew, them in that shadow found
Ioying together in unblam'd delight;
And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound,
Withouten cause, but onely her to reave
From him, to whom she was for ever bound:
Yet, when she fled into that covert greave, [leave.
He, her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did

When Calidore this ruefull storie had
Well understood, he gan of her demand,
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.
She then, like as she best could understand,
Him thus describ'd, to be of stature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A ladie on rough waves row'd in a sommer barge.

Then gan sir Calidore to ghesse streightway,
By many signes which she described had,
That this was he whom Tristram earst did slay,
And to her said; " Dame, be no longer sad;
For he, that hath your knight so ill bestad,
Is now himselfe in much more wretched plight;
These eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,
The meede of his desert for that despight, [knight.
Which to yourselfe he wrought and to your loved

" Therefore, faire lady, lay aside this griefe,
Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart
For that displeasure; and thinke what reliefe
Were best devise for this your lovers smart;
And how ye may him hence, and to what part,
Convay to be recur'd." She thankt him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her love and to herselfe in that sad dreare.

Yet could she not devise by any wit,
How thence she might convay him to some place;
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a straunger to her wretched case;
And him to beare, she thought it thing too base.
Which whenas he perceiv'd he thus bespake;
" Faire lady, let it not you seeme disgrace
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
Myselfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe."

So off he did his shield, and downeward layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare;
And powring balme, which he had long purvayd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne:
Thence they him carried to a castle neare,
In which a worthy auncient knight did wonne:
Where what ensu'd shall in next canto be her gonne.

CANTO III.

Calidore brings Priscilla home;
Pursues the Blatant Beast:
Saves Serena, whilest Calepine
By Turpine is oppresst.

TRUE is, that whilome that good poet sayd,
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne:
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd
As by his manners; in which plaine is showne
Of what degree and what race he is growne:
For seldome seene a trotting stalion get
An ambling colt, that is his proper owne:
So seldome seene that one in basenesse set [met.
Doth noble courage shew with curteous manners

But evermore contrary hath bene tryde,
That gentle blood will gentle manners breed;
As well may be in Calidore descryde,
By late ensample of that courteous deed
Done to that wounded knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Unto the castle where they had decreed:
There of the knight, the which that castle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was besought.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had beene of mickle might,
And borne great sway in armes amongst his peares;
But now weake age had dimd his candle-light:
Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
And loved all that did to armes incline;
And was the father of that wounded knight,
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine;
And Aldus was his name; and his sonnes, Aladine.

Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a beare
By a faire lady and a straunger knight,
Was inly touched with compassion deare,
And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,
That he these words burst forth; "Ah! sory boy!
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
Thou brings? aie me! is this the timely joy,
Which I expected long, now turnd to sad annoy?

"Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope;
So tickle is the state of earthly things;
That, ere they come unto their aymed scope,
They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,
Instead of comfort which we should embrace:
This is the state of Kesars and of kings!
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case!"

So well and wisely did that good old knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his guests whom he had stayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare:
That to sir Calidore was easie geare;
But that faire lady would be cheard for nought,
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover deare,
And inly did afflict her pensive thought
With thinking to what euse her name should now be brought:

For she was daughter to a noble lord
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
To a great pere; but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this fresh young knight who dwelt her ny,
The lusty Aladine, though meaner borne
And of lesse livelood and lability,
Yet full of valour the which did adorne [scorne.
His meanesse much, and make her th' others riches

So, having both found fit occasion,
They met together in that luckelesse glade;
Where that proud knight in his presumption
The gentle Aladine did earst invade,
Being unarm'd and set in secret shade.
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t' advize
How great hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame; and further gan devize [guize.
How she the blame might salve with coloured dis-

But Calidore with all good courtesie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensive fit of her melancholie;
And that old knight by all meanes did assay,
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the evening past till time of rest;
When Calidore in seemly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest
Did sleepe all night through weary travell of his quest.

But faire Priscilla (so that lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindely sleepe,
But by her wounded love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe.
So well she washt them, and so well she wacht him,
That of the deadly swound, in which full deepe
He drenched was, she at the length dispacht him,
And drove away the stound which mortally attacht him.

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke,
He also gan uplooke with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he saw his faire Priscilla by,
He deepely sigh'd, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill state in which she stood;
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought herselfe, and blam'd her noble blood:
For first, next after life, he tendered her good.

Which she perceiving did with plenteous teares
His care more then her owne compassionate,
Forgetfull of her owne to minde his feares:
So both conspiring gan to intimate
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast
How to save whole her hazarded estate;
For which the onely helpe now left them last
Seem'd to be Calidore: all other helpes were past.

Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seemed,
A courteous knight, and full of faithfull trust;
Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing iust.
Barely, so soone as Titans beames forth brust
Through the thicke clouds, in which they steeped lay
All night in darkenesse, duld with yron rust,
Calidore rising up as fresh as day
Gan freshly him addresse unto his former way.

But first him seemed fit that wounded knight
To visite, after this nights perillous passe;
And to salute him if he were in plight,
And eke that lady his faire lovely lasse.
There he him found much better then he was;
And moved speach to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to over-passe:
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked sourse.

Of which occasion Aldine taking hold
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,
And all his disadventures to unfold;
That Calidore it dearly deepe did move:
In th' end, his kyndly courtesie to prove,
He him by all the bands of love besought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behove,
To safe-conduct his love, and not for ought
To leave, till to her fathers house he had her brought.

Sir Calidore his faith thereto did plight
It to performe: so after little stay,
That she herselfe had to the iourney dight,
He passed forth with her in faire array,
Fearlesse who ought did thinke or ought did say,
Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from wite:
So, as they past together on their way,
He can devize this counter-cast of slight,
To give faire colour to that ladies cause in sight.

Streight to the carkasse of that knight he went,
(The cause of all this evill, who was slaine
The day before by iust avengement
Of noble Tristram) where it did remaine;
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame.
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that ladies fathers house he came;
Most pensive man, through feare what of his childe became.

There he arriving boldly did present
The fearefull lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
Of blame, as he did on his knighthood sweare,
Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
Of a discourteous knight, who her had reft
And by outragious force away did beare:
Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengement of his theft.

Most ioyfull man her sire was, her to see,
And heare th' adventure of her late mischaunce;
And thousand thankes to Calidore for fee
Of his large paines in her deliveraunce
Did yeeld; ne lesse the lady did advaunce.
Thus having her restored trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Unto his first exploite he did himselfe apply,

So, as he was pursuing of his quest,
He chaunst to come whereas a iolly knight
In covert shade himselfe did safely rest,
To solace with his lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him undight;
For that himselfe he thought from daunger free,
And far from envious eyes that mote him spight:
And eke the lady was full faire to see,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree,

To whom sir Calidore approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abasht, but more himselfe thereby,
That he so rudely did uppon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight:
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Himselfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his so rash default,
That he gainst courtesie so foorly did default.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
He soone allayd that knights concelv'd displeasure,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abrode at leasure,
And of adventures, which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure
His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through daungerous debate:

Of which whilest they discoursed both together,
The faire Serena (so his lady hight)
Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether
And plesaunce of the place, the which was dight
With divers flowres distinct with rare delight,
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wavering lust after her wandring sight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred.

All sodainely out of the forrest nere
The Blatant Beast forth rushing unaware
Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare
Crying aloud to shew her sad misfare
Unto the knights, and calling oft for ayde;
Who with the horrour of her haplesse care
Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,
Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde.

The beast, with their pursuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to have spoyled her; when Calidore,
Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
Him overtooke in middest of his race;
And, fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake himselfe to fearefull flight;
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight.

Who nathelesse, when he the lady saw
There left on ground, though in full evill plight,
Yet knowing that her knight now neare did draw,
Staide not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the monster in his flight:
Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,
That he nould let him breath nor gather spright,
But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder brast.

And now by this sir Calepine, so hight,
Came to the place where he his lady found
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Having both sides through grypt with griesly wound:
His weapons soone from him he threw away,
And stouping downe to her in drery swound
Uprear'd her from the ground whereon she lay,
And in his tender armes her forced up to stay.

So well he did his busie paines apply,
That the faint sprights he did revoke againe
To her fraile mansion of mortality:
Then up he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And setting on his steede her did sustaine
With carefull hands, soft footing her beside;
Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,
Where she in safe assurance mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.

Now whenas Phœbus with his fiery waine
Unto his inne began to draw apace;
Pho, waxing weary of that toylesome paine,
In travelling on foote so long a space,
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace;
Downe in a dale forby a rivers syde
He chaunst to spie a faire and stately place,
To which he meant his weary steps to guyde,
In hope there for his love some succour to provyde.

But, comming to the rivers side, he found
That hardly passable on foote it was;
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pas:
Thus whilest he was in this distressed case,
Devising what to doe, he nigh espyde
An armed knight approaching to the place
With a faire lady lincked by his syde, [to ride.
The which themselves prepard thorough the foord

Whom Calepine saluting, as became,
Besought of courtesie, in that his neede,
For safe conducting of his sickely dame
Through that same perilous foord with better heede,
To take him up behinde upon his steed:
To whom that other did this taunt returne;
"Pardy, thou peasant knight mightst rightly reed
Me then to be full base and evill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne.

"But, as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,
So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
And let thy lady likewise doe the same,
Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing payne,
And prove thy manhood on the billowes vayne."
With which rude speach his lady much displeased
Did him reprove, yet could him not restrayne,
And would on her owne palfrey him have eased
For pitty of his dame whom she saw so diseased.

Sir Calepine her thanckt; yet inly wroth
Against her knight, her gentlenesse refused,
And carelesly into the river goth,
As in despight to be so fowle abused
Of a rude churle, whom often he accused
Of fowle discourtesie, unfit for knight;
And, strongly wading through the waves unused,
With speare in th'one hand stayd himselfe upright,
With th'other staide his lady up with steddy might.

And all the while that same discourteous knight
Stood on the further bancke beholding him;
At whose calamity, for more despight,
He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim.
But whenas Calepine came to the brim,
And saw his carriage past that perill well,
Looking at that same carle with countnance grim,
His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did breake in speaches sharpe and fell:

"Unknightly knight, the blemish of that name,
And blot of all that armes upon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe! I defie thee; and here challenge make,
That thou for ever doe those armes forsake,
And be for ever held a recreant knight,
Unlesse thou dare, for thy deare ladies sake
And for thine owne defence, on foote alight
To instifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight."

The dastard, that did heare himselfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde
Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall;
Or had no courage, or else had no gall.
So much the more was Calepine offended,
That him to no revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and himselfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

But he, nought weighing what he sayd or did,
Turned his steede about another way,
And with his lady to the castle rid,
Where was his won; he did the other stay,
But after wott directly as he may,
For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke;
Where he arriving with the fall of day
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke
And myld entreaty lodging did for her beseeke.

But the rude porter that no manners had
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad:
Nath'lesse the knight, now in so needy case,
Gan him entreat even with submission base,
And humbly praid to let them in that night:
Who to him answer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant knight,
Unlesse that with his lord he formerly did fight.

"Full loth am I," quoth he, "as now at earst
When day is spent, and rest us needeth most,
And that this lady, both whose sides are pearst
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost;
Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
That should to me such curtesie afford,
Unlesse that I were thereunto enforst:
But yet aread to me, how hight thy lord,
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the Ford."

"His name," quoth he, "if that thou list to learne,
Is hight sir Turpine, one of mickle might
And manhood rare, but terrible and stearne
In all assaies to every errant knight,
Because of one that wrought him fowle despight."
"Ill seemes," sayd he, "if he so valiaunt be,
That he should be so sterne to stranger wight:
For seldome yet did living creature see
That curtesie and manhood ever disagree.

"But go thy waies to him, and fro me say
That here is at his gate an errant knight,
That house-rome craves; yet would he lothe assay
The proofe of battell now in doubtfull night,
Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite:
Yet, if he needes will fight, crave leave till morne,
And tell withall the lamentable plight
In which this lady languisheth forlorne,
That pitty craves, as he of woman was yborne."

The groome went streightway in, and to his lord
Declar'd the message which that knight did move;
Who, sitting with his lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund approve,
But both himselfe revil'd and eke his love;
Albe his lady, that Blandina hight,
Him of ungentle usage did reprove,
And earnestly entreated that they might
Finde favour to be lodged there for that same night.

Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,
Ne from his currish will awhit reclame.
Which answer when the groome returning brought
To Calepine, his heart did inly flame
With wrathfull fury for so foule a shame,
That he could not thereof avenged bee:
But most for pitty of his dearest dame,
Whom now in deadly daunger he did see;
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

But all in vaine; for why? no remedy
He saw the present mischiefe to redresse,
But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him addresse.
So downe he tooke his lady in distresse,
And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse;
Whiles he himselfe all night did nought but weepe,
And wary watch about her for her safegard keepe.

The morrow next, so soone as joyous day
Did shew itselfe in sunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darkenesse dread and hope of living light,
Uprear'd her head to see that chearefull sight.
Then Calepine, however inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile despight,
Yet for the feeble ladies sake, full loth
To make there lenger stay, forth on his iourney go'th.

He go'th on foote all armed by her side,
Upstaying still herselfe uppon her steede,
Being unhable else alone to ride;
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede:
Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,
He chaunst far off an armed knight to spy
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede;
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his misery.

Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,
To weet what issue would thereof betyde:
Tho, whonas he approched nigh in vew,
By certaine signes he plainly him deseryde
To be the man that with such scornfull pryde
Had him abusde and shamed yesterday;
Therefore, misdoubting least he should misguyde
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keepe himselfe so safely as he may.

By this the other came in place likewise,
And couching close his speare and all his powre,
As bent to some malicious enterprise,
He had him stand t' abide the bitter stoure
Of his sore vengeaunce, or to make avoure
Of the lewd words and deedes which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would devoure
His life attonce; who nought could do but shun
The perill of his pride, or else be over-run.

Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did chace
Flying the fury of his bloudy will:
But his best succour and refuge was still
Behind his ladies back; who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As ever he to lady was affyde,
To spare her knight, and rest with reason pacifyde:

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felnesse him pursew'd;
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Having by chaunce a close advantage vew'd,
He over-raught him, having long eschew'd
His violence in vaine; and with his spere
Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood ensew'd
In great aboundance, as a well it were,
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere.

Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
But chaste him still for all his ladies cry;
Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground
He saw his life powrd forth dispiteously;
The which was certes in great ieopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought,
And saved from his cruell villany:
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought!
That in another canto shall to end be brought.

CANTO IV.

Calepine by a salvage man
From Turpine reskewed is;
And, whylest an infant from a beare
He saves, his love doth misse.

Like as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,
Having spent all her mastes and her groundhold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
At last some fisher-barke doth neare behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold;
Such was the state of this most courteous knight
Being oppressed by that faytour bold,
That he remayned in most perilous plight,
And his sad ladie left in pitifull affright:

Till that, by fortune passing all foresight,
A salvage man, which in those woods did wonne,
Drawne with that ladies loud and piteous shright,
Toward the same incessantly did ronne
To understand what there was to be donne:
There he this most discourteous craven found
As fiercely yet, as when he first begonne,
Chasing the gentle Calepine around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

The salvage man, that never till this houre
Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure
Was much emmoved at his perils vew,
That even his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his evill plight,
Against his foe that did him so pursew;
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that so villenous despight.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,
Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite;
But naked, without needfull vestiments
To clad his corpse with meete habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword nor speere,
No more then for the stroke of strawes or bents:
For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by magicke leare.

He stayed not t' advize which way were best
His foe t' assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force infest
Upon him ran; who being well prepard
His first assault full warily did ward,
And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare
Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and hard
That forst him backe recoyle and reele areare;
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
Like to a tygre that hath mist his pray,
And with mad moode againe upon him flew,
Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dismay:
The salvage nation doth all dread despize:
Tho on his shield he gryple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wize
He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprize.

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vaine;
For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
But layld and pild with all his might and maine,
That from his steed him nigh he drew againe:
Who having now no use of his long speare
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,
He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

But after him the wyld man ran apace,
And him pursewed with importune speed,
For he was swift as any bucke in chace;
And, had he not in his extreamest need
Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
He had him overtaken in his flight.
Who, even as he saw him nigh succeed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright;
And shrieked out; a thing uncomely for a knight.

But, when the salvage saw his labour vaine
In following of him that fled so fast,
He wearie woxe, and backe returnd againe
With speede unto the place, whereas he last
Had left that couple nere their uttmost cast:
There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the ladie fearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound:

For though she were right glad so rid to bee
From that vile lozell which her late offended;
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see
And perill, by this salvage man protended;
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended
By reason that her knight was wounded sore:
Therefore herselfe she wholy recommended
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For other language had he none nor speach,
But a soft murmure and confused sound
Of senselesse words (which Nature did him teach
T' expresse his passions) which his reason did empeach:

And comming likewise to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the streames of purple blood
Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the sight,
He made great mone after his salvage mood;
And, running straight into the thickest wood,
A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,
Whose vertue he by use well understood;
The juyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it staunched thought.

Then taking up that recreants shield and speare,
Which earst he left, he signes unto them made
With him to wend unto his wonning neare;
To which he easily did them perswade.
Farre in the forrest, by a hollow glade
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spredding brode
Did underneath them make a gloomy shade,
Where foot of living creature never trode,
No scarse wyld beasts durst come, there was this wights abode.

Thither he brought these unacquainted guests;
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he showed
By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests:
But the bare ground with hoarie mosse bestrowed
Must be their bed; their pillow was unsowed;
And the fruits of the forrest was their feast:
For their bad steuard neither plough'd nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast
Did taste the bloud, obaying Natures first behest.

Yet, howsoever base and meane it were,
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,
Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
And sav'd from being to that caytive thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were but small;
That, having there their wounds awhile redrest,
They mote the abler be to passe unto the rest.

During which time that wyld man did apply
His best endevour and his daily paine
In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbes to dresse their wounds; still steming faine
When ought he did, that did their lyking gaine.
So as ere long he had that knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe:
But that same ladies hurts no herbe he found
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly unsound.

Now whenas Calepine was woxen strong,
Upon a day he gan abrode to wend,
To take thy ayre and heare the thrushes song,
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without sword his person to defend;
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end,
A cruell beare, the which an infant bore,
Betwixt his bloodie iawes, besprinckled all with gore.

The litle babe did loudly scrike and squall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To Calepine, whose eares those shrieches shrill,
Percing his hart, with pities point did thrill;
That after him he ran with zealous haste
To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill:
Whom though he saw now somewhat overpast,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursewed fast.

Well then him chaunst his heavy armes to want,
Whose burden mote empeach his needfull speed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant:
For having long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
That like an hauke, which feeling herselfe freed
From bels and iesses which did let her flight,
Him seem'd his feet did fly and in their speed delight.

So well he sped him, that the wearie beare
Ere long he overtooke and forst to stay;
And, without weapon him assayling neare,
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray
Upon him turned, and, with greedie force
And furie, to be crossed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse
To be aveng'd on him and to devoure his corse.

But the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd,
But catching up in hand a ragged stone
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
Upon him ran, and thrust it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being unable to digest that bone;
Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe,
Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony masse.

Whom whenas he thus combred did behold,
Stryving in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
He with him closd, and, laying mightie hold
Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
That wanting breath him downe to ground he cast;
And, then oppressing him with urgent paine,
Ere long enforst to breath his utmost blast,
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre to straine.

Then tooke he up betwixt his armës twaine
The litle babe, sweet relickes of his pray;
Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
From his soft eyes the heares he wypt away,
And from his [illegible] that did it ray;
And every litle limbe he searcht around,
And every part that under sweath-bands lay,
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
Made in his tender flesh, but whole them all he found.

So, having all his bands againe uptyde,
He with him thought backe to returne againe;
But when he lookt about on every syde,
To weet which way were best to entertaine
To bring him to the place where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
Ne by inquirie learne, nor ghesse by ayme;
For nought but woods and forrests farre and nye,
That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take: now west he went awhile,
Then north, then neither, but as fortune fell:
So up and downe he wandred many a mile
With wearie travell and uncertaine toile,
Yet nought the nearer to his iourneys end;
And evermore his lovely litle spoile
Crying for food did greatly him offend:
So all that day, in wandring, vainely he did spend.

At last, about the setting of the Sunne,
Himselfe out of the forest he did mynd;
And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne:
Where, looking all about where he mote fynd
Some place of succour to content his mynd,
At length he heard under the forrests syde
A voice, that seemd of some womankynd,
Which to herselfe lamenting loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft defyde.

To whom approaching, whenas she perceived
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
As if she doubted to have bene deceived,
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd:
Whom whenas Calepine saw so dismayd,
He to her drew, and, with faire blandishment
Her chearing up, thus gently to her sayd;
"What be you, wofull dame, which thus lament,
And for what cause, declare; so mote ye not repent."

To whom she thus; "What need me, sir, to tell
That which yourself have earst ared so right?
A wofull dame ye have me termed well;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redressed be by living wight!"
"Nathlesse," quoth he, "if need doe not you bynd,
Doe it disclose, to ease your grieved spright:
Oftimes it haps that sorrowes of the mynd
Find remedie unsought, which seeking cannot fynd."

Then thus began the lamentable dame;
"Sith then ye needs will know the griefe I hoord,
I am th' unfortunate Matilde by name,
The wife of bold sir Bruin, who is lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his sword
From a great gyant, called Cormoraunt,
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord;
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

"So is my lord now seiz'd of all the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate:
But to these happie fortunes cruell fate
Hath ioyn'd one evill, which doth overthrow
All these our ioyes, and all our blisse abate;
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endlesse losse to over-flow.

"For th' Heavens, envying our prosperitie,
Have not vouchsaft to graunt unto us twaine
The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
Which we might see after ourselves remaine
In th' heritage of our unhappie paine:
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule feend, who dayly doth attend
To leape into the same after our lives end.

" But most my lord is grieved herewithall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
That all this land unto his foe shall fall,
For which he long in va'ne did swent and swinke,
That now the same he greatly doth forthinke.
Yet was it sayd, *there should to him a sonne*
Be gotten, not begotten ; which should drinke
And dry up all the water which doth runne [*donne.*
In the next brooke) by whom that feond should be for-

" Well hop'd he then, when this was propheside,
That from his sire some noble chyld should rize,
The which through fame should farre be magnifide,
And this proud gyant should with brave emprize
Quite overthrow, who now ginnes to despize
The good sir Bruin growing farre in years,
Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth rize.
Lo ! this my cause of griefe to you appeares ;
For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth ceaselesse teares."

Which when he heard, he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her unworthy griefe ;
And, when he had devized of her ease,
He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if please her make the priefe :
And, having cheared her, thus said ; " Faire dame,
In evils counsell is the comfort chiefe ;
Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
Yet, as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

" If that the cause of this your languishment
Be lacke of children to supply your place,
Lo ! how good fortune doth to you present
This little babe, of sweete and lovely face,
And spotlesse spirit in which ye may enchace
Whatever formes ye list thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embrace ;
Whether ye list him traine in chevalry,
Or nourse up in lore of learn'd philosophy.

" And, certes, it hath oftentimes bene seene,
That of the like, whose linage was unknowne,
More brave and noble knights have raysed beene
(As their victorious deedes have often showen,
Being with *fame through* many nations blowen)
Then those which have bene dandled in the lap,
Therefore sound thought that those brave imps were [*sowen*
Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly sap,
That made them grow so high t' all honorable hap."

The ladie, hearkning to his sensefull speach,
Found nothing that he said unmeet nor geason,
Having oft seene it tryde as he did teach :
Therefore inclyning to his goodly reason,
Agreeing well both with the place and season,
She gladly did of that same babe accept,
As of her owne by livorey and seisin ;
And, having over it a little wept,
She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it kept.

Right glad was Calepine to be so rid
Of his young charge whereof he skilled nought ;
Ne she lesse glad ; for she so wisely did,
And with her husband under hand so wrought,
That, when that infant unto him she brought,
She made him think it surely was his owne ;
And it in goodly thewes so well upbrought,
That it became a famous knight well knowne,
And did right noble deedes ; the which elswhere are showne.

But Calepine, now being left alone
Under the greenewoods side in sorie plight,
Withouten armes or steede to ride upon,
Or house to hide his head from Heavens spight ;
Albe that dame, by all the meanes she might,
Him oft desired home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courtesie to requite,
Both horse and armes and whatso else to lend,
Yet he them all refusd, though thankt her as a freend ;

And, for exceeding griefe which inly grew,
That he his love so luckelesse now had lost,
On the cold ground maugre himselfe he threw
For fell despight, to be so sorely crost,
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
Vowing that never he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, no lig in ease ounbost,
Till that his ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or understand that she in safetie did remaine.

CANTO V.

The salvage serves Serena well,
Till she prince Arthure fynd ;
Who her, together with his squyre,
With the hermit leaves behynd.

O what an easie thing is to descry
The gentle bloud, however it be wrapt
In sad misfortunes foule deformity
And wretched sorrowes, which have often hapt !
For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,
Like this wyld man being undisciplynd,
That to all vertue it may seeme unapt ;
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kynd.

That plainely may in this wyld man be red,
Who, though he were still in this desert wood,
Mongst salvage beasts, both rudely borne and bred,
Ne ever saw faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood
By gentle usage of that wretched dame :
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
However by hard hap he hither came ;
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

Who, whenas now long time he lacked had
The good sir Calepine, that farre was strayd,
Did waxe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
As he of some misfortune were afrayd ;
And, leaving there this ladie all dismayd,
Went forth streightway into the forrest wyde
To seeke if he perchance asleep were layd,
Or whatso else were unto him betyde :
He sought him farre and neare, yet him no where he spyde.

Tho, backe returning to that sorie dame,
He showed semblant of exceeding mone
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame,
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament :
By which she well perceiving what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and piteously herselfe torment.

Upon the ground herselfe she fiercely threw,
Regardlesse of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,
As if her breast new launcht with murdrous knife
Would streight dislodge the wretched wearie life:
There she long groveling and deepe groning lay,
As if her vitall powers were at strife
With stronger death, and feared their decay:
Such were this ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

Whom when the salvage saw so sore distrest,
He reared her up from the bloudie ground,
And sought, by all the meanes that he could best,
Her to recure out of that stony swound,
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound:
Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,
Nor cease her sorrow and impatient stound,
But day and night did wexe her carefull thought,
And ever more and more her owne affliction wrought.

At length, whenas no hope of his retourne
She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,
And wend abrode, though feeble and forlorne,
To seeke some comfort in that sorie case:
His steede, now strong through rest so long a space,
Well as she could she got, and did bedight;
And being thereon mounted forth did pace
Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or guard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

Whom when her host saw readie to depart,
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.
Those warlike armes, which Calepine whyleare
Had left behind, he gan eftsoones prepare,
And put them all about himself unfit,
His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare,
But without sword upon his thigh to sit:
Sir Calepine himselfe away had hidden it.

So forth they traveld an uneven payre,
That mote to all men seeme an uncouth sight;
A salvage man matcht with a ladie fayre
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might
Gotten by spoyle then purchaced aright:
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serve both day and night
Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

Upon a day, as on their way they went,
It chaunst some furniture about her steed
To be disordred by some accident;
Which to redresse she did th' assistance need
Of this her groome; which he by signes did reede;
And streight his combrous armes aside did lay
Upon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed;
And, [illegible] to assay
T' amend what was amisse, and put in right aray.

Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard,
Lo! where a knight, together with his squire,
All arm'd to point came ryding thetherward;
Which seemed, by their portance and attire,
To be two errant knights, that did inquire
After adventures, where they mote them get:
Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince Arthur and young Timias, which met
By straunge occasion, that here needs forth be set.

After that Timias had againe recured
The favour of Belphebe, as ye heard,
And of her grace did stand againe assured,
To happie blisse he was full high uprear'd,
Nether of envy nor of chaunge afeard:
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with uniust detraction him did beard;
Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
That in her soveraine lyking he dwelt evermore.

But, of them all which did his ruine seeke,
Three mightie enemies did him most despight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely sought by open might
To overthrow, but to supplant by slight:
The first of them by name was cald Despetto,
Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight;
The second, not so strong but wise, Decetto;
The third, nor strong nor wise but spightfullest, Defetto.

Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ,
And several deceipts, but all in vaine;
For neither they by force could him destroy,
Ne yet entrap in treasons subtill traine:
Therefore, conspiring all together plaine,
They did their counsels now in one compound:
Where singled forces faile, conioynd may gaine.
The Blatant Beast the fittest meanes they found
To worke his utter shame, and throughly him confound.

Upon a day, as they the time did waite
When he did raunge the wood for salvage game,
They sent that Blatant Beast to be a baite
To draw him from his deare beloved dame
Unwares into the daunger of defame:
For well they wist that squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in forrest wylde or tame
Met him in chase, but he it challenge would,
And plucke the pray oftimes out of their greedy [mould.

The hardy boy, as they devised had,
Seeing the ugly monster passing by,
Upon him set, of perill nought adrad,
Ne skilfull of the uncouth ieopardy;
And charged him so fierce and furiously,
That, his great force unable to endure,
He forced was to turne from him and fly:
Yet, ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

Securely he did after him pursew,
Thinking by speed to overtake his flight;
Who through thicke woods and brakes and briers him drew,
To weary him the more and waste his spight,
So that he now has almost spent his spright:
Till that at length unto a woody glade
He came, whose covert stopt his further sight;
There his three foes shrowded in guilefull shade
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invade.

Sharpely they all attonce did him assaile,
Burning with inward raucour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes from percing thorough quite:
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite;
And all the while his backe for best safegard
He lent against a tree, that backeward onset bard.

Like a wylde bull, that, being at a bay,
Is bayted of a mastiffe and a hound
And a curre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay
On every side, and beat about him round;
But most that curre, barking with bitter sownd,
And creeping still behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled grownd,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder:
So did that squire his foes disperse and drive asondor.

Him well behoved so; for his three foes
Sought to encon passe him on every side,
And dangerously did round about enclose:
But, most of all, Defetto him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him still to have destroyde;
So did Decetto eke him circumvent;
But stout Despetto in his greater pryde
Did front him, face to face against him bent:
Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to shrinke and somewhat to give place,
Full like ere long to have escaped hard;
Whenas unwares he in the forrest heard
A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast
Did warne his rider be uppon his gard;
With noise whereof the squire, now nigh aghast,
Revived was, and sad dispaire away did cast.

Eftsoones he spide a knight approching nye;
Who, seeing one in so great danger set
Mongst many foes, himself did faster hye
To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
For pitty so to see him overset:
Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get:
Him booted not to thinke them to pursew;
The covert was so thicke, that did no passage shew.

Then, turning to that swaine, him well he knew
To be his Timias, his owne true squire;
Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
And, him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus bespake; "My liefe, my lifes desire,
Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what worlds despight, or Heavens yre,
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where have ye all this while bin waundring, where bene weft?"

With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne:
To whom the squire nought answered againe,
But, shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
His dear affect with silence did restraine,
And shut up all his plaint in privy paine.
There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,
As to them seem'd fit time to entertaine:
After all which up to their steedes they went,
And forth together rode, a comely complement.

So now they be arrived both in sight
Of this wyld man, whom they full busie found
About the sad Serena things to dight,
With those brave armours lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoile of some right well renownd.
Which whiles that squire beheld, he to them stept
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound;
But he it seeing lightly to him lept, [kept:
And sternely with strong hand it from his handling

Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly looke,
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist unwares on th' head he strooke,
That made him downe unto the earth encline;
Whence soone upstarting, much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have slaine;
Who it perceiving hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping his avengement stayd.

With that aloude the faire Serena cryde
Unto the knight, them to dispart in twaine:
Who to them stepping did them soone divide,
And did from further violence restraine,
Albe the wyld man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the prince of her for to demaund
What and from whence she was; and by what traine
She fell into that salvage villaines hand;
And whether free with him she now were, or in band.

To whom she thus; "I am, as now ye see,
The wretchedst dame that lives this day on ground,
Who both in minde (the which most grieveth me)
And body have receiv'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driven to this drery stound.
I was erewhile the love of Calepine;
Who whether he alive be to be found,
Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine,
Since I him lately lost, unneth is to define.

"In salvage forrest I him lost of late,
Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this wylde man in that wofull stead
Kept and delivered me from deadly dread.
In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd,
Amongst wilde beastes in desert forrests bred,
It is most straunge and wonderful to fynd
So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd.

"Let me therefore this favour for him finde,
That ye will not ybur wrath upon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speake:
Small praise to prove your powre on wight so weake!"
With such faire words she did their heate asswage,
And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
That they to pitty turned their former rage,
And each sought to supply the office of her page.

So, having all things well about her dight,
She on her way east forward to proceede;
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede;
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed:
And eke this squire, who likewise wounded was
Of that same monster late, for lacke of heed
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas [thas,
Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes oppressed

So forth they rode together all in troupe [ease
To seeke some place, the which mote yeeld some
To these sicke swaine that now began to droupe:
And all the way the prince sought to appease
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease
By all the courteous meanes he could invent;
Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to please,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the paine did them torment.

Mongst which, Serena did to him relate
The foule discourt'sies and unknightly parts,
Which Turpine had unto her shewed late
Without compassion of her cruell smarts:
Although Blandina did with all her arts
Him otherwise perswade all that she might,
Yet he of malice, without her desarts,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But also trayterously did wound her weary knight.

Wherewith the prince sore moved there avoud
That, soone as he returned backe againe,
He would avenge th' abuses of that proud
And shamefull knight, of whom she did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine
To passe the tedious travell of the way;
Till towards night they came unto a plaine,
By which a little hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

And nigh thereto a little chappel stoode,
Which being all with ivy overspred
Dockt all the roofe, and, shadowing the roode,
Seem'd like a grove faire braunched over hed:
Therein the hermite, which his life here led
In streight observaunce of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
And therein he likewise was praying now, [nor how.
Whenas these knights arriv'd, they wist not where

They stayd not there, but streightway in did pas:
Whom when the hermite present saw in place,
From his devotion streight he troubled was;
Which breaking off he toward them did pace
With stayed steps and grave beseeming grace:
For well it seem'd that whilome he had beene
Some goodly person, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all; and well did weene
How each to entertaine with curt'sie well beseene:

And soothly it was sayd by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had bene a man of mickle name,
Renowmed much in armes and derring doe:
But being aged now, and weary to
Of warres delight and worlds contentious toyle,
The name of knighthood he did disavow;
And, hanging up his armes and warlike spoyle,
From all this worlds dheumbrance did himselfe assoyle.

He thence them led into his hermitage,
Letting their steedes to graze upon the greene:
Small was his house, and, like a little cage,
For his owne turne; yet inly neate and cleane,
Dockt with greene boughes and flowers gay beseene:
Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with such forged showes, as fitter boene
For courting fooles that courtesies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
Did use his feeble body to sustaine;
The which full thankfully they did take in glee,
Such grace and good he did of want complaine.
But, being well disheard, them rested faine:
But stiff therein all night could take no rest,
Ne yet that gentle squire, for grievous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant Beast
Had given them, whose griefe through suffraunce sore increast.

So all that night they past in great disease,
Till that the morning, bringing earely light
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
And some asswagement of their painefull plight.
Then up they rose, and gan themselves to dight
Unto their iourney; but that squire and dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame:
Their hearts were sicke; their sides were sore; their feete were lame.

Therefore the prince, whom great affaires in mynd
Would not permit to make there longer stay,
Was forced there to leave them both behynd
In that good hermits charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well: so forth he went his way,
And with him eke the salvage (that whyleare
Seeing his royall usage and array
Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere)
Would needes depart; as shall declared be elsewhere.

CANTO VI.

The hermite heales both squire and dame
Of their sore maladies:
He Turpine doth defeate and shame
For his late villanies.

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light
As doth the poysnous sting, which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For, by no art nor any leaches might,
It ever can recured be againe;
Ne all the skill, which that immortall spright
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish paine.

Such were the wounds the which that Blatant Beast
Made in the bodies of that squire and dame;
And, being such, were now much more increast
For want of taking heede unto the same,
That now corrupt and carelesse they became:
Howbe that carefull hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame
The poysnous humour which did most infest [dreat
Their rankling wounds, and every day them duely

For he right well in leaches craft was seene;
And, through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene
And past through many perillous assayes,
He knew the diverse went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great insight;
Which with sage counsell, when they went astray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright;
And all the passions heale, which wound the weaker spright.

For whylome he had bene a doughty knight,
As any one that lived in his daies,
And proved oft in many perillous fight,
In which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies:
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,
He tooke himselfe unto this hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse-bird in cage.

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,
He found that they had festred privily;
And, rankling inward with unruly stounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery;
And rather needed to be disciplinde
With holesome reede of sad sobriety,
To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde:
Give salves to every sore, but counsell to the minde.

So, taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit speaches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe as well as say the same;
And thus he to them sayd; "Faire daughter dame,
And you, faire sonne, which here thus long now lie
In piteous languor since ye hither came;
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewise in vaine doe salves to you applie:

"For in yourselfe your onely helpe doth lie
To heale yourselves, and must proceed alone
From your owne will to cure your maladie.
Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye seeke, observe this one:
First learne your outward sences to refraine
From things that stirre up fraile affection;
Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talk restraine
From that they most affect, and in due termes containe.

"For from those outward sences, ill affected,
The seede of all this evill first doth spring,
Which at the first, before it had infected,
Mote easie be suppresst with little thing:
But, being growen strong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine,
In th' inner parts; and lastly, scattering
Contagious poyson close through every vaine,
It never rests till it have wrought his finall baine.

"For that beastes teeth, which wounded you tofore,
Are so exceeding venemous and keene,
Made all of rusty yron rankling sore,
That, where they bite, it booteth not to weene
With salve, or antidote, or other meane,
It ever to amend: ne marvaile ought;
For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,
And long in darksome Stygian den upbrought,
Begot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is taught.

"Echidna is a monster direfull dred,
Whom gods doe hate, and Heavens abhor to see;
So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
That even the hellish fiends affrighted bee
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:
Yet did her face and former parts professe
A faire young mayden, full of comely glee;
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
A monstrous dragon, full of fearfull uglinesse.

"To her the gods, for her so dreadfull face,
In fearefull darknesse, farthest from the skie
And from the Earth, appointed have her place
Mongst rocks and caves, where she enrold doth lie
In hideous horrour and obscurity,
Wasting the strength of her immortall age:
There did Typhaon with her company;
Cruell Typhaon, whose tempestuous rage
Makes th' Heavens tremble oft, and him with vowes assuage.

"Of that commixtion they did then begot
This hellish dog, that hight the Blatant Beast;
A wicked monster, that his tongue doth whet
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
And pours his poysnous gall forth to infest
The noblest wights with notable defame:
Ne ever knight that bore so lofty creast,
Ne ever ladie of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproch, or secrete shame.

"In vaine therefore it were with medicine
To goe about to salve such kind of sore,
That rather needes wise read and discipline
Then outward salves that may augment it more."
"Aye me!" sayd then Serena, sighing sore,
"What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
If that no salves may us to health restore!"
"But sith we need good counsell," sayd the swaine,
"Aread, good sire, some counsell that may us sustaine."

"The best," sayd he, "that I can you advize,
Is, to avoide th' occasion of the ill:
For when the cause, whence evill doth arize,
Removed is, th' effect surceaseth still.
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will;
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight;
Use scanted diet, and forbeare your fill;
Shun secresie, and talke in open sight:
So shall you soone repaire your present evill plight."

Thus having sayd, his sickely patients
Did gladly hearken to his grave behoast,
And kept so well his wise commaundements,
That in short space their malady was cleast,
And eke the biting of that harmefull beast
Was throughly heal'd, tho when they did perceave
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,
Of that good hermite both they tooke their leave,
And went both on their way, ne ech would other leave:

But each the other vow'd t' accompany:
The lady, for that she was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity;
The squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need.
So both together traveld, till they met
With a faire mayden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy iade unmeetly set,
And a lowd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
And how thereof herselfe she did acquite,
I must a while forbeare to you to tell;
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton prince did lite,
Pursuing that proud knight, the which whileare
Wrought to sir Calepine so foule despight;
And eke his lady, though she sickly were,
So lewdly had abusde, as ye did lately heare.

The prince, according to the former token,
Which faire Serena to him delivered had,
Pursu'd him streight; in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeanure and usage bad,
With which he had those two so ill bestad:
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that wyld mayd; whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrained be from his attendement.

Arriving there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall;
Where soft dismounting, like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there must make abode;
The whiles the salvage man did take his steede,
And in some stable neare did set him up to feede.

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wise him asked what he was,
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his lords forbidden hall to passe:
To whom the prince, him fayning to embase,
Mylde answer made, he was an errant knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight
Received had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight.

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickely thence avaunt,
Or deare aby; for why? his lord of old
Did hate all errant knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt;
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of dore doing his worst assay.

Which when the salvage comming now in place
Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,
And, running streight upon that villaine base,
Like a fell lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in present vew,
Him rudely rent and all to peeces tore;
So miserably him all helpelesse slew,
That with the noise, whilest he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great uprore.

Who when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,
And that same knight and salvage standing by,
Upon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them layd so huge and horribly,
As if they would have slaine them presently:
But the bold prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That, maugre all their might, he did repell [fell.
And beat them back, whilst many underneath him

Yet he them still so sharpely did pursew,
That few of them he left alive, which fled,
Those evill tydings to their lord to shew:
Who, hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in hast; where whenns with the dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same knight
And salvage with their blond fresh steeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
And with reprochfull words him thus bespake on [hight;

"Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile
Hast slaine my men in this unmanly manor,
And now triumphest in the piteous spoile [nor
Of these poore folk, whose soules with black diabo-
And bodies dolfulne doe decke thy bloudy bauer?
The vengle whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
And with thyself end which still attendeth on her."
With that himselfe to battell he did frame; [came.
So did his fouly yeomen, which there with him

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest; that in such distresse
He wist not to which side him to addresse:
And evermore that craven cowherd knight
Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinesse,
Wayting if he unwares him murther might:
For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

Whereof whenns the prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce bull, that being busie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell avengement:
So likewise turnde the prince upon the knight,
And layd at him unmaine with all his will and might.

Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted,
Durst not the furie of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him hasted
Through the thick presse, there thinking him to
hyde:
But, when the prince had once him plainely eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shrinke asyde;
But, ioyning close, huge lode at him did lay;
Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.

But, when his foe he still so eger saw,
Unto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw:
Ne would the prince him ever foot forsake
Whereso he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whylest every ioynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chace;
That made him evermore increase his speedie pace.

At last he up into the chamber came
Whereas his love was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the prince him overtake anone
Crying in vaine to her him to bemone;
And with his sword him on the head did smyte,
That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone:
Yet, whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempred steele did not into his braynepan byte.

Which when the ladie saw, with great affright
She starting up began to shricke aloud;
And, with her garmeut covering him from sight,
Seem'd under her protection him to shroud;
And, falling lowly at his feet, her bowd
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and prayd, and vowd;
That, with the ruth of her so wretched case,
He stayd his second strooke, and did his hand abase.

Her weed she then withdrawing did him discover;
Who now come to himselfe yet would not rize,
But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
That even the prince his basenesse did despize;
And eke his dame, him seeing in such guize,
Gan him recomfort and from ground to reare:
Who rising up at last in ghastly wize,
Like troubled ghost, did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

Whom when the prince so deadly saw dismayd,
He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,
And with sharpe words did bitterly upbrayd;
" Vile cowheard dogge, now doe I much repent,
That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou caytive so unworthie art,
That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,
And eke thyselfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all knights hast shamed with this knightlesse part.

" Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare:
For first it was to thee reprochfull blame,
T' ereot this wicked custome, which I heare
Gainst errant knights and ladies thou dost reare;
Whom when thou mayst thou dost of armes despoile,
Or of their upper garment which they weare:
Yet doest thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby to foile.

" And lastly, in approvance of thy wrong,
To shew such faintnesse and foule cowardize
Is greatest shame; for oft it falles, that strong
And valiant knights doe rashly enterprize
Either for fame, or else for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
Yet have through prowesse and their brave emprize
Gotten great worship in this worldes sight:
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then right.

" Yet, since thy life unto this ladie fayre
I given have, live in reproch and scorne!
Ne ever armes ne ever knighthood dare
Hence to professe; for shame is to adorne
With so brave badges one so basely borne;
But onely breath, sith that I did forgive!"
So having from his craven bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely suffred him this wretched life to live.

There whilest he thus was setling things above,
Atwene that ladie myld and recreant knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her love,
He gan bethinke him in what perilous plight
He had behynd him left that salvage wight
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
By this quite slaine in so unequall fight:
Therefore descending backe in haste he sought
If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought.

There he him found environed about
With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had slaine;
And laying yet afresh with courage stout
Upon the rest that did alive remaine;
Whom he likewise right sorely did constraine,
Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,
After he gotten had with busie paine
Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

Whom when the prince so felly saw to rage,
Approaching to him neare, his hand he stayd,
And sought, by making signes, him to asswage:
Who them perceiving, streight to him obayd,
As to his lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his beasts bene trayned.
Thence he him brought away, and up convayd
Into the chamber, where that dame remayned
With her unworthy knight, who ill him entertayned.

Whom when the salvage saw from daunger free,
Sitting beside his ladie there at ease,
He well remembred that the same was hee,
Which lately sought his lord for to displease:
Tho all in rage he on him streight did seaze,
As if he would in peeces him have rent;
And, were not that the prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him unrent: [ment.
But streight he held his hand at his commaunde-

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,
The prince himselfe there all that night did rest;
Where him Blandina fayrely entertayned
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast
The which for him she could imagine best:
For well she knew the wayes to win good will
Of every wight, that were not too infest;
And how to please the minds of good and ill,
Through tempering of her words and lookes by wondrous skill.

Yet were her words and lookes but false and fayned,
To some hid end to make more easie way,
Or to allure such fondlings whom she trayned
Into her trap unto their owne decay:
Thereto, when needed, she could weepe and pray,
And when her listed she could fawne and flatter;
Now smyling smoothly like to sommers day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her tears but water.

Whether such grace were given her by kynd,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde;
Or learnd the art to please, I doe not fynd:
This well I wote, that she so well applyde
Her pleasing tongue, that soon she pacifyde
The wrathfull prince, and wrought her husbands
Who nathëlesse, not therewith satisfyde, [peace:
His rancorous despight did not release,
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge surcease:

For all that night, the whiles the prince did rest
In carelesse couch not wonting what was ment,
He watcht in close awayt with weapons prest,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him, that had so shamefully him shent:
Yet durst he not for very dowardize
Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent.
The morrow next the prince did early rize,
And passed forth to follow his first enterprize.

CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffuld; his two knights
Doe gaine their treasons meed.
Fayre Mirabellaes punishment
For Loves disdaine decreed.

Like as the gentle hart itselfe bewrayes
In doing gentle deedes with franke dolight,
Even so the baser mind itselfe displayes
In cancred malice and revengefull spight:
For to maligne, t' envie, t' use shifting slight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind;
Which, what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discovering his base kind.

That well appears in this discourteous knight,
The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the prince his life received late,
Yet in his mind malitious and ingrate
He gan devize to be aveng'd anew
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate:
Therefore, so soone as he was out of vew,
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pursew.

Well did he tract his steps as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approch in daungers eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be deseryde,
Untill fit time and place he mote espy,
Where he mote worke him scath and villeny.
At last he met two knights to him unknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combynd, whatever chaunce woro blowne,
Betwixt them to divide and each to make his owne.

To whom false Turpine comming courteously,
To cloke the mischiefe which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,
Which a straunge knight, that neare afore him went,
Had don to him, and his deare ladie shent;
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to avenge in time convenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

The knights beleev'd that all he sayd was trew;
And, being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke desirous of the offred meed:
Said then the one of them; "Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to-thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and punish him with speed?"

"He rides," said Turpine, "there not farre afore,
With a wyld man soft footing by his syde;
That, if ye list to haste a litle more,
Ye may him overtake in timely tyde."
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde;
And, ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle prince not farre away they spyde,
Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,
Devizing of his love more then of daunger drad.

Then one of them aloud unto him eryde,
Bidding him turne againe; "False traytour knight,
Foule woman-wronger!"—for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall spight
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might
Against him ran, but th' one did misse his marke,
And being carried with his force forthright
Cleanst swiftly by; like to that heavenly sparke,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the Heavens darke.

But th' other, ayming better, did him smite
Full in the shield with so impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces shivered quite,
And scattered all about fell on the flowre:
But the stout prince with much more steadly stowre,
Full on his brest did him strike so sore,
That the cold steele through piercing did devowre
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his own bloody gore.

As when a cast of faulcons make their flight
At an herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring;
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
Herselfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing;
But th' other, not so swift as she before,
Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no more.

By this the other, which was passed by,
Himselfe recovering, was return'd to fight;
Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
He much was daunted with so dismal sight;
Yet, nought abating of his former spight,
Let drive at him with so malitious mynd,
As if he would have passed through him quight:
But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,
But glaunceing by deceiv'd him of that he desynd.

Not so the prince; for his well-learned speare
Tooke surer hould, and from his horses backe
Above a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
And, to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him, for all his former follies meed,
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

The fearfull swayne beholding death so nie
Cryde out aloud, for mercie, him to save;
In lieu whereof he would to him descrie
Great treason to him meant, his life to' reave.
The prince soone hearkned, and his life forgave,
Then thus said he; "There is a straunger knight,
The which, for promise of great meed, us drave
To this attempt, to wreake his hid despight,
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might."

The prince much mused at such villenie,
And sayd; "Now sure ye well have earn'd your meed;
For th' one is dead, and th' other soone shall die,
Unlesse to me thou hither bring with speed
The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed."
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him which did this mischiefe breed,
Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke
He would surceasse, but him whereso he were would seeke.

So up he rose, and forth streightway he went
Backe to the place where Turpine late he lore;
There he him found in great astonishment,
To see him so bedight with bloodie gore
And grisely wounds, that him appalled sore.
Yet thus at length he said; "How now, sir Knight,
What meaneth this which here I see before?
How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,
So different from that which earst ye seem'd in sight?

"Perdie," said he, "in evill houre it fell,
That ever I for meed did undertake
So hard a taske as life for hyre to sell;
The which I earst adventur'd for your sake:
Witnesse the wounds, and this wide bloudie lake,
Which ye may see yet all about me steeme.
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise make,
My due reward, the which right well I deeme
Ye cannot have, that life so dearely did redeeme."

" But where then is," quoth he halfe wrothfully,
" Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
That cursed caytive, my strong enemy,
That recreant knight, whose hated life I sought?
And where is eke your friend which halfe it ought?"
" He lyes," said he, " upon the cold bare ground,
Slayne of that errant knight with whom he fought;
Whom afterwards myselfe with many a wound
Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the stound."

Thereof false Turpin was full glad and faine,
And needs with him streight to the place would ryde,
Where he himselfe might see his foeman slaine;
For else his feare could not be satisfyde.
So, as they rode, he saw the way all dyde
With streames of bloud; which tracting by the traile,
Ere long they came, whenas in evill tyde
That other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

Much did the craven seeme to mone his case,
That for his sake his deare life had forgone;
And, him bewayling with affection base,
Did counterfeit kind pittie where was none:
For where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone.
Thence passing forth, not farre away he found
Whereas the prince himselfe lay all alone,
Loosely displayd upon the grassie ground, [swound.
Possessed of sweete sleepe that luld him soft in

Wearie of travell in his former fight,
He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
Having his armes and warlike things undight,
Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest;
The whyles his salvage page, that wont he prest,
Was wandred in the wood another way,
To doe some thing, that seemed to him best;
The whyles his lord in silver slomber lay,
Like to the evening starre adornd with deawy ray.

Whom whenas Turpin saw so loosely layd,
He weened well that he indeed was dead,
Like as that other knight to him had sayd:
But, when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
Plaine signes in him of life and livelihead.
Whereat much griev'd against that straunger knight,
That him too light of credence did mislead,
He would have backe retyred from that sight,
That was to him on Earth the deadliest despight.

But that same knight would not once let him start;
But plainely gan to him declare the case
Of all his mischiefe and late lucklesse smart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace;
And how that he, in lieu of life him lent,
Had vowd unto the victor, him to trace
And follow through the world whereso he went,
Till that he him delivered to his punishment.

He, therewith much abashed and affrayd,
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine;
And, softly whispering him, entyrely prayd
T' advize him better then by such a traine
Him to betray unto a straunger swaine:
Yet rather counseld him contrarywize,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
To joyne with him and vengeance to devize,
Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize.

Nathlesse, for all his speach, the gentle knight
Would not be tempted to such villenie,
Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enomie,
Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd!
Thus whylest they were debating diverslie,
The salvage forth out of the wood issew'd [vew'd.
Backe to the place, whereas his lord he sleeping

There when he saw those two so neare him stand,
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee;
And, throwing downe his load out of his hand,
(To weet, great store of forrest frute which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree)
Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he so sternly shooke,
That like an hazell wand it quivered and quooke.

Whereat the prince awaking, when he spyde
The traytour Turpin with that other knight,
He started up; and snatching neare his syde
His trustie sword, the servant of his might,
Like a fell lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar layd.
Therewith the cowheard, deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him sayd,
But, holding up his hands, with silence mercie prayd.

But he so full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would inclине,
But, as he lay upon the humbled gras,
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine.
Then, letting him arise like abiect thrall,
He gan to him object his haynous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And lastly to despoyle of knightly bunnerall.

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
And baffuld so, that all which passed by
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warned bee,
However they through treason doe trespasse.
But turne we now backe to that ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding upon an asse,
Led by a carle and foole which by her side did passe.

She was a ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted up to honorable place,
Famous through all the land of Faërie:
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of Natures grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face;
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th' harts of many a knight, and many a gentle squire:

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthie thought to be her fere,
But scornd them all that love unto her ment;
Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy pere:
Unworthy she to be belov'd so dere,
That could not weigh of worthinesse aright:
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she that served is of noblest knight.

But this coy damzell thought contrariwize,
That such proud looks would make her praysed more;
And that, the more she did all love despize,
The more would wretched lovers her adore.
What cared she who sighed for her sore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that list their lucklesse lot deplore;
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would ever live, and love her own delight.

Through such her stubborne stifnesse and hard hart,
Many a wretch for want of remedie
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die:
Whylest she, the ladie of her libertie,
Did boast her beautie had such soveraine might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye
She could or save or spill whom she would right:
What could the gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

But lo! the gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily revenge this maydens pride;
And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did laugh at her that many did deride,
Whilest she did weepe, of no man mercifide:
For on a day, when Cupid kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all lovers doe resort, [report;
That of their loves successe they there may make

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red,
In which the names of all Loves folke were fyled,
That many there were missing; which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exyled,
Or by some other violence despoyled.
Which whenas Cupid heard, he wexed wroth;
And, doubting to be wronged or beguyled,
He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and master them by oth.

Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont doe suit and service to his might;
Of whom what was becomen no man knew.
Therefore a iurie was impaneld streight
T' enquire of them, whether by force, or sleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away convayd:
To whom foule Infamie and fell Despight
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious mayd.

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all those crymes she there indited was:
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure wil'd a capias
Should issue forth t' attach that scornefull lasse.
The warrant straight was made, and therewithall
A bayliffe errant forth in post did passe,
Whom they by name thord Portamore did call;
He which doth summon lovers to Loves iudgement hall.

The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought
Unto the barre whereas she was arrayned:
But she thereto would plead, nor answere ought,
Even for stubborne pride, which her restrayned:
So iudgement past, as is by law ordayned
In cases like: which when at last she saw,
Her stubborne hart, which love before disdayned,
Gan stoupe; and, falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

The sonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd,
But where he is provokt with peevishnesse,
Unto her prayers piteously enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome represse;
Yet not so freely, but that nathëlesse
He unto her a penance did inpose,
Which was, that through this worlds wyde wildernes
She wander should in companie of those,
Till she had sav'd so many loves as she did lose.

So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares
Throughout the world, in this uncomely case,
Wasting her goodly hew in heavie teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace;
Yet had she not in all these two yeares space
Saved but two; yet in two yeares before, [place,
Through her dispiteous pride, whilest love lackt
She had destroyed two and twenty more. [fore!
Aie me, how could her love make half amends there-

And now she was uppon the weary way,
Whenas the gentle squire, with faire serene,
Met her in such misseeming foule array;
The whiles that mighty man did her demeane
With all the evil termes and cruell meane
That he could make; and eeke that angry foole
Which follow'd her, with cursed hands uncleane
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her doole.

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
The one or th' other better her to use;
For both so wilfull were and obstinate
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beate and bruse:
But most the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling jade, was bent her to abuse;
Who, though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead:

For he was sterne and terrible by nature,
And eeke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
And rather like a gyant monstruous:
For sooth he was descended of the hous
Of those old gyants, which did warres darraine
Against the Heaven in order battailous;
And sib to great Orgolio, which was slaine
By Arthure, whenas Unas knight he did maintaine.

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies,
Like two great beacons, glared bright and wyde,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He scorned in his overweening pryde;
And stalking stately, like a crane, did stryde
At every step uppon the tiptoes hie;
And, all the way he went, on every syde
He gaz'd about and stared horriblie,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight;
But in a jacket, quilted richly rare
Upon checklaton, he was straungely dight;
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Mores of Malabor, he wore,
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about and voyded from before;
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

This was Disdaine, who led that ladies horse
Through thick and thin, through mountains and through plains,
Compelling her, where she would not, by force,
Hating her palfrey by the hempen raines:
But that same foole, which most increast her paines,
Was Scorne; who, having in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yirks; and still, when she complaines,
The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,
To see her sore lament and bite her tender lip.

Whose cruell handling when that squire beheld,
And saw those villaines her so vildely use,
His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
And could no longer beare so great abuse
As such a lady so to beate and bruse;
But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
That forst him th' halter from his hand to loose,
And, maugre all his might, backe to relent;
Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly shent.

The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,
Gathered himselfe together soone againe,
And with his yron batton which he bore
Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,
That for his safety he did him constraine
To give him ground, and shift to every side,
Rather than once his burden to sustaine:
For bootlesse thing him seemed to abide [pride.
So highty blowes, or prove the puissaunce of his

Like as a mastiffe having at a bay
A salvage bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
Desparate daunger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some advantage get,
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore;
So did the squire, the whiles the carle did fret
And fume in his disdainefull mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

Nathelesse so sharpely still he him pursewd,
That at advantage him at last he tooke,
When his foote slipt, (that slip he dearely rewd)
And with his yron club to ground him strooke;
Where still he lay, ne out of swoune awooke,
Till heavy hand the carle upon him layd,
And bound him fast: tho, when he up did looke
And saw himselfe captiv'd, he was dismayd,
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

Then up he made him rise, and forward fare,
Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd;
No ought that foole for pitty did him spare,
But with his whip him following behynd
Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd:
And otherwhiles with bitter mockes and mowes
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd
Was much more grievous than the others blowes:
Words sharpely wound, but greatest griefe of scorning growes.

The faire Serena, when she saw him fall
Under that villaines club, then surely thought
That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speede she mought
To seeke for safety; which long time she sought;
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she againe to Calepine was brought:
The which discourse as now I must delay,
The Mirabellaes fortunes I doe further say.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure overcomes Disdaine;
Quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena, found of salvages,
By Calepine is freed.

Ye gentle ladies, in whose soveraine powre
Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th' hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines, of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath unto your hands by gift;
Be well aware how ye the same doe use,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;
Least, if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuse.

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,
Adornd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eeke in mynde;
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the love of men to hate:
Ensample take of Mirabellaes case,
Who from the high degree of happy state
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

Who after thraldome of the gentle squire,
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compassion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her sake fell into misery;
Which booted nought for prayers nor for threat
To hope for to release or mollify;
For aye the more that she did them entreat,
The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat.

So as they forward on their way did pas,
Him still reviling and afflicting sore,
They met prince Arthure with sir Enias,
(That was that courteous knight, whom he before
Having subdew'd yet did to life restore;)
To whom as they approcht, they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement;
As if it them should grieve to see his punishment.

The squire himselfe, whenas he saw his lord
The witnesse of his wretchednesse in place,
Was much asham'd that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captive case,
And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,
As loth to see or to be seene at all;
Shame would be hid: but whenas Enias
Behold two such, of two such villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoved therewithall;

And to the prince thus sayd; "See you, sir Knight,
The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,
Yond lady and her squire with foule despight
Abusde, against all reason and all law,
Without regard of pitty or of awe!
See! how they doe that squire beat and revile!
See! how they doe the lady hale and draw!
But, if ye please to lend me leave awhile,
I will them soone acquite, and both of blame assoile."

The prince assented; and then he, streightway
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
With which approaching thus he gan to say;
"Abide, ye caytive treachetours untrew,
That have with treason thralled unto you
These two, unworthy of your wretched hands;
And now your crime with cruelty pursew:
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
Or else abide the death that hard before you stands."

The villaine stayd not aunswer to invent;
But, with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes sad message backe unto him sent;
The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
That seemed nought the course thereof could stay,
No more then lightening from the lofty sky:
Ne list the knight the powre thereof assay,
Whose doome was death; but, lightly slipping by,
Unwares defrauded his intended destiny:

And, to requite him with the like againe,
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
And strooke so strongly, that the carle with paine
Saved himselfe but that he there him slew;
Yet sav'd not so, but that the blood it drew,
And gave his foe good hope of victory:
Who, therewith flesht, upon him set anew,
And with the second stroke thought certainely
To have supplyde the first, and paide the usury.

But Fortune aunswered not unto his call;
For, as his hand was heaved up on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brond-yron bright
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
Rebeaten backe upon himselfe againe
He driven was to ground in selfe despight;
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had set his foote with full disdaine.

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in; and, whilest on ground he lay,
Laide heavy hands on him and held so strayte,
That downe he kept him with his scorneful sway,
So as he could not weld him any way:
The whiles that other villaine went about
Him to have bound and thraldom without delay;
The whiles the foole did him revile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them two and tame their corage stout.

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde
By strength have overthrown a stubborne steare,
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do bynde,
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
So did these two this knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the prince beheld, there standing by,
He left his lofty steede to aide him neare;
And, buckling soone himselfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that carle, to save his friend from jeopardy.

The villaine, leaving him unto his mate
To be captiv'd and handled as he list,
Himselfe addrest unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow,
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

But yet the prince so well enured was
With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,
That way to them he gave forth right to pas;
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt advantage when they downe did light.
At last the caytive after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw avoyded quite,
Resolved in one t' assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorse.

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadfull instrument of yre
Thought sure have pownded him to powder soft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre;
But Fortune did not with his will conspire:
For, ere his stroke attayned his intent,
The noble childe, preventing his desire,
Under his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knee that never yet was bent.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow;
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout, (yet did no blood appeare)
So as it was unable to support
So huge a burden on such broken geare,
But fell to ground like to a lumpe of durt;
Whence he assayed to rise, but could not for his hurt.

Eftsoones the prince to him full nimbly stept,
And, least he should recover foote againe,
His head meant from his shoulders to have swept:
Which when the lady saw, she cryde amaine;
"Stay, stay, sir Knight, for love of God abstaine
From that unwares ye weetlesse doe intend;
Slay not that carle, though worthy to be slaine;
For more on him doth thon himselfe depend;
My life will by his death have lamentable end."

He staide his hand according her desire,
Yet nathëmore him suffred to arize;
But, still suppressing, gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote those uncouth words comprize?
That in that villaines health her safety lies;
That were no might in man, nor heart in knight,
Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprize,
Yet Heavens themselves, that favour feeble right,
Would for itselfe redresse; and punish such despight.

Then bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast
Like many water-streams, awhile she stayd;
Till the sharpe passion being overpast,
Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sayd;
"Nor Heavens, nor men, can me most wretched mayd
Deliver from the doome of my desart,
The which the god of love hath on me layd,
And damned to endure this direfull smart,
For penaunce of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

"In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight;
And Nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre
Of all her gifts, that pleasde each living sight;
I was belov'd of many a gentle knight,
And sude and sought with all the service dew:
Full many a one for me deepe ground and sigh't,
And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,
Complayning *out on me* that would not on them rew.

"But let them love that list, or live or die;
Me list not die for any lovers doole:
Ne list me leave my loved libertie
To pitty him that list to play the foole:
To love myself I learned had in schoole.
Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,
And, sitting carelesse on the scorners stoole,
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine:
But all is now repayd with interest againe.

"For loe! the winged god, that woundeth harts,
Causde me be called to accompt therefore;
And for revengement of those wrongfull smarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce sore;
That in this wize, and this unmeete array,
With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdaine and Scorne, I through the world should stray,
Till I have sav'd so many as I earst did slay."

"Certes," sayd then the prince, "the god is iust,
That taketh vengeaunce of his peoples spoile:
For were no law in love, but all that lust
Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but a while.
But tell me, lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with such toile,
And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
That for these carles to carry much more comely were?"

"Here in this bottle," sayd the sory mayd,
"I put the tears of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defrayd:
And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
I put repentaunce for things past and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
That all which I put in fals out anon,
And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,
Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the more I mourn."

The infant hearkned wisely to her tale,
And wondred much at Cupids iudgment wise,
That could so meekly make proud hearts avale,
And wreake himselfe on them that him despise.
Then suffred he Disdaine up to arise,
Who was not able up himselfe to reare,
By meanes his leg, through his late lucklesse prise,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare
Was holpen up, who him supported standing neare.

But being up he lookt againe aloft,
As if he never had received fall;
And with sterne eye-brows stared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him withall:
And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
As if such pride the other could apall;
Who was so far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes despised, and his boast dispraized.

Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,
Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
Unwilling to be knowne or seene at all,
He from those bands weend him to have unwound;
But when approaching neare he plainely found
It was his owne true groome, the gentle squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly astound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
He could with seeing satisfie his great desire.

Meane while the salvage man, when he beheld,
That huge great foole oppressing th' other knight,
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,
He flew upon him like a greedy kight
Unto some carrion offered to his sight;
And, downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite;
And, from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So sore him scourgeth that the bloud downe followeth.

And sure I weene, had not the ladies cry
Procur'd the prince his cruell hand to stay,
He would with whipping him have done to dye:
But, being checkt, he did abstaine streightway
And let him rise. Then thus the prince gan say;
"Now, lady, s'th your fortunes thus dispose,
That, if ye list have liberty, ye may;
Unto yourselfe I freely leave to chose,
Whether I shall you leave, or from these villains lose."

"Ah! nay, sir Knight," said she, "it may not be,
But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
This penaunce, which enioyned is to me,
Least unto me betide a greater ill:
Yet no lesse thankes to you for your good will."
So humbly taking leave she turnd aside:
But Arthure with the rest went onward still
On his first quest, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them devide

But first it falleth me by course to tell
Of faire Serena: who, as earst you heard,
When first the gentle squire at variaunce fell
With those two carles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd:
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foote did tremble which did tread,
And every body two, and two she foure did read.

Through hils and dales, through bushes and through breres,
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
Herselfe now past the perill of her feares:
Then looking round about, and seeing nought
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine;
And, sitting downe, herselfe awhile bethought
Of her long travell and turmoyling paine;
And often did of love, and oft of lucke, complaine.

And evermore she blamed Calepine,
The good sir Calepine, her owne true knight,
As th' onely author of her wofull tine;
For being of his love to her so light,
As her to leave in such a piteous plight:
Yet never turtle truer to his make,
Then he was tride unto his lady bright:
Who all this while endured for her sake
Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

Tho whenas all her plaint she had displayd,
And well disburdened her encrieved brest,
Upon the grasse herselfe adowne she layd:
Where, being tyrde with travell, and opprest
With sorrow, she betooke herselfe to rest:
There whilest in Morpheus bosome safe she lay,
Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,
False Fortune did her safety betray
Unto a strange mischaunce, that menaced her decay.

In these wylde deserts, where she now abode,
There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did give
Themselves to any trade, (as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous merchandize to thrive,)
But on the labours of poor men to feed,
And serve their owne necessities with others need.

Thereto they usde one most accursed order,
To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote fynde,
And straungers to devoure, which on their border
Were brought by errour or by wreckfull wynde:
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde!
They, towards evening wandering every way
To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde
Whereas this lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearlesse lay.

Soone as they spide her, Lord! what gladfull glee
They made amongst themselves! but when her face
Like the faire yvory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace
For joy of such good hap by heavenly grace.
Then gan they to devize what course to take;
Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce, or many meales to make.

The best advizement was, of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill without encombrement;
For sleepe, they sayd, would make her battill better:
Then, when she wakt, they all gave one consent
That, since by grace of god she there was sent,
Unto their god they would her sacrifize,
Whose share, her guiltlesse blood they would present:
But of her dainty flesh they did devize
To make a common feast, and feed with gurmandize.

So round about her they themselves did place
Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose,
As each thought best to spend the lingring space:
Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose;
Some praise her paps; some praise her lips and nose;
Some whet their knives, and strip their elbowes bare:
The priest himselfe a garland doth compose
Of finest flowers, and with full busie care
His bloudy vessels wash and holy fire prepare.

The damzell wakes; then all attonce upstart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the brasen skies.
Which when she spies with ghastly grieffull eies,
Her heart does sincke, and deadly pallid hew
Bedimmes her cheekes: then out aloud she cries,
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy brests embrew.

But all bootes not; they hands upon her lay:
And first they spoile her of her iewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongst them they in peeces teare,
And of the pray each one a part doth beare.
Now being naked, to their sordid eyes
The goodly threasures of nature appeare:
Which as they view with lustfull fantasyes,
Each wisheth to himselfe, and to the rest envyes.

Her yvorie neck; her alablaster brest;
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were
For Love in soft delight thereon to rest;
Her tender sides; her bellie white and clere,
Which like an altar did itselfe uprere
To offer sacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighes, whose glorie did appeare
Like a triumphall arch, and thereupon
The spoiles of princes hang'd which were in battell won.

Those daintie parts, the deaplings of delight,
Which mote not be.prophan'd of common eyes,
Those villeins vew'd with loose lascivious sight,
And closely tempted with their oraftie spyes;
And some of them gan mongst themselves devize
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure:
But them the priest rebuking did advize
To dare not to pollute so sacred threasure
Vow'd to the gods: Religion held even theeves in measure.

So, being stayd, they her from thence directed
Unto a litle grove not farre asyde,
In which an altar shortly they erected
To slay her on. And now the Eventyde
His brode black wings had through the Heavens wyde
By this dispred, that was the tyme ordayned
For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde:
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowres which they nigh hand obtayned.

Tho, whenas all things readie were aright,
The damzell was before the altar set,
Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright:
To whom the priest with naked armes full net
Approching nigh, and murdrous knife well whet,
Gan mutter close a certain secret charme,
With other divelish ceremonies met:
Which doen, he gan aloft t' advance his arme,
Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to shrill
And shrieke aloud, that, with the peoples voyce
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles she wayld, the more they did reioyce.
Now mote ye understand that to this grove
Sir Calepine, by chaunce more then by choyce,
The selfe same evening fortune hether drove,
As he to seeke Serena through the woods did rove.

Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle
Had traveld still on foot in heavie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now, all weetlesse of the wretched stormes
In which his love was lost, he slept full fast;
Till, being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started up like one aghast,
And catching up his arme streight to the noise forth past.

There by th' uncertaine glims of starry night,
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceive a litle dawning sight
Of all which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom a woman spoyled of all attire
He spyde lamenting her unlucky strife,
And groning sore from grieved hart entire:
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loved life.

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng;
And, even as his right hand adowne descends,
He him preventing lays on earth along,
And sacrifizeth to th' infernall feends:
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends;
Of whom he makes such havocke and such hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to Hell he sends:
The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a faulcons yew.

From them returning to that ladie backe,
Whom by the altar he doth sitting find
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to cover what she ought by kind;
He first her handes begynneth to unbind,
And then to question of her present woe;
And afterwards to cheare with speaches kind:
But she, for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answere him a whit thereto.

So inward shame of her uncomely case
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did cover her disgrace,
Yet she in so unwomanly a mood
Would not bewray the state in which she stood:
So all that night to him unknown she past:
But day, that doth discover bad and good,
Ensewing, made her knowen to him at last:
The end whereof ile keepe untill another cast.

CANTO IX.

Calidore hostes with Melibee,
And loves fayre Pastorell:
Coridon envies him, yet he,
For ill, rewards him well.

Now turne againe my teme, thou iolly swayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow one or twayne
Unplough'd, the which my coulter had not cleft;
Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and fruitefull oft,
As I it past; that were too great a shame,
That so rich fruite should be from us bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to Calidores immortall name.

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
And toyle endured, sith I left him last
Sewing the Blatant Beast; which I forbore
To finish then, for other present hast.
Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
Through hils, through dales, through forests, and through plaines,
In that same quest which fortune on him cast,
Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

So sharply he the monster did pursew,
That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
Ne rested he himselfe (but natures dew)
For dread of daunger not to be redrest,
If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the cities coursed,
And from the cities to the townes him prest,
And from the townes into the countrie forsed,
And from the country back to private farmes he scorsed.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the heardes were keeping of their neat,
And shepheards singing, to their flockes that fed,
Layes of sweet love and youthes delightfull heat:
Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat
He followed fast, and chaced him so nie,
That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe seat,
And to the little cotes, where shepherds lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

There on a day, as he pursew'd the chace,
He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard groothes
Playing on pypes and caroling apace,
The whyles their beasts there in the budded broomes
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes;
For other worldly wealth they car'd nought:
To whom sir Calidore yet sweating comes,
And them to tell him courteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thether brought.

They answer'd him that no such beast they saw,
Nor any wicked feend that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw;
But if that such there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God them farre from them to send:
Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
After his rustieke wise, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke to quench his thiratie heat,
And, if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne
They prayd him sit, and gave him for to feed
Such homely what as serves the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne:
Tho, having fed his fill, he there besyde
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of sundry flowres with silken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands had dyde.

Upon a litle hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of lovely lasses; and them all without
The lustie shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,
The which did pype and sing her prayses dew,
And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew.

And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
Which she did more augment with modest grace
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the rest like lessor lamps did dim:
Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,
Did for their soveraine goddesse her esteeme,
And, carolling her name both day and night,
The fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight.

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepheards swayne,
But her did honour; and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing payne
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:
But most of all the shepheard Coridon
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
Yet neither she for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend: [second.
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind

Her whyles sir Calidore there vewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
To be a princes paragone esteemed,
He was unwares surprisd in subtile bands
Of the blynd boy; ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands; [stands.
Caught like the bird which gazing still on others

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his quest were farre afore him gon:
But after he had fed, yet did he stay
And sate there still, untill the flying day
Was farre forth spent, discoursing diversly
Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay;
And evermore his speach he did apply [tazy.
To th' heardt, but meant them to the damzels fan-

By this the moystie Night approching fast
Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to hast
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed:
Then came to them a good old aged syre,
Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wil'd the damzell rise; the day did now expyre.

He was to weet, by common voice, esteemed
The father of the fayrest Pastorell,
And of herselfe in very deede so deemed;
Yet was not so; but, as old stories tell,
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th' open fields an infant left alone;
And, taking up, brought home and noursed well
As his owne chyld; for other he had none;
That she in tract of time accompted was his owne.

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
And streight unto her litle flocke did fare:
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundrie sheepe with severall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare:
Whylest everie one with helping hands did strive
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
To helpe faire Pastorella home to drive
Her fleecie flocke; but Coridon most helpe did give.

But Melibee (so hight that good old man)
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his simple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better so
To lodge then in the salvage fields to rome.
The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
Being his harts owne wish; and home with him did go.

There he was welcom'd of that honest syre
And of his aged beldame kyndly well;
Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell;
By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde:
And, supper readie dight, they to it fell
With small adoo, and nature satisfyde,
The which doth litle crave contented to abyde.

Tho when they had their hunger slaked well,
And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away;
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courtesie and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day
Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife:
And, drawing thence his speech another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life [strife.
Which shepheards lead, without debate or bitter

"How much," sayd he, "more happie is the state
In which ye, father, here doe dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which tosse the rest in daungerous disease;
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease!
That certes I your happinesse envie,
And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie!"

"Surely, my sonne," then answer'd he againe,
"If happie; then it is in this intent,
That having small yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But doe myselfe, with that I have, content;
So taught of nature, which doth litle need
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nourishment:
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

"Therefore I doe not any one envy,
Nor am envyde of any one therefore;
They, that have much, feare much to loose thereby,
And store of cares doth follow riches store.
The litle that I have growes dayly more
Without my care, but only to attend it;
My lambes doe every yeare increase their score,
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
What have I, but to praise th' Almighty that doth send it!

"To them, that list, the worlds gay showes I leave,
And to great ones such follies doe forgive;
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weave,
And through ambition downe themselves doe drive
To sad decay, that might contented live.
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve;
But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,
And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend.

"Sometimes I hunt the fox, the vowed foe
Unto my lambes, and him dislodge away;
Sometime the fawne I practise from the doe,
Or from the goat her kidde, how to convay;
Another while I baytes and nets display
The birds to catch or fishes to beguyle;
And, when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in every shade to rest from toyle;
And drinke of every brooke, when thirst my throte doth boyle.

"The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I disdain'd amongst mine equall peares
To follow sheepe and shepheards base attire;
For further fortune then I would inquire:
And, leaving home, to roiall court I sought,
Where I did sell myselfe for yearely hire,
And in the princes gardin daily wrought:
There I beheld such vainenesse as I never thought

" With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes which them doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares myselfe excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to myselfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare:
Tho, backe returning to my sheepe againe,
I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more deare
This lowly quiet life which I inherite here."

Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
Hong still upon his melting mouth attent;
Whose sensefull words empierst his hart so neare,
That he was wrapt with double ravishment,
Both of his speach that wrought him great content,
And also of the obiect of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,
He lost himselfe, and like one halfe-entraunced grew.

Yet to occasion meanes to worke his mind,
And to insinuate his harts desire,
He thus replyde; " Now surely, syre, I find,
That all this worlds gay showes, which we admire,
Be but vaine shadows to this safe retyre
Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
Fearelesse of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which tossoth states, and under foot doth tread
The mightie ones affrayd of every chaunges dread.

" That even I, which daily doe behold
The glorie of the great mongst whom I won,
And now have prov'd what happinesse ye hold
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great lordship and ambition;
And wish the Heavens so much had graced mee,
As graunt me live in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
From pitch of higher place unto this low degree.".

" In vaine," said then old Melibee, " doe men
The Heavens of their fortunes fault accuse;
Sith they know best what is the best for them:
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
As they doe know each can most aptly use.
Nor not that, which men covet most, is best;
Nor that thing worst, which most do most refuse;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his brest.

" It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore:
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath litle, asks no more,
But in that litle is both rich and wise;
For wisedome is most riches: fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vowes devize;
Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize."

" Since then in each mans self," said Calidore,
" It is to fashion his owne lyfes estate,
Give leave awhyle, good father, in this shore
To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,
In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine;
That, whether quite from them for to retrate
I shall resolve or backe to turne againe,
I may here with yourselfe some small repose obtaine.

" Not that the burden of so bold a guest
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all;
For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall:
Besides, for recompence hereof, I shall
You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you safer live." [drive.
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre awaye
And thus bespake; " Sir Knight, your bounteous proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread:
But, if ye algates covet to assay
This simple sort of life that shepheards lead,
Be it your owne: our rudenesse to yourselfe aread."

So there that night sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whilest him list remaine,
Daily beholding the faire Pastorell,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane:
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courtesies he could invent;
And every day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field she went, he with her went:
So for to quench his fire he did it more augment.

But she that never had acquainted beene
With such quient usage, fit for queens and kings,
Ne ever had such knightly service seene;
But, being bred under base shepheards wings,
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things;
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
But cared more for Colins carolings
Then all that he could doe, or e'er devize; [spize.
His layes, his loves, his lookes, she did them all de-

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;
And doffing his bright armes himselfe addrest
In shepheards weed; and in his hand he tooke,
Instead of steele-head speare, a shepheards hooke;
That who had seene him then, would have bethought
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,
When he the love of fayre Bellone sought,
What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

So being clad unto the fields he went
With the faire Pastorella every day,
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous wolfe away,
The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and play;
And every evening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles, for need, he did assay
In his strong hand their ruggod rents to hold,
And out of them to presse the milke; love so much could.

Which seeing Coridon, who her likewise
Long time had loved, and hop'd her love to gaine,
He much was troubled at that straungers guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harvest ere it ripened were;
That made him scould, and pout, and oft complaine
Of Pastorell to all the shepheards there, [dere.
That she did love a stranger swayne then him more

And ever, when he came in companie
Where Calidore was present, he would loure
And byte his lip, and even for gealousie
Was readie oft his owne hart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who on the other side did seome so farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That, all he could, he graced him with her,
Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of iarre.

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
Or litle sparrowes stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels in the woods farre sought,
Or other daintie thing for her addrest,
He would commend his guift, and make the best:
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest:
This new-come shepheard had his market mard.
Old love is litle worth when new is more prefard.

One day, whenas the shepheard swaynes together
Were met to make their sports and merrie glee,
As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded bee;
They fell to daunce: then did they all agree
That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit;
And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee
That most in Pastorellaes grace did sit:
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip closely bit.

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
Tooke Coridon and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion;
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace;
And whenas Pastorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
And plast on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on Coridons instead:
Then Coridon woxe frollicke, that earst seemed dead.

Another time, whenas they did dispose
To practise games and maisteries to try,
They for their iudge did Pastorella chose;
A garland was the meed of victory:
There Coridon, forth stepping, openly
Did chalenge Calidore to wrestling game;
For he, through long and perfect industry,
Therein well practisd was, and in the same
Thought sure t'avenge his grudge, and worke his foe great shame.

But Calidore he greatly did mistake;
For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake;
And, had he not upon him fallen light,
His dearest ioynt he sure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
Given to Calidore as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and said he wonne it well.

Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abeare
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That even they, the which his rivals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend his needs:
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and favour: so it surely wrought
With this faire mayd, and in her mynde the seeds
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought
The fruite of ioy and blisse, though long time dearely bought.

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time
To winne the love of the faire Pastorell;
Which having got, he used without crime
Or blamefull blot; but menaged so well,
That he, of all the rest which there did dwell,
Was favoured and to her grace commended:
But what straunge fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

CANTO X.

Calidore sees the Graces daunce
To Colins melody:
The whiles his Pastorell is led
Into captivity.

Who now does follow the foule Blatant Beast,
Whilest Calidore does follow that faire mayd,
Unmyndfull of his vow, and high beheast
Which by the Faery queene was on him layd,
That he should never leave, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it attchieved?
But now, entrapt of love which him betrayd,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved
With grace from her, whose love his heart hath sore engrieved.

That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew
His former quest, so full of toile and paine;
Another quest, another game in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gaine;
With whom he myndes for ever-to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly favour fed with light report
Of every blast, and sayling alwaies in the port.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be
From so high step to stoupe unto so low;
For who had tasted once, as oft did he,
The happy peace which there doth overflow,
And prov'd the perfect pleasures which doe grow
Amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales;
Would never more delight in painted show
Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales
T' entrap unwary fooles in their eternall bales.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one sight which Calidore did vew?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,
That never more they should endure the shew
Of that shamne-shine, that makes them looke askew:
Ne ought, in all that world of beauties rare,
(Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,
To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which, as commeth now by course, I will declare.

One day, as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whilest his faire Pastorella was elsewhere,
He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,
Unto a place, whose pleasaunce did appere
To passe all others on the Earth which were:
For all that ever was by Natures skill
Deviz'd to worke delight was gathered there;
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if, this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seemd th' earth to disdaine;
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer hud,
Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches sung aloud;
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in maiesty and powre:

And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
Thereto approch; ne filth mote therein drowne:
But nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit
In the woods shade which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred itselfe, to serve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasauntly the hill with equall hight
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount Acidale.

They say that Venus, when she did dispose
Herselfe to pleasaunce, used to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest herselfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it
She used most to keepe her royall court
And in her soveraine majesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde and thought unfit.

Unto this place whgnas the Elfin knight
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be:
There he a troupe of ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a shepheard piping he did see.

He durst not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unwares to be descryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;
But in the covert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them unespyde:
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That even he himselfe his eyes envyde,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white,
All raunged in a ring and dauncing in delight.

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And dauncing round; but in the midst of them
Three other ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whilest the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme:
And in the middest of those same three was placed
Another damzell, as a precious gemme
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

Lookе! how the crowne, which Ariadne wore
Upon her yvory forehead that same day
That Theseus her unto his bridale bore,
When the bold Centaures made that bloudy fray
With the fierce Lapithes which did them dismay;
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright Heaven doth her beams display,
And is unto the starres an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell:
But she, that in the midst of them did stand,
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rosie girlond that right well
Did her beseeme: and ever, as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowres that far did smell
And fragrant odours they uppon her threw; [dew.
But, most of all, those three did her with gifts endew.

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaides of Venus, which are wont to haunt
Upon this hill, and daunce there day and night:
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt;
And all, that Venus in herself doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them: but that faire one,
That in the midst was placed paravaunt,
Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone;
That made him pipe so merrily, as never none.

She was, to weete, that iolly shepheards lasse,
Which piped there unto that merry rout;
That iolly shepheard, which there piped, was
Poor Colin Clout, (who knows not Colin Clout?)
He pypt apace, whilest they him daunst about.
Pype, iolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
Unto thy love that made thee low to lout;
Thy love is present there with thee in place;
Thy love is there advaunst to be another Grace.

Much wondred Calidore at this straunge sight,
Whose like before his eye had never seene;
And standing long astonished in spright,
And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of beauties queene,
Or nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted show,
With which his eyes mote have deluded beene.
Therefore, resolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

But, soone as he appeared to their view,
They vanisht all away out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew:
All save the shepheard, who, for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne:
But Calidore, though no lesse sory wight
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne:

And, first him greeting, thus unto him spake;
"Haile, iolly shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes
Here leadest in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of these gentle nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke to hearе thy lovely layes!
Tell me what mote these dainty damzels be,
Which here with thee doe make their pleasant playes:
Right happy thou, that mayest them freely see!
But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me?"

" Not I so happy," answerd then that swaine,
" As thou unhappy, which them thence didst chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe;
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of themselves list so to grace."
" Right sory I," saide then sir Calidore,
" That my ill fortune did them hence displace:
But since things passed none may now restore,
Tell me what were they all, whose lacke thee
grieves so sore."

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate;
" Then wote, thou shepheard, whatsoe'er thou bee,
That all those ladies, which thou sawest late,
Are Venus damzels, all within her fee,
But differing in honour and degree:
They all are Graces which on her depend;
Besides a thousand more which ready bee
Her to adorne, whenso she forth doth wend; [tend:
But those three in the midst, doe chiefe on her at-

" They are the daughters of sky-ruling Iove,
By him begot of faire Eurynome,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,
As he, this way comming from feastful glee
Of Thetis wedding with Aeacidee,
In sommers shade himselfe here rested weary.
The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,
Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry; [cherry!
Sweete goddesses all three, which me in mirth do

" These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
To make them lovely or well-favourd show;
As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curtesie:
They teach us, how to each degree and kynde
We should our selves demeane, to low, to hie,
To friends, to foes; which skill men call civility.

" Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile,
That we likewise should mylde and gentle be;
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblaunce all them plaine may see,
Simple and true from covert malice free;
And ever themselves so in their daunce they bore,
That two of them still froward seem'd to bee,
But one still towards shew'd herselfe afore; [store.
That good should from us goe, then come in greater

" Such were those goddesses which ye did see:
But that fourth mayd, which there amidst them
Who can aread what creature mote she bee, [traced,
Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
With heavenly gifts from Heven first enraced!
But what so sure she was, she worthy was
To be the fourth with those three other placed:
Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse;
Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe:

" So farre, as doth the daughter of the day
All other lesser lights in light excell;
So farre doth she in beautyfull array
Above all other lasses beare the bell;
Nc lesse in vertue that beseemes her well
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race;
For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,
Have for more honor brought her to this place,
And graced her so much to be another Grace.

" Another Grace she well deserves to be,
In whom so many graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Divine resemblaunce, beauty soveraine rare,
Firme chastity, that spight ne blemish dare!
All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
That all her peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed when she is in place:
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

" Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the Earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
Great Gloriana, greatest maiesty!
Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes
As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
And underneath thy feete to place her prayse;
That, when thy glory shall be farre displayd
To future age, of her this mention may be made!"

When thus that shepheard ended had his speach,
Sayd Calidore; " Now sure it yrketh mee,
That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse breach,
As now the author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereave thy loves deare sight from thee:
But, gentle shepheard, pardon thou my shame,
Who rashly sought that which I mote not see."
Thus did the courteous knight excuse his blame,
And to recomfort him all comely meanes did frame.

In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
With which the knight himselfe did much contend,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed
Both of his words, which he with reason red,
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his sences ravished,
That thence he had no will away to fare, [share.
But wisht that with that shepheard he mote dwelling

But that envenimd sting, the which of yore
His poysnous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afresh to rancle sore,
And to renue the rigour of his smart;
Which to recure, no skill of leaches art
Mote him availe, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with lovely dart
Dinting his brest had bred his restlesse paine;
Like as the wounded whale to shore flies from the maine.

So, taking leave of that same gentle swaine,
He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,
Where his faire Pastorella did remaine:
To whome in sort, as he at first begonne,
He daily did apply himselfe to donne
All dewfull service, voide of thoughts impure;
Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

And evermore the shepheard Coridon,
Whatever thing he did her to aggrate,
Did strive to match with strong contention,
And all his paines did closely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they sate
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercize,
Or to present her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunst to arize [prize,
To him, the shepheard straight with jealousie did

One day, as they all three together went
To the greene wood to gather strawberies,
There chaunst to them a dangerous accident:
A tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth wide-gaping like hell-gate,
Did ramne at Pastorell her to surprize;
Whom she beholding, now all desolate,
Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her all too late.

Which Coridon first hearing, ran in hast
To reskue her; but, when he saw the feend,
Through cowherd feare he fled away as fast,
Ne durst abide the daunger of the end;
His life he steemed dearer then his freind:
But Calidore soone comming to her ayde,
When he the beast saw ready now to rend
His loves deare spoile, in which his heart was prayde,
He ran at him enraged, instead of being frayde.

He had no weapon but his shepheards hooke
To serve the vengeaunce of his wrathfull will;
With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
That to the ground astonished he fell;
Whence ere he could recou'r, he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, it presented
Before the feete of the faire Pastorell;
Who, scarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thousand times him thankt that had her death prevented.

From that day forth she gan him to affect,
And daily more her favour to augment;
But Coridon for cowherdize reiect,
Fit to keepe sheepe, unfit for loves content:
The gentle heart scornes base disparagement.
Yet Calidore did not despise him quight,
But used him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowship he colour might
Both his estate and love from skill of any wight.

So well he wood her, and so well he wrought her,
With humble service, and with daily sute,
That at the last unto his will he brought her;
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely frute,
And joyed long in close felicity:
Till Fortune, fraught with malice, blinde and brute,
That envies lovers long prosperity,
Blew up a bitter storme of foule adversity.

It fortuned one day, when Calidore
Was hunting in the woods, as was his trade,
A lawlesse people, Brigants hight of yore,
That never used to live by plough nor spade,
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made
Upon their neighbours which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of these shepheards did invade;
And spoyld their houses, and themselves did murder,
And drove away their flocks; with other much disorder.

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,
They spoyld old Melibee of all he had,
And all his people captive led away;
Amongst which this luklesse mayd away was lad,
Faire Pastorella, sorrowfull and sad,
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sigh't,
Now made the spoile of theeves and Brigants bad,
Which was the conquest of the gentlest knight
That ever liv'd, and th' onely glory of his might.

With them also was taken Coridon,
And carried captive by those theeves away;
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them close convay:
Their dwelling in a little island was,
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way
Appeared for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for overgrowen gras:

For underneath the ground their way was made
Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
From view of living wight and covered over;
But darkenesse dred and daily night did hover
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt;
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,
But with continuall candle light, which delt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene as felt.

Hither those Brigants brought their present pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward;
Meaning, so soone as they convenient may,
For slaves to sell them for no small reward
To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe. Now when faire Pastorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of grisly theeves, she thought herself in Hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in darknesse dwell.

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment
And pittifull complaints which there she made,
(Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre that feeles no heate of Sunne
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade;)
And what befell her in that theevish wonne,
Will in another canto better be begonne.

CANTO XI.

The theeves fall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibee is slain:
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

The joys of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietnesse
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,
Would be an Earth too great a blessednesse,
Liker to Heaven then mortall wretchednesse:
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet
That here on Earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet,
To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

Like as is now befalne to this faire mayd,
Faire Pastorell, of whom is now my song:
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd
Amongst those theeves, which her in bondage strong
Detayned; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
Contented, greater mischiefe on her threw,
And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
That whoso heares her heavinesse, would rew
And pitty her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasaunt hew.

Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned,
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unrest,
It so befell, as Fortune had ordayned,
That he which was their capitaine profest,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,
One day, as he did all his prisoners vew,
With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,
Faire Pastorella, whose sad mournefull hew
Like the faire morning clad in misty fog did shew.

At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,
That her alone he for his part desired
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to himselfe allot.
From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed,
And sought her love by all the meanes he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts she of her wowed,
And mixed threats among, and much unto her vowed.

But all that ever he could doe or say
Her constant mynd could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favour or afford him love:
Yet ceast he not to sew, and all waies prove,
By which he mote accomplish his request,
Saying and doing all that mote bolove;
Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

At last, when him she so importune saw,
Fearing least he at length the raines would lend
Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend;
She thought it best, for shadow, to pretend
Some shew of favour, by him gracing small,
That she thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
With better tearmes she did him entertaine;
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perswade,
That he in time her joyance should obtaine:
But when she saw, through that small favours gaine,
That further then she willing was he prest;
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A sodaine sickenesse which her sore opprest,
And made unfit to serve his lawlesse minde behest.

By meanes whereof she would not him permit
Once to approach to her in privity,
But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And seeking all things meete for remedy:
But she resolv'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor butter cheare to shew in misery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde:
Her sickenesse was not of the body but the mynde.

During which space that she thus sicke did lie,
It chaunst a sort of merchants, which were wount
To skim those coastes for bondmen there to buy,
And by such trafficke after gaines to hunt,
Arrived in this isle, though bare and blunt,
T' inquire for slaves; where being readie met
By some of these same theeves at th' instant brunt,
Were brought unto their captaine, who was set
By his fayre patients side with sorrowfull regret.

To whom they shewed, how those merchants were
Arriv'd in place their bondslaves for to buy;
And therefore prayd that those same captives there
Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them shared equally.
This their request the captaine much appalled;
Yet could he not their just demaund deny,
And willed streight the slaves should forth be called,
And sold for most advantage not to be forstalled.

Then forth the good old Melibee was brought,
And Coridon with many other moe,
Whom they before in diverse spoyles had caught;
All which he to the marchants sale did showe:
Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe;
And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
The more t' augment her price through praise of comlinesse.

To whom the captaine in full angry wize
Made answere, that "the mayd of whom they spake
Was his owne purchase and his onely prize;
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himselfe which did that conquest make;
Lile for him to have one silly lasse;
Besides through sickenesse now so wan and weake,
That nothing meet in merchandise to passe:"
So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and weake she was.

The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And else but hardly seene by candle-light,
Yet, like a diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadow of the darkesome night
With starrie beames about her shining bright,
The marchants fixed eyes did so amaze, [light,
That what through wonder, and what through de-
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

At last when all the rest them offred were,
And prises to them placed at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her;
Ne ought would buy, however prisd with measure,
Without her, whose worth above all threasure,
They did esteeme, and offred store of gold: [sure,
But then the captaine, fraught with more displea-
Bad them be still; "his love should not be sold;
The rest take if they would; he her to him would hold."

Therewith some other of the chiefest theeves
Boldly him bad such iniurie forbeare;
For that same mayd, however it him greeves,
Should with the rest be sold before him theare,
To make the prises of the rest more deare.
That with great rage he stoutly doth denay;
And, fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare
That whoso hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearely shall aby, and death for handsell pay.

Thus, as they words amongst them multiply,
They fall to strokes, the frute of too much talke,
And the mad steele about doth fiercely fly,
Not sparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
But making way for Death at large to walke;
Who, in the horror of the grisely night, [stalke,
In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst them
And makes huge havocke; whiles the candle-light
Out-quenched leaves no skill nor difference of wight.

Like as a sort of hungry dogs, ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Doe fall together, stryving each to get
The greatest portion of the greedie pray;
All on confused heapes themselves assay,
And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare;
That who them sees would wonder at their fray,
And who sees not would be affrayd to heare:
Such was the conflict of those cruell brigants there.

But, first of all, their captives they doe kill,
Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will:
Old Melibee is slaine; and him beside
His raged wife; with many others wide:
But Coridon, escaping craftily,
Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth hide,
And flyes away as fast as he can hye,
Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends doe dye.

But Pastorella, wofull wretched elfe,
Was by the captaine all this while defended,
Who, minding more her safety then himselfe,
His target alwayes over her pretended;
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was slaine and layd on ground,
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
Fayre Pastorell, who with the selfe same wound
Launcht through the arme fell down with him in drerie swound.

There lay she covered with confused preasse
Of carcases, which dying on her fell:
Tho, whenas he was dead, the fray can ceasse;
And each to other calling did compell
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all were gone:
Thereto they all attonce agreed well;
And, lighting candles new, gan search anone,
How many of their friends were slaine, how many fone.

Their captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a sweet angell twixt two clouds uphild;
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd;
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Seeme much more lovely in that darknesse layd,
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright
To sparke out litle beames, like starres in foggie night.

But, when they mov'd the carcases aside,
They found that life did yet in her remaine;
Then all their helpes they busily applyde
To call the soule backe to her home againe;
And wrought so well, with labour and long paine,
That they to life recovered her at last:
Who, sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bene and all her hart-strings brast,
With drearie drooping eyne lookt up like one aghast.

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Herselfe sole left a second spoyle to bee
Of those, that having saved her from dying
Renew'd her death by timely death denying.
What now is left her but to wayle and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying!
Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe,
Albe with all their might those brigants her did keepe.

But when they saw her now reliv'd againe,
They left her so, in charge of one, the best
Of many worst, who with unkind disdaine
And cruell rigour her did much molest;
Scarse yeelding her due food or timely rest,
And scarsely suffring her infestred wound,
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we back to Calidore, where we him found.

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And saw his shepheards cottage spoyled quight,
And his love reft away; he wexed wood
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight;
That even his hart, for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh he readie was to teare:
He chauft, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sigh't,
And fared like a furious wyld beare, [where.
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being other-

Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire;
That more increast the anguish of his paine:
He sought the woods, but no man could see there;
He sought the plaines, but could no tydings heare:
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare;
Where wont the shepheards oft their pypes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

At last, as there he romed up and downe,
He chaunst one coming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some sorie simple clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes upstaring hye,
As if he did from some late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd:
Who as he unto him approached nye,
He mote perceive, by signes which he did fynd,
That Coridon it was, the silly shepheards hynd.

Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay
To greet him first, but askt, Where were the rest,
Where Pastorell?—Who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,
That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,
And up to Heaven his eyes fast-streming threw:
Whereat the knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
But askt againe, What meant that rufull hew;
Where was his Pastorell? where all the other crew?

"Ah! well away," sayd he, then sighing sore,
"That ever I did live this day to see,
This dismall day, and was not dead before,
Before I saw faire Pastorella dye!"
"Die! out alas!" then Calidore did cry,
"How could the Death dare ever her to quell!
But read thou, shepheard, read what destiny
Or other dyrefull hap from Heaven or Hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe feare away, and tell."

Tho, when the shepheard breathed had awhyle,
He thus began; "Where shall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how those brigants vyle
With cruell rage and dreadfull violence
Spoyld all our cots, and caried us from hence;
Or how faire Pastorell should have bene sold
To marchants, but was sav'd with strong defence;
Or how those theeves, whilest one sought her to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

" In that same conflict (woe is me!) befell
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whose heavy tydings now I have to tell.
First all the captives, which they here had hent,
Were by them slaine by generall consent;
Old Melibee and his good wife withall,
These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament:
But, when the lot to Pastorell did fall, [forstall,
Their captaine long withstood, and did her death

" But what could he gainst all them doe alone?
It could not boot; needs mote she die at last!
I onely scapt through great confusione
Of cryes and clamors, which amongst them past,
In dreadfull darknesse, dreadfully aghast;
That better were with them to have bene dead,
Then here to see all desolate and wast,
Despoyled of those ioyes and iollyhead, [lead."
Which with those gentle shepheards here I wont to

When Calidore these ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,
That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,
And death itselfe unto himselfe did threat;
Oft cursing th' Heavens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat;
And wishing oft, that he were present there [nere.
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour

But after griefe awhile had had his course,
And spent itselfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
And in his mind with better reason cast
How he might save her life, if life did last;
Or, if that dead, how he her death might wreake;
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
Or, if it to revenge he were too weake, [breake.
Then for to die with her, and his lives threed to

Tho Coridon he prayd, sith he well knew
The readie way unto that theevish wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Unto the place, to see what should be donne:
But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede;
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did shonne:
Yet Calidore so well him wrought with meed,
And faire besproke with words, that he at last agreed.

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in shepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with shepheards hookes; but Calidore
Had, underneath, him armed privily:
Tho, to the place when they approached nye,
They chaunst, upon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to espy;
To whom they bloth agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote best assay.

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The self-same flocks the which those theeves had
From Melibee and from themselves whyleare; [reft
And certaine of the theeves there by them left,
The which, for want of heards, themselves then kept:
Right well knew Coridon his owne late sheepe,
And, seeing them, for tender pittie wept: [keepe,
But, when he saw the theeves which did them
His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all asleepe.

But Calidore recomforting his griefe, [swade
Though not his feare; for nought may feare dis-
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
Whom Coridon him counseld to invade
Now all unwares, and take the spoyle away;
But he, that in his mind had closely made
A further purpose, would not so them slay,
But gently waking them gave them the time of day.

Tho, sitting downe by them upon the greene,
Of sundrie things he purpose gan to faine,
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of Pastorell, were she alive or slaine:
Mongst which the theeves them questioned againe,
What mister men, and eke from whence they were.
To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heardgroomes, the which why-
lere [elswhere.
Had from their maisters fled, and now sought hyre

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made
To hyre them well if they their flockes would keepe:
For they themselves were evill groomes, they sayd,
Unwont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
But to forray the land, or scoure the deepe.
Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest tooke
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and cheepe;
For they for better hyre did shortly looke:
So there all day they bode, till light the sky forsooke.

Tho, whenas towards darksome night it drew,
Unto their hellish dens those theeves them brought;
Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the secrets of their entrayles sought:
There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
That Pastorell yet liv'd; but all the rest
Were dead, right so as Coridon had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did rest,
But chiefly Calidore, whom griefe had most possest.

At length, when they occasion fittest found,
In dead of night, when all the theeves did rest
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir Calidore him arm'd, as he thought best;
Having of late by diligent inquest
Provided him a sword of meanest sort;
With which he streight went to the captaines nest:
But Coridon durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind for dread of worse effort.

When to the cave they came, they found it fast:
But Calidore with huge resistlesse might
The dores assayled, and the locks upbrast:
With noyse whereof the theefe awaking light
Unto the entrance ran; where the bold knight
Encountring him with small resistence slew:
The whiles faire Pastorell through great affright
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new
Some uprore were like that which lately she did rew.

But whenas Calidore was comen in,
And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,
Knowing his voice, although not heard long sin,
She sudden was revived therewithall,
And wondrous ioy felt in her spirits thrall:
Like him that being long in tempest tost,
Looking each houre into Deathes mouth to fall,
At length espyes at hand the happie cost,
On which he safety hopes that earst feard to be lost.

Her gentle hart, that now long season past
Had never ioyance felt nor chearefull thought,
Began some smacke of comfort new to tast,
Like lyfeful heat to nummed senses brought,
And life to feele that long for death had sought:
Ne lesse in hart reioyced Calidore,
When he her found; but, like to one distraught
And robd of reason, towards her him bore;
A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand more.

But now by this, with noyse of late uprore,
The hue and cry was raysed all about;
And all the brigants flocking in great store
Unto the cave gan preasse, nought having dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout.
But Calidore in th' entry close did stand,
And, entertayning them with courage stout,
Still slew the formost that came first to hand;
So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

Tho, when no more could nigh to him approch,
He breathd his sword, and rested him till day;
Which when he spyde upon the earth t' encroch,
Through the dead carcases he made his way,
Mongst which he found a sword of better say,
With which he forth went into th' open light,
Where all the rest for him did readie stay,
And, fierce assayling him, with all their might
Gan all upon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

How many flyes in whottest summers day
Do seize upon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swarmes doe overlay,
And with their litle stings right felly fare;
So many theeves about him swarming are,
All which do him assayle on every side,
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare;
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickest troups, and round about him scattreth wide.

Like as a lion mongst an heard of dere,
Disperseth them to catch his choysest pray;
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that nore him came did hew and slay,
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way;
That none his daunger daring to abide
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convay
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left that victorie to him envide.

Then, backe returning to his dearest deare,
He her gan to recomfort, all he might,
With gladfull speaches and with lovely cheare;
And forth her bringing to the joyous light,
Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,
Deviz'd all goodly meanes from her to drive
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight:
So her vneath at last he did revive
That long had lyen dead, and made againe alive.

This doen, into those theevish dens he went,
And thence did all the spoyles and threasures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent:
But Fortune now the victors meed did make;
Of which the best he did his love betake;
And also all those flookes, which they before
Had reft from Melibee and from his make,
He did them all to Coridon restore:
So drove them all away, and his love with him bore.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Pastorella by great hap
Her parents understands.
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
Subdew, and bynd in bands.

Like as a ship, that through the ocean wyde
Directs her course unto one certaine cost,
Is met of many a countor winde and tyde,
With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she herselfe in stormie surges tost;
Yet, making many a borde and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost;
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayd, yet never is astray.

For all that hetherto hath long delayd
This gentle knight from seeing his first quest,
Though out of course, yet hath not beene mis-sayd,
To shew the courtesie by him profest
Even unto the lowest and the least.
But now I come into my course againe,
To his atchievement of the Blatant Beast;
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine.

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught
Faire Pastorella from those brigants powre,
Unto the castle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was lord the good sir Bellamoure;
Who whylome was in his youthes freshest flowre,
A lustie knight as ever wielded speare,
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure
In bloudy battell for a ladie deare,
The fayrest ladie then of all that living were:

Her name was Claribell; whose father hight
The lord of many ilands, farre renound
For his great riches and his greater might:
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
Unto the prince of Picteland, bordering nere;
But she, whose sides before with secret wound
Of love to Bellamoure empierced were,
By all meanes shund to match with any forreigne fere:

And Bellamour againe so well her pleasad
With dayly service and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrely seized,
And closely did her wed, but knowne to few:
Which when her father understood, he grew
In so great rage that them in dongeon deepe
Without compassion cruelly he threw;
Yet did so streightly them asunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

Nathlesse sir Bellamour, whether through grace
Or secret guifts, so with his keepers wrought,
That to his love sometimes he came in place;
Whereof her wombe unwist to wight was fraught,
And in dew time a mayden child forth brought:
Which she straightway (for dread least if her syre
Should know thereof to slay he would have sought)
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She should it ounse be fostred under straunge attyre.

The trustie damzell bearing it abrode
Into the emptie fields, where living wight
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
She forth gan lay unto the open light
The litle babe, to take thereof a sight:
Whom whylest she did with watrie eyne behold,
Upon the litle brest, like christall bright,
She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
That like a rose her silken leaves did faire unfold.

Well she it markt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched case;
But, closing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place;
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle space
Behind the bushes, where she her did hyde,
To weet what mortall hand, or Heavens grace,
Would for the wretched infants helpe provyde;
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

At length a shepheard, which thereby did keepe
His fleecie flocke upon the playnes around,
Led with the infants cry that loud did weepe,
Came to the place; where when he wrapped found
Th' abandond spoyle, he softly it unbound;
And, seeing there that did him pittie sore,
He tooke it up and in his mantle wound;
So home unto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurst and named evermore.

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
And Bellamour in bands; till that her syre
Departed life, and left unto them all:
Then all the stormes of Fortunes former yre
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre.
Thenceforth they joy'd in happinesse together,
And lived long in peace and love entyre,
Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella thether.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;
For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,
And loved for his prowesse, sith they twaine
Long since had fought in field: als Claribell
Ne lesse did tender the faire Pastorell,
Seeing her weake and wan through durance long.
There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many joyes among,
Untill the damzell gan to wex more sound and strong.

Tho gan sir Calidore him to advize
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,
Asham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
The which the Faery queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so sore;
That much he feared least reproachfull blame
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore;
Besides the losse of so much loos and fame,
As through the world thereby should glorifie his name.

Therefore, resolving to returne in hast
Unto so great atchievement, he bethought
To leave his love, now perill being past,
With Claribell; whylest he that monster sought
Throughout the world, and to destruction brought.
So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
He went forth on his quest, and did that him befell.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell
In this exploite, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire Pastorell,
During his absence left in heavy care,
Through daily mourning and nightly misfare:
Yet did that auncient matrone all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne handmayd, that Melissa hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

Who in a morning, when this maiden faire
Was dighting her, having her snowy brest
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses dewly drest,
Chaunst to espy upon her yvory chest
The rosie marke, which she remembred well
That litle infant had, which forth she kest,
The daughter of her lady Claribell,
The which she bore the whiles in prison she did dwell.

Which well avizing, streight she gan to cast
In her conceiptfull mynd that this faire mayd
Was that same infant, which so long sith past
She in the open fields had loosely layd
To Fortunes spoile, unable it to ayd:
So, full of joy, streight forth she ran in hast
Unto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
To tell her, how the Heavens had her graste,
To save her chylde, which in Misfortunes mouth was plaste.

The sober mother seeing such her mood,
Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine thro,
Askt her, how mote her words be understood,
And what the matter was that mov'd her so.
"My liefe," sayd she, "ye know that long ygo,
Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
A little mayde, the which ye ohylded tho,
The same againe if now ye list to have,
The same is yonder lady, whom high God did save."

Much was the lady troubled at that speach,
And gan to question streight how she it knew,
"Most certaine markes," sayd she, "do me it teach;
For on her breast I with these eyes did vew
The litle purple rose which thereon grew,
Whereof her name ye then to her did give.
Besides, her countenaunce and her likely hew,
Matched with equall yeares, do surely prieve
That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth live."

The matrone stayd no lenger to enquire,
But forth in hast ran to the straunger mayd;
Whom catching greedily, for great desire
Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,
In which that rose she plainely saw displayd:
Then, her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
She long so held, and softly weeping sayd;
"And livest thou, my daughter, now againe?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did faine?"

Tho further asking her of sundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at last, by very certaine signes
And speaking markes of passed monuments,
That this young mayd, whom chance to her presents
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho, wondring long at those so straunge events,
A thousand times she her embraced nere,
With many a joyfull kisse and many a melting teare.

Whoever is the mother of one chylde,
Which having thought long dead she fyndes alive,
Let her by proofe of that which she hath fylde
In her owne breast, this mothers ioy descrive:
For other none such passion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good lady felt,
When she so faire a daughter saw survive,
As Pastorella was; that nigh she swelt
For passing ioy, which did all into pitty melt.

Thence running forth unto her loved lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell:
Who, ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd, for his owne, faire Pastorell.
There leave we them in ioy, and let us tell
Of Calidore; who, seeking all this while
That monstrous beast by fraud or force to quell,
Through every place with restlesse paine and toile
Him follow'd by the tract of his outragious spoile.

Through all estates he found that he had past,
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the clergy now was come at last;
In which such spoile, such havocke, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin knight,
Who now no place besides unsought had left,
At length into a monastere did light, [might.
Where he him found despoyling all with maine and

Into their cloysters now he broken had, [there,
Through which the monckes he chaced here and
And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,
And searched all their cels and secrets neare;
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were yrkesome to report; yet that foule beast,
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,
Regarding nought religion nor their holy heast.

From thence into the sacred church he broke,
And robd the chancell, and the deskes downe threw,
And altars fouled, and blasphémy spoke,
And the images, for all their goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whilest none was them to rew;
So all confounded and disordered there:
But, seeing Calidore, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him fast pursuing soone approached neare.

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
And fierce assailing forst him turne againe:
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke
With his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good pecke within the utmost brim,
All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus griesly grim:

And therein were a thousand tongs empight
Of sundry kindes and sundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night;
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry;
And some of beares, that groynd continually;
And some of tygres, that did seeme to gren
And snar at all that ever passed by:
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor when.

And them amongst were mingled here and there
The tongues of serpents, with three-forked stings,
That spat out poyson, and gore-bloudy gere,
At all that came within his ravenings;
And spake licentious words and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie,
Ne Kesars spared he a whit nor kings;
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of iniury.

But Calidore, thereof no whit afrayd,
Rencountred him with so impetuous might,
That th' outrage of his violence he stayd,
And bet abacke threatning in vaine to bite,
And spitting forth the poyson of his spight
That fomed all about his bloody iawes:
Tho, rearing up his former feete on hight,
He rampt upon him with his ravenous pawes,
As if he would have rent him with his cruell clawes:

But he right well aware, his rage to ward,
Did cast his shield atweene; and, therewithall
Putting his puissaunce forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backeward he enforced him to fall;
And, being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held;
Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly quold.

Full cruelly the beast did rage and rore
To be downe held, and maystred so with might,
That he gan fret and fome out bloudy gore,
Striving in vaine to rere himself upright:
For still, the more he strove, the more the knight
Did him suppresse, and forcibly subdew;
That made him almost mad for fell despight:
He grind, he bit, he scracht, he venim threw,
And fared like a feend right horrible in hew:

Or like the hell-borne Hydra, which they faine
That great Alcides whilome overthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish beast,
Whilest Calidore him under him downe threw;
Who nathémore his heavy load released, [ereast.
But aye, the more he rag'd, the more his powre in-

Tho, when the beast saw he mote nought availe
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharpely at him to revile and raile
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he never once did speake, nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily:
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbeare,
But strained him so streightly that he chokt him neare.

At last, whenas he found his force to shrincke
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzle strong
Of surest yron made with many a linoke;
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein shut up his blasphémous tong,
For never more defaming gentle knight,
Or unto lovely lady doing wrong:
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, even in his ow despight.

Like as whylóme that strong Tirynthian swaine
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of Hell
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And roving horribly did him compell
To see the hatefull Sunne, that he might tell
To griesly Pluto, what on Earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghosts which dwell
For aye in darkenesse which day-light doth shonne:
So led this knight his captyve with like conquest wonne.

Yet greatly did the beast repine at those
Straunge bands, whose like till then he never bore,
Ne ever any durst till then impose;
And chaufféd inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once withstand
The proved powre of noble Calidore;
But trembled underneath his mighty hand, [land.
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the

Him through all Faery land he follow'd so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people, whereso he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To see him leade that beast in bondage strong;
And, seeing it, much wondred at the sight:
And all such persons, as he earst did wrong,
Reioyced much to see his captive plight, [knight.
And much admyr'd the beast, but more admyr'd the

Thus was this monster, by the maystring might
Of doughty Calidore, suppresst and tamed,
That never more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many causelesse caused to be blamed:
So did he eeke long after this remaine,
Untill that, (whether wicked fate so framed
Or fault of men) he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

Thenceforth more mischiefe and more scath he
To mortall men then he had done before; [wrought
Ne ever could, by any, more be brought
Into like bands, ne maystred any more:
Albe that, long time after Calidore,
The good sir Pelleas him tooke in hand;
And after him sir Lamoracke of yore;
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth sore in each degree and state;
Ne any is that may him now restraine,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime;
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle poets rime;
But rends, without regard of person or of time.

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venemous despite,
More than my former writs, all were they cleanest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty peres displeasure,
That never so deserved to endite.
Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better measure,
And seeke to please; that now is counted wise mens threasure.

TWO CANTOS OF MUTABILITIE:

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO BE PARCELL OF SOME FOLLOWING BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

IN

UNDER THE

LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE.

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleasd in mortall things
Beneath the Moone to raigne)
Pretends, as well of gods as men,
To be the soveraine.

What man that sees the ever-whirling wheele
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth sway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feele,
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruell sports to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearse, that whylome I heard say,
How she at first herselfe began to reare
Gainst all the gods, and th' empire sought from them to beare.

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have found it registred of old
In Faery land mongst records permanent.
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive
With Saturnes sonne for Heavens regiment;
Whom though high Iove of kingdome did deprive,
Yet many of their stemme long after did survive:

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of Iove, and high authority:
As Hecatè, in whose almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her disposed diversly
To gods and men, as she them list divide;
And drad Bellona, that doth sound on hie
Warres and allarums unto nations wide, [pride
That makes both Heaven and Earth to tremble at her

So likewise did this Titanesse aspire
Rule and dominion to herselfe to gaine;
That as a goddesse men might her admire,
And heavenly honours yield, as to them twaine:
And first, on Earth she sought it to obtaine;
Where she such proofe and sad examples shewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom she soone subdewed)
But eke all other creatures her bad dooings rewed.

For she the face of earthly things so chianged,
That all which Nature had establisht first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
And all the worlds faire fraume (which none yet durst
Of gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite; and made them all accurst
That God had blest, and did at first provide
In that still happy state for ever to abide.

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Justice, and of Policie;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged foolishlie:
Since which all living wights have learn'd to die,
And all this world is waxen daily worse.
O pittious worke of Mutabilitie,
By which we all are subiect to that curse, [nurse:
And death, in stead of life, have sucked from our

And now, when all the Earth she thus had brought
To her behest and thralled to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought
T' attempt the empire of the Heavens hight,
And love himselfe to shoulder from his right.
And first, she past the region of the ayre
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight
Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepaire.

Thence to the circle of the Moone she clambe,
Where Cynthia raignes in everlasting glory,
To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
All fairely deckt with Heavens goodly story;
Whose silver gates (by which there sate an hory
Old aged sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
Hight Tyme) she entred, were he liefe or sory;
Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand,
Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand.

Her sitting on an ivory throne shee found,
Drawne of two steeds, th' one black, the other white,
Environd with tenne thousand starres around,
That duly her attended day and night;
And by her side there ran her page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the evening-starre intend;
That with his torche, still twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
And ioy to weary wandring travailers did lend:

That when the hardy Titanesse beheld
The goodly building of her palace bright,
Made of the Heavens substance, and up-held
With thousand crystall pillors of huge hight;
Shee gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
And t' envie her that in such glorie raigned.
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might
Her to displace, and to herselfe t' have gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.

Boldly she bid the goddesse downe descend,
And let herselfe into that ivory throne;
For she herselfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone;
Whether to men whose fall she did bemone,
Or unto gods whose state she did maligne,
Or to th' infernall powers her need give lone
Of her faire light and bounty most benigne,
Herselfe of all that rule shee deemed most condigne.

But shee that had to her that soveraigne seat
By highest Iove assignd, therein to beare
Nights burning lampe regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare;
But, with sterne countenaunce and disdainfull cheare
Bending her horned browes, did put her backe;
And, boldly blaming her for coming there,
Bade her attonce from Heavens coast to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull thunders wrack.

Yet nathemore the giantesse forbare;
But, boldly preacing on, raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And, there-with lifting up her golden wand,
Threatned to strike her if she did with-stand:
Whereat the starres, which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moones bright wagon still did stand,
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and sterne looke still gazed.

Mean while the lower world, which nothing knew
Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite;
And eke the Heavens, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy wights, now unpurvaide of light,
Were much afraid and wondred at that sight;
Fearing least Chaos broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night;
But chiefely Mercury, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haste unto the king of gods to plaine.

All ran together with a great out-cry
To Ioves faire palace fixt in Heavens hight;
And, beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might
To know what meant that suddaine lack of light.
The father of the gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
Doubting least Typhon were againe uprear'd,
Or other his old foes that once him sorely fear'd.

Eftsoones the sonne of Maia forth he sent
Downe to the circle of the Moone, to knowe
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why shee did her wonted course forslowe;
And, if that any were on Earth belowe
That did with charmes or magick her molest,
Him to attache, and downe to Hell to throwe;
But if from Heaven it were, then to arrest
The author, and him bring before his presence prest.

The wingd-foot god so fast his plumes did beat,
That soone he came whereas the Titanesse
Was striving with faire Cynthia for her seat;
At whose strange sight and haughty hardinesse
He wondred much, and feared her no lesse:
Yet, laying feare aside to doe his charge,
At last he bade her, with bold stedfastnesse,
Cease to molest the Moone to walke at large,
Or come before high Iove her doings to discharge.

And therewithall he on her shoulder laid
His snaky-wreathed mace, whose awfull power
Both make both gods and hellish fiends affraid:
Whereat the Titanesse did sternely lower,
And stoutly answer'd; That in evill hower
He from his love such message to her brought,
To bid her leave faire Cynthias silver bower;
Sith shee his love and him esteemed nought,
No more then Cynthias selfe; but all their kingdoms sought.

The Heavens herald staid not to reply,
But past away, his doings to relate
Unto his lord; who now, in th' highest sky,
Was placed in his principall estate,
With all the gods about him congregate:
To whom when Hermes had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amate, [bold,
Save love; who, changing nought his count'nance
Did unto them at length these speeches wise unfold;

"Harken to mee awhile, ye heavenly powers:
Ye may remember since th' Earths cursed seed
Sought to assaile the Heavens eternall towers,
And to us all exceeding feare did breed;
But, how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all doe knowe, and them destroied quite;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An off-spring of their blood, which did alite
Upon the fruitfull Earth, which doth us yet despite.

"Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,
That now with bold presumption doth aspire
To thrust faire Phœbe from her silver bed,
And eke ourselves from Heavens high empire,
If that her might were match to her desire:
Wherefore it now behoves us to advise
What way is best to drive her to retire;
Whether by open force, or counsell wise:
Areed, ye sonnes of God, as best ye can devise."

So having said, he ceast; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the highest powers of Heaven to check)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake:
Who straight gan cast their counsell grave and wise.
Meanewhile th' Earths daughter, though she nought
Of Hermes message, yet gan now advise [did reck
What course were best to take in this hot bold emprize.

Eftsoones she thus resolv'd; that whil'st the gods
(After returne of Hermes embassie)
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at ods;
Before they could new counsels re-allie,
To set upon them in that extasie,
And take what fortune, time, and place would lend:
So forth she rose, and through the purest sky
To Joves high palace straight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot: good onset boads good end.

Shee there arriving boldly in did pass;
Where all the gods she found in counsell close,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
At sight of her they suddaine all arose
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose:
But love, all fearelesse, forc't them to aby;
And in his soveraine throne gan straight dispose
Himselfe, more full of grace and majestie,
That mote enchearc his friends, and foes mote terrifie.

That when the haughty Titanesse beheld,
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld;
And, inly quaking, seem'd as reft of sense
And voyd of speech in that drad audience;
Untill that love himselfe herselfe bespake:
"Speake, thou fraile woman, speake with confidence;
Whence art thou, and what doost thou here now make?
What idle errand hast thou Earths mansion to forsake?"

Shee, halfe confused with his great commaund,
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund;
"I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
Of her that is grand-mother magnifide
Of all the gods, great Earth, great Chaos child:
But by the fathers, be it not envide,
I greater am in bloud, whereon I build, [exil'd.
Then all the gods, though wrongfully from Heaven

"For Titan, as ye all acknowledge must,
Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right;
Both sonnes of Uranus; but by unjust
And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes slight,
The younger thrust the elder from his right:
Since which thou, love, iniuriously hast held
The Heavens rule from Titans sonnes by might;
And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld:
Witnesse, ye Heavens, the truth of all that I have told!"

Whil'st she thus spake, the gods that gave good eare
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
(Beeing of stature tall as any there
Of all the gods, and beautifull of face
As any of the goddesses in place)
Stood all astonied; like a sort of steeres,
Mongst whom some beast of strange and forraine race
Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres:
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

Till, having pauz'd awhile, love thus bespake;
"Will never mortall thoughts ceasse to aspire
In this bold sort to Heaven claime to make,
And touch celestiall seates with earthly mire?
I would have thought that bold Procrustes hire,
Or Typhons fall, or proud Ixions paine,
Or great Prometheus tasting of our ire,
Would have suffiz'd the rest, for to restraine,
And warn'd all men, by their example, to refraine:

"But now this off-scum of that cursed fry
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And challenge th' heritage of this our skie;
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
Should handle as the rest of her allies,
And thunder-drive to Hell?" With that, he shooke
His nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

But when he looked on her lovely face,
In which faire beames of beauty did appeare
That could the greatest wrath soone tame to grace,
(Such sway doth beauty even in Heaven beare)
He staide his hand; and, having chang'd his cheare,
He thus againe in milder wise began;
"But ah! if gods should strive with flesh yfere,
Then shortly should the progeny of man
Be rooted out, if love should doe still what he can!

"But thee, faire Titans child, I rather weene,
Through some vaine errour, or inducement light,
To see that mortall eyes have never seene;
Or through ensample of thy sisters might,
Bellona, whose great glory thou doost spight,
Since thou hast seene her dreadfull power belowe,
Mongst wretched men, dismaide with her affright,
To handle crownes, and kingdoms to bestowe:
And sure thy worth no lesse then hers doth seem to
showe.

"But wote thou this, thou hardy Titanesse,
That not the worth of any living wight
May challenge ought in Heavens interesse;
Much lesse the title of old Titans right:
For we by conquest, of our soveraine might,
And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
Have wonne the empire of the Heavens bright;
Which to ourselves we hold, and to whom wee
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to bee.

"Then ceasse thy idle claime, thou foolish gerle;
And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine
That place, from which by folly Titan fell;
Thereto thou maist perhaps, if so thou faine
Have love thy gracious lord and soveraigne."
So having said, she thus to him replyde;
"Ceasse, Saturnes sonne, to seeke by proffers vaine
Of idle hopes t' allure mee to thy side,
For to betray my right before I have it tride.

"But thee, O Iove, no equall iudge I deeme
Of my desert, or of my dewfull right;
That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme:
But to the highest him, that is behight
Father of gods and men by equall might,
To weet, the god of Nature, I appeale."
Thereat Iove wexed wroth, and in his spright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale;
And bade Dan Phœbus scribe her appellation seale.

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heavenly powers and earthly wights,
Before great Natures presence should appeare,
For triall of their titles and best rights:
That was, to weet, upon the highest hights
Of Arlo-hill (who knowes not Arlo-hill?)
That is the highest head, in all mens sights,
Of my old father Mole, whom shepheards quill
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

And, were it not ill fitting for this file
To sing of hilles and woodes mongst warres and knights,
I would abate the sternenesse of my stile,
Mongst these sterne stounds to mingle soft delights;
And tell how Arlo, through Dianaes spights,
(Being of old the best and fairest hill
That was in all this holy-islands hights)
Was made the most unpleasant and most ill:
Meane while, O Clio, lend Calliope thy quill.

Whylome when Ireland florished in fame
Of wealth and goodnesse, far above the rest
Of all that beare the British Islands name,
The gods then us'd, for pleasure and for rest,
Oft to resort thereto, when seem'd them best:
But none of all therein more pleasure found
Then Cynthia, that is soveraine queene profest
Of woods and forrests, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then most on
ground:

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
(Either for chace of beasts with hound or bowe,
Or for to shroude in shade from Phœbus flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that doe freshly flowe
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe)
She chose this Arlo; where shee did resort
With all her nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody gods did oft consort; sport:
For with the nymphes the satyres love to play and

Amongst the which there was a nymph that hight
Molanna; daughter of old father Mole,
And sister unto Mulla faire and bright:
Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole,
That shepheard Colin dearely did condole,
And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to be:
But this Molanna, were she not so shole,
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee:
Yet, as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.

For first she springs out of two marble rocks,
On which a grove of oakes high-mounted growes,
That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks showes
Of some faire bride, brought forth with pompous
Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:
So through the flowry dales she tumbling downe
Through many woods and shady coverts flowes,
That on each side her silver channell crowne,
Till to the plaine she come, whose valleyes shee
doth drowne.

In her sweet streames Diana used oft,
After her sweatie chace and toilesome play,
To bathe herselfe; and, after, on the soft
And downy grasse her dainty limbes to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may;
For much she hated sight of living eye:
Foolish god Faunus, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked mongst her nymphes in privity.

No way he found to compasse his desire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to discover for some secret hire:
So her with flattering words he first assaid;
And, after, pleasing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured and betraid
To tell what time he might her lady see bee.
When she herselfe did bathe, that he might secret

Thereto hee promist, if she would him pleasure
With this small boone, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that whereas shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did set her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his love, and of him liked well:
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes then he would tell;
The least of which this little pleasure should excell.

The simple maid did yield to him anone;
And oft him placed where he close might view
That never any saw, save onely one,
Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devour'd in hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her nymphes about her, drew
To this sweet spring; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for love a likely pray

There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That, for great ioy of somewhat he, did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest;
But, breaking forth in laughter, loud profest
His foolish thought: a foolish faune indeed,
That couldst not hold thyselfe so hidden blest,
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed!
Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed.

The goddesse, all abashed with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke;
And, running straight whereas she heard his voice,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke
Like darred larke, not daring up to looke
On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thence forth they drew him by the hornes, and shooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

Like as an huswife, that with busie care
Thinks of her dairie to make wondrous gaine,
Finding whereas some wicked beast unware
That breakes into her dayr' house, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine;
Hath, in some snare or gin set close behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinkes what punishment were best assign'd,
And thousand deathes deviseth in her vengefull mind:

So did Diana and her maydens all
Use silly Faunus, now within their bailé:
They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall;
Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
And by his goatish beard some did him haile:
Yet he (poore soule!) with patience all did beare;
For nought against their wils might countervaile:
Ne ought he said, whatever he did heare; [peare.
But, hanging downe his head, did like a mome ap-

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gun to cast what penaunce him to give.
Some would have gelt him; but that same would spill
The wood-gods breed, which must for ever live:
Others would through the river him have drive
And ducked deepe; but that seem'd penaunce light:
But most agreed, and did this sentence give,
Him in deeres skin to clad; and in that plight
To hunt him with their hounds, himselfe save how hee might.

But Cynthia's selfe, more angry then the rest,
Thought not enough to punish him in sport,
And of her shame to make a gamesome iest;
But gan examine him in straighter sort,
Which of her nymphes, or other close consort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid.
He, much afeard, to her confessed short
That 'twas Molanna which her so bewraid.
Then all attonce their hands upon Molanna laid.

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a deeres-skin they covered, and then chast
With all their hounds that after him did speed;
But he, more speedy, from them fled more fast
Then any deere; so sore him dread aghast.
They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the Heavens would have brast;
That all the woods and dales, where he did flie,
Did ring againe, and loud reeccho to the skie.

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
When, back returning to Molann' againe,
They, by commaund'ment of Diana, there
Her whelm'd with stones: yet Faunus, for her paine,
Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed.
So now her waves passe through a pleasant plaine,
Till with the Fanchin she herselfe doe wed, [spred.
And, both combin'd, themselves in one faire river

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,
Thenceforth abandond her delicious brooke;
In whose sweete streame, before that bad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
All those faire forrests about Arlo hid;
And all that mountaine, which doth overlooke
The richest champian that may else be rid;
And the faire Shure, in which are thousand salmons bred.

Them all, and all that she so deare did way,
Thenceforth she left; and, parting from the place,
Thereon an heavy haplesse curse did lay;
To weet, that wolves, where she was wont to space,
Shou'd harbour'd be and all those woods deface,
And thieves should rob and spoile that coast around.
Since which, those woods, and all that goodly chace
Doth to this day with wolves and thieves abound:
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers since have found!

CANTO VII.

Pealing from love to Natures bar,
Bold Alteration pleades
Large evidence: but Nature soone
Her righteous doome areads.

Ah! whither doost thou now, thou greater Muse,
Me from these woods and pleasing forrests bring?
And my fraile spirit, that dooth oft refuse
This too high flight unfit for her weake wing,
Lift up aloft, to tell of Heavens king
(Thy soveraine sire) his fortunate successe;
And victory in bigger noates to sing,
Which he obtain'd against that Titanesse,
That him of Heavens empire sought to dispossesse?

Yet, sith I needs must follow thy behest,
Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
Fit for this turne; and in my sable brest
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire
Which learned minds inflameth with desire
Of heavenly things: for who, but thou alone
That art yborne of Heaven and heavenly sire,
Can tell things doen in Heaven so long ygone,
So farre past memory of man that may be knowne?

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The gods assembled all on Arlo-hill;
As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,
As those that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both sea and land unto their will:
Onely th' infernall powers might not appeare;
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did feare;
Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present there.

And thither alsocame all other creatures,
Whatever life or motion doe retaine,
According to their sundry kinds of features;
That Arlo scarsly could them all containe;
So full they filled every hill and plaine:
And had not Natures sergeant (that is Order)
Them well disposed by his busie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in every border, [order.
They would have caused much confusion and dis-

Then forth issew'd (great goddesse) great dame Na-
With goodly port and gracious maiesty, [ture
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Then any of the gods or powers on hie;
Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well desory;
For, with a veile that wimpled every where,
Her head and face was hid that mote to none appeare.

That, some doe say, was so by skill devized,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized;
For that her face did like a lion shew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it so beauteous was,
And round about such beames of splendor threw,
That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass,
Ne could be seene but like an image in a glass.

That well may seemen true; for well I weene
That this same day, when she on Arlo sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
That my fraile wit cannot devize to what
It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that:
As those three sacred saints, though else most wise,
Yet on Mount Thabor quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
Transfigur'd sawe; his garments so did daze their eyes.

In a fayre plaine upon an equall hill
She placed was in a pavilion;
Not such as craftesmen by their idle skill
Are wont for princes states to fashion;
But th' Earth herself, of her owne motion,
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe
Most dainty trees, that, shooting up anon,
Did seeme to bow their bloosming heads full lowe
For homage unto her, and like a throne did show.

So hard it is for any living wight
All her array and vestiments to tell,
That old Dan Geffrey (in whose gentle spright,
The pure well-head of poesie did dwell)
In his *foules parley* durst not with it mell,
But it transferd to Alane, who he thought
Had in his *Plaint of Kindes* describ'd it well:
Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
Go seek he out that Alane where he may be sought.

And all the earth far underneath her feete
Was dight with flowers, that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;
Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
That might delight the smell, or please the view,
The which the nymphes from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, they at her foot-stoole threw;
That richer seem'd then any tapestry,
That princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

And Mole himselfe, to honour her the more,
Did deck himself in freshest faire attire;
And his high head, that seemeth alwaies hore
With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
He with an oaken girlond now did tire,
As if the love of some new nymph late seene
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
And made him change his gray attire to greene:
Ah! gentle Mole, such ioyance hath thee well beseene.

Was never so great ioyance since the day
That all the gods whylome assembled were
On Hæmus hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare
Twixt Peleus and dame Thetis pointed there;
Where Phœbus self, that god of poets light,
They say, did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were ravisht with delight
Of his celestiall song and musicks wondrous might.

This great grandmother of all creatures bred,
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld;
Still mooving, yet unmoved from her sted;
Unseene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus sitting in her throne, as I have told,
Before her came dame Mutabilitie;
And, being lowe before her presence feld
With meek obaysance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif plea with words to amplifie:

"To thee, O greatest goddesse, onely great,
An humble suppliant loe! I lowely fly,
Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat;
Who right to all dost deale indifferently,
Damning all wrong and tortious iniurie,
Which any of thy creatures doe to other
Oppressing them with power unequally,
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knittest each to each, as brother unto brother:

"To thee therefore of this same Iove I plaine,
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,
That challenge to themselves the whole worlds raign,
Of which the greatest part is due to me,
And Heaven itselfe by heritage in fee:
For Heaven and Earth I both alike do deeme,
Sith Heaven and Earth are both alike to thee;
And gods no more then men thou doest esteeme:
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods, do seeme.

"Then weigh, O soveraigne goddesse, by what right
These gods do claime the worlds whole soverainty;
And that is onely dew unto my might
Arrogate to themselves ambitiously:
As for the gods owne principality,
Which Iove usurpes uniustly, that to be
My heritage, Iove's selfe cannot deny,
From my great grandsire Titan unto mee
Deriv'd by dew descent; as is well known to thee.

"Yet mauger Iove, and all his gods beside,
I doe possesse the worlds most regiment;
As if ye please it into parts divide,
And every parts inholders to convent,
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
And first, the Earth (great mother of us all)
That only seems unmov'd and permanent,
And unto Mutability not thrall,
Yet is she chang'd in part, and eeke in generall:

" For all that from her springs, and is ybredde,
However fayre it flourish for a time,
Yet see we soone decay; and, being dead,
To turne again unto their earthly slime:
Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
We daily see new creatures to arize,
And of their winter spring another prime,
Unlike in forme, and chang'd by strange disguise:
So turne they still about, and change in restlesse wise.

" As for her tenants; that is, man and beasts;
The beasts we daily see massácred dy
As thralls and vassals unto mens behests;
And men themselves doe change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all:
Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly;
But eeke their minds (which they immortall call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

" Ne is the Water in more constant case;
Whether those same on high, or these belowe:
For th' ocean moveth still from place to place;
And every river still doth ebbe and flowe;
Ne any lake, that seems most still and slowe,
Ne poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde
When any winde doth under Heaven blowe;
With which the clouds are also tost and roll'd,
Now like great hills; and streight, like sluces, them unfold.

" So likewise are all watry living wights
Still tost and turned with continuall change,
Never abyding in their stedfast plights:
The fish, still floting, doe at randon range,
And never rest, but evermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie:
Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry;
But flitting still doe flie, and still their places vary.

" Next is the Ayre: which who feeles not by sense
(For of all sense it is the middle meane)
To flit still, and with subtill influence
Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine
In state of life? O weake life! that does leane
On thing so tickle as th' unsteady ayre,
Which every howre is chang'd, and altred cleane
With every blast that bloweth fowle or faire:
The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impaire.

" Therein the changes infinite beholde,
Which to her creatures every minute chaunce;
Now boyling hot; streight friezing deadly cold;
Now faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce;
Streight bitter storms, and balefull countenance
That makes them all to shiver and to shake:
Rayne, hayle, and snowe do pay them sad penance,
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flashing lights that thousand [changes make.

" Last is the Fire; which, though it live for ever,
Ne can be quenched quite; yet, every day,
We see his parts, so soone as they do sever,
To lose their heat and shortly to decay;
So makes himself his owne consuming pray:
Ne any living creatures doth he breed;
But all, that are of others bredd, doth slay;
And with their death his cruell life doth feed;
Nought leaving but their barren ashes without seede.

" Thus all these fower (the which the groundwork
Of all the world and of all living wights) [bee
To thousand sorts of change we subject see:
Yet are they chang'd by other wondrous slights
Into themselves, and lose their native mights;
The Fire to Aire, and th' Ayre to Water sheere,
And Water into Earth; yet Water fights
With Fire, and Aire with Earth, approaching neere;
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

" So in them all raignes Mutabilitie;
However these, that gods themselves do call,
Of them doe claime the rule and soverainty;
As Vesta, of the fire æthereall;
Vulcan, of this with us so usuall;
Ops, of the earth; and Juno, of the ayre;
Neptune, of seas; and nymphes, of rivers all:
For all those rivers to me subiect are;
And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my share.

" Which to approven true, as I have told,
Vouchsafe, O goddesse, to thy presence call
The rest which doe the world in being hold;
As Times and Seasons of the yeare that fall:
Of all the which demand in generall,
Or iudge thyselfe, by verdit of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not subiect all."
Nature did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by
Bade Order call them all before her maiesty.

So forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare:
First, lusty Spring all dight in leaves of flowres
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a iavelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare;
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

Then came the iolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light:
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which as he had chaufed been
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A bowe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the libbard or the bore,
And now would bathe his limbes with labor heated sore.

Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,
As though he ioyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore:
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did holde, [yold.
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had

Lastly, came Winter cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freese,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill:
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarse his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

These, marching softly, thus in order went.
And after them the Monthes all riding came:
First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went, [ment.
And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nourish-

Next came fresh Aprill, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a kid whose horne new buds:
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floting through th' Argolick fluds:
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth; and wet he seem'd in sight [delight.
With waves, through which he waded for his loves

Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
Upon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
The Twinnes of Leda; which on eyther side
Supported her like to their soveraine queene:
Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene!
And Cupid selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

And after her came jolly June, arrayd
All in greene leaves, as he a player were;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare:
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pase,
And backward yode, as bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face; [grace.
Like that ungracious crew which faines demurest

Then came hot July boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away:
Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obay:
(It was the beast that whylome did forray
The Nemæan forrest, till th' Amphytrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array:)
Behinde his backe a sithe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

The sixt was August, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was crownd
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found:
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on Earth, and plenty made abound;
But, after wrong was lov'd and iustice solde,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to Heaven extold.

Next him September marched eeke on foote;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the soyle:
In his one hand, as fit for harvests toyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A Paire of Waights, with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
And equall gave to each as Iustice duly scann'd.

Then came October full of merry glee;
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,
And of the ioyous oyle, whose gentle gust
Made him so frollick and so full of lust:
Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Dianaes doom unjust
Slew great Orion; and eeke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tyde.

Next was November; he full grosse and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and steem,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem;
In planting eeke he took no small delight:
Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme;
For it a dreadfull Centaure was in sight,
The seed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron hight.

And after him came next the chill December:
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviours birth his mind so much did glad:
Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Iove in tender yeares,
They say, was nourisht by th' Idean mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peares.

Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may;
For they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray:
Upon an huge great Earth-pot Steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane flood.

And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two Fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round.
So past the twelve Months forth, and their dew places found.

And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equall pase;
Th' one on a palfrey blacke, the other white:
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the Moon and stars were pight,
And Sleep and Darknesse round about did trace:
But Day did beare upon his sceptors hight
The goodly Sun encompast all with beames bright.

Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high Iove
And timely Night; the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed
That might forslack the charge to them foreshewed
By mighty Iove; who did them porters make
Of Heavens gate (whence all the gods issued)
Which they did dayly watch, and nightly wake
By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forsake.

And after all came Life; and lastly Death:
Death with most grim and grisly visage seene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene:
But Life was like a faire young lusty boy,
Such as they faine Dan Cupid to have beene,
Full of delightfull health and lively ioy, [ploy.
Deckt all with flowres and wings of gold fit to em-

When these were past, thus gan the Titanesse;
"Lo! mighty mother, now be iudge, and say
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
Change doth not raign and bear the greatest sway:
For who sees not that Time on all doth pray?
But times do change and move continually:
So nothing here long standeth in one stay:
Wherefore this lower world who can deny
But to be subiect still to Mutabilitie!"

Then thus gan Iove; "Right true it is that these
And all things else that under Heaven dwell
Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all disseise
Of being: but who is it (to me tell)
That Time himselfe doth move and still compell
To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee,
Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell
That moves them all, and makes them changed be?
So them we gods doe rule, and in them also thee."

To whom thus Mutability; "The things,
Which we see not how they are mov'd and swayd,
Ye may attribute to yourselves as kings,
And say, they by your secret power are made:
But what we see not, who shall us perswade?
But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might, and ordered by your ayde,
Yet what if I can prove, that even yee [mee?
Yourselves are likewise chang'd, and subiect unto

"And first, concerning her that is the first,
Even you, faire Cynthia; whom so much ye make
Ioves dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
On Cynthus hill, whence she her name did take;
Then is she mortall borne, howso ye crake:
Besides, her face and countenance every day
We changed see and sundry forms partake, [gray:
Now horned, now round, now bright, now brown and
So that *as changefull as the Moone* men use to say.

"Next Mercury; who though he lesse appeare
To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one;
Yet he his course doth alter every yeare,
And is of late far out of order gone:
So Venus eeke, that goodly paragone,
Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day:
And Phœbus self, who lightsome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

"Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed most;
For he sometime so far runs out of square,
That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
And cleane without his usuall sphere to fare;
That even these star-gazers stonisht are
At sight thereof, and damne their lying bookes:
So likewise grim sir Saturne oft doth spare
His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed lookes:
So many turning cranks these have, so many crookes.

"But you, Dan Iove, that only constant are,
And king of all the rest, as ye do clame,
Are you not subject eeke to this misfare?
Then let me aske you this withouten blame;
Where were ye borne? some say in Crete by name
Others in Thebes, and others otherwhere;
But, wheresoever they comment the same,
They all consent that ye begotten were [feare
And borne here in this world; ne other can ap-

"Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me;
Unlesse the kingdome of the sky yee make
Immortall and unchangeable to be:
Besides, that power and vertue, which ye spake,
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
And your owne natures change: for each of you,
That vertue have or this or that to make,
Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
By others opposition or obliquid view.

"Besides, the sundry motions of your spheares,
So sundry waies and fashions as clerkes faine,
Some in short space, and some in longer yeares;
What is the same but alteration plaine?
Onely the starrie skie doth still remaine:
Yet do the starres and signes therein still move,
And even itself is moved, as wizards saine:
But all that moveth doth mutation love:
Therefore both you and them to me I subiect prove.

"*Then since within this wide great universe*
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things tost and turned by transverse;
What then should let, but I aloft should reare
My trophee, and from all the triumph beare?
Now iudge then, O thou greatest goddesse trew,
According as thyselfe doest see and heare,
And unto me addoom that is my dew;
That is, the rule of all; all being rul'd by you."

So having ended, silence long ensewed;
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firme eyes affixt the ground still viewed.
Meane while all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th'end of this so doubtfull case,
Did hang in long suspence what would ensew,
To whether side should fall the soveraigne place:
At length she, looking up with chearefull view,
The silence brake, and gave her doome in speeches few:

"I well consider all that ye have sayd;
And find that all things stedfastnes doe hate
And changed be; yet, being rightly wayd,
They are not changed from their first estate;
But by their change their being doe dilate;
And, turning to themselves at length againe,
Doe worke their owne perfection so by fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and raigne;
But they raigne over Change, and doe their states maintaine.

"Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by me:
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire:
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,
And from thenceforth none no more change shall see!"
So was the Titaness put downe and whist,
And Iove confirm'd in his imperiall see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismist,
And Natures selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.

CANTO VIII.

UNPERFITE.

When I bethinke me on that speech whyleare
Of Mutability, and well it way;
Me seemes, that though she all unworthy were
Of the Heav'ns rule; yet, very sooth to say,
In all things else she beares the greatest sway:
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
And love of things so vaine to cast away;

Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle!

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things, firmely stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie:
For all that moveth doth in change delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight:
O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that sabbaths sight!

MISCELLANIES.

MUIOPOTMOS:

OR THE

FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST FAIRE AND VERTUOUS LADIE, THE LADIE CAREY. 1590.

TO THE

RIGHT WORTHY AND VERTUOUS LADIE;

THE LA: CAREY.

Most brave and bountifull la: for so excellent favours as I have received at your sweet handes, to offer these fewe leaves as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the gods for their divine benefites. Therefore I have determined to give my selfe wholy to you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and absolutely vowed to your services: which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage, to have the person yeelded. My person I wot wel how little worth it is. But the faithfull minde & humble zeale which I bear unto your la: may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the poore service therof; which taketh glory to advance your excellent partes and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in *honouring you*; not so much for your great bounty to my self, which yet may not be unminded; nor for name or kindreds sake by you vouchsafed; being also regardable; as for that honorable name, which yee have by your brave deserts purchast to your selfe, and spred in the mouths of all men: with which I have also presumed to grace my verses; and, under your name, to commend to the world this small poëme. The which beseeching your la: to take in worth, & of all things therin according to your wonted graciousnes to make a milde construction, I humbly pray for your happines.

Your la: ever humbly;

E. S.

MUIOPOTMOS:

OR THE

FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

I sing of deadly dolorous debate,
Stir'd up through wrathfull Nemesis despight,
Betwixt two mightie ones of great estate,
Drawne into armes, and proofe of mortall fight,
Through prowd ambition and hart-swelling hate,
Whilst neither could the others greater might
And sdeignfull scorne endure; that from small iarre
Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect,
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfulst Muse of nyne,
That wont'st the tragick stage for to direct,
In funerall complaints and wailefull tyne,
Reveale to me, and all the meanes detect,
Through which sad Clarion did at last decline
To lowest wretchednes: and is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of silver-winged flies
Which doe possesse the empire of the aire,
Betwixt the centred Earth, and azure skies,
Was none more favourable, nor more faire,
Whilst Heaven did favour his felicities,
Then Clarion, the eldest sonne and heire
Of Muscaroll, and in his fathers sight
Of all alive did seeme the faigest wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed
Of future good, which his young toward yeares,
Full of brave courage and bold hardyhed
Above th' ensample of his equall peares,
Did largely promise, and to him fore-red,
(Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender teares)
That he in time would sure prove such an one,
As should be worthie of his fathers throne.

The fresh young flie, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustfull yongth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdaine to subiect his desire
To loathsome sloth, or houres in ease to wast,
But ioy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,
Through the wide compas of the ayrie coast;
And, with unwearied wings, each part t' inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowmed sire.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dar'd to stie
Up to the clowdes, and thence with pineons light
To mount aloft unto the cristall skie,
To view the workmanship of Heavens hight:
Whence down descending he along would flie
Upon the streaming rivers, sport to finde;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous winde.

So on a summers day, when season milde
With gentle calme the world had quieted,
And high in Heaven Hyperion's fierie childe
Ascending did his beames abroad dispred,
Whiles all the Heavens on lower creatures smilde;
Young Clarion, with vauntfull lustiehed,
After his guize did cast abroad to fare;
And thereto gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmely bound,
That mought his life from yron death assure,
And ward his gentle corps from cruell wound:
For it by arte was framed, to endure
The bit of balefull steele and bitter stownd,
No lesse then that which Vulcane made to shield
Achilles life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairie hide of some wild beast, whom hee
In salvage forrest by adventure slew,
And reft the spoyle his ornament to bee;
Which, spredding all his backe with dreadfull view,
Made all, that him so horrible did see,
Thinke him Alcides with the lyons skin,
When the Næmean conquest he did win.

Upon his head his glistering burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous device,
And curiously engraven, he did set:
The metall was of rare and passing price;
Not Bilbo steele, nor brasse from Corinth fet,
Nor costly oricalche from strange Phœnice;
But such as could both Phœbus arrowes ward,
And th' hayling darts of Heaven beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either side,
Like two sharpe speares, his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike brigandine, applyde
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore,
The engines which in them sad death doo hyde:
So did this flie outstretch his fearefull hornes,
Yet so as him their terrour more adornes.

Lastly his shinie wings as silver bright,
Painted with thousand colours passing farre
All painters skill, he did about him dight:
Not halfe so manie sundrie colours arre
In Iris bowe; ne Heaven doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with manie a twinckling starre;
Nor Iunoes bird, in her ey-spotted traine,
So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken)
The archer god, the sonne of Cytheree,
That ioyes on wretched lovers to be wroken,
And heaped spoyles of bleeding harts to see,
Beares in his wings so manie a changefull token.
Ah! my liege lord, forgive it unto mee,
If ought against thine honour I have tolde;
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifolde.

Full many a ladie faire, in court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly envide,
And wisht that two such fannes, so silken soft,
And golden faire, her love would her provide;
Or that, when them the gorgeous flie had doft,
Some one, that would with grace be gratifide,
From him would steale them privily away,
And bring to her so precious a pray.

Report is that dame Venus on a day,
In spring when flowres doo clothe the fruitfull ground,
Walking abroad with all her nymphes to play,
Bad her faire damzels flocking her arownd
To gather flowres, her forhead to array:
Emongst the rest a gentle nymph was found,
Hight Astery, excelling all the crewe
In curteous usage and unstained hewe.

Who beeing nimbler ioynted then the rest,
And more industrious, gathered more store
Of the fields honour, than the others best;
Which they in secret harts envying sore,
Tolde Venus, when her as the worthiest
She praisd, that Cupide (as they heard before)
Did lend her secret aide, in gathering
Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the goddesse gathering icalous feare,
Not yet unmindfull, how not long ague
Her sonne to Psyche secrete love did beare,
And long it close conceal'd, till mickle woe
Thereof arose, and manie a rufull teare;
Reason with sudden rage did overgoe;
And, giving hastie credit to th' accuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Eftsoones that damzell, by her heavenly might,
She turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide aire to make her wandring flight;
And all those flowres, with which so plenteouslie
Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh Clarion, being readie dight,
Unto his iourney did himselfe addresse,
And with good speed began to take his flight;
Over the fields, in his franke lustinesse,
And all the champaine o're he soared light;
And all the countrey wide he did possesse,
Feeding upon their pleasures bounteouslie,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him envie.

The woods, the rivers, and the medowes greene,
With his aire-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unseene,
Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights untride.
But none of these, how ever sweet they beene,
Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t' abide:
His choicefull sense with every change doth flit.
No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardins his unstaid desire
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights:
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Powres forth sweete odors and alluring sights;
And Arte, with her contending, doth aspire,
T' excell the naturall with made delights:
And all, that faire or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excesse doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border;
And takes survey, with curious busie eye,
Of every flowre and herbe there set in order;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their silken leaves deface;
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore with most varietie,
And change of sweetnesse, (for all change is sweete)
He casts his glutton sense to satisfie,
Now sucking of the sap of herbe most meet,
Or of the deaw, which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feete:
And then he pearcheth on some braunch thereby,
To weather him, and his moyst wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,
To spoyle the pleasures of that paradise;
The wholesome saulge, and lavender still gray,
Ranke smelling rue, and cummin good for eyes,
The roses raigning in the pride of May,
Sharpe isope good for greene wounds remedies,
Faire marigoldes, and bees-alluring thime,
Sweet marioram, and daysies decking prime:

Coole violets, and orpine growing still,
Embathed balme, and chearfull galingale,
Fresh costmarie, and breathfull camomill,
Dull poppy, and drink-quickning setuale,
Veyne-healing verven, and hed-purging dill,
Sound savorie, and bazil hartie-hale,
Fat colworts, and comforting perseline,
Cold lettuce, and refreshing rosmarine.

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
Grewe in this gardin, fetcht from farre away,
Of everie one he takes, and tastes at will,
And on their pleasures greedily doth pray.
Then when he hath both plaid, and fed his fill,
In the warme Sunne he doth himselfe embay,
And there him rests in riotous suffisaunce
Of all his gladfulnes, and kingly ioyaunce.

What more felicitie can fall to creature
Then to enioy delight with libertie,
And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raigne in th' aire from th' Earth to highest skie,
To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature,
To take what ever thing doth please the eie?
Who rests not pleased with such happines,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchednes.

But what on Earth can long abide in state?
Or who can him assure of happy day?
Sith morning faire may bring fowle evening late,
And least mishap the most blisse alter may!
For thousand perills lie in close awaite
About us daylie, to worke our decay;
That none, except a god, or God him guide,
May them avoyde, or remedie provide.

And whatso Heavens in their secret doome
Ordained have, how can fraile fleshly wight
Forecast, but it must needs to issue come?
The sea, the aire, the fire, the day, the night,
And th' armies of their creatures all and some
Do serve to them, and with importune might
Warre against us the vassals of their will.
Who then can save what they dispose to spill?

Not thou, O Clarion, though fairest thou
Of all thy kinde, unhappie happie flie,
Whose cruell fate is wovon even now
Of loves owne hand, to worke thy miserie!
Ne may thee help the manie hartie vow,
Which thy old sire with sacred pietie
Hath powred forth for thee, and th' altars sprent:
Nought may thee save from Heavens avengement!

It fortuned (as Heavens had behight)
That in this gardin, where yong Clarion
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight,
The foe of faire things, th' author of confusion,
The shame of Nature, the bondslave of spight,
Had lately built his hatefull mansion;
And, lurking closely, in awaite now lay,
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he spide the ioyous Butterflie
In this faire plot dispacing to and fro,
Feareles of foes and hidden ieopardie,
Lord! how he'gan for to bestirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part applie!
His heart did earne against his hated foe,
And bowels so with rankling poyson swelde,
That scarce the skin the strong contagion helde.

The cause, why he this flie so malieed,
Was (as in stories it is written found)
For that his mother, which him bore and bred,
The most fine-fingred workwoman on ground,
Arachne, by his meanes was vanquished
Of Pallas, and in her owne skill confound,
When she with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her shame, and sorrow never ended.

For the Tritonian goddesse having hard
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fild,
Came downe to prove the truth, and due reward
For her praise-worthie workmanship to yield:
But the presumptuous damzell rashly dar'd
The goddesse selfe to chalenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

Minerva did the chalenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make:
So to their worke they sit, and each doth chuse
What storie she will for her tapet take.
Arachne figur'd how Love did abuse
Europa like a bull; and on his backe
Her through the sea did beare; so lively seene,
That it true sea, and true bull, ye would weene.

Shee seem'd still backe unto the land to looke,
And her play-fellowes ayde to call, and feare
The dashing of the waves, that up she tooke
Her daintie feet, and garments gathered neare:
But (Lord!) how she in everie member shooke,
When as the land she saw no more appeare,
But a wilde wildernes of waters deepe:
Then gan she greatly to lament and weepe.

Before the bull she pictur'd winged Love,
With his yong brother Sport, light fluttering
Upon the waves, as each had been a dove;
The one his bowe and shafts, the other spring
A burning teade about his head did move,
As in their syres new love both triumphing:
And manie nymphes about them flocking round,
And manie Tritons which their hornes did sound.

And, round about, her worke she did empale
With a faire border wrought of sundrie flowres;
Enwoven with an yvie-winding trayle:
A goodly worke, full fit for kingly bowres;
Such as dame Pallas, such as Envie pale,
That all good things with venemous tooth devowres,
Could not accuse. Then gan the goddesse bright
Her selfe likewise unto her worke to dight.

She made the storie of the olde debate,
Which she with Neptune did for Athens trie:
Twelve gods doo sit around in royall state,
And Iove in midst with awfull maiestie,
To iudge the strife betweene them stirred late:
Each of the gods, by his like visnomie
Eathe to be knowne; but Iove above them all,
By his great lookes and power imperiall.

Before them stands the god of seas in place,
Clayming that sea-coast citie as his right,
And strikes the rockes with his three-forked mace;
Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,
The signe by which he chalengeth the place;
That all the gods, which saw his wondrous might,
Did surely deeme the victorie his due:
But seldome seene, foreiudgement proveth true.

Then to herselfe she gives her Aegide shield,
And steel-hed speare, and morion on her hedd,
Such as she oft is seene in warlike field:
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dredd
She smote the ground, the which streight foorth did yield
A fruitfull olyve tree, with berries spredd,
That all the gods admir'd; then all the storie
She compast with a wreathe of olyves hoarie.

Emongst these leaves she made a butterflie,
With excellent device and wondrous slight,
Fluttring among the olives wantonly,
That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight:
The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken downe with which his backe is dight,
His broad outstretched hornes, his hayrie thies,
His glorious colours, and his glistering eies.

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid,
And mastered with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, ne ought gainesaid;
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,
And by her silence, signe of one dismaid,
The victorie did yeeld her as her share;
Yet did she inly fret and felly burne,
And all her blood to poysonous rancor turne:

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,
Such as she was when Pallas she attempted,
She grew to hideous shape of drvnihed,
Pined with griefe of folly late repented:
Eftsoones her white streight legs were altered
To crooked crawling shankes, of marrowe empted;
And her faire face to foule and loathsome hewe,
And her fine corpes to' a bag of venim grewe.

This cursed creature, *mindfull* of that olde
Enfested grudge, the which his mother felt,
So soone as Clarion he did beholde,
His heart with vengefull malice inly swolt;
And weaving streight a net *with* manie a fold
About the cave, in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
So finely sponne, that scarce they could be spide.

Not anie damzell, which her vaunteth most
In skilfull knitting of soft silken twyne;
Nor anie weaver, which his worke doth boast
In diaper, in damaske, or in lyne;
Nor anie skil'd in workmanship embost;
Nor anie skil'd in loupes of fingring fine;
Might in their divers cunning ever dare
With this so curious networke to compare.

Ne doo I thinke, that that same subtil gin,
The which the Lemnian god framde craftily,
Mars sleeping with his wife to compasse in,
That all the gods with common mockerie
Might laugh at them, and scorne their shamefull sin,
Was like to this. This same he did applie
For to entrap the careles Clarion,
That rang'd eachwhere without suspition.

Suspition of friend, nor feare of foe,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandred to and fro,
In the pride of his freedome principall:
Little wist he his fatall future woe,
But was secure; the liker he to fall.
He likest is to fall into mischaunce,
That is regardles of his governaunce.

Yet still Aragnoll (so his foe was hight)
Lay lurking covertly him to surprise;
And all his gins, that him entangle might,
Drest in good order as he could devise.
At length, the foolish flie without foresight,
As he that did all daunger quite despise,
Toward those parts came flying carelesselie,
Where hidden was his hatefull enemie.

Who, seeing him, with secret ioy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in avarie vaine;
And his false hart, fraught with all treasons store,
Was fill'd with hope his purpose to obtaine:
Himselfe he close upgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitfull traine
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne anie noyse, ne anie motion made.

Like as a wily foxe, that having spide
Where on a sunnie banke the lambes doo play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,
Ne stirreth limbe; till, seeing readie tide,
He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the litle yonglings unawares:
So to his worke Aragnoll him prepares.

Who now shall give unto my heavie eyes
A well of teares, that all may overflow?
Or where shall I find lamentable cryes,
And mournfull tunes, enough my griefe to show?
Helpe, O thou tragick Muse, me to devise
Notes sad enough, t' expresse this bitter throw:
For loe, the dreric stownd is now arrived,
That of all happines hath us deprived.

The luckles Clarion, whether cruell Fate
Or wicked Fortune faultles him misled,
Or some ungracious blast out of the gate
Of Aeoles raine perforce him drove on hed,
Was (O sad hap and howre unfortunate!)
With violent swift flight forth caried
Into the cursed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his finall overthroe.

There the fond flie, entangled, strugled long,
Himselfe to free thereout; but all in vaine.
For, striving more, the more in laces strong
Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his wingës twaine
In lymie snares the subtill loupes among;
That in the ende he breathlesse did remaine,
And, all his yongthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercie of th' avenger lent.

Which when the griesly tyrant did espie,
Like a grimme lyon rushing with fierce might
Out of his den, he seized greedelie
On the resistles pray; and, with fell spight,
Under the left wing strooke his weapon slie
Into his heart, that his deepe groning spright
In bloodie streames forth fled into the aire,
His bodie left the spectacle of care.

THE

RUINES OF TIME.

1591.

DEDICATED TO THE

RIGHT NOBLE AND BEAUTIFULL LADIE,

THE

LA: MARIE, COUNTESSE OF PEMBROOKE.

Most honourable and bountifull ladie, there bee long sithens deepe sowed in my brest the seedes of most entire love and humble affection unto that most brave knight, your noble brother deceased; which, taking roote, began in his life time somewhat to bud forth, and to shew themselves to him, as then in the weaknes of their first spring; and would in their riper strength (had it pleased high God till then to drawe out his daies) spired forth fruit of more perfection. But since God hath disdeigned the world of that most noble spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the patron of my young Muses; together with him both their hope of anie further fruit was cut off, and also the tender delight of those their first blossoms nipped and quite dead. Yet, sithens my late cumming into England, some frends of mine, (which might much prevaile with me, and indeede commaund me) knowing with howe straight bandes of duetie I was tied to him, as also bound unto that noble house, (of which the chiefe hope then rested in him) have sought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not shewed anie thankefull remembrance towards him or any of them; but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulnesse. Whome chiefly to satisfie, or els to avoide that fowle blot of unthankefulnesse, I have conceived this small poeme, intituled by a generall name of The Worlds Ruines: yet speciallie intended to the renowming of that noble race, from which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe of them late deceased. The which I dedicate unto your la. as whome it most specially concerneth; and to whome I acknowledge my selfe bounden by many singular favours and great graces. I pray for your honourable happinesse: and so humbly kisse your hands.

Your ladiships ever humblie at commaund,

E. S.

THE

RUINES OF TIME.

It chaunced me on day beside the shore
Of silver-streaming Thamesis to bee,
Nigh where the goodly Verlame stood of yore,
Of which there now remaines no memorie,
Nor anie little moniment to see,
By which the travailer, that fares that way,
This once was she, may warned be to say.

There, on the other side, I did behold
A woman sitting sorrowfullie wailing,
Rending her yellow locks, like wyrie gold
About her shoulders careleslie downe trailing,
And streames of teares from her faire eyes forth
In her right hand a broken rod she held, trailing:
Which towards Heaven she seemd on high to weld.

Whether she were one of that rivers nymphes,
Which did the losse of some dere love lament,
I doubt; or one of those three fatall impes,
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;
Or th' auncient genius of that citie brent:
But, seeing her so piteouslie perplexed,
I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed.

"Ah! what delight" (quoth she) "in earthlie thing,
Or comfort can I, wretched creature, have?
Whose happines the Heavens envying,
From highest staire to lowest step me drave,
And have in mine owne bowels made my grave,
That of all nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds sad spectacle, and fortunes scorne."

Much was I mooved at her piteous plaint,
And felt my heart nigh riven in my brest
With tender ruth to see her sore constraint;
That, shedding teares a while, I still did rest,
And, after, did her name of her request.
"Name have I none" (quoth she) "nor any being,
Ereft of both by Fates uniust decreeing.

"I was that citie, which the garland wore
Of Britaines pride, delivered unto me
By Romane victors, which it wonne of yore;
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
And lye in mine owne ashes, as ye see:
Verlame I was; what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weedes and wastefull gras?

"O vaine worlds glorie, and unstedfast state
Of all that lives on face of sinfull Earth!
Which, from their first untill their utmost date,
Taste no one houre of happines or merth;
But like as at the ingate of their berth
They crying creep out of their mothers woomb,
So wailing back, go to their wofull toomb.

"Why then dooth flesh, a bubble-glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and advauncement vaine,
And reare a trophee of devouring death,
With so great labour and long lasting paine,
As if his daies for ever should remaine?
Sith all, that in this world is great or gaie,
Doth as a vapour vanish, and decaie.

"Looke backe, who list, unto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become:
Where be those learned wits and antique sages,
Which of all wisedome knew the perfect somme?
Where those great warriors, which did overcome
The world with conquest of their might and maine,
And made one meare of th' Earth and of their raine?

"What nowe is of th' Assyrian lyonesse,
Of whom no footing now on Earth appeares?
What of the Persian heares outragiousnesse,
Whose memorie is quite worne out with yeares?
Who of the Grecian libbard now ought heares,
That over-ran the east with greedie powre,
And left his whelps their kingdomes to devoure?

"And where is that same great seven-headed beast,
That made all nations vassals of her pride,
To fall before her feete at her beheast,
And in the necke of all the world did ride?
Where doth she all that wondrous welth nowe hide?
With her owne weight downe pressed now shee lies,
And by her heapes her hugenesse testifies.

"O Rome, thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall my fatall overthrowe,
That whilom was, whilst Heavens with equall vewe
Deigned to behold me and their gifts bestowe,
The picture of thy pride in pompous shew:
And of the whole world as thou wast the empresse,
So I of this small northerne world was princesse.

"To tell the beawtie of my buildings fayre,
Adornd with purest gold and precious stone;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,
That by my foes are now all spent and gone;
To tell my forces, matchable to none,
Were but lost labour, that few would beleeve,
And, with rehearsing, would me more agreeve.

"High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely pallaces,
Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchers,
Sure gates, sweete gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with faire pillours and fine imageries;
All those (O pitie!) now are turnd to dust,
And overgrowne with black oblivions rust.

"Thereto for warlike power, and peoples store,
In Britannie was none to match with mee,
That manie often did abie full sore:
Ne Troynovant, though elder sister shee,
With my great forces might compared bee;
That stout Pendragon to his perill felt,
Who in a siege seaven yeres about me dwelt.

"But long ere this, Bunduca, Britonnesse,
Her mightie boast against my bulwarkes brought,
Bunduca, that victorious conqueresse,
That, lifting up her brave heroick thought
Bove womens weaknes, with the Romanes fought,
Fought, and in field against them thrice prevailed:
Yet was she foyld, whenas she me assailed.

"And though at last by force I conquered were
Of hardie Saxons, and became their thrall;
Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full deere,
And priz'd with slaughter of their generall:
The monument of whose sad funerall,
For wonder of the world, long in me lasted; [ed.
But now to nought, through spoyle of time, is wast-

"Wasted it is, as if it never were;
And all the rest, that me so honord made
And of the world admired ev'rie where,
Is turned to smoake, that doth to nothing fade;
And of that brightnes now appeares no shade,
But grieslie shades, such as doo haunt in Hell
With fearfull fiends, that in deep darknes dwell.

"Where my high steeples whilom usde to stand,
On which the lordly faulcon wont to towre,
There now is but an heap of lyme and sand
For the shriche-owle to build her balefull bowre:
And where the nightingale wont forth to powre
Her restles plaints, to comfort wakefull lovers,
There now haunt yelling mewes and whining plovers.

"And where the christall Thamis wont to slide
In silver channell, downe along the lee,
About whose flowrie bankes on either side
A thousand nymphes, with mirthfull iollitee,
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free;
There now no rivers course is to be seene,
But moorish fennes, and marshes ever greene.

"Seemes, that that gentle river for great griefe
Of my mishaps, which oft I to him plained;
Or for to shunne the horrible mischiefe,
With which he saw my cruell foes me pained,
And his pure streames with guiltles bloud oft stained;
From my unhappie neighborhood farre fled,
And his sweete waters away with him led.

"There also, where the winged ships were seene
In liquid waves to cut their fomie waie,
And thousand fishers numbred to have been,
In that wide lake looking for plenteous praie
Of fish, which they with baits usde to betraie,
Is now no lake, nor anie fishers store,
Nor ever ship shall saile there anie more.

" They all are gone, and all with them is gone!
Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
My long decay, which no man els doth mone,
And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.
Yet it is comfort in great languishment,
To be bemoned with compassion kinde,
And mitigates the anguish of the minde.

" But me no man bewaileth, but in game,
Ne sheddeth teares from lamentable eie:
Nor anie lives that mentioneth my name
To be remembred of posteritie,
Save one, that maugre Fortunes iniurie,
And Times decay, and Envies cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort.

" Cambden! the nourice of antiquitie,
And lanterne unto late succeding age,
To see the light of simple veritie
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
Of her owne people led with warlike rage:
Cambden! though Time all moniments obscure,
Yet thy iust labours ever shall endure.

" But whie (unhappie wight!) doo I thus crie,
And grieve that my remembrance quite is raced
Out of the knowledge of posteritie,
And all my antique moniments defaced?
Sith I doo dailie see things highest placed,
So soone as Fates their vitall thred have shorne,
Forgotten quite as they were never borne.

" It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
A mightie prince, of most renowmed race,
Whom England high in count of honour held,
And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace;
Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
Sate in the bosome of his soveraine,
And *right and loyall* did his word maintaine.

" I saw him die, I saw him die, as one
Of the meane people, and brought foorth on beare;
I saw him die, and no man left to mone
His dolefull fate, that late him loved deare:
Scarse anie left to close his eylids neare;
Scarse anie left upon his lips to laie
The sacred sod, or requiem to saie.

" O trustlesse state of miserable men,
That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainely thinke your selves halfe happie then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering
Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises sing;
And, when the courting masker louteth lowe,
Him true in heart and trustie to you trow!

" All is but fained, and with oaker dide,
That everie shower will wash and wipe away;
All things doo change that under Heaven abide,
And after death all friendship doth decaie.
Therefore, what ever man bearst worldlie sway,
Living, on God and on thy selfe relie;
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

" He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Save what in Heavens storehouse he uplaid:
His hope is faild, and come to passe his dread,
And evill men (now dead) his deedes upbraid:
Spite bites the dead, that living never baid.
He now is gone, the whiles the foxe is crept
Into the hole, the which the badger swept.

" He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
That as a glasse upon the water shone,
Which vanisht quite, so soone as it was sought:
His name is worne alreadie out of thought,
Ne anie poet seekes him to revive;
Yet manie poets honourd him alive.

" Ne doth his Colin, carelesse Colin Cloute,
Care now his idle bagpipe up to raise,
Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout [praise:
Of shepheard groomes, which wont his songs to
Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,
Untill he quite him of this guiltie blame:
Wake, shepheards boy, at length awake for shame.

" And whoso els did goodnes by him gaine,
And who so els his bounteous minde did trie,
Whether he shepheard be, or shepheards swaine,
(For manie did, which doo it now denie)
Awake, and to his song a part applie:
And I, the whilest you mourne for his decease,
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increase.

" He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
His brother prince, his brother noble peere,
That whilest he lived was of none envyde,
And dead is now, as living, counted deare,
Deare unto all that true affection beare:
But unto thee most deare, O dearest dame,
His noble spouse, and paragon of fame.

" He, whilest he lived, happie was through thee,
And, being dead, is happie now much more:
Living, that linckèd chaunst with thee to bee,
And dead, because him dead thou dost adore
As living, and thy lost deare love deplore.
So whilst that thou, faire flower of chastitie,
Dost live, by thee thy lord shall never die.

" Thy lord shall never die, the whiles this verse
Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever:
For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse
His worthie praise, and vertues dying never,
Though death his soule doo from his bodie sever:
And thou thy selfe herein shalt also live;
Such grace the Heavens doo to my verses give.

" Ne shall his sister, ne thy father die,
Thy father, that good earle of rare renowne,
And noble patrone of weake povertie;
Whose great good deeds in countrey, and in towne,
Have purchast him in Heavon an happie crowne:
Where he now liveth in eternall blis,
And left his sonne t' ensue those steps of his.

" He, noble bud, his grandsires livelie hayre,
Under the shadow of thy countenaunce
Now ginnes to shoote up fast, and flourish fayre
In learned artes, and goodlie gouvernaunce,
That him to highest honour shall advaunce.
Brave impe of Bedford, grow apace in bountie,
And count of wisedome more than of thy countie!

" Ne may I let thy husbands sister die,
That goodly ladie, sith she eke did spring
Out of his stocke and famous familie,
Whose praises I to future age doo sing;
And forth out of her happie womb did bring
The sacred brood of learning and all honour; [Ther,
In whom the Heavens powrde all their gifts upon

" Most gentle spirite breathed from above,
Out of the bosome of the Makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous love
Appeared in their native propertis,
And did enrich that noble breast of his
With treasure passing all this worldes worth,
Worthie of Heaven it selfe, which brought it forth.

" Hie blessed spirite, full of power divine
And influence of all celestiall grace,
Loathing this sinfull Earth and earthlie slime,
Fled backe too soone unto his native place;
Too soone for all that did his love embrace,
Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

" Yet, ere his happie soule to Heaven went
Out of this fleshlie gaole, he did devise
Unto his heavenlie Maker to present
His bodie, as a spotles sacrifise;
And chose, that guiltie hands of enemies
Should powre forth th' offring of his guiltles blood:
So life exchanging for his countries good.

" O noble spirite, live there ever blessed,
The worlds late wonder, and the Heavens new ioy;
Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
With mortall cares and cumbrous worldes anoy!
But, where thou dost that happines enioy,
Bid me, O bid me quicklie come to thee,
That happie there I maie thee alwaies see!

" Yet, whilest the Fates affoord me vitall breath,
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
And sing to thee, untill that timelie death
By Heavens doome doo ende my earthlie daies:
Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raise,
And into me that sacred breath inspire,
Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.

" Then will I sing; but who can better sing
Than thine owne sister, peerles lady bright,
Which to thee sings with deep harts sorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,
That her to heare I feele my feeble spright
Robbed of sense, and ravished with ioy,
O sad ioy made of mourning and anoy!

" Yet will I sing; but who can better sing
Than thou thy selfe, thine owne selfes valiance,
That, whilst thou livedst, madest the forests ring,
And fields resownd, and flockes to leap and daunce,
And shepheards leave their lambs unto mischaunce,
To runne thy shrill Arcadian pipe to heare:
O happie were those dayes, thrice happie were!

" But now more happie thou, and wretched wee,
Which want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,
Whiles thou now in Elysian fields so free,
With Orpheus, and with Linus, and the choice
Of all that ever did in rimes reioyce,
Conversest, and doost heare their heavenlie layes,
And they heare thine, and thine doo better praise.

" So there thou livest, singing evermore,
And here thou livest, being ever song
Of us, which living loved thee afore,
And now thee worship mongst that blessed throng
Of heavenlie poets and heroës strong.
So thou both here and there immortall art,
And everie where through excellent desart.

" But such as neither of themselves can sing,
Nor yet are sung of others for reward,
Die in obscure oblivion, as the thing
Which never was, ne ever with regard
Their names shall of the later age be heard,
But shall in rustic darknes ever lie,
Unles they mentioned be with infamie.

" What booteth it to have beene rich alive?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth survive
Of former being in this mortall hous,
But sleepes in dust dead and inglorious,
Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrels is,
And hath no hope of happinesse or blis.

" How manie great ones may remembred be,
Which in their daies most famouslie did florish;
Of whome no word we heare, nor signe now see,
But as things wipt out with a sponge do perishe,
Because they living cared not to cherishe
No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
Which might their names for ever memorize!

" Provide therefore (ye princes) whilst ye live,
That of the Muses ye may friended bee,
Which unto men eternitie do give;
For they be daughters of dame Memorie
And Iove, the father of Eternitie,
And do those men in golden thrones repose,
Whose merits they to glorifie do chose.

" The seven-fold yron gates of grisly Hell,
And horrid house of sad Proserpina,
They able are with power of mightie spell
To breake, and thence the soules to bring awaie
Out of dread darkenesse to eternall day,
And them immortall make which els would die
In foule forgetfulnesse, and nameles lie.

" So whilome raised they the puissant brood
Of golden-girt Alcmena, for great merite,
Out of the dust, to which the Oetæan wood
Had him consum'd, and spent his vitall spirite,
To highest Heaven, where now he doth inherite
All happinesse in Hebes silver bowre,
Chosen to be her dearest paramoure.

" So raisde they eke faire Ledaes warlike twinnes,
And interchanged life unto them lent,
That, when th' one dies, the other then beginnes
To shew in Heaven his brightnes orignt;
And they, for pittie of the sad wayment,
Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
Her back againe to life sent for his sake.

" So happie are they, and so fortunate,
Whom the Pierian sacred sisters love,
That freed from bands of impeacable fate,
And power of death, they live for aye above,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remove:
But with the gods, for former vertues meede,
On nectar and ambrosia do feede.

" For deeds doe die, how ever noblie donne,
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay:
But wise wordes taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muses, live for ay;
Ne may with storming showers be washt away,
Ne bitter-breathing windes with harmfull blast,
Nor age, nor envie, shall them ever wast.

"In vaine doo earthly princes then, in vaine,
Seeke with Pyramides, to Heaven aspired;
Or huge Colosses, built with costlie paine;
Or brasen pillours, never to be fired;
Or shrines, made of the mettall most desired;
To make their memories for ever live:
For how can mortall immortalitie give?

"Such one Mausolus made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine:
Such one Marcellus, but was torne with thunder:
Such one Lisippus, but is worne with raine:
Such one king Edmond, but was rent for gaine.
All such vaine moniments of earthlie masse,
Devour'd of Time, in time to nought doo passe.

"But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Above the reach of ruinous decay,
And with brave plumes doth beate the azure skie,
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away:
Then who so will with vertuous deeds assay
To mount to Heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
And with sweete poets verse be glorifide.

"For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake,
Could save the sonne of Thetis from to die;
But that blinde bard did him immortall make
With verses, dipt in deaw of Castalie:
Which made the easterne conquerour to crie,
'O fortunate yong-man, whose vertue found
So brave a trompe, thy noble acts to sound.'

"Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read
Good Melibæ, that hath a poet got
To sing his living praises being dead,
Deserving never here to be forgot,
In spight of envie, that his deeds would spot:
Since whose decease, learning lies unregarded,
And men of armes doo wander unrewarded.

"Those two be those two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieve the noble spright
Of Salomon with great indignities;
Who whilome was alive the wisest wight.
But now his wisedome is disprooved quite;
For he, that now welds all things at his will,
Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper skill.

"O griefe of griefes! O gall of all good heartes!
To see that vertue should dispised bee
Of him, that first was raisde for vertuous parts,
And now, broad spreading like an aged tree,
Lets none shoot up that nigh him planted bee:
O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorned,
Nor alive nor dead be of the Muse adorned!

"O vile worlds trust! that with such vaine illusion
Hath so wise men bewitcht, and overkest,
That they see not the way of their confusion:
O vainesse! to be added to the rest,
That do my soule with inward griefe infest:
Let them behold the piteous fall of mee,
And in my case their owne ensample see.

"And who so els that sits in highest seate
Of this worlds glorie, worshipped of all,
No feareth change of time, nor fortunes threate,
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his owne end unto remembrance call;
That of like ruine he may warned bee,
And in himselfe be moov'd to pittie mee."—

Thus having ended all her piteous plaint,
With dolefull shrikes shee vanished away,
That I through inward sorrowe wexen faint,
And all astonished with deepe dismay
For her departure, had no word to say;
But sate long time in sencelesse sad affright,
Looking still, if I might of her have sight.

Which when I missed, having looked long,
My thought returned greeved home againe,
Renewing her complaint with passion strong,
For ruth of that same womans piteous paine;
Whose wordes recording in my troubled braine,
I felt such anguish wound my feeble heart,
That frosen horror ran through everie part.

So inlie greeving in my groning brest,
And deepelie muzing at her doubtfull speach,
Whose meaning much I labored foorth to wreste,
Being above my slender reasons reach;
At length, by demonstration me to teach,
Before mine eies strange sights presented were,
Like tragicke pageants seeming to appeare.

I.

I saw an image, all of massie gold,
Placed on high upon an altare faire,
That all, which did the same from farre beholde,
Might worship it, and fall on lowest staire.
Not that great idoll might with this compaire,
To which th' Assyrian tyrant would have made
The holie brethren falslie to have praid.
But th' altare, on the which this image staid,
Was (O great pitie!) built of brickle clay,
That shortly the foundation decaid,
With showres of Heaven and tempests worne away;
Then downe it fell, and low in ashes lay,
Scorned of everie one, which by it went;
That I, it seeing, dearelie did lament.

II.

Next unto this a statelie towre appeared,
Built all of richest stone that might bee found,
And nigh unto the Heavens in height upreared,
But placed on a plot of sandie ground:
Not that great towre, which is so much renownd
For tongues confusion in Holie Writ,
King Ninus worke, might be compar'd to it.
But O vaine labours of terrestriall wit,
That buildes so stronglie on so frayle a soyle,
As with each storme does fall away, and flit,
And gives the fruit of all your travailes toyle,
To be the pray of Tyme, and Fortunes spoyle!
I saw this towre fall sodainelie to dust,
That nigh with griefe thereof my heart was brust.

III.

Then did I see a pleasant paradize,
Full of sweete flowres and daintiest delights,
Such as on Earth man could not more devize,
With pleasures choyce to feed his cheerefull sprigts:
Not, that, which Merlin by his magicke slights
Made for the gentle squire, to entertaine
His fayre Belphœbe, could this gardine staine.
But O short pleasure bought with lasting paine!
Why will hereafter anie flesh delight
In earthlie blis, and ioy in pleasures vaine,
Since that I sawe this gardine wasted quite,
That where it was scarce seemed anie sight?
That I, which once that beautie did beholde,
Could not from teares my melting eyes with-holde

IV.

Soone after this a giaunt came in place,
Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding stature,
That none durst vewe the horror of his face,
Yet was he milde of spach, and meeke of nature:
Not he, which in despight of his Creatour
With railing tearmes defied the Iewish hoast,
Mig't with this mightie one in hugenes boast;
For from the one he could to th' other coast
Stretch his strong thighes, and th' ocean overstride,
And reatch his hand into his enemies hoast.
But see the end of pompe and fleshlie pride!
One of his feete unwares from him did slide,
That downe hee fell into the deepe abisse,
Where drownd with him is all his earthlie blisse.

V.

Then did I see a bridge, made all of golde,
Over the sea from one to other side,
Withouten prop or pillour it t' upholde,
But like the coulored rainbowe arched wide:
Not that great arche, with Traian edifide,
To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
Was matchable to this in equall vewing.
But (ah!) what bootes it to see earthlie thing
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring?
This goodlie bridge, one foote not fastned well,
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,
Ne of so brave a building ought remained,
That griefe thereof my spirite greatly pained.

VI.

I saw two beares, as white as anie milke,
Lying together in a mightie cave.
Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,
That salvage nature seemed not to have.
Nor after greedie spoyle of bloud to crave:
Two fairer beasts might not elswhere be found,
Although the compast world were sought around.
But what can long abide above this ground
In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse?
The caye, in which these beares lay sleeping sound,
Was but of earth, and with her weightinesse
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppresse;
That, for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heavie spright,
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaved quight,
And I in minde remained sore agast,
Distraught twixt feare and pitie; when at last
I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,
That with the suddein shrill I was appalled.
"Behold" (said it) "and by ensample see,
That all is vanitie and griefe of minde,
Ne other comfort in this world can be,
But hope of Heaven, and heart to God inclinde;
For all the rest must needs be left behinde:"
With that it bad me, to the other side
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

I.

Vpon that famous rivers further shore,
There stood a snowie swan of heavenly hiew,
And gentle kinde, as ever fowle afore;
A fairer one in all the goodlie crew
Of white Strimonian brood might up man view:
There he most sweetly sung the prophecie
Of his owne death in dolefull elegie.
At last, when all his mourning melodie
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
Feeling the fit that him forewarnd to die,
With loftie flight above the Earth he bounded,
And out of sight to highest Heaven mounted,
Where now he is become an heavenly signe;
There now the ioy is his, here sorrow mine.

II.

Whilest thus I looked, loe! adowne the lee
I saw an harpe stroong all with silver twyne,
And made of golde and costlie yvorie,
Swimming, that whilome seemed to have been
The harpe, on which Dan Orpheus was seene
Wylde beasts and forrests after him to lead,
But was th' harpe of Philisides now dead.
At length out of the river it was reard
And borne above the cloudes to be divin'd,
Whilst all the way most heavenly noyse was heard
Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both ioy and sorrow in my mind:
So now in Heaven a signe it doth appeare,
The Harpe well knowne beside the Northern Beare.

III.

Soone after this I saw on th' other side,
A curious coffer made of Heben wood,
That in it did most precious treasure hide,
Exceeding all this baser worldës good:
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almost drowned was, and done to nought,
That sight thereof much griev'd my pensive thought.
At length, when most in perill it was brought,
Two angels, downe descending with swift flight,
Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,
And twixt their blessed armes it carried quight
Above the reach of anie living sight:
So now it is transform'd into that starre,
In which all heavenly treasures locked are.

IV.

Looking aside I saw a stately bed,
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
That might for anie princes couche be red,
And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it shold
Be for some bride, her ioyous night to hold:
Therein a goodly virgine sleeping lay;
A fairer wight saw never summers day.
I heard a voyce that called farre away,
And her awaking bad her quickly dight,
For lo! her bridegrome was in readie ray
To come to her, and seeke her loves delight:
With that she started up with cherefull sight,
When suddeinly both bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

V.

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood
A knight all arm'd, upon a winged steed,
The same that was bred of Medusaes blood,
On which Dan Perseus, borne of heavenly seed,
The faire Andromeda from perill freed:
Full mortally this knight ywounded was,
That streames of blood foorth flowed on the gras:
Yet was he deckt (small ioy to him alas!)
With manie garlands for his victories,
And with rich spoyles, which late he did purchas
Through brave atchievements from his enemies:
Fainting at last through long infirmities,

He smote his steed, that straight to Heaven him bore,
And left me here his losse for to deplore.

VI.

Lastly I saw an arke of purest golde
Upon a brazen pillour standing hie, [hold,
Which th' ashes seem'd of some great prince to
Enclosde therein for endles memorie
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:
Seemed the Heavens with the Earth did disagree,
Whether should of those ashes keeper bee.
At last me seem'd wing-footed Mercurie,
From Heaven descending to appease their strife,
The arke did beare with him above the skie,
And to those ashes gave a second life,
To live in Heaven, where happines is rife:
At which the Earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for dole was almost like to die.

L' ENVOY.

Immortall spirite of Philisides,
Which now art made the Heavens ornament,
That whilome wast the worldës chiefst richés;
Give leave to him that lov'de thee to lament
His losse, by lacke of thee to Heaven hent,
And with last duties of this broken verse,
Broken with sighes, to decke thy sable herse!
And ye, faire ladie! th' honour of your daies,
And glorie of the world, your high thoughts scorne;
Vouchsafe this moniment of his last praise
With some few silver-dropping teares t' adorne;
And as ye be of heavenlie off-spring borne,
So unto Heaven let your high minde aspire,
And loath this drosse of sinfull worlds desire!

THE

TEARES OF THE MUSES.

1591.

DEDICATED TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE THE LADIE STRANGE.

Most brave and noble ladie; the things, that make ye so much honored of the world as ye bee, are such, as (without my simple lines testimonie) are throughlie knowen to all men; namely, your excellent beautie, your vertuous behavior, and your noble match with that most honourable lord, the very paterne of right nobilitie: but the causes, for which ye have thus deserved of me to be honoured, (if honour it be at all) are, both your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your ladiship to acknowledge. Of which whenas I found my selfe in no part woorthie, I devised this last slender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your ladiship, and also to make the same universallie knowen to the world; that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honor you. Vouchsafe, noble lady, to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of your self, yet such, as perhaps by good acceptance thereof ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your owne excellent deserts. So recommending the same to your ladiships good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your la: humbly ever.

ED. SP.

THE

TEARES OF THE MUSES.

Rehearse to me, ye sacred sisters nine,
The golden brood of great Apolloes wit,
Those piteous plaints and sorowfull sad tine,
Which late ye powred forth as ye did sit
Beside the silver springs of Helicone,
Making your musick of hart-breaking mone!

For since the time that Phœbus foolish sonne
Ythundered, through Ioves avengefull wrath,
For traversing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compasse of his pointed path,
Of you his mournfull sisters was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were never since invented.

Nor since that faire Calliope did lose
Her loved twinnes, the dearlings of her ioy,
Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes,
The Fatall sisters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space;
Was ever heard such wayling in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly noyse
Of their sweete instruments were wont to sound,
And th' hollow hills, from which their silver voyce
Were wont redoubled echoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,
And yelling shrieks throwne up into the skies.

The trembling streames which wont in chanels
To romble gently downe with murmur soft, [cleare
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare
A bases part amongst their consorts oft;
Now, forst to overflowe with brackish teares,
With troublous noyse did dull their daintie eares.

The ioyous nymphes and lightfoote Faëries
Which thether came to heare their musick sweet,
And to the measure of their melodies
Did learne to move their nimble-shifting feete;
Now, hearing them so heavily lament,
Like heavily lamenting from them went.

And all that els was wont to worke delight
Through the divine infusion of their skill,
And all that els seemd faire and fresh in sight,
So made by nature for to serve their will,
Was turned now to dismall heavinesse,
Was turned now to dreadfull uglinesse.

Ay me! what thing on Earth that all thing breeds,
Might be the cause of so impatient plight?
What furie, or what feend, with felon deeds
Hath stirred up so mischievous despight?
Can griefe then enter into heavenly harts,
And pierce immortall breasts with mortall smarts?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concernes,
To me those secret causes to display;
For none but you, or who of you it learnes,
Can rightfully areed so dolefull lay.
Begin, thou eldest sister of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee ensew.

CLIO.

Heare, thou great father of the gods on hie,
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts;
And thou our sire, that raignst in Castalie
And Mount Parnasse, the god of goodly arts:
Heare, and behold the miserable state
Of us thy daughters, dolefull desolate.

Behold the fowle reproach and open shame,
The which is day by day unto us wrought
By such as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning and each gentle thought;
They, not contented us themselves to scorne,
Doo seeke to make us of the world forlorne.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust,
The sonnes of darknes and of ignorance;
But they, whom thou, great love, by doome uniust
Didst to the type of honour earst advance;
They now, puft up with sdeignfull insolence,
Despise the brood of blessed sapience.

The sectaries of my celestiall skill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned impes that wont to shoote up still,
And grow to height of kingdomes government,
They underkeep, and with their spreading armes
Do beat their buds, that perish through their harmes.

It most behoves the honorable race
Of mightie peeres true wisedome to sustaine,
And with their noble countenaunce to grace
The learned forheads, without gifts or gaine:
Or rather learnd themselves behoves to bee;
That is the girlond of nobilitie.

But (ah!) all otherwise they doo esteeme
Of th' heavenly gift of wisdomes influence,
And to be learned it a base thing deeme;
Base minded they that want intelligence:
For God himselfe for wisedome most is praised,
And men to God thereby are highest raised.

But they doo onely strive themselves to raise
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanitie;
In th' eyes of people they put all their praise,
And onely boast of armes and auncestrie:
But vertuous deeds, which did those armes first give
To their grandsyres, they care not to atchive.

So I, that doo all noble feates professe
To register, and sound in trump of gold;
Through their bad dooings, or base slothfulnesse,
Finde nothing worthie to be writ, or told:
For better farre it were to hide their names,
Than telling them to blazon out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages have no light
Of things forepast, nor moniments of time;
And all that in this world is worthie hight
Shall die in darknesse, and lie hid in slime!
Therefore I mourne with deep harts sorrowing,
Because I nothing noble have to sing.—

With that she raynd such store of streaming teares,
That could have made a stonie heart to weep;
And all her sisters rent their golden heares,
And their faire faces with salt humour steep.
So onded shee: and then the next anew,
Began her grievous plaint as doth ensew.

MELPOMENE.

O! who shall powre into my swollen eyes
A sea of teares that never may be dryde,
A brasen voice that may with shrilling cryes
Pierce the dull Heavens and fill the ayër wide,
And yron sides that sighing may endure,
To waile the wretchednes of world impure?

Ah! wretched world, the den of wickednesse,
Deformd with filth and fowle iniquitie;
Ah! wretched world, the house of heavinesse,
Fild with the wreaks of mortall miserie;
Ah! wretched world, and all that is therein,
The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaves to sin.

Most miserable creature under sky
Man without Understanding doth appeare;
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
And Fortunes freakes, is wisely taught to beare:
Of wretched life the onely ioy shee is,
And th' only comfort in calamities.

She armes the brest with constant patience
Against the bitter throwes of dolours darts:
She solaceth with rules of sapience
The gentle minds, in midst of worldly smarts:
When he is sad, shee seeks to make him merie,
And doth refresh his sprights when they be werie.

But he that is of reasons skill bereft,
And wants the staffe of wisedome him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left
Without an helme or pilot her to sway:
Full sad and dreadfull is that ships event;
So is the man that wants intendiment.

Why then doo foolish men so much despize
The precious store of this celestiall riches?
Why doo they banish us, that patronize
The name of learning? Most unhappie wretches!
The which lie drowned in deepe wretchednes,
Yet doo not see their owne unhappiness.

My part it is and my professed skill
The stage with tragick buskin to adorne,
And fill the scene with plaint and outcries shrill
Of wretched persons, to misfortune borne:
But none more tragick matter I can finde
Than this, of men depriv'd of sense and minde.

For all mans life me seemes a tragedy,
Full of sad sights and sore catastrophees;
First comming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes, like dolorous trophees,
Are heapt with spoyles of fortune and of feare,
And he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with rufull spectacles is fild,
Fit for Megera or Persephone;
But I that in true tragedies am skild,
The flowre of wit, finde nought to busie me:
Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
Because that mourning matter I have none.—

Then gan she wofully to waile, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wise;
And all her sisters, thereto answering,
Threw forth lowd shrieks and drerie dolefull cries.
So rested she: and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

THALIA.

Where be the sweete delights of learnings treasure,
That wont with comick sock to beautefie
The painted theaters, and fill with pleasure
The listners eyes and eares with melodie;
In which I late was wont to raine as queene,
And maske in mirth with graces well beseene?

O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,
Is layd abed, and no where now to see;
And in her roome unseemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow browes and greisly countenaunce,
Marring my ioyous gentle dalliaunce.

And him beside sits ugly Barbarisme,
And brutish Ignorance, yerept of late
Out of dredd darknes of the deepe abysme,
Where being bredd, he light and Heaven does hate:
They in the mindes of men now tyrannize,
And the faire scene with rudenes foule disguize.

All places they with follie have possest,
And with vaine toyes the vulgar entertaine;
But me have banished, with all the rest
That whilome wont to wait upon my traine,
Fine Counterfesaunce, and unhurtfull Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in seemly sort.

All these, and all that els the comick stage
With seasoned wit and goodly pleasance graced,
By which mans life in his likest image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced;
And those sweete wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now despizd, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all ioy and iolly meriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

In stead thereof scoffing Scurrilitie,
And scornfull Folly with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shamelesse ribaudrie
Without regard, or due decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the learneds taske upon him take.

But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honie and sweete nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe;
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell.

So am I made the servant of the manie,
And laughing stocke of all that list to scorne,
Not honoured nor cared for of anie;
But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorne:
Therefore I mourne and sorrow with the rest,
Untill my cause of sorrow be redrest.—

Therewith she lowdly did lament and shrike,
Powring forth streames of teares abundantly;
And all her sisters, with compassion like,
The breaches of her singults did supply.
So rested shee: and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

EUTERPE.

Like as the dearling of the Summers pryde,
Faire Philomele, when Winters stormie wrath
The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dyde
In colours divers, quite despoyled hath,
All comfortlesse doth hide her chearelesse head
During the time of that her widowhead:

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
Whilest favourable times did us afford
Free libertie to chaunt our charmes at will;
All comfortlesse upon the bared bow,
Like wofull culvers, doo sit wayling now.

For far more bitter storme than winters stowre
The beautie of the world hath lately wasted,
And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to flowre,
Hath marred quite, and all their blossoms blasted;
And those yong plants, which wont with fruit t'abound,
Now without fruite or leaves are to be found.

A stonie coldnesse hath benumbd the sence
And livelie spirits of each living wight,
And dimd with darknesse their intelligence,
Darknesse more than Cymerians daylie night:
And monstrous Error, flying in the ayre,
Hath mard the face of all that semed fayre.

Image of hellish horrour, Ignorance,
Borne in the bosome of the black abysse,
And fed with Furies milke for sustenaunce
Of his weake infancie, begot amisse
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night;
So hee his sonnes both syre and brother hight.

He, armd with blindnesse and with boldnes stout,
(For blind is bold) hath our fayre light defaced;
And, gathering unto him a ragged rout
Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings raced;
And our chast bowers, in which all vertue rained,
With brutishnesse and beastlie filth hath stained.

The sacred springs of horsefoot Helicon,
So oft bedeawed with our learned layes,
And speaking streames of pure Castalion,
The famous witnesse of our wonted praise,
They trampled have with their fowle footings trade,
And like to troubled puddles have them made.

Our pleasant groves, which planted were with paines
That with our musick wont so oft to ring,
And arbors sweet, in which the shepheards swaines
Were wont so oft their pastoralls to sing,
They have cut downe, and all their pleasaunce mard,
That now no pastorall is to bee hard.

In stead of them, fowle goblins and shriek-owles
With fearfull howling do all places fill;
And feeble Eccho now laments, and howles,
The dreadfull accents of their outeries shrill.
So all is turned into wildernesse,
Whilest Ignorance the Muses doth oppresse.

And I, whose ioy was earst with spirit full
To tea\h the warbling pipe to sound aloft,
(My spirits now dismayd with sorrow dull)
Doo mone my miserie with silence soft.
Therefore I mourne and waile incessantly,
Till please the Heavens afloord me remedy.—

Therewith shee wayled with exceeding woe,
And pitious lamentation did make;
And all her sisters, seeing her doo soe,
With equall plaints her sorrowe did partake.
So rested shee: and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

TERPSICHORE.

Whoso hath in the lap of soft Delight
Been long time luld, and fed with pleasures sweet,
Fearles through his own fault or Fortunes spight
To tumble into sorrow and regreet,
Yf chaunce him fall into calamitie,
Finds greater burthen of his misorie.

So wee that earst in ioyance did abound,
And in the bosome of all blis did sit,
Like virgin queenes, with laurell garlands cround,
For vertues meed and ornament of wit;
Sith Ignorance our kingdome did confound,
Be now become most wretched wightes on ground.

And in our royall thrones, which lately stood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accursed brood,
By him begotten of fowle Infamy;
Blind Error, scornefull Follie, and base Spight,
Who hold by wrong that wee should have by right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
And make them merrie with their fooleries;
They cherelie chaunt, and rymes at random fling,
The fruitfull spawne of their ranke fantasies;
They feede the eares of fooles with flattery,
And good men blame, and losels magnify.

All places they doo with their toyes possesse,
And raigne in liking of the multitude;
The schooles they fill with fond new-fanglenesse,
And sway in court with pride and rashnes rude;
Mongst simple shepheards they do boast their skill,
And say their musicke matcheth Phœbus quill.

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their prince that learning is but vaine;
Faire ladies loves they spot with thoughts impure,
And gentle mindes with lewd delights distaine;
Clerks they to loathly idlenes entice,
And fill their bookes with discipline of vice.

So every where they rule, and tyrannize,
For their usurped kingdomes maintenaunce,
The whiles we silly maides, whom they dispize
And with reprochfull scorne discountenaunce,
From our owne native heritage exilde,
Walk through the world of every one revilde.

Nor anie one doth care to call us in,
Or once vouchsafeth us to entertaine,
Unlesse some one perhaps of gentle kin,
For pitties sake, compassion our paine,
And yeeld us some relieſe in this distresse;
Yet to be so reliev'd is wretchednesse.

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,
Yet none doth care to comfort us at all;
So seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,
Yet none vouchsafes to answere to our call;
Therefore we mourne and pittilesse complaine,
Because none living pittieth our paine.—

With that she wept and wofullie waymented,
That naught on Earth her griefe might pacifie;
And all the rest her dolefull din augmented
With shrikes, and groanes, and grievous agonie.
So ended shee: and then the next in rew
Began her piteous plaint, as doth ensew.

ERATO.

Ye gentle spirits! breathing from above,
Whore ye in Venus silver bowre were bred,
Thoughts halfe devine, full of the fire of love,
With beawtie kindled, and with pleasure fed,
Which ye now in securitie possesse,
Forgetfull of your former heavinesse:

Now change the tenor of your ioyous layes,
With which ye use your loves to deifie,
And blazon foorth an earthlie beauties praise
Above the compasse of the arched skie:
Now change your praises into piteous cries,
And eulogies turne into elegies.

Such as ye wont, whenas those bitter stounds
Of raging love first gan you to torment,
And launch your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
Before your loves did take you unto grace;
Those now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I that rule, in measure moderate,
The tempest of that stormie passion,
And use to paint in rimes the troublous state
Of lovers life in likest fashion,
Am put from practise of my kindlie skill,
Banisht by those that Love with leawdnes fill.

Love wont to be schoolmaster of my skill,
And the devicefull mattor of my song;
Sweete Love devoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and spotles, as at first he sprong
Out of th' Almighties bosome, where he nests;
From thence infused into mortall brests.

Such high conceipt of that celestiall fire,
The base-borne brood of Blindnes cannot gesse,
Ne ever dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Unto so loftie pitch of perfectnesse,
But rime at riot, and dop rage in love;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove.

Faire Cytheree, the mother of Delight,
And queene of beautie, now thou maist go pack;
For lo! thy kingdome is defaced quight,
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack;
And thy gay sonne, the winged god of love,
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed dove,

And ye three twins, to light by Venus brought,
The sweete companions of the Muses late,
From whom whatever thing is goodly thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate;
Go beg with us, and be companions still,
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall anie more
Find entertainment or in court or schoole:
For that, which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meede, is now lent to the foole;
He sings of love, and maketh loving layes,
And they him heare, and they him highly prayse.—

With that she powred foorth a brackish flood
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone;
And all her sisters, seeing her sad mood,
With lowd laments her answered all at one.
So ended she: and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

CALLIOPE.

To whom shall I my evill case complaine,
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pitie a perplexed hart;
But rather seekes my sorrow to augment
With fowle reproach, and cruell banishment?

For they, to whom I used to applie
The faithfull service of my learned skill,
The goodly off-spring of Ioves progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;
Whose living praises in heroick style,
It is my chiefe profession to compyle;

They, all corrupted through the rust of time,
That doth all fairest things on Earth deface,
Or through unnoble sloth, or sinfull crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race;
Have both desire of worthie deeds forlorne,
And name of learning utterly doo scorne.

Ne doo they care to have the auncestrie
Of th' old heroës memorizde anow;
Ne doo they care that late posteritie
Should know their names, or speak their praises dew,
But die forgot from whence at first they sprong,
As they themselves shal be forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bredd?
What oddes twixt Irus and old Inachus,
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are dedd;
If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of dust their memories awake?

Or who would ever care to doo brave deed,
Or strive in vertue others to excell;
If none should yeeld him his deserved meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of dooing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodnes of his owne freewill.

Therefore thy Nurse of Vertue I am hight,
And golden Trompet of Eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift up to Heavens hight,
And mortall men have powre to deifie:
Bacchus and Hercules I raisd to Heaven,
And Charlomaine amongst the starris seaven.

But now I will my golden clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more;
Sith I no more find worthie to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore:
For noble peeres, whom I was wont to raise,
Now onely seeke for pleasure, nought for praise.

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare;
And the rich fee, which poets wont divide,
Now parasites and sycophants doo share:
Therefore I mourne and endlesse sorrow make,
Both for my selfe and for my sisters sake.—

With that she lowdly gan to waile and shrike,
And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre;
And all her sisters, with compassion like,
Did more increase the sharpnes of her showre.
So ended she: and then the next in rew
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensew.

URANIA.

What wrath of gods, or wicked influence
Of starres conspiring wretched men t' afflict,
Hath powrd on Earth this noyous pestilence,
That mortall mindes doth inwardly infect
With love of blindnesse and of ignorance,
To dwell in darknesse without sovenance?

What difference twixt man and beast is left,
When th'heavenlie light of knowledge is put out,
And th' ornaments of wisdome are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Unweeting of the danger hee is in,
Through fleshes frailtie, and deceipt of sin.

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,
It is the onelie comfort which they have,
It is their light, their loadstarre, and their day;
But Hell, and darknesse, and the grislie grave,
Is ignorance, the enemy of Grace,
That mindes of men borne heavenlie doth debace.

Through knowledge we behould the worlds creation,
How in his cradle first he fostred was;
And iudge of Natures cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formlesse mas:
By knowledge wee do learne our selves to knowe,
And what to man, and what to God, wee owe.

From hence wee mount aloft unto the skie,
And looke into the christall firmament;
There we behold the Heavens great hierarchie,
The starres pure light, the spheres swift movement,
The spirites and intelligences fayre,
And angels waighting on th' Almighties chayre.

And there, with humble minde and high insight,
Th' Eternall Makers maiestie wee viewe,
His love, his truth, his glorie, and his might,
And mercie more then mortall men can vew.
O soveraigne lord, O soveraigne happinesse,
To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse!

Such happines have they, that do embrace
The precepts of my heavenlie discipline;
But shame and sorrow and accursed case
Have they, that scorne the schoole of arts divine,
And banish me, which do professe the skill
To make men heavenly wise through humbled will.

However yet they mee despise and spight,
I feede on sweet contentment of my thought,
And, please my selfe with mine owne selfe-delight,
In contemplation of things heavenlie wrought:
So, loathing Earth, I looke up to the sky,
And, being driven hence, I thether fly.

Thence I behold the miserie of men, [libreed,
Which want theobliss that wisedom would them
And like brute beasts doo lie in loathsome den
Of ghostly darknes, and of gastlie dreed:
For whom I mourne, and for my selfe complaine,
And for my sisters cake whom they disdaine.—

With that shee wept and waild so pityouslie,
As if her eyes had beene two springing wells;
And all the rest, her sorrow to supplie,
Did throw forth shriekes and cries and dreery yells.
So ended shee; and then the next in rew
Began her mournfull plaint, as doth ensew.

POLYHYMNIA.

A dolefull case desires a dolefull song,
Without vaine art or curious complements;
And squallid Fortune, into basenes flong,
Doth scorne the pride of wonted ornaments.
Then fittest are these ragged rimes for mee,
To tell my sorrowes that exceeding bee.

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures,
With which I wont the winged words to tie,
And make a tunefull diapase of pleasures,
Now being let to runne at libertie
By those which have no skill to rule them right,
Have now quite lost their naturall delight.

Heapes of huge words uphoorded hideously,
With horrid sound though having little sence,
They thinke to be chiefe praise of poëtry;
And, thereby wanting due intelligence,
Have mard the face of goodly poësie,
And made a monster of their fantasie.

Whilom in ages past none might professe
But princes and high priests that secret skill;
The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,
And with deepe oracles their verses fill:
Then was shee held in soveraigne dignitie,
And made the noursling of nobilitie.

But now nor prince nor priest doth her maintayne,
But suffer her prophaned for to bee
Of the base vulgar, that with hands uncleane
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie;
And treadeth under foote hir holie things,
Which was the care of Kesars and of kings.

One onelie lives, her ages ornament,
And myrrour of her Makers maiestie,
That with rich bountie, and deare cherishment,
Supports the praise of noble poësie;
Ne onelie favours them which it professe,
But is her selfe a peereles poëtesse.

Most peereles prince, most peereles poëtesse,
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,
Divine Elisa, sacred emperesse!
Live shee for ever, and her royall p'laces
Be fild with praises of divinest wits,
That her eternize with their heaveulie writs!

Some few beside this sacred skill estome,
Admirers of her glorious excellence;
Which, being lightned with her beawties beme,
Are thereby fild with happie influence;
And lifted up above the worldes gaze,
To sing with angels her immortall praize.

But all the rest, as borne of salvage brood,
And having beene with acorns alwaies fed;
Can no whit favour this celestiall food,
But with base thoughts are into blindnesse led,
And kept from looking on the lightsome day:
For whome I waile and weepe all that I may.—

Eftsoones such store of teares shee forth did powre,
As if shee all to water would have gone;
And all her sisters, seeing her sad stowre,
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned instruments did breake:
The rest untold no living tongue can speake.

VIRGILS GNAT.

1591.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED.

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LORD,

THE EARLE OF LEICESTER,

LATE DECEASED.

Wrong'd, yet not daring to expresse my paine,
To you (great lord) the causer of my care,
In clowdie teares my case I thus complaine
Unto your selfe, that onely privie are.
But if that any Œdipus unware [spright,
Shall chaunce, through power of some divining
To reade the secrete of this riddle rare,
And know the purporte of my evill plight;
Let him rest pleased with his owne insight,
Ne further seeke to glose upon the text:
For griefe enough it is to grieved wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.
But what so by my selfe may not be showen,
May by this Gnatts complaint be easily knowen.

We now have playde, Augustus, wantonly,
Tuning our song unto a tender Muse,
And, like a cobweb weaving slenderly,
Have onely playde: let thus much then excuse
This Gnats small poëme, that th' whole historie
Is but a iest, though envie it abuse:
But who such sports, and sweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter seeme then this Gnats idle name.

Hereafter, when as season more secure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,
And for thy worth frame some fit poesie:
The golden ofspring of Latona pure,
And ornament of great Ioves progenie,
Phœbus, shall be the author of my song,
Playing on ivorie harp with silver strong.

He shall inspire my verse with gentle mood
Of poets prince, whether he woon beside
Faire Xanthus sprincled with Chimæras bloud;
Or in the woods of Astery abide;
Or whereas Mount Parnasse, the Muses brood,
Doth his broad forhead like two hornes divide,
And the sweete waves of sounding Castaly
With liquid foote doth slide downe easily.

Wherefore ye sisters, which the glorie bee
Of the Pierian streames, fayre Naiades,
Go too; and, dauncing all in companie,
Adorne that god: and thou holie Pales,
To whome the honest care of husbandrie
Returneth by continuall successe,
Have care for to pursue his footing light [dight.
Throgh the wide woods, and groves, with green leaves

Professing thee I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the forrest wide and starrie sky:
And thou, most dread Octavius, which oft
To learned wits giv'st courage worthily,
O come, thou sacred childe, come sliding soft,
And favour my beginnings graciously:
For not these leaves do sing that dreadfull stound,
When giants bloud did staine Phlegræan ground.

Nor how th' halfe horsy people, Centaures hight,
Fought with the bloudie Lapithaes at bord;
Nor how the East with tyranous despight
Burnt th' Attick towres, and people slew with sword;
Nor how Mount Athos through exceeding might
Was digged downe; nor yron bands abord
The Pontick sea by their huge navy cast;
My volume shall renowne, so long since past.

Nor Hellespont trampled with horses feete,
When flocking Persians did the Greeks affray;
But my soft Muse, as for her power more meete,
Delights (with Phœbus friendly leave) to play
An easie running verse with tender feete.
And thou, dread sacred child, to thee alway,
Let everlasting lightsome glory strive,
Through the worlds endles ages to survive.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee
Mongst heavenly ranks, where blessed soules do rest;
And let long lasting life with ioyous glee,
As thy due meede that thou deservest best,
Hereafter many yeares remembred be
Amongst good men, of whom thou oft are blest;
Live thou for ever in all happinesse!
But let us turne to our first businesse.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight
Up to the heavenly towers, and shot each where
Out of his golden charet glistering light;
And fayre Aurora, with her rosie heare,
The hatefull darknes now had put to flight;
When as the shepheard, seeing day appeare,
His little goats can drive out of their stalls,
To feede abroad, where pasture best befalls.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,
Where thickest grasse did cloath the open hills:
They now amongst the woods and thickets ment,
Now in the valleies wandring at their wills, [scent;
Spread themselves farre abroad through each de-
Some on the soft greene grasse feeding their fills;
Some, clambring through the hollow cliffes on hy,
Nibble the bushie shrubs which growe thereby.

Others the utmost boughs of trees doe crop,
And brouze the woodbine twigges that freshly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the utmost top
Of some soft willow, or new growen stud;
This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaves doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her cud,
The whiles another high doth overlooke
Her owne like image in a christiall brooke.

O the great happines, which shepheards have,
Who so loathes not too much the poore estate,
With minde that ill use doth before deprave,
Ne measures all things by the costly rate
Of riotise, and semblants outward brave!
No such sad cares, as wont to macerate
And rend the greedie mindes of covetous men,
Do ever creepe into the shepheards den.

Ne cares he if the fleéce, which him arayes,
Be not twice steeped in Assyrian dye;
Ne glistering of golde, which underlayes
The summer beames, doe blinde his gazing eye;
Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes
Of precious stones, whence no good commeth by;
Ne yet his cup embost with imagery
Of Bœtus or of Alcons vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearles esteemeth hee,
Which are from Indian seas brought far away:
But with pure brest from carefull sorrow free,
On the soft grasse his limbs doth oft display,
In sweete spring time, when flowres varietie
With sundrie colours paints the sprinckled lay;
There, lying all at ease from guile or spight,
With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.

There he, lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,
His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:
There his milk-dropping goats be his delight,
And fruitefull Pales, and the forrest greene,
And darkesome caves in pleasaunt vallies pight,
Wheras continuall shade is to be seene,
And where fresh springing wells, as christall neate,
Do alwayes flow, to quench his thirstie heate.

O! who can lead then a more happie life
Than he, that with cleane minde, and heart sincere,
No greedy riches knows nor bloudie strife,
No deadly fight of warlick fleete doth feare;
Ne runs in perill of foes cruell knife,
That in the sacred temples he may reare
A trophee of his glittering spoyles and treasure,
Or may abound in riches above measure.

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,
And not with skill of craftsman polished:
He ioyes in groves, and makes himselfe full blythe
With sundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered;
Ne frankincens he from Panchæa buyth:
Sweete Quiet harbours in his harmeles head,
And perfect Pleasure buildes her ioyous bowre,
Free from sad cares, that rich mens hearts devowre.

This all his care, this all his whole indevour,
To this his minde and senses he doth bend,
How he may flow in quiets matchles treasour,
Content with any food that God doth send;
And how his limbs, resolv'd through idle leisour,
Unto sweete sleepe he may securely lend,
In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eate.

O flocks, O faunes, and O'ye pleasaunt springs
Of Tempe, where the countrey nymphs are rife,
Through whose not costly care each shepheard sings
As merrie notes apon his rusticke fife,
As that Aseræan bard, whose fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leads as ioyfull life;
Free from all troubles and from worldly toyle,
In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In suen delights whilst thus his carelesse time
This shepheard drives, upleaning on his batt,
And on shrill reedes chaunting his rustick rime;
Hyperion, throwing foorth his beames full hott,
Into the highest top of Heaven gan clime,
And, the world parting by an equall lott,
Did shed his whirling flames on either side,
As the great ocean doth himselfe divide.

Then gan the shepheard gather into one
His stragling goates, and drave them to a foord,
Whose cærule streame, rombling in pible stone,
Crept under mosse as greene as any goord.
Now had the Sun halfe Heaven overgone,
When he his heard back from that water foord
Drave, from the force of Phœbus boyling ray,
Into thick shadowes, there themselves to lay.

Soone as he them plac'd in thy sacred wood
(O Delian goddesse) saw, to which of yore
Came the bad daughter of old Cadmus brood,
Cruell Agavè, flying vengeance sore
Of king Nictileus for the guiltie blood,
Which she with cursed hands had shed before;
There she halfe frantick, having slaine her sonne,
Did shrowd her selfe like punishment to shonne.

Here also playing on the grassy greene,
Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,
With many Fairies oft were dauncing seene.
Not so much did Dan Orpheus represse
The streames of Hebrus with his songs, I weene,
As that faire troupe of woodie goddesses
Staied thee, O Peneus, powring foorth to thee, [glee.
From cheereful lookes, great mirth and gladsome

The verie nature of the place, resounding
With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,
A pleasant bowre with all delight abounding
In the fresh shadowe did for them prepayre,
To rest their limbs with wearines redounding.
For first the high palme-trees, with braunches faire,
Out of the lowly vallies did arise,
And high shoote up their heads into the skyes.

And them amongst the wicked lotos grew,
Wicked, for holding guilefully away
Ulysses men, whom rapt with sweetenes new,
Taking to boste, it quite from him did stay;
And eke those trees, in whose transformed how
The Sunnes sad daughters waylde the rash decay
Of Phaëton, whose limbs with lightening rent
They gathering up, with sweete teares did lament.

And that same tree, in which Demophoon,
By his disloyalty lamented sore,
Eternall hurte left unto many one:
Whom als accompanied the oke, of yore
Through fatall charmes transformd to such an one:
The oke, whose acornes were our foode before
That Ceres seede of mortall men were knowne,
Which first Triptolemo taught how to be sowne.

Here also grew the rougher-rinded pine,
The great Argoan ships brave ornament,
Whom golden fleece did make an heavenly signe;
Which coveting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the starres divine,
Decks all the forrest with embellishment;
And the blacke holme that loves the watrie vale;
And the sweete cypresse, signe of deadly bale.

Emongst the rest the clambring yvie grew,
Knitting his wanton armes with grasping hold,
Least that the poplar happely should rew
Her brothers strokes, whose boughes she doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top survew,
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.
Next did the myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet unmindfull of her olde reproach.

But the small birds, in their wide boughs embowring,
Chaunted their sundrie tunes with sweete consent;
And under them a silver spring, forth powring
His trickling streames, a gentle murmure sent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
Of the moist moores, their iarring voyces bent;
And shrill grashoppers chirped them around:
All which the ayrie echo did resound.

In this so pleasant place the shepheards flocke
Lay everie where, their wearie limbs to rest,
On everie bush, and everie hollow rocke, [best;
Where breathe on them the whistling wind most
The whiles the shepheard self, tending his stocke,
Sate by the fountaine side, in shade to rest,
Where gentle slumbring sleep oppressed him
Displaid on ground, and seized everie lim.

Of trecherie or traines nought tooke he keep,
But, loosfie on the grassie greene dispredd,
His dearest life did trust to carcles sleep;
Which, weighing down his dronping drowsie hedd,
In quiet rest his molten heart did steep,
Devoid of care, and feare of all falshedd:
Had not inconstant fortune, bent to ill,
Bid strange mischance his quietnes to spill.

For at his wonted time in that same place
An huge great serpent, all with speckles pide,
To drench himselfe in moorish slime did trace,
There from the boyling heate himselfe to hide:
He, passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandisht tongue the emptie aire did gride,
And wrapt his scalie boughts with fell despight,
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

Now, more and more having himselfe enrolde,
His glittering breast he lifteth up on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth holde;
His creste above, spotted with purple die,
On everie side did shine like scalie golde;
And his bright eyes, glauncing full dreadfullie,
Did seeme to flame out flakes of flashing fyre,
And with sterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace,
There round about, when as at last he spide,
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand captaine and most trustie guide;
Efsoones more fierce in visage, and in pace,
Throwing his furie eyes on everie side,
He commeth on, and all things in his way
Full stearnly rends, that might his passage stay.

Much he disdaines, that anie one should dare
To come unto his haunt; for which intent
He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare
The weapons, which Nature to him hath lent;
Fellie he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hath his iawes with angrie spirits rent,
That all his tract with bloudie drops is stained,
And all his foldes are now in length outstrained.

Whom, thus at point prepared, to prevent,
A little nourisling of the humid ayre,
A Gnat, unto the sleepie shepheard went;
And, marking where his ey-lids twinckling rare
Shewd the two pearles, which sight unto him lent,
Through their thin coverings appearing fayre,
His little needle there infixing deep,
Warnd him awake, from death himselfe to keep.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan upstart,
And with his hand him rashly bruzing slewe
As in avengement of his heedles smart,
That streight the spirite out of his senses flew,
And life out of his members did depart:
When, suddenly casting aside his vew,
He spide his foe with felonous intent,
And fervent eyes to his destruction bent.

All suddenly dismaid, and hartles quight,
He fled abacke, and, catching hastie holde
Of a yong alder hard beside him pight,
It rent, and streight about him gan beholde
What god or fortune would assist his might.
But whether god or fortune made him bold
Its hard to read: yet hardie will he had
To overcome, that made him lesse adrad.

The scalie backe of that most hideous snake
Enwrapped round, oft fayning to retire,
And oft him to assaile, he fiercely strake
Whereas his temples did his breast-front tyre;
And, for he was but slowe, did slowth off shake
And gazing ghastly on; (for feare and yre
Had blent so much his sense, that lesse he feard;)
Yet, when he saw him slaine, himselfe he cheard.

By this the Night forth from the darksome bowre
Of Herebus her teamed steedes gan call,
And laesie Vesper in his timely howre
From golden Oeta gan proceede withall;
Whenas the shepheard after this sharpe stowre,
Seing the doubled shadowes low to fall,
Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward fare,
And unto rest his wearie ioynts prepare.

Into whose sense so soone as lighter sleepe
Was entered, and, now loosing everie lim,
Sweete slumbring deaw in carelesnesse did steepe;
The image of that Gnat appeard to him,
And in sad tearmes gan sorrowfully weepe,
With grislie countenaunce and visage grim,
Wailing the wrong which she had done of late,
In steed of good hastning his cruell fate.

Said he, "What have I wretch deserv'd, that thus
Into this bitter bale I am outcast,
Whilest that thy life more deare and precious
Was shut mine owne, so long as it did last?
I now, in lieu of paines so gracious,
Am tost in th' ayre with everie windie blast:
Thou, safe delivered from sad decay,
Thy careles limbs in loose sleep dost display.

"So livest thou; but my poore wretched ghost
Is forst to ferrie over Lethes river,
And spoyld of Charon too and fro am tost.
Seest thou not how all places quake and quiver,
Lightned with deadly lamps on everie post?
Tisiphone each whore doth shake and shiver
Her flaming fier-brond, encountring me,
Whose lockes uncombed cruell adders be.

"And Cerberus, whose many mouthes doo bay
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed;
Adowne whose necke, in terrible array,
Ten thousand snakes cralling about his hed
Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
And bloodie eyes doo glister firie red;
He oftentimes me dreadfullie doth threaten
With painfull torments to be sorely beaten.

"Ay me! that thankes so much should faile of meed;
For that I thee restor'd to life againe,
Even from the doore of death and deadlie dreed.
Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?
Where the reward of my so piteous deed?
The praise of Pitie vanisht is in vaine,
And th' antique faith of Justice long agone
Out of the land is fled away and gone.

"I saw anothers fate approaching fast,
And left mine owne his safetie to tender;
Into the same mishap I now am cast,
And shamd destruction doth destruction rendor:
Not unto him that never hath trespast,
But punishment is due to the offender.
Yet let destruction be the punishment,
So long as thankfull will may it relent.

"I carried him into waste wildernesse,
Waste wildernes, amongst Cymerian shades,
Where endles paines and hideous heavinesse
Is round about me heapt in darksome glades.
For there huge Othos sits in sad distresse,
Fast bound with serpents that him oft invades;
Far of beholding Ephialtes tide,
Which once assail'd to burne this world so wide.

"And there is mournfull Tityus, mindefull yet
Of thy displeasure, O Latona faire;
Displeasure too implacable was it,
That made him meat for wild foules of the ayre:
Much do I feare among such fiends to sit;
Much do I feare back to them to repayre,
To the black shadowes of the Stygian shore,
Where wretched ghosts sit wailing evermore.

"There next the utmost brinck doth he abide,
That did the bankets of the gods bewray, [deride
Whose threat through thirst to nought nigh heisf
His sense to seeke for ease turnes every way:
And he, that in avengement of his pride
For scorning to the sacred gods to pray,
Against a mountaine rolls a mightie stone,
Calling in vaine for rest, and can have none.

"Go ye with them, go, cursed damosells,
Whose bridale torches foule Hymnis tyndo;
And Hymen, at your spousalls sad, foretells
Tydings of death and massacre unkinde:
With them that cruell Colchid mother dwells,
The which conceiv'd in her revengefull minde
With bitter woundes her owne deere babes to slay,
And murdred troupes upon great heapes to lay!

" There also those two Pandionian maides,
Calling on Itis, Itis evermore,
Whom, wretched boy, they slew with guiltie blades;
For whome the Thracian king lamenting sore,
Turn'd to a lapwing, fowlie them upbraydes,
And fluttering round about them still does sore;
There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine.

" But the two brethren borne of Cadmus blood,
Whilst each does for the soveraignty contend,
Blinde through ambition, and with vengeance wood,
Each doth against the others bodie bend
His cursed steele, of neither well withstood,
And with wide wounds their carcases doth rend;
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was slaine.

" Ah (waladay!) there is no end of paine,
Nor chaunge of labour may intreated bee:
Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,
Where other powers farre different I see,
And must passe over to th' Elisian plaine:
There grim Persephone, encountring mee,
Doth urge her fellow furies earnestlie
With their bright firebronds me to terrifie.

" There ghast Alceste lives inviolate,
Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
She did prolong by changing fate for fate:
Lo! there lives also the immortall praise
Of womankinde, most faithfull to her mate,
Penelope; and from her farre awayes
A rulesse route of youngmen, which her wood,
All slaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

" And sad Eurydice thence now no more
Must turne to life, but there detained bee
For looking back, being forbid before:
Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee!
Bold sure he was, and worthie spirite bore,
That durst those lowest shadowes goe to see,
And could beleeve that anie thing could please
Fell Cerberus, or Stygian powres appease.

" Ne feard the burning waves of Phlegeton,
Nor those same mournefull kingdomes, compassed
With rustie horrour and fowle fashion;
And deep digd vawtes; and Tartar covered
With bloodie night, and darke confusion;
And judgement seates, whose judge is deadlie dred,
A judge, that after death doth punish sore
The faults, which life hath trespassed before.

" But valiant fortune made Dan Orpheus bolde:
For the swift running rivers still did stand,
And the wilde beasts their furie did withhold,
To follow Orpheus musicke through the land:
And th' okes, deep grounded in the earthly molde,
Did move, as if they could him understand;
And the shrill woods, which were of sense bereav'd,
Through their hard barke his silver sound receav'd.

" And eke the Moone her hastie steedes did stay,
Drawing in teames along the starrie skie;
And didst, O mouthly virgin, thou delay
Thy nightly course, to heare his melodie?
The same was able with like lovely lay
The queene of Hell to move as easily,
To yeeld Eurydice unto her fere
Backe to be borne, though it unlawfull were.

" She, (ladie) having well before approoved
The feends to be too cruell and severe,
Observ'd th' appointed way, as her behooved,
Ne ever did her eysight turne arere,
Ne ever spake, ne cause of speaking mooved;
But, cruell Orpheus, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kisse her, brook'st the gods decree,
And thereby, mad'st her ever damn'd to bee.

" Ah! but sweete love of pardon worthie is,
And doth deserve to have small faults remitted;
If Hell at least things lightly done amis,
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted;
Yet are ye both received into blis,
And to the seates of happie soules admitted:
And you, beside the honourable band
Of great heroës, doo in order stand.

" There be the two stout sonnes of Æacus,
Fierce Peleus, and the hardie Telamon,
Both seeming now full glad and joyeous
Through their syres dreadfull jurisdiction,
Being the iudge of all that horrid hous:
And both of them, by strange occasion,
Renown'd in choyce of happie marriage
Through Venus grace, and vertues carriage.

" For th' one was ravisht of his owne boundmaide,
The faire Ixione captiv'd from Troy:
But th' other was with Thetis love assaid,
Great Nereus his daughter and his joy.
On this side them there is a youngman layd,
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce, and coy;
That from th' Argolick ships, with furious yre,
Bett back the furie of the Troian fyre.

" O! who would not recount the strong divorces
Of that great warre, which Troianes oft beheldе,
And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,
When Teucrian soyle with bloodie rivers swelde,
And wide Sigæan shores were spred with corses,
And Simois and Xanthus blood outwelde;
Whilst Hector raged, with outragious mindе, [tyndе.
Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greeks fleete to have

" For Ida selfe, in ayde of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountaines ministred supplies;
And, like a kindly nourse, did yeeld (for spight)
Store of firebronds out of her nourseries
Unto her foster children, that they might
Inflame the navie of their enemies,
And all the Rhætæan shore to ashes turne,
Where lay the ships, which they did seeke to burne.

" Gainst which the noble sonne of Telamon
Oppos'd himselfe, and, thwarting his huge shield,
Them battell bad, gainst whom appeard anon
Hector, the glorie of the Troian field:
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mightie strokes so shrild,
As the great clap of thunder, which doth ryve
The ratling Heavens, and cloudes asunder dryve.

" So th' one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ships from turning home againe
To Argos; th' other strove for to defend
The force of Vulcane with his might and maine.
Thus th' one Æacide did his fame extend:
But th' other joy'd, that, on the Phrygian playne
Having the blood of vanquisht Hector shedd,
He compast Troy thrice with his bodie dedd.

" Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
That him to death unfaithfull Paris sent;
And also him that false Ulysses slewe,
Drawne into danger through close ambushment;
Therefore from him Laërtes sonne his vewe
Doth turne aside, and boasts his good event
In working of Strymonian Rhæsus fall,
And efte in Dolons subtile surprysall.

" Againe the dreadfull Cycones him dismay,
And blacke Læstrigones, a people stout:
Then greedie Scilla, under whom there bay
Manie great bandogs, which her gird about:
Then doo the Ætnean Cyclops him affray,
And deep Charybdis gulphing in and out:
Lastly the squalid lakes of Tartarie,
And griesly feends of Hell him terrifie.

" There also goodly Agamemnon hosts,
The glorie of the stock of Tantalus,
And famous light of all the Greekish hosts;
Under whose conduct most victorious,
The Dorick flames consum'd the Iliack posts.
Ah! but the Greekes themselves, more dolorous,
To thee, O Troy, paid penaunce for thy fall;
In th' Hellespont being nigh drowned all.

" Well may appeare by proofe of their mischaunce,
The chaungfull turning of mens slipperie state,
That none, whom fortune freely doth advaunce,
Himselfe therefore to Heaven should elevate:
For loftie type of honour, through the glaunce
Of envies dart, is downe in dust prostrate;
And all, that vaunts in worldly vanitie,
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

" Th' Argolicke power returning home againe,
Enricht with spoyles of th' Ericthonian towre,
Did happie winde and weather entertaine,
And with good speed the fomie billowes scowre:
No signe of storme, no feare of future paine,
Which soone ensued them with heavie stowre.
Nereis to the seas a token gave,
The whiles their crooked keeles the surges clave.

" Suddenly, whether through the gods decree,
Or haplesse rising of some froward starre,
The Heavens on everie side enclowded bee:
Black stormes and fogs are blowen up from farre,
That now the pylote can no loadstarre see,
But skies and seas doo make most dreadfull warre;
The billowes striving to the Heavens to reach,
And th' Heavens striving them for to impeach.

" And, in avengement of their bold attempt,
Both Sun and starres and all the heavenly powres
Conspire in one to wreake their rash contempt,
And downe on them to fall from highest towres:
The skie, in pieces seeming to be rent, [showres,
Throwes lightning forth, and haile, and harmful
That doth on everie side to them appeares,
In thousand formes, to worke more ghastly feares.

" Some in the greedie flouds are sunke and drent;
Some on the rocks of Caphareus are throne;
Some on th' Euboick cliffs in pieces rent;
Some scattred on the Hercæan shores unknowne;
And manie lost, of whom no moniment
Remaines, nor memorie is to be showne:
Whilst all the purchase of the Phrigian pray,
Tost on salt billowes, round about doth stray.

" Here manie other like heroës bee,
Equall in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly seates may placed see,
Descended all from Rome by linage due;
From Rome, that holds the world in sovereigntie,
And doth all nations unto her subdue:
Here Fabii and Decii doo dwell,
Horatii that in vertue did excell.

" And here the antique fame of stout Camill
Doth ever live; and constant Curtius,
Who, stifly bent his vowed life to spill
For countreyes health, a gulph most hideous
Amidst the towne with his owne corps did fill,
T' appease the powers; and prudent Mutius,
Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,
To daunt his foe by' ensample of the same.

" And here wise Curius, companion
Of noble vertues, lives in endles rest;
And stout Flaminius, whose devotion
Taught him the fires scorn'd furie to detest;
And here the praise of either Scipion
Abides in highest place above the best,
To whom the ruin'd walls of Carthage vow'd,
Trembling their forces, sound their praises lowd.

" Live they for ever through their lasting praise!
But I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne
To the sad lakes that Phœbus sunnie rayes
Doo never see, where soules doo alwaies mourne;
And by the wayling shores to waste my dayes,
Where Phlegeton with quenchles flames doth burne;
By which iust Minos righteous soules doth sevor
From wicked ones, to live in blisse for ever.

" Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of Hell
Girt with long snakes, and thousand yron chaynes,
Through doome of that their cruell iudge, compell
With bitter torture, and impatient paines,
Cause of my death and iust complaint to tell.
For thou art he, whom my poore ghost complaines
To be the author of her ill unwares,
That careles hear'st my' intollerable cares.

" Them therefore as bequeathing to the winde,
I now depart, returning to thee never,
And leave this lamentable plaint behinde.
But doo thou haunt the soft-downe-rolling river,
And wilde greene woods and fruitful pastures minde;
And let the flitting aire my vaine words sever."
Thus having said, he heavily departed
With piteous crie, that anie would have smarted.

Now, when the sloathfull fit of lifes sweete rest
Had left the heavie shepheard, wondrous cares
His inly grieved minde full sore opprest;
That balefull sorrow he no longer beares
For that Gants death, which deeply was impreat;
But bends what ever power his aged yeares
Him lent, yet being such as through their might
He lately slue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that same river lurking under greene,
Eftsoones he gins to fashion forth a place;
And, squaring it in compasse well beseene,
There plotteth out a tombe by measured space:
His yron-headed spade tho making cleene,
To dig up sods out of the flowrie grasse,
His worke he shortly to good purpose brought,
Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

An heap of earth he hoorded up on hie,
Enclosing it with banks on everie side,
And thereupon did raise full busily
A little mount, of greene turfis edifide;
And on the top of all, that passers by
Might it behold, the toomb he did provide
Of smoothest marble stone in order set,
That never might his luckie scape forget.

And round about he taught sweete flowres to growe;
The rose engrained in pure scarlet die;
The lilly fresh; and violet belowe;
The marigolde; and cherefull rosemarie;
The Spartan mirtle, whence sweet gumb does flowe;
The purple hyacinthe; and fresh costmarie;
And saffron, sought for in Cilician soyle;
And lawrell, th' ornament of Phœbus toyle.

Fresh rhododaphne; and the Sabine flowre,
Matching the wealth of th' auncient frankincence;
And pallid yvie, building his owne bowre;
And box, yet mindfull of his olde offence;
Red amaranthus, luckiesse paramour;
Oxeye still greene; and bitter patience;
Ne wants there pale Narcisse, that, in a well
Seeing his beautie, in love with it fell.

And whatsoever other flowre of worth,
And whatso other hearb of lovely hew,
The joyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To cloath hor selfe in colours fresh and new;
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
In whose high front was writ as doth ensue:

To thee, small gnat, in lieu of his life saved,
The shepheard hath thy deaths record engraved.

PROSOPOPOIA:

OR,

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

1591.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,

THE LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

Most faire and vertuous ladie; having often sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make knowen to your ladiship the humble affection and faithfull ductie, which I have alwaies professed, and am bound to beare to that house, from whence yee spring, I have at length found occasion to remember the same, by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours; which having long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, mooved to set them foorth. Simple is the device, and the composition meane, yet carrieth some delight, even the rather because of the simplicitie and meannesse thus personated. The same I beseech your ladiship take in good part, as a pledge of that profession which I have made to you; and keepe with you until, with some other more worthie labour, I do redeeme it out of your hands, and discharge my utmost duetie. Till then wishing your ladiship all increase of honour and happinesse, I humblie take leave.

Your la: ever humbly;

EDM. SP.

PROSOPOPOIA:

OR,

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

It was the month, in which the righteous Maide,
That for disdaine of sinfull worlds upbraide
Fled back to Heaven, whonde she was first conceivedt
Into her silver bowre the Sunne received;
And the hot Syrian Dog on him awayting,
After the chafed Lyons cruell bayting,
Corrupted had th' ayre with his noysome breath,
And powr'd on th' Earth plague, pestilence, and
Emongst the rest a wicked maladie [death.
Raign'd emongst men, that manie did to die,
Depriv'd of sense and ordinarie reason;
That it to leaches seemed strange and geason.
My fortune was, mongst manie others moe,
To be partaker of their common woe;
And my weake bodie, set on fire with griefe,
Was rob'd of rest and naturall reliefe.
In this ill plight, there came to visite mee
Some friends, who, sorie my sad case to see,
Began to comfort me in chearfull wise,
And meanes of gladsome solace to devise.
But seeing kindly sleep refuse to doe
His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,
They sought my troubled sense how to deceave
With talke, that might unquiet fancies reave;
And, sitting all in seates about me round,
With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)
They cast in course to waste the wearie howres!
Some tolde of ladies, and their paramoures;
Some of brave knights, and their renowned squires;
Some of the Faories and their strange attires;
And some of giaunts, hard to be beleeved;
That the delight thereof me much releeved.
Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
Hight Mother Hubberd, who did farre surpas
The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her well:
She, when her turne was come her tale to tell,
Tolde of a strange adventure, that betided
Betwixt the Foxe and th' Ape by him misguided;
The which for that my sense it greatly pleased,
All were my spirite neavie and diseased,
Ile write in termes, as she the same did say,
So well as I her words remember may.
No Muses aide me needes hereto to call;
Base is the style, and matter meane withall.

¶ Whilome (saide she) before the world was civill,
The Foxe and th' Ape, disliking of their evill

And hard estate, determined to seeke
Their fortunes farre abroad, lyeke with his lyeke:
For both were caytiue and unhappie witted;
Two fellowes might no were be better fitted.
The Foxe, that first this cause of griefe did finde,
Gan first thus plaine his case with words unkinde.
"Neighbour Ape, and my goship eke beside,
(Both two sure bands in friendship to be tide)
To whom may I more trustely complaine
The evill plight, that doth me sore constraine,
And hope thereof to finde due remedie?
Heare then my paine and inward agonie.
Thus manie yeares I now have spent and worne,
In meane regard, and basest fortunes scorne,
Dooing my countrey service as I might,
No lesse I dare saie than the prowdest wight;
And still I hoped to be up advaunced,
For my good parts; but still it hath mischaunced.
Now therefore that no longer hope I see,
But froward fortune still to follow mee,
And losels lifted high where I did looke,
I meane to turne the next leafe of the booke.
Yet, are that anie way I doo betake,
I meane my gossip privie first to make."
"Ah! my deare gossip," answer'd then the Ape,
"Deeply doo your sad words my wits awhape,
Both for because your griefe doth great appeare,
And eke because my selfe am touched neare:
For I likewise have wasted much good time,
Still wayting to preferment up to clime,
Whilest others alwayes have before me stept,
And from my beard the fat away have swept;
That now unto despaire I gin to growe,
And meane for better winde about to throwe.
Therefore to me, my trustie friend, aread
Thy councell: two is better than one head."
"Certes," said he, "I meane me to disguize
In some straunge habit, after uncouth wize,
Or like a pilgrim, or a lymiter,
Or like a gipsen, or a iuggeler,
And so to wander to the worldes ende,
To seeke my fortune, where I may it mend:
For worse than that I have I cannot meete.
Wide is the world I wote, and everie streete
Is full of fortunes, and adventures straunge,
Continuallie subiect unto chaunge.
Say, my faire brother now, if this device
Doth like you, or may you to like entice."
"Surely," said th' Ape, "it likes me wondrous well;
And, would ye not poore fellowship expell,
My selfe would offer you t' accompanie
In this adventures chauncefull ieopardie:
For, to woke olde at home in idlenesse,
Is disadventrous, and quite fortunelesse;
Abrond where change is, good may gotten bee."
The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree:
So both resolv'd, the morrow next ensuing,
So soone as day appeard to peoples vewing,
On their intended iourney to proceede;
And over night, whatso thereto did neede,
Each did prepare, in readines to bee.
The morrow next, so soone as one might see
Light out of Heavens windowes forth to looke,
Both their habiliments unto them tooke,
And put themselves (in Gods name) on their way;
Whenas the Ape, beginning well to wey
This hard adventure, thus began t' advise:
"Now read, sir Reynold, ay ye be right wise,
What course ye weene is best for us to take,
That for our selves we may a living make.
Whether shall we professe some trade or skill?
Or shall we varie our devize at will,
Even as new occasion appeares?
Or shall we tie our selves for certaine yeares
To anie service, or to anie place?
For it behoves, ere that into the race
We enter, to resolve first hereupon."
"Now surely brother," said the Foxe anon,
"Ye have this matter motioned in season:
For everie thing that is begun with reason
Will come by readie meanes unto his end;
But things miscounselled must needs miswend.
Thus therefore I advize upon the case,
That not to anie certayne trade or place,
Nor anie man, we should our selves applie;
For why should he that is at libertie
Make himselfe bond? sith then we are free borne,
Let us all servile base subiection scorne;
And, as we bee sonnes of the world so wide,
Let us our fathers heritage divide,
And chalenge to our selves our portions dew
Of all the patrimonie, which a few
Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,
And all the rest doo rob of good and land.
For now a few have all, and all have nought,
Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought:
There is no right in this partition,
Ne was it so by institution
Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature,
But that she gave like blessing to each creature
As well of worldly livelode as of life,
That there might be no difference nor strife,
Nor ought call mine or thine: thrice happie then
Was the condition of mortall men.
That was the golden age of Saturne old,
But this might better be the world of gold:
For without golde now nothing will be got,
Therefore (if please you) this shalbe our plot;
We will not be of anie occupation,
Let such vile vassalls borne to base vocation
Drudge in the world, and for their living droyle,
Which have no wit to live withouten toyle.
But we will walke about the world at pleasure
Like two free men, and make our ease a treasure.
Free men some beggers call, but they be free;
And they which call them so more beggers bee:
For they doo swinke and sweate to feed the other,
Who live like lords of that which they doo gather,
And yet doo never thanke them for the same,
But as their due by Nature doo it clame.
Such will we fashion both our selves to bee,
Lords of the world; and so will wander free,
Where so us listeth, uncontrolld of anie:
Hard is our hap, if we (emongst so manie)
Light not on some that may our state amend;
Sildome but some good commeth ere the end."
Well seemd the Ape to like this ordinaunce:
Yet, well considering of the circumstaunce,
As pausing in great doubt awhile he staid,
And afterwards with grave advizement said;
"I cannot, my lief brother, like but well
The purpose of the complot which ye tell:
For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest
Of each degree) that beggers life is best:
And they, that thinke themselves the best of all,
Oft-times to begging are content to fall.
But this I wot withall, that we shall ronne
Into great daunger like to be undonne.
Wildly to wander thus in the worlds eye,
Withouten pasport or good warrantie,

For feare least we like rogues should be reputed,
And for eare-marked beasts abroad be brated;
Therefore I'read, that we our counsells eall,
How to provent this mischiefe ere it fall,
And how we may, with most securitie,
Beg amongst those that beggers doo defie."
" Right well, deare gossip, ye advized have,"
Said then the Foxe, " but I this doubt will save:
For, ere we farther passe, I will devise
A pasport for us both in fittest wize,
And by the names of souldiers us protect;
That now is thought a civile begging sect.
Be you the souldier, for you likest are
For manly semblance, and small skill in warre:
I will but wayte on you, and, as occasion
Falls out, my selfe fit for the same will fashion."
The pasport ended, both they forward went;
The Ape clad souldierlike, fit for th' intent,
In a blew iacket with a crosse of redd
And manie slits, as if that he had shedd
Much blood throgh many wounds theroin receaved,
Which had the use of his right arme bereaved;
Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
With a plume feather all to peeces tore:
His breeches were made after the new cut,
Al Portugese, loose like an emptie gut;
And his hose broken high above the heeling,
And his shooes beaten out with traveling.
But neither sword nor dagger he did beare;
Seemes that no foes revengement he did feare;
In stead of them a handsome bat he held,
On which he leaned, as one farre in elde.
Shame light on him, that through so false illusion,
Doth turne the name of souldiers to abusion,
And that, which is the noblest mysterie,
Brings to reproach and common infamie!
Long they thus travailed, yet never met
Adventure, which might them a working set:
Yet manie waies they sought, and manie tryed;
Yet for their purposes none fit espyed.
At last they chaunst to meet upon the way
A simple husbandman in garments gray;
Yet, though his vesture were but meane and base,
A good yeoman he was of honest place,
And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing:
Gay without good, his good hearts greatest loathing.
The Foxe, him spying, bad the Ape him dight
To play his part, for loe! he was in sight,
That (if he er'd not) should them entertaine,
And yeald them timely profite for their paine.
Eftsoones the Ape himselfe gan up to reare,
And on his shoulders high his bat to beare,
As if good service he were fit to do;
But little thrift for him he did it to:
And stoutly forward he his steps did straine,
That like a handsome swaine it him became:
When as they nigh approached, that good man,
Seeing them wander loosly, first began
To enquire, of custome, what and whence they were?
To whom the Ape; " I am a souldiore,
That late in warres have spent my dearest blood,
And in long service lost both limbs and good;
And now, constrain'd that trade to overgive,
I driven am to seeke some meanes to live:
Which might it you in pitie please t' afford,
I would be readie, both in deed and word,
To doo you faithful service all my dayes.
This yron world," that same he weeping sayes,
" Brings downe the stowtest hearts to lowest state:
For miserie doth bravest mindes abate,
And make them seeke for that they wont to scorne,
Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne."
The honest man, that heard him thus complaine,
Was griev'd, as he had felt part of his paine;
And, well dispos'd him some reliefe to showe,
Askt if in husbandrie he ought did knowe,
To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,
To hedge, to ditch, to thrash, to thetch, to mowe;
Or to what labour els he was prepar'd?
For husbands life is laborous and hard.
Whenas the Ape him hard so much to talke
Of labour, that did from his liking balke,
He would have slipt the collor handsomly,
And to him said; " Good sir, full glad am I,
To take what paines may anie living wight:
But my late maymed limbs lack wonted might
To doo their kindly services, as needeth:
Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet feedeth,
So that it may no painfull worke endure,
Ne to strong labour can it selfe enure,
But if that anie other place you have,
Which askes small paines, but thriftines to save,
Or care to overlooke, or trust to gather,
Ye may me trust as your owne ghostly father."
With that the husandman gan him avize,
That it for him were fittest exercise
Cattell to keep, or grounds to oversee;
And asked him, if he could willing bee
To keep his sheep, or to attend his swyne,
Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kyne?
" Gladly," said he, " what ever such like paine
Ye put on me, I will the same sustaine:
But gladliest I of your flocein sheepe
(Might it you please) would take on me the keep.
For, ere that unto armes I me betooke,
Unto my fathers sheepe I usde to looke,
That yet the skill thereof I have not loste:
Thereto right well this curdog, by my coste,"
Meaning the Foxe, "will serve my sheepe to gather,
And drive to follow after their belwether."
The husbandman was meanly well content
Triall to make of his endevourment;
And, home him leading, lent to him the charge
Of all his flocke, with libertie full large,
Giving account of th' amount increase
Both of their lambes, and of their woolley fleece.
Thus is this Ape become a shepheard swaine,
And the false Foxe is dog: (God give them paine!)
For ere the yeare have halfe his course out-run,
And doo returne from whence he first begun,
They shall him make an ill accompt of thrift.
Now whenas Time, flying with wingës swift,
Expired had the terme, that these two javels
Should rendor up a reckning of their travels
Unto their master, which it of them sought,
Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
Ne wist what answere unto him to frame,
Ne how to scape great punishment, or shame,
For their false treason and vile thoverie:
For not a lambe of all their flockes supply
Had they to show; but ever as they bred,
They slue them, and upon their fleshes fed:
For that disguised dog lov'd blood to spill,
And drew the wicked shepheard to his will.
So twixt them both they not a lambkin left; [raft.
And, when lambes fail'd, the old sheepes lives they
That how t' acquite themselves unto their lord
They were in doubt, and flatly sat aghord.
The Foxe then counsel'd th' Ape for to require
Respite till morrow t' answere his desire;

For times delay new hope of helpe still breeds.
The good man granted, doubting nought their deeds,
And bad next day that all should readie be.
But they more subtill meaning had than he:
For the next morrowes meed they closely ment,
For feare of afterclaps, for to prevent:
And that same evening, when all shrowded were
In careles sleep, they without care or feare
Cruelly fell upon their flock in folde,
And of them slew at pleasure what they wolde:
Of which whenas they feasted had their fill,
For a full complement of all their ill,
They stole away, and tooke their hastie flight,
Carried in clowdes of all-concealing night.
So was the husbandman left to his losse,
And they unto their fortunes change to tosse.
After which sort they wandered long while,
Abusing manie through their cloaked guile;
That at the last they gan to be descryed
Of everie one, and all their sleights espyed.
So as their begging now them failed quyte,
For none would give, but all men would them wyte;
Yet would they take no paines to get their living,
But seeke some other way to gaine by giving,
Much like to begging but much better named;
For manie beg, which are thereof ashamed.
And nowe the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,
And th' Ape a cassocke sidelong hanging downe;
For they their occupation meant to change,
And now in other state abroad to range:
For, since their souldiers pas no better spedd,
They forg'd another, as for clerkes booke redd.
Who passing foorth, as their adventures fell,
Through manie haps, which needs not here to tell;
At length chaunst with a formall priest to meete,
Whom they in civill manner first did greete,
And after askt an almes for Gods deare love.
The man straight way his choler up did move,
And with reproachfull tearmes gan them revile,
For following that trade so base and vile;
And askt what license, or what pas they had?
"Ah!" said the Ape as sighing wondrous sad,
"Its an hard case, when men of good deserving
Must either driven be perforce to starving,
Or asked for their pas by everie squib,
That list at will them to revile or snib:
And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see
Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee.
Natheles because you shall not us misdeeme,
But that we are as honest as we seeme,
Yee shall our pasport at your pleasure see,
And then ye will (I hope) well mooved bee."
Which when the priest beheld, he vow'd it nere,
As if therein some text he studying were,
But little els (God wote) could thereof skill:
For read he could not evidence, nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one title worse, ne make one better:
Of such deep learning little had he neede,
Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that breede
Doubts mongst divines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise diversitie of sects,
And hatefull heresies, of God abhorr'd:
But this good sir did follow the plaine word,
Ne medled with their controversies vaine;
All his care was, his service well to saine,
And to read homelies upon holidayes:
When that was done, he might attend his playes;
An easie life, and fit high God to please.
He, having overlookt their pas at ease,
Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,
That no good trade of life did entertaine,
But lost their time in wandring loose abroad;
Seeing the world, in which they bootles boad,
Had wayes enough for all therein to live;
Such grace did God unto his creatures give.
Said then the Foxe; "Who hath the world not tride,
From the right way full eath may wander wide.
We are but novices, new come abroad,
We have not yet the tract of anie troad,
Nor on us taken anie state of life,
But readie are of anie to make preife.
Therefore might please you, which the world have
Us to advise, which forthbut lately moved, [proved,
Of some good course, that we might undertake;
Yet shall for ever us your bondmen make."
The priest gan wexe halfe proud to be so praide,
And thereby willing to afford them aide;
"It seemes," said he, "right well that ye be clerks,
Both by your wittie words, and by your werks.
Is not that name enough to make a living
To him that hath a whit of Natures giving?
How manie honest men see ye arize
Daylie thereby, and grow to goodly prize;
To deanes, to archdeacons, to commissaries,
To lords, to principalls, to prebendaries?
All iolly prelates, worthie rule to beare,
Who ever them envie: yet spite bites neare.
Why should ye doubt then, but that ye likewise
Might unto some of those in time arise?
In the meane time to live in good estate,
Loving that love, and hating those that hate;
Being some honest curate, or some vicker
Content with little in condition sicker." [great,
"Ah! but," said th' Ape, "the charge is wondrous
To feed mens soules, and hath an heavie threat."
"To feed mens soules," quoth he, "is not in mee:
For they must feed themselves, doo what we can.
We are but charg'd to lay the meate before:
Eate they that list, we need to doo no more.
But God it is that feedes them with his grace,
The bread of life powr'd downe from heavenly place.
Therefore said he, that with the budding rod
Did rule the Iewes, *All shalbe taught of God.*
That same hath Iesus Christ now to him raught,
By whom the flock is rightly fed, and taught:
He is the shepheard, and the priest is hee;
We but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee.
Therefore horewith doo not your selfe dismay;
Ne is the paines so great, but beare ye may;
For not so great, as it was wont of yore,
It's now a dayes, ne halfe so streight and sore:
They whilome used duly everie day
Their service and their holie things to say,
At morne and even, besides their anthemes sweete,
Their penie masses, and their complynes meete,
Their diriges, their trentals, and their shrifte,
Their memories, their singings, and their gifte.
Now all those needlesse works are laid awny;
Now once a weeke, upon the Sabbath day,
It is enough to doo our small devotion,
And then to follow any merrie motion.
Ne are we tyde to fast, but when we list;
Ne to weare garments base of wollen twist,
But with the finest silkes us to aray,
That before God we may appeare more gay,
Resembling Aarons glorie in his place:
For farre unfit it is, that person base
Should with vile cloaths approach Gods majestie,
Whom no uncleannes may approachen nie;

Or that all men, which anie master serve,
Good garments for their service should deserve;
But he that serves the Lord of Hoasts most high,
And that in highest place t' approach him nigh,
And all the peoples prayers to present
Before his throne, as an ambassage sent
Both to and fro, should not deserve to weare
A garment better than of woll or heare.
Beside, we may have lying by our sides
Our lovely lasses, or bright shining brides:
We be not tyde to wilfull chastitie,
But have the gospell of free libertie."
By that he ended had his ghostly sermon,
The Foxe was well induc'd to be a parson;
And of the priest eftsoones gan to enquire,
How to a benifice he might aspire.
"Marie, there," said the priest, "is arte indeed:
Much good deep learning one thereout may reed;
For that the ground-worke is, and end of all,
How to obtaine a beneficiall.
First therefore, when ye have in handsome wise
Your selfe attyred, as you can devise,
Then to some noble man your selfe applye,
Or other great one in the worldes eye,
That hath a zealous disposition
To God, and so to his religion:
There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,
Such as no carpers may contrayre reveale:
For each thing fained ought more warie bee.
There thou must walke in sober gravitee,
And seeme as saintlike as saint Radegund:
Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
And unto everie one doo curtesie meeke:
These lookes (nought saying) doo a benefice seeke,
And be thou sure one not to lacke ere long.
But if thee list unto the court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped prey,
Thou must thou thee dispose another way:
For there thou needs must learne to laugh, to lie,
To face, to forge, to scoffe, to companie,
To crouche, to please, to be a beetle stock
Of thy great masters will, to scorne, or mock:
So maist thou chaunce mock out a benefice,
Unlesse thou canst one conjure by device,
Or cast a figure for a bishoprick;
And if one could, it were but a schoole trick.
These be the wayes, by which without reward
Livings in court be gotten, though full hard;
For nothing there is done without a fee:
The courtier needes must recompenced bee
With a benevolence, or have in gage
The primitias of your parsonage:
Scarse can a bishoprick forpas them by,
But that it must be gelt in privitie.
Doo not thou therefore seeke a living there,
But of more private persons seeke elswhere,
Whereas thou maist compound a better penie,
Ne let thy learning question'd be of anie.
For some good gentleman, that hath the right
Unto his church for to present a wight,
Will cope with thee in reasonable wise;
That if the living yerely doo arise
To fortie pound, that then his youngest sonne
Shall twentie have, and twentie thou hast wonne:
Thou hast it wonne; for it is of franke gift,
And he will care for all the rest to shift;
Both that the bishop may admit of thee,
And that therein thou maist maintained bee.
This is the way for one that is unlern'd
Living to get, and not to be discern'd.

But they that are great clerkes, have nearer wayes,
For learning sake to living them to raise:
Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are driven
T' accept a benefice in peeces riven.
How saist thou (friend) have I not well discourst
Upon this common-place, though plaine, not wourst?
Better a short tale than a bad long shriving:
Needes anie more to learne to get a living?"
"Now sure, and by my hallidome," quoth he,
"Ye a great master are in your degree:
Great thankes I yeeld you for your discipline,
And doo not doubt but duly to encline
My wits therotoo, as ye shall shortly heare."
The priest him wisht good speed, and well to fare:
So parted they, as either's way them led.
But th' Ape and Foxe ere long so well them sped,
Through the priests holesome counsell lately taught,
And through their owne faire handling wisely wrought,
That they a benefice twixt them obtained;
And crafty Reynold was a priest ordained;
And th' Ape his parish clarke procur'd to bee:
Then made they revell route and goodly glee.
But, ere long time had passed, they so ill
Did order their affaires, that th' evill will
Of all their parishners they had constraind;
Who to the ordinarie of them complain'd,
How fowle they their offices abus'd,
And them of crimes and heresies accus'd;
That pursivants he often for them sent:
But they neglected his commaundement.
So long persisted obstinate and bolde,
Till at the length he published to holde
A visitation, and them cyted thether:
Then was high time their wits about to geather;
What did they then, but made a composition
With their next neighbour priest for light condition,
To whom their living they resigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night.
So passing through the countrey in disguize,
They fled farre off, where none might them surprize,
And after that long straied here and there,
Through everie field and forrest farre and nere;
Yet never found occasion for their tourne,
But, almost storv'd, did much lament and mourne.
At last they chaunst to meete upon the way
The Mule all deckt in goodly rich array,
With bells and bosses that full loudly rung,
And costly trappings that to ground downe hung.
Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise;
But he through pride and fatnes gan despise
Their meanesse; scarce vouchsafe them to requite.
Whereat the Foxe deep groning in his sprite,
Said; "Ah! sir Mule, now blessed be the day,
That I see you so goodly and so gay
In your attyres, and eke your silken hyde
Fill'd with round flesh, that everie bone doth hide.
Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo live,
Or fortune doth you secret favour give."
"Foolish Foxe!" said the Mule, "thy wretched need
Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow breed.
For well I weene, thou canst not but envie
My wealth, compar'd to thine owne miserie,
That art so leane and meagre waxen late,
That scarse thy legs uphold thy feeble gate."
"Ay me!" said then the Foxe, "whom evill hap
Unworthie in such wretchednes doth wrap,
And makes the scorne of other beasts to bee:
But read faire sir, of grace, from whence come yee;
Or what of tidings you abroad doo heare;
Newes may perhaps some good unweeting beare."

" From royall court I lately came," said he,
" Where all the braverie that eye may see,
And all the happinesse that heart desire,
Is to be found; he nothing can admire,
That hath not seene that Heavens portracture:
But tidings there is none I you assure,
Save that which common is, and knowne to all,
That courtiers as the tide doo rise and fall."
" But tell us," said the Ape, " we doo you pray,
Who now in court doth beare the greatest sway:
That, if such fortune doo to us befall,
We may seeke favour of the best of all."
" Marie," said he, " the highest now in grace,
Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in chase;
For in their speedie course and nimble flight
The Lyon now doth take the most delight;
But chieflie ioyes on foot them to beholde,
Enchaste with chaine and circulet of golde:
So wilde a beast so tame ytaught to bee,
And buxome to his bands, is ioy to see;
So well his golden circlet him beseemeth:
But his late chayne his liege unmeete esteemeth;
For so brave beasts she loveth best to see
In the wilde forest raunging fresh and free.
Therefore if fortune thee in court to live,
In case thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,
To some of these thou must thy selfe apply:
Els as a thistle-downe in th' ayre doth flie,
So vainly shalt thou to and fro be tost,
And lose thy labour and thy fruitles cost.
And yet full few, which follow them I see,
For vertues bare regard advaunced bee,
But either for some gainfull benefit,
Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit.
Nath'les perhaps ye things may handle soe,
That ye may better thrive than thousands moe."
" But," said the Ape, " how shall we first come in,
That after we may favour seeke to win?"
" How els," said he, " but with a good bold face,
And with big words, and with a stately pace,
That men may think of you in generall,
That to be in you, which is not at all:
For not by that which is, the world now deemeth,
(As it was wont) but by that same that seemeth.
Ne do I doubt but that ye well can fashion
Your selves thereto, according to occasion:
So fare ye well, good courtiers may ye bee!"
So, proudly neighing, from them parted hee.
Then gan this craftie couple to devize,
How for the court themselves they might aguize:
For thither they themselves meant to addresse,
In hope to finde there happier successe.
So well they shifted, that the Ape anon
Himselfe had cloathed like a gentleman,
And the slie Foxe, as like to be his groome,
That to the court in seemly sort they come;
Where the fond Ape, himselfe uprearing hy
Upon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,
As if he were some great magnifico,
And boldlie doth amongst the boldest go;
And his man Reynold, with fine counterfesaunce,
Supports his vradlite and his countenaunce.
Then gan the courtiers gaze on everie side,
And stare on him, with big lookes bason-wide,
Wondring what mister wight he was, and whence:
For he was clad in strange accoustrements,
Fashion'd with quaint devises never seene
In court before, yet there all fashions beene;
Yet he them in newfanglenesse did pas:
But his behaviour altogether was
Alla Turchesca, much the more admyr'd;
And his lookes loftie, as if he aspyr'd
To dignitie, and sdeigned the low degree;
That all, which did such strangenesse in him see,
By secrete meanes gan of his state enquire,
And privily his servant thereto hire:
Who, throughly arm'd against such coverture,
Reported unto all, that he was sure
A noble gentleman of high regard,
Which through the world had with long travel far'd,
And seene the manners of all beasts on ground;
Now here arriv'd, to see if like he found.
Thus did the Ape at first him credit gaine,
Which afterwards he wisely did maintaine
With gallant showe, and daylie more augment
Through his fine feates and courtly complement;
For he could play, and daunce, and vaute, and spring,
And all that els pertaines to reveling,
Onely through kindly aptnes of his joynts.
Besides he could doo manie other poynts,
The which in court him served to good stead:
For he mongst ladies could their fortunes read
Out of their hands, and merie leasings tell,
And iuggle finely, that became him well:
But he so light was at legierdemaine,
That what he toucht, came not to light againe;
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,
And tell them, that they greatly him mistooke.
So would he scoffe them out with mockerie,
For he therein had great felicitie;
And with sharp quips ioy'd others to deface,
Thinking that their disgracing did him grace:
So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased,
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased.
But the right gentle minde woulde bite his lip,
To heare the iavell so good men to nip:
For though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,
And common courtiers love to gybe and fleare
At everie thing, which they heare spoken ill,
And the best speaches with ill meaning spill;
Yet the brave courtier, in whose beauteous thought
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
Anies good name for envie or despite:
He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,
Ne will be carried with the common winde
Of courts inconstant mutabilitie,
Ne after everie tattling fable flie;
But heares, and sees, the follies of the rest,
And thereof gathers for himselfe the best:
He will not croepe, nor crouche with fained face,
But walkes upright with comely stedfast pace,
And unto all doth yeeld due curtesie;
But not with kissed hand belowe the knee,
As that same apish crue is wont to doo:
For he disdaines himselfe t' embase thereto.
He hates fowle leasings, and vile flatterie,
Two filthie blots in noble gentrie;
And lothefull idlenes he doth detest,
The canker worme of everie gentle brest;
The which to banish with faire exercise
Of knightly feates, he daylie doth devise:
Now mounging the mouthes of stubborne steeles,
Now practising the proofe of warlike deedes,
Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,
Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare:
At other times he casts to sew the chace
Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,

T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes most needfull)
Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heedfull,
Or his stiffe armes to stretch with eughon bowe,
And manly legs still passing to and fro,
Without a gowned beast him fast beside,
A vaine ensample of the Persian pride;
Who, after he had wonne th' Assyrian foe,
Did ever after scorne on foote to goe.
Thus when this courtly gentleman with toyle
Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
Unto his rest, and there with sweete delight
Of musicks skill revives his toyled spright;
Or els with loves, and ladies gentle sports,
The joy of youth, himselfe he recomforts;
Or lastly, when the bodie list to pause,
His minde unto the Muses he withdrawes;
Sweete ladie Muses, ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light!
With whom he close confers with wise discourse,
Of Natures workes, of Heavens continuall course,
Of forreine lands, of people different,
Of kingdomes change, of divers gouvernment,
Of dreadfull battailes of renowmed knights;
With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
To like desire and praise of noble fame,
The only upshot whereto he doth ayme:
For all his minde on honour fixed is,
To which he levels all his purposis,
And in his princes service spends his dayes,
Not so much for to gaine, or for to raise
Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to winne worthie place;
Through due deserts and comely carriage,
In whatso please employ his personage,
That may be matter mete to gaine him praise;
For he is fit to use in all assayes,
Whether for armes and warlike amenaunce,
Or else for wise and civill governaunce.
For he is practiz'd well in policie,
And thereto doth his courting most applie:
To learne the enterdeale of princes strange,
To marke th' intent of counsells, and the change
Of states, and eke of private men somewhile,
Supplanted by fine falshood and faire guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T' enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit,
Which through wise speaches and grave conference
He daylie eekes, and brings to excellence.
Such is the rightfull courtier in his kinde:
But unto such the Ape lent not his minde;
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would disswade his lewd conditions:
But the yong lustie gallants he did chose
To follow, meete to whom he might disclose
His witlesse pleasance, and ill pleasing vaine.
A thousand wayes he them could entertaine,
With all the thriftles games that may be found;
With mumming and with masking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards farre unfit,
With shuttlecocks, misseeming manlie wit,
With courtizans, and costly riotize,
Whereof still somewhat to his share did rize:
Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorne
A pandares coate (so basely was he borne);
Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the poet oft. But ah, for shame,
Let not sweete poets praise, whose onely pride
Is virtue to advance, and vice deride,
Be with the worke of losels wit defamed,
Ne let such verses pootrie be named!
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such, as he depended most upon;
And with the sugrie sweete thereof allure
Chast ladies eares to fantasies impure.
To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vaine humours fed
With fruitles follies and unsound delights.
But if perhaps into their noble sprights
Desire of honor or brave thought of armes
Did ever creepe, then with his wicked charmes
And strong conceipts he would it drive away,
Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day.
And whenso love of letters did inspire
Their gentle wits, and kindly wise desire,
That chieflie doth each noble minde adorne,
Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke scorne
The sectaries thereof, as people base
And simple men, which never came in place
Of worlds affaires, but, in darke corners mewd,
Muttred of matters as their bookes them shewd,
No other knowledge ever did attaine,
But with their gownes their gravitie maintaine.
From them he would his impudent lawde speach
Against Gods holie ministers oft reach,
And mocke divines and their profession:
What else than did he by progression,
But mocke high God himselfe, whom they professe?
But what car'd he for God, or godlinesse?
All his care was himselfe how to advaunce,
And to uphold his courtly countenaunce
By all the cunning meanes he could devise;
Were it by honest wayes, or otherwise,
He made small choyce: yet sure his honestie
Got him small gaines, but shamoles flatterie,
And filthie brocage, and unseemly shifts,
And borowe base, and some good ladies gifts:
But the best helpe, which chiefly him sustain'd,
Was his man Raynolds purchase which he gain'd.
For he was school'd by kinde in all the skill
Of close conveyance, and each practise ill
Of coosinage and cleanly knaverie,
Which oft maintain'd his masters braverie.
Besides he usde another slipprie slight,
In taking on himselfe, in common sight,
False personages fit for everie sted,
With which he thousands cleanly cousined:
Now like a marchant, marchants to deceave,
With whom his credite he did often leave
In gage for his gay masters hopelesse dett:
Now like a lawyer, when he land would lett,
Or sell fee-simples in his masters name,
Which he had never, nor ought like the same:
Then would he be a broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win:
Then would he seeme a farmer, that would sell
Barguines of woods, which he did lately fell,
Or corne, or cattle, or such other ware,
Thereby to coosin men not well aware:
Of all the which there came a secret fee
To th' Ape, that he his countenaunce might bee.
Besides all this, he us'd oft to beguile
Poore suters, that in court did haunt some while:
For he would learne their busines secretly,
And then informe his master hastely,
That he by meanes might cast them to prevent,
And beg the sute, the which the other ment.

Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse
The simple suter, and wish him to chuse
His master, being one of great regard
In court, to compas anie suite not hard,
In case his paines were recompenst with reason:
So would he worke the silly man by treason
To buy his masters frivolous good will,
That had not power to doo him good or ill.
So pitifull a thing is suters state!
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to court, to sue for had ywist,
That few have found, and man e one hath mist!
Full little knowest thou, that hast not tride,
What Hell it is, in suing long to bide:
To loose good dayes, that might be better spent;
To wast long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to day, to be put back to morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;
To have thy princes grace, yet want her peeres;
To have thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres;
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaires;
To fawne, to crouche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendaunce spend!
Who ever leaves sweete home, where meane estate
In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
Findes all things needfull for contentment meeke;
And will to court for shadowes vaine to seeke,
Or hope to gaine, himselfe will a daw trie:
That curse God send unto mine enemie!
For none but such, as this bold Ape unblest,
Can ever thrive in that unluckie quest;
Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,
That by his shifts his master furnish can.
But yet this Foxe could not so closely hide
His craftie fen es, butt that they were descride
At length by such as sate in Justice seate,
Who for the same him fowlie did entreate;
And, having worthily him punished,
Out of the court for ever banished.
And now the Ape wanting his huckster man,
That wont provide his necessaries, gan
To growe into great lacke, ne could upholde
His countenaunce in those his garments olde;
Ne new ones could he easily provide,
Though all men him meansed gan deride,
Like as a puppit placed in a play,
Whose part once past all man bid take away:
So that he driven was to great distresse,
And shortly brought to hopelesse wretchednesse.
Then closely as he might he cast to leave
The court, not asking any passe or leave;
But ran away in his rent rags by night,
Ne ever stayd in place, ne spake to wight,
Till that the Foxe his copesmate he had found,
To whome complayning his unhappy stound,
At last againe with him in travell joynd,
And with him far'd some better chaunce to fynde.
So in the world long time they wandered,
And mickle want and hardnesse suffered;
Till them repented much so foolishly
To come so farre to seeke for misery,
And leave the sweetnes of contented home,
Though eating hipps, and drinking watry fome.
Thus as they them complayned too and fro,
Whilst through the forest reckelesse they did goe,
Lo! where they spide, how, in a gloomy glade,
The Lyon sleeping lay in secret shade,
His crowne and scepter lying him beside,
And having doft for heate his dreadfull hide:
Which when they sawe, the Ape was sore afrayde,
And would have fled with terror all dismayde.
But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,
And bad him put all cowardize away;
For now was time (if ever they should hope)
To ayme their counsels to the fairest scope,
And them for ever highly to advaunce,
In case the good, which their owne happie chaunce
Them freely offred, they would wisely take.
Scarse could the Ape yet speake, so did he quake;
Yet, as he could, he askt how good might growe
Where nought but dread and death do seeme in showe.
"Now," sayd he, "whiles the Lyon sleepeth sound,
May we his crowne and mace take from the ground,
And eke his skinne the terror of the wood,
Wherewith we may our selves (if we thinke good)
Make kings of beasts, and lords of forests all,
Subiect unto that powre imperiall."
"Ah! but," sayd th' Ape, "who is so bold a wretch,
That dare his hardy hand to those outstretch;
When as he knowes his meede, if he be spide,
To be a thousand deathes, and shame besides?"
"Fond Ape!" sayd then the Foxe, "into whose breast
Never crept thought of honor, nor brave gest,
Who will not venture life a king to be,
And rather rule and raigne in soveraigh see,
Than dwell in dust inglorious and baco,
Where none shall name the number of his place?
One ioyous houre in blisfull happines,
I chuse before a life of wretchednes.
Be therefore counselled herein by me,
And shake off this vile harted cowardree.
If he awake, yet is not death the next,
For we may coulor it with some pretext
Of this, or that, that may excuse the cryme:
Else we may flye; thou to a tree mayst clyme,
And I creepe under ground; both from his reach
Therefore lie rul'd to doo as I doo teach."
The Ape, that earst did nought but chill and quake,
Now gan some courage unto him to take,
And was content to attempt that enterprise,
Tickled with glorie and rash covetise.
But first gan question, whether should assay
Those royall ornaments to steale away?
"Marie, that shall your selfe," quoth he theretoo,
"For yo be fine and nimble it to doo;
Of all the beasts, which in the forrests bee,
Is not a fitter for this turne than yee:
Therefore, mine owne deare brother, take good hart,
And ever thinke a kingdome is your part."
Loath was the Ape, though praised, to adventer,
Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,
Afraid of everie leafe that stir'd him by,
And everie stick that underneath did ly:
Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
For making noyse, and still his eare he lent
To everie sound that under Heaven blew;
Now went, now stept, now exept, now backward drew,
That it good sport had been him to have eyde:
Yet at the last, (so well he him applyde)
Through his fine handling, and cleanly play,
He all those royall sighes had stolne away,
And with the Foxes helpe them borne aside
Into a secret corner unespide.
Whither whenas they came they fell at words,
Whether of them should be the lord of lords:
For th' Ape was stryfull, and ambicious;
And the Foxe guilefull, and most covetous;

That neither pleased was, to have the rayne
Twixt them divided into even twaine,
But either (algates) would be lord alone:
For love and lordship bide no paragone.
"I am most worthie," said the Ape, "sith I
For it did put my life in ieopardie:
Thereto I am in person and in stature
Most like a man, the lord of everie creature,
So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,
And borne to be a kingly soveraigne."
"Nay," said the Foxe, "sir Ape, you are astray:
For though to steale the diademe away
Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I
Did first devise the plot by pollicie;
So that it wholly springeth from my wit:
For which also I claime my selfe more fit,
Than you, to rule: for government of state
Will without wisedome soone be ruinate.
And where ye claime your selfe for outward shape
Most like a man, man is not like an ape
In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and spirite;
But I therein most like to him doo merite,
For my slie wyles and subtill craftinesse,
The title of the kingdome to possesse.
Nath'les (my brother) since we passed are
Unto this point, we will appease our iarre;
And I with reason meete will rest content,
That ye shall have both crowne and government,
Upon condition, that ye ruled bee
In all affaires, and counselled by mee;
And that ye let none other ever drawe
Your minde from me, but keepe this as a lawe:
And hereupon an oath unto me plight."
The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,
And thereto swore: for who would not oft sweare,
And oft unsweare, a diademe to beare?
Then freely up those royall spoyles he tooke,
Yet at the Lyons skin he inly quooke;
But it dissembled, and upon his head
The crowne, and on his backe the skin he did,
And the false Foxe him helped to array.
Then when he was all dight he tooke his way
Into the forest, that he might be seene
Of the wilde beasts, in his new glory sheene.
There the two first, whome he encountred, were
The Sheepe and th' Asse, who, stricken both with feare
At sight of him, gan fast away to flye;
But unto them the Foxe alowd did cry,
And in the kings name bad them both to stay,
Upon the payne that thereof follow may.
Hardly nathles were they restrayned so,
Till that the Foxe forth toward them did goe,
And there disswaded them from needlesse feare,
For that the king did favour to them beare;
And therefore dreadles bad them come to corte:
For no wild beasts should do them any torte
There or abroad, ne would his maiestye
Use them but well, with gracious clemencye,
As whome he knew to him both fast and true:
So he perswaded them, with homage due
Themselves to humble to the Ape prostrate,
Who, gently to them bowing in his gate,
Receyved them with chearefull entertayne.
Thenceforth proceeding with his princely trayne,
He shortly mot the Tygre, and the Bore,
Which with the simple Camell raged sore
In bitter words, seeking to take occasion
Upon his fleshly corpse to make invasion:
But, soone as they this mock-king did espy,
Their troublous strife they stinted by and by,
Thinking indeed that it the Lyon was:
He then, to prove whether his powre would pas
As currant, sent the Foxe to them streight way,
Commaunding them their cause of strife bewray;
And, if that wrong on eyther side there were,
That he should warne the wronger to appeare
The morrow next at court, it to defend;
In the meane time upon the king t' attend.
The subtile Foxe so well his message sayd,
That the proud beasts him readily obayd:
Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomack woxe,
Strongly encorag'd by the crafty Foxe;
That king indeed himselfe he short y thought,
And all the beasts him feared as they ought,
And followed unto his palnice hye;
Where taking congé, each one by and by
Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,
Full of the feared sight, which late they sawe.
The Ape thus seized of the regall throne,
Eftsones by counsell of the Foxe alone,
Gan to provide for all things in assurance,
That so his rule might longer have endurance.
First to his gate he pointed a strong gard,
That none might enter but with issue hard:
Then, for the safegard of his personage,
He did appoint a warlike equipage
Of forreine beasts, not in the forest bred,
But part by land and part by water fed;
For tyranne is with strange hyde supported.
Then unto him *all monstrous beasts resorted*
Bred of two kindes, as griffons, minotaures,
Crocodiles, dragons, beavers, and centaures:
With those *himselfe he strengthened mightelie*,
That feare he neede no force of enemie.
Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
Like as the Foxe did guide his grauels skill;
And all wylde beasts made vassals of his pleasures,
And with their spoyles enlarg'd his private treasures.
No care of iustice, nor no rule of reason,
No temperance, nor no regard of season,
Did thenceforth ever enter in his minde;
But cruelties, the signe of currish kinde,
And sdeignfull pride, and wilfull arrogaunce;
Such followes those whom fortune doth advaunce.
But the false Foxe most kindly plaid his part:
For, whatsoever mother-wit or arte
Could worke, he put in proofe: no practise slie,
No counterpoint of cunning policie,
No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
But he the same did to his purpose wring.
Nought suffered he the Ape to give or graunt,
But through his hand alone must passe the flaunt.
All offices, all leases by him kept,
And of them all, whatso he likte, he kept.
Iustice he solde iniustice for to buy,
And for to purchase for his progeny.
Ill might it prosper, that ill gotten was;
But, so he got it, little did he pas.
He fed his cubs with fat of all the soyle,
And with the sweete of others sweating toyle;
He crammed them *with crumbs of beneficve*,
And fild their mouthes *with meeds of malefices*;
He cloathed them *with all colours save white*,
And loded them with *lordships and with might*,
So much as they were able well to beare,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were;
He chaffred chayres in which churchmen were set,
And breach of lawes to privie ferme did let:
No statute so established might bee,
Nor ordinaunce so needfull, but that hee

Would violate, though not with violence,
Yet under colour of the confidence
The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,
And reckned him the kingdomes corner stone.
And ever, when he ought would bring to pas,
His long experience the platforme was:
And, when he ought not pleasing would put by,
The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry,
For to encrease the common treasures store;
But his owne treasure he encreased more,
And lifted up his loftie towres thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour sky;
The whiles the princes pallaces fell fast
To ruine: (for what thing can ever last?)
And whilest the other peeres, for povertie,
Were forst their auncient houses to let lie,
And their olde castles to the ground to fall,
Which their forefathers famous over all
Had founded for the kingdomes ornament,
And for their memories long moniment.
But he no count made of nobilitie,
Nor the wilde beasts whom armes did glorifie,
The realmes chiefe strength and girlond of the crowne.
All these through fained crimes he thrust adowne,
Or made them dwell in darknes of disgrace:
For none, but whom he list, might come in place.
Of men of armes he had but small regard,
But kept them lowe, and streigned verie hard.
For men of learning little he esteemed;
His wisedome he above their learning deemed.
As for the rascall commons least he cared;
For not so common was his bountie shared;
"Let God," said he, "if please, care for the manie,
I for my selfe must care before els anie:"
So did he good to none, to manie ill,
So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,
Yet none durst speake, no none durst of him plaine;
So great he was in grace, and rich through gaine.
Ne would he anie let to have accesse
Unto the prince, but by his owne addresse:
For all that els did come, were sure to faile;
Yet would he further none but for availe.
For on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore
The Foxe had promised of friendship store,
What time the Ape the kingdome first did gaine,
Came to the court, her case there to complaine;
How that the Worlfe, her mortall enemie,
Had sithence slaine her lambe most cruellie;
And therefore crav'd to come unto the king,
To let him knowe the order of the thing.
"Soft gooddie Sheepe!" then said the Foxe, "not soe:
Unto the king so rash ye may not goe;
He is with greater matter busied
Than a lambe, or the lambes owne mothers hed.
Ne certes may I take it well in part,
That ye my cousin Wolfe so fowly thwart,
And seeke with slaunder his good name to blot:
For there was cause, els doo it he would not:
Therefore surcease, good dame, and hence depart."
So went the Sheepe away with heavie hart:
So manie moe, so everie one was used,
That to give largely to the boxe refused.
Now when high Jove, in whose almightie hand
The care of kings and power of empires stand,
Sitting one day within his turret hye,
From whence he vewes, with his black-lidded eye,
Whatso the Heaven in his wide vawte containes,
And all that in the deepest Earth remaines;
And troubled kingdome of wilde beasts behelde,
Whom not their kindly sovereigne did welde,
But an usurping Ape, with guile suborn'd,
Had all subverst; he sdeignfully it scorn'd
In his great heart, and hardly did refraine,
But that with thunder bolts he had him slaine.
And driven downe to Hell, his dewest meed:
But, him avizing he that dreadfull deed
Forbore, and rather chose with scornefull shame
Him to avenge, and blot his brutish name
Unto the world, that never after anie
Should of his race be voyd of infamie;
And his false counsellor, the cause of all,
To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,
From whence he never should be quit, nor stal'd.
Forthwith he Mercurie unto him cal'd,
And bad him flie with never resting speed
Unto the forrest, where wilde beasts doo breed,
And there enquiring privily, to learne
What did of late chaunce to the Lyon sterne,
That he rul'd not the empire, as he ought;
And whence were all those plaints unto him brought
Of wrongs, and spoyles, by salvage beasts com-
Which done, he bad the Lyon be remitted [mitted:
Into his seate, and those same treachours vile
Be punished for their presumptuous guile.
The sonne of Maia, soone as he receiv'd
That word, streight with his azure wings he clear'd
The liquid clowdes, and lucid firmament;
Ne staid, till that he came with steep descent
Unto the place, where his prescript did showe.
There stooping, like an arrowe from a bowe,
He soft arrived on the grassie plaine,
And fairly paced forth with easie paine,
Till that unto the pallace nigh he came.
Then gan he to himselfe new shape to frame;
And that faire face, and that ambrosiall hew,
Which wonts to decke the gods immortall crew,
And beautifie the shinie firmament,
He doft, unfit for that rude rabblement.
So, standing by the gates in strange disguize,
He gan enquire of some in secret wize,
Both of the king, and of his government,
And of the Foxe, and his false blandishment:
And evermore he heard each one complaine
Of foule abuses both in realme and raine.
Which yet to prove more true, he meant to see,
And an ey-witnes of each thing to bee.
Tho on his head his dreadfull hat he dight,
Which maketh him invisible in sight,
And mocketh th' eyes of all the lookers on,
Making them thinke it but a vision. [swords;
Through power of that, he runnes through enemies
Through power of that, he passeth through the herds
Of ravenous wilde beasts, and doth beguile
Their greedie mouthes of the expected spoyle;
Through power of that, his cunning theeveries
He wonts to worke, that none the same espies;
And, through the power of that, he putteth on
What shape he list in apparition.
That on his head he wore, and in his hand
He tooke Caduceus his snakie wand,
With which the damned ghosts he governeth,
And Furies rules, and Tartare tempereth.
With that he causeth sleep to seize the eyes,
And feare the harts, of all his enemyes;
And, when him list, an universall night
Throughout the world he makes on everie wight;
As when his syre with Alcumena lay:
Thus dight, into the court he tooke his way,

Both through the gard, which never him descride,
And through the watchmen, who him never spide:
Thenceforth he past into each secrete part,
Whereas he saw, that sorely griev'd his hart,
Each place abounding with fowle iniuries,
And fild with treasure rackt with robberies;
Each place defilde with blood of guiltles beasts,
Which had been slaine to serve the Apes beheasts;
Gluttonie, malice, pride, and covetize,
And lawlesnes raigning with riotize;
Besides the infinite extortions,
Done through the Foxes great oppressions,
That the complaints thereof could not be tolde.
Which when he did with lothfull eyes beholde,
He would no more endure, but came his way,
And cast to seeke the Lion, where he may,
That he might worke the avengement for this shame
On those two caytives, which had bred him blame.
And, seeking all the forrest busily,
At last he found, where sleeping he did ly:
The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did lay,
From underneath his head he tooke away,
And then him waking, forced up to rize.
The Lion looking up gan him avize,
As one late in a traunce, what had of long
Become of him: for fantasie is strong.
"Arise," said Mercurie, "thou sluggish beast,
That here liest senseles, like the corpse deceast,
The whilste thy kingdome from thy head is rent,
And thy throne royall with dishonour blent:
Arise, and doo thy selfe redeeme from shame,
And be aveng'd on those that breed thy blame."
Thereat enraged, soone he gan upstart,
Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart;
And, rouzing up himselfe, for his rough hide
He gan to reach; but no where it espide:
Therewith he gan full terribly to rore,
And chafte at that indignitie right sore.
But when his crowne and sceptor both he wanted,
Lord! how he fum'd, and sweld, and rag'd, and panted;
And threatned death, and thousand deadly dolours,
To them that had purloyn'd his princely honours.
With that in hast, disroabed as he was,
He toward his owne pallace forth did pas;
And all the way he roared as he went,
That all the forrest with astonishment
Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
Fled fast away from that so dreadfull din.
At last he came unto his mansion,
Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon,
And manie warders round about them stood:
With that he roar'd alowd, as he were wood,
That all the pallace quaked at the stound,
As if it quite were riven from the ground,
And all within were dead and hartles left;
And th' Ape himselfe, as one whose wits were reft,
Fled here and there, and everie corner sought,
To hide himselfe from his owne feared thought.
But the false Foxe when he the Lion heard,
Fled closely forth, streightway of death afeard,
And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,
With fained face, and watrie eyne halfe weeping,
T' excuse his former treason and abusion,
And turning all unto the Apes confusion:
Nathles the royall beast forbore beleeving,
But bad him stay at ease till further preeving.
Then when he saw no entrance to him graunted,
Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,
Upon those gates with force he fiercely flewe,
And, rending them in pieces, felly slewe
Those warders strange, and all that els he met.
But th' Ape still flying he no where might get:
From rowme to rowme, from beame to beame he fled
All breathles, and for feare now almost ded:
Yet him at last the Lyon spide, and caught,
And forth with shame unto his iudgement brought.
Then all the beasts he caus'd assembled bee,
To heare their doome, and sad ensample see:
The Foxe, first author of that treacherie,
He did uncase, and then away let flie.
But th' Apes long taile (which then he had) he quight
Cut off, and both eares pared of their hight;
Since which, all apes but halfe their ears have left,
And of their tailes are utterlie bereft.—
So Mother Hubberd her discourse did end:
Which pardon me, if I amisse have pend;
For weake was my remembrance it to hold,
And bad her tongue that it so bluntly tolde.

THE RUINES OF ROME:

BY BELLAY.

1591.

Ye heavenly spirites, whose ashie cinders lie
Under deep ruines, with huge walls opprest,
But not your praise, the which shall never die
Through your faire verses, ne in ashes rest;
If so be shrilling voyce of wight alive
May reach from hence to depth of darkest Hell,
Then let those deep abysses open rive,
That ye may understand my shreiking yell!
Thrice having scene under the Heavens veale
Your toombs devoted compasse over all,
Thrice unto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie here doo call,
The whiles that I with sacred horror sing
Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing!

Great Babylon her haughtie walls will praise,
And sharped steeples high shot up in ayre;
Greece will the olde Ephesian buildings blaze;
And Nylus nurslings their pyramides faire;
The same yet vaunting Greece will tell the storie
Of Ioves great image in Olympus placed;
Mausolus worke will be the Carians glorie;
And Crete will boast the Labyrinth, now raced;
The antique Rhodian will likewise set forth
The great Colosse, erect to Memorie;
And what els in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnifie.
But I will sing above all monuments
Seven Romane hils, the worlds seven wonderments.

Thou stranger, which for Rome in Rome here seekest,
And nought of Rome in Rome perceivst at all,
These same olde walls, olde arches, which thou seest,
Olde palaces, is that which Rome men call.
Beholde what wreake, what ruine, and what wast,
And how that she, which with her mightie powre
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd herselfe at last;
The pray of Time, which all things doth devour!

Rome now of Rome is th' onely funerall,
And onely Rome of Rome hath victorie;
Ne ought save Tyber hastning to his fall
Remaines of all: O worlds inconstancie!
That which is firme doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting doth abide and stay.

She, whose high top above the starres did sore,
One foote on Thetis, th' other on the Morning,
One hand on Seyrhin, th'-other on the More,
Both Heaven and Earth in roundnesse compassing;
Jove fearing, least if she should greater growe,
The giants old should once againe uprise, [nowe
Her whelm'd with hills, these seven hils, which be
Tombes of her greatnes which did threate the skies:
Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnal,
Upon her bellie th' antique Palatine,
Upon her stomacke laid Mount Quirinal,
On her left hand the *noysome* Esquiline,
And Cælian on the right; but both her feete
Mount Viminal and Aventine doo meete.

Who lists to see, what ever Nature, Arte,
And Heaven, could doo; O Rome, thee let him see,
In case thy greatnes he can gesse in harte,
By that which but the picture is of thee!
Rome is no more: but, if the shade of Rome
May of the bodie yeeld a seeming sight,
It's like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe
By magicke skill out of eternall night:
The corpes of Rome in ashes is entombed,
And her great spirite, reioyned to the spirite
Of this great masse, is in the same enwombed;
But her brave writings, which her famous merite
In spight of Time out of the dust doth reare,
Doo make her idole through the world appeare.

Such as the Berecynthian goddesse bright,
In her swifte charret with high turrets crownde,
Proud that so manie gods she brought to light;
Such was this citie in her good daies fownd:
This citie, more than that great Phrygian mother
Renowm'd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whose greatnes by the greatnes of none other,
But by her selfe, her equall match could see:
Rome onely might to Rome compared bee,
And onely Rome could make great Rome to tremble!
So did the gods by heavenly doome decree,
That other earthlie power should not resemble
Her that did match the whole Earths puissaunce,
And did her courage to the Heavens advaunce.

Ye shamed ruines, and ye tragick sights,
Which onely doo the name of Rome retaine,
Olde moniments, which of so famous sprights
The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine;
Triumphant arcks, spyres, neighbours to the skie;
Thus you to see doth th' Heaven it selfe appall;
Alas, by little ye to nothing flie,
The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all!
And though your frames do for a time make warre
Gainst Time, yet Time in time shall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.
My sad desires, rest therefore moderate!
For if that Time make ende of things so soure,
It als will end the paine which I endure.

Through armes and vassals Rome the world subdu'd,
That one would weene that one sole cities strength
Both land and sea in roundnes had survew'd,
To be the measure of her bredth and length:
This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was
Of vertuous nepheues, that posteritie,
Striving in power their grandfathers to passe,
The lowest Earth ioin'd to the Heaven hie;
To th' end that, having all parts in their power,
Nought from the Romane empire might be quight;
And that though Time doth commonwealths devoure,
Yet no time should so low embase their hight,
That her head earth'd in her foundations deep
Should not her name and endles honour keep.

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye gods unkinde,
Heaven envious, and bitter stepdame Nature!
Be it by fortune, or by course of kinde,
That ye doo weld th' affaires of earthlie creature;
Why have your hands long sithence traveiled
To frame this world, that doth endure so long?
Or why were not these Romane palaces
Made of some matter no lesse firme and strong?
I say not, as the common voyce doth say,
That all things which beneath the Moone have being
Are temporall, and subiect to decay:
But I say rather, though not all agreeing
With some that weene the contrarie in thought,
That all this whole shall one day come to nought.

As, that brave sonne of Aeson, which by charmes
Atcheiv'd the golden fleece in Colchid land,
Out of the Earth engendred men of armes
Of dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand;
So this brave towne, that in her youthlie daies
An hydra was of warriours glorious,
Did fill with her renowmed nurslings praise
The firie Sunnes both one and other hous:
But they at last, there being then not living
An Hercules so ranke seed to represse,
Emongst themselves with cruell furie striving,
Mow'd downe themselves with slaughter mercilesse;
Renewing in themselves that rage unkinde,
Which whilom did those earthborn brethren blinde.

Mars, shaming to have given so great head
To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce,
Puft up with pride of Romane hardie-head,
Seem'd above Heavens powre it selfe to advaunce;
Cooling againe his former kindled heate,
With which he had those Romane spirits fild,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,
Into the Gothicke colde, hot rage instill'd:
Then gan that nation, th' Earths new giant brood,
To dart abroad the thunderbolts of warre,
And, beating downe these walls with furious mood
Into her mothers bosome, all did marre;
To th' end that none, all were it love his sire,
Should boast himselfe of the Romane empire.

Like as whilome the children of the Earth
Heapt hils on hils to scale the stayrie skie,
And fight against the gods of heavenly berth,
Whiles love at them his thunderbolts let flie;
All suddenly with lightning overthrowne,
The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall,
That th' Earth under her childrens weight did grone,
And th' Heavens in glorie triumpht over all:
So did that haughtie front, which heaped was
On these seven Romane hils, it selfe upreare
Over the world, and lift her loftie face
Against the Heaven, that gan her force to feare.
But now these scorned fields bemone her fall,
And gods secure feare not her force at all.

Nor the swift furie of the flames aspiring,
Nor the deep woonds of victours raging blade,
Nor ruthlesse spoyle of souldiers blood-desiring,
The which so oft thee, Rome, their conquest made;
Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable,
Ne rust of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of gods, nor spight of men unstable,
Nor thou oppos'd against thine owne puissance;
Nor th' horrible uprore of windes high blowing,
Nor swelling streames of that god snakie-paced,
Which hath so often with his overflowing
Thee drenched, have thy pride so much abaced;
But that this nothing, which they have thee left,
Makes the world wonder what they from thee reft.

As men in summer fearles passe the foord,
Which is in winter lord of all the plaine,
And with his tumbling streames doth beare aboord
The ploughmans hope and shepheards labour vaine:
And as the coward beasts use to despise
The noble lion after his lives end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foolhardise
Daring the foe that cannot him defend:
And as at Troy most dastards of the Greekes
Did brave about the corpes of Hector colde:
So those, which whilome wont with pallid cheekes
The Romane triumphs glorie to behold,
Now on these ashie tombes shew boldnesse vaine,
And, conquer'd, dare the conquerour disdaine.

Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashie ghoasts,
Which, ioying in the brightnes of your day,
Brought foorth those signes of your presumptuous boasts
Which now their dusty reliques do bewray;
Tell me, ye spirits! (sith the darksome river
Of Styx, not passable to soules returning,
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for ever,
Doo not restraine your images still mourning)
Tell me then, (for perhaps some one of you
Yet here above him secretly doth hide)
Doo ye not feele your torments to accrewe,
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of these old Romane works, built with your hands,
Now to become nought els but heaped sands?

Like as ye see the wrathfull sea from farre
In a great mountaine heap't with hideous noyse,
Eftsoones of thousand billowes shouldred narre,
Against a rocke to breake with dreadfull poyse:
Like as ye see fell Boreas with sharpe blast
Tossing huge tempests through the troubled skie,
Eftsoones having his wide wings spent in wast,
To stop his wearie cariore suddenly:
And as ye see huge flames spred diverslie,
Gathered in one up to the Heavens to spyre,
Eftsoones conspum'd to fall downe foolily:
So whilom did this monarchie aspyre
As waves, as winde, as fire, spred over all,
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

So long as Ioves great bird did make his flight,
Bearing the like with which Heaven doth us fray,
Heaven had not feare of that presumptuous might,
With which the giaunts did the gods assay.
But all so soone, as scorching Sunne had brent
His wings which wont the Earth to overspredd,
The Earth out of her massie wombe forth sent
That antique horror, which made Heaven adredd.
Then was the Germane raven in disguise
That Romane eagle seene to cleave asunder,
And towards Heaven freshly to arise
Out of these mountaines, now consum'd to ponder;
In which the foule, that serves to beare the lightning,
Is now no more seen flying, nor alighting.

These heapes of stones, these old wals, which ye see,
Were first enclosures but of salvage soyle;
And these brave pallaces, which maystred bee
Of Time, were shepheards cottages somewhile.
Then tooke the shepheards kingly ornament
And the stout hynde arm'd his right hand with steele:
Eftsoones their rule of yearely presidents
Grew great, and sixe months greator a great deele;
Which, made perpetuall, rose to so great might,
That thence th' imperiall eagle rooting tooke,
Till th' Heaven it selfe, opposing gainst her might,
Her power to Peters successor betooke;
Who, shepheardlike, (as Fates the same foreseeing)
Doth shew that all things turne to their first being

All that is perfect, which th' Heaven beautifies;
All that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone;
All that doth feede our spirits and our eies;
And all that doth consume our pleasures soone;
All the mishap, the which our dales outweares,
All the good hap of th' oldest times afore;
Rome, in the time of her great ancestors,
Like a Pandora, looked long in store.
But Destinie this huge Chaos turmoyling,
In which all good and evill was enclosed,
Their heavenly vertues from these woes assoyling,
Caried to Heaven, from sinfull bondage losed:
But their great sinnes, the causers of their paine,
Under these antique ruines yet remaine.

No otherwise than raynie cloud, first fed
With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
Eftsoones in compas arch't, to steepe his hed,
Doth plonge himselfe in Tethys bosome faire;
And, mounting up againe from whence he came,
With his great bollie spreds the dimmed world,
Till at the last, dissolving his moist frame,
In raine, or snowe, or haile, he forth is horld;
This citie, which was first but shepheards shade,
Uprising by degrees, grewe to such height,
That queene of land and sea her selfe she made,
At last, not able to beare so great weight,
Her power, disperst, through all the world did vade;
To show that all in th' end to nought shall fade.

The same, which Pyrrhus and the puissaunce
Of Afrike could not tame, that same brave citie,
Which, withstout courage arm'd against mischaunce,
Sustein'd the shocke of common omnitie;
Long as her ship, tost with so manie frenkes,
Had all the world in armes against her bent,
Was never seene, that anie fortunes wreakes
Could breake her course begun with brave intent.
But, when the object of her vertue failed,
Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme;
As he that having long in tempest sailed,
Faine would arive, but cannot for the storme,
If too great winde against the port him drive,
Doth in the port it selfe his vessell rive.

When that brave honour of the Latine name,
Which near'd her rule with Afrike, and Byze,
With Thames inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which see the dawning day arise;

Her nourslings did with mutinous uprore
Harten against her selfe, her conquer'd spoile,
Which she had wonne from all the world afore,
Of all the world was spoyl'd within a while:
So, when the compast course of the universe
In sixe and thirtie thousand yeares is ronne,
The bands of th' elements shall backe reverse
To their first discord, and be quite undonne:
The seeds, of which all things at first were bred,
Shall in great Chaos wombe againe be hid.

O warie wisedome of the man, that would
That Carthage towres from spoile should be forborne,
To th' end that his victorious people should
With cancring laisure not be overworne!
He well foresaw, how that the Romane courage,
Impatient of pleasures faint desires,
Through idlenes would turne to civill rage,
And be her selfe the matter of her fires.
For, in a people given all to ease,
Ambition is engendred easily;
As, in a vicious bodie, grose disease
Soone growes through humours superfluitie.
That came to passe, when, swolne with plenties pride,
Nor prince, nor peere, nor kin, they would abide.

If the blinde Furie, which warres breedeth oft,
Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equal beasts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with clawes, or scalie creasts;
What fell Erynnis, with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts with noysome rage inbew'd,
That, each to other working cruell wrongs,
Your blades in your owne bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye Romanes) your hard destinie?
Or some old sinne, whose unappeased guilt
Powr'd vengeance forth on you eternallie?
Or brothers blood, the which at first was spilt
Upon your walls, that God might not endure
Upon the same to set foundation sure?

O that I had the Thracian poets harpe,
For to awake out of th' infernall shade
Those antique Cæsars, sleeping long in darke,
The which this auncient citie whilome made!
Or that I had Amphions instrument,
To quicken, with his vitall notes accord,
The stonie ioynts of these old walls now rent,
By which th' Ausonian light might be restor'd!
Or that at least I could, with pencill fine,
Fashion the pourtraicts of these palacis,
By paterne of great Virgils spirit divine!
I would assay with that which in me is,
To builde, with level of my loftie style,
That which no hands can evermore compyle.

Who list the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seeke for usage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or squaire, to measure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight;
But him behooves to vew in compasse round
All that the Ocean graspes in his long armes;
Be it where the yerely starre doth scorch the ground,
Or where colde Boreas blowes his bitter stormes.
Rome was th'whole world, and al the world was Rome;
And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,
When land and sea ye name, then name ye Rome;
And, naming Rome, ye land and sea comprize:
For th' auncient plot of Rome, displayed plaine,
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

Thou that at Rome astonisht dost behold
The antique pride, which menaced the skie,
These haughtie heapes, these palaces of olde,
These wals, these arcks, these baths, these temples lie;
Iudge, by these ample ruines yew, the rest
The which iniurious Time hath quite outwome,
Since of all workmen helde in reckning best;
Yet these olde fragments are for paternes borne:
Then also marke, how Rome, from day to day,
Repayring her decayed fashion,
Renewes herselfe with buildings rich and gay;
That one would iudge, that the Romaine dæmon
Doth yet himselfe with fatall hand enforce,
Againe on foote to reare her pouldred corse.

He that hath seene a great oke drie and dead
Yet clad with reliques of some trophees olde,
Lifting to Heaven her aged hoarie head,
Whose foote in ground hath left but feeble holde,
But halfe disbowel'd lies above the ground,
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,
And on her trunke all rotten and unsound
Onely supports herselfe for meate of wormes;
And, though she owe her fall to the first winde,
Yet of the devout people is ador'd,
And, manie yong plants spring out of her rinde;
Who such an oke hath seene, let him record
That such this cities honour was of yore,
And mongst all cities florished much more.

All that which Aegypt whilome did devise;
All that which Greece their temples to embrave,
After th' Ionicke, Atticke, Doricke guise;
Or Corinth skil'd in curious workes to grave;
All that Lysippus practike arte could forme;
Apelles wit; or Phidias his skill;
Was wont this auncient citie to adorne,
And the Heaven it selfe with her wide wonders fill.
All that which Athens ever brought forth wise;
All that which Afrike ever brought forth strange;
All that which Asie ever had of prise;
Was here to see. O mervelous great change!
Rome, living, was the worlds sole ornament;
And, dead, is now the worlds sole moniment.

Like as the seeded field greene grasse first showres,
Then from greene grasse into a stalke doth spring,
And from a staike into an eare forth-growes,
Which eare the frutefull graine doth shortly bring,
And as in season due the husband mowes
The waving lockes of those faire yeallow heares,
Which bound in sheaves, and layd in comely rowes
Upon the naked fields in stalkes he reares:
So grew the Romane empire by degree,
Till that barbarian hands it quite did spill,
And left of it but these olde markes to see,
Of which all passers by doo somewhat pill:
As they, which gleane, the reliques use to gather,
Which th' husbandman behind him chaunst to scatter.

That same is now nought but a champian wide,
Where all this worlds pride once was situate.
No blame to thee, whosoever dost abide
By Nyle, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate;
Ne Afrike thereof guiltie is, nor Spaine,
Nor the bolde people by the Thamis brincks,
Nor the brave warlicke brood of Alemaine,
Nor the borne souldier which Rhine running drinks

Thou onely cause, O Civill Furie, art!
Which, sowing in th' Aemathian fields thy spight,
Didst arme thy hand against thy proper hart;
To th' end that when thou wast in greatest hight
To greatnes growne, through long prosperitie,
Thou then adowne might'st fall more horriblie.

Hope ye, my verses, that posteritie
Of age ensuing shall you ever read?
Hope ye, that ever immortalitie
So meane harpes worke may chalenge for her meed?
If under Heaven anie endurance wore,
These moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in porphyre and marble doo appeare,
Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.
Nath'les, my lute, whom Phœbus deigned to give,
Cease not to sound these olde antiquities:
For if that Time doo let thy glorie live,
Well maist thou boast, how ever base thou bee,
That thou art first, which of thy nation song
Th' olde honour of the people gowned long.

L' ENVOY.

Bellay, first garland of free poësie [wits,
That France brought forth, though fruitfull of brave
Well worthie thou of immortalitie,
That long hast traveld, by thy learned writs,
Olde Rome out of her ashes to revive,
And give a second life to dead decayes!
Needes must he all eternitie survive,
That can to other give eternall dayes:
Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy prayse
Excelling all, that ever went before.
And, after thee, gins Bartas hie to rayse
His heavenly Muse, th' Almightie to adore.
Live, happie spirits, th' honour of your name,
And fill the world with never dying fame!

VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

1591.

One day, whiles that my daylie cares did sleepe,
My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,
Began to enter into meditation deepe
Of things exceeding reach of common reason;
Such as this age, in which all good is geason,
And all that humble is, and meane debaced,
Hath brought forth in her last declining season,
Griefe of good mindes, to see goodnesse disgraced!
On which when as my thought was throughly placed,
Unto my eyes strange showes presented were,
Picturing that, which I in minde embraced,
That yet those sights empassion me full nere.
Such as they were (faire ladie!) take in worth,
That when time serves may bring things better forth.

In summers day, when Phœbus fairly shone,
I saw a bull as white as driven snowe,
With gilden hornes embowed like the Moone,
In a fresh flowring meadow lying lowe:
Up to his eares the verdant grasse did growe,
And the gay flowres did offer to be eaten;
But he with fatnes so did overflowe,
That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,
Ne car'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten:
Till that a brize, a scorned little creature,
Through his faire hide his angrie sting did threaten,
And vext so sore, that all his goodly feature
And all his plenteous pasture nought him pleased:
So by the *small* the *great* is oft diseased.

Beside the fruitfull shore of muddie Nile,
Upon a sunnie banke outstretched lay,
In monstrous length, a mightie crocodile,
That, cram'd with guiltles blood and greedie prey
Of wretched people travailing that way,
Thought all things lesse than his disdainfull pride.
I saw a little bird, call'd Tedula,
The least of thousands which on Earth abide,
That forst this hideous beast to open wide
The greisly gates of his devouring Hell,
And let him feede, as Nature did provide,
Upon his jawes, that with blacke venime swell.
Why then should greatest things the least disdaine,
Sith that so small so mightie can constraine?

The kingly bird, that beares Joves thunder-clap,
One day did scorne the simple scarabee,
Proud of his highest service, and good hap,
That made all other foules his thralls to bee:
The silly flie, that no redresse did see,
Spide where the eagle built his towring nest,
And, kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt up his yong ones, and himselfe distrest;
Ne suffred him in anie place to rest,
But drove in Joves owne lap his egs to lay;
Where gathering also filth him to infest,
Forst with the filth his egs to fling away:
For which when as the foule was wroth, said Jove,
"Lo! how the least the greatest may reprove."

Toward the sea turning my troubled eye,
I saw the fish (if fish I may it sleepe)
That makes the sea before his face to flye,
And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to sweepe
The fomie waves out of the dreadfull deep,
The huge leviathan, dame Natures wonder,
Making his sport, that manie makes to weep:
A sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder,
That, in his throat him pricking softly under,
His wide abysse him forced forth to spowe,
That all the sea did roare like Heavens thunder,
And all the waves were stain'd with filthie bowe.
Hereby I learned have not to despise
Whatever thing seemes small in common eyes.

An hideous dragon, dreadfull to behold,
Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of speare
With shields of brasse that shone like burnisht goldu,
And forkhed sting that death in it did beare,
Strove with a spider his unequall peare;
And bad defiance to his enemie.
The subtill vermin, creeping closely neare,
Did in his drinke shed poyson privilie;
Which, through his entrailes spredding diversly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowells brust,
And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,
That did so much in his owne greatnesse trust.
O, how great vainnesse is it then to scorne
The weake, that hath the strong so oft forlorne!

High on a hill a goodly cedar growe,
Of wondrous length, and streight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours throwe;
Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon.

Her match in beautie was not anie one.
Shortly within her inmost pith there bred
A little wicked worme, perceiv'd of none,
That on her sap and vitall moysture fed:
Thenceforth her garland so much honoured
Began to die, (O great ruth for the same!)
And her faire lockes fell from her loftie head,
That shortly balde and bared she became.
I, which this sight beheld, was much dismayed,
To see so goodly thing so soone decayed.

Soone after this I saw an olephant,
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeouslie,
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)
A gilden towre, which shone exceedinglie;
That he himselfe through foolish vanitie,
Both for his rich attire, and goodly forme,
Was puffed up with passing surquedrie,
And shortly gan all other beast to scorne.
Till that a little ant, a silly worme,
Into his nostrils creeping, so him pained,
That, casting downe his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and native beautie stained.
Let therefore nought, that great is, therein glorie,
Sith so small thing his happines may varie.

Looking far foorth into the ocean wide,
A goodly ship with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant, I espide
Through the maine sea making her merry flight:
Faire blew the winde into her bosome right;
And th' Heavens looked lovely all the while;
That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,
And at her owne felicitie did smile.
All sodainely there clove unto her keele
A little fish, that men call remora,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the heele,
That winde nor tide could move her thence away.
Straunge thing, me seemeth, that so small a thing
Should able be so great an one to wring.

A mighty lyon, lord of all the wood,
Having his hunger throughly satisfide
With pray of beasts and spoyle of living blood,
Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide:
His sternesse was his prayse, his strength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruell clawes.
I saw a wasp, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battaile even to his jawes;
Sore he him stong, that it the blood forth drawes,
And his proude heart is fild with fretting ire:
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes,
And from his bloodie eyes doth sparkle fire;
That dead himselfe he wisheth for despight,
So weakest may anoy the most of might!

What time the Romaine empire bore the raine
Of all the world, and florisht most in might,
The nations gan their soveraigntie disdeine,
And cast to quitt them from their bondage quight:
So, when all shrouded were in silent night,
The Galles were, by corrupting of a mayde,
Possest nigh of the capitol through slight,
Had not a goose the treachery bewrayde:
If then a goose great Rome from ruine stayde,
And love himselfe, the patron of the place,
Preserv'd from being to his foes betrayde;
Why do vaine men meane things so much deface,
And in their might repose their most assurance,
Sith nought on Earth can chalenge long endurance?

When these sad sights were overpast and gone,
My spright was greatly moved in her rest,
With inward ruth and deare affection,
To see so great things by so small distrest:
Thenceforth I gan in my engrieved brest
To scorne all difference of great and small,
Sith that the greatest often are opprest,
And unawares doe into daunger fall.
And, ye, that read these ruines tragicall,
Learne, by their losse, to love the low degree;
And, if that Fortune chaunce you up to call
To Honours seat, forget not what you be:
For he, that of himselfe is most secure,
Shall finde his state most fickle and unsure.

THE

VISIONS OF BELLAY.

1591.

It was the time, when Rest, soft sliding downe
From Heavens hight into mens heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulnes of sleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries;
Then did a ghost before mine eyes appeare,
On that great rivers banck, that runnes by Rome!
Which, calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to Heaven whence all good gifts do come,
And crying lowd, "Lo! now beholde," quoth hee,
"What under this great temple placed is:
Lo, all is nought but flying vanitee!"
So I, that know this worlds inconstancies,
Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence do stay.

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by iust assize,
With hundreth pillours fronting faire the same,
All wrought with diamond after Dorick wize:
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining christall, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,
One hundred steps of Afrike golds enchase:
Golde was the parget; and the seeling bright
Did shine all scaly with great plates of golde;
The floore of iasp and emeraude was dight.
O worlds vainesse! Whiles thus I did behold,
An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest seat,
And overthrew this frame with ruine great.

Then did a sharped spyre of diamond bright,
Ten feete each way in square, appeare to mee,
Iustly proportion'd up unto his hight,
So far as archer might his level see:
The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
Made of the mettall, which we most do honour;
And in this golden vessel couched weare
The ashes of a mightie emperour:
Upon foure corners of the base were pight,
To beare the frame, foure great lyons of gold;
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.
Alas this world doth nought but grievance hold!
I saw a tempest from the Heaven descend,
Which this brave monument with flash did rend.

I saw raysde up on yvorie pillowes tall,
Whose bases were of richest mettalls warke,
The chapters alablaster, the fryses christall,
The double front of a triumphall arke:
On each side purtraid was a victorie,
Clad like a nimph, that winges of silver weares,
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,
The auncient glory of the Romaine peares.
No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry,
That thunder-dartes for Iove his syre doth fit.
Let me no more see faire thing under sky,
Sith that mine eyes have seene so faire a sight
With sodain fall to dust consumed quight.

Then was the faire Dodonian tree far seene,
Upon seaven hills to spread his gladsome gleame,
And conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the bancks of the Ausonian streame:
There many an auncient trophee was adrest,
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,
Which that brave races greatnes did attest,
That whilome from the Troyan blood did flow.
Ravisht I was so rare a thing to yew;
When lo! a barbarous troupe of clownish fone
The honour of these noble boughs down threw:
Under the wedge I heard the tronck to grone;
And, since, I saw the roote in great disdaine
A twinne of forked trees send forth againe.

I saw a wolfe under a rockie cave
Noursing two whelpes; I saw her litle ones
In wanton dalliance the teate to crave,
While she her neck wreath'd from them for the
nones:
I saw her raunge abroad to seeke her food,
And roming through the field with greedie rage
T' embrew her teeth and clawes with lukewarm
blood
Of the small heards, her thirst for to asswage.
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
Downe from the mountaines bordring Lombardie,
That with an hundred speares her flank wide rended.
I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,
Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne soyle;
Soone on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoyle.

I saw the bird, that can the Sun endure,
With feeble wings assay to mount on hight;
By more and more she gan her wings t' assure,
Following th' ensample of her mothers sight:
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
To measure the most haughtie mountaines hight,
Untill she raught the gods owne mansions:
There was she lost; when suddaine I beheide,
Where, tumbling through the ayre in firie fold,
All flaming downe she on the plaine was felde,
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes colde.
I saw the soule, that doth the light despise,
Out of her dust like to a worme arise.

I saw a river swift, whose somy billowes
Did wash the ground-work of an old great wall;
I saw it cover'd all with griessy shadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall:
Thereout a strange beast with seven heads arose,
That townes and castles under her brest did coure,
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equall ravine to devoure.

Much was I mazde, to see this monsters kinde
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew;
When as at length I saw the wrathfull winde,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of Scithian mew,
That sperst these cloudes; and, in so short as thought,
This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

Then all astoined with this mighty ghoast,
An hideous bodie big and strong I sawe,
With side-long beard, and locks down hanging loast,
Sterne face, and front full of Saturnlike awe;
Who, leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pourd foorth a water, whose out gushing flood
Ran bathing all the crenkie shore aflot,
Whereon the Troyan prince spilt Turnus blood;
And at his feete a bitch wolfe suck did yeeld
To two young babes: his left the palme tree stout,
His right hand did the peacefull olive wield;
And head with lawrell garnisht was about.
Sudden both palme and olive fell away,
And faire greene lawrell branch did quite decay.

Hard by a rivers side a virgin faire,
Folding her armes to Heaven with thousand throbs,
And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
To falling rivers sound thus tun'd her sobs.
"Where is," quoth she, "this whilom honoured face?
Where the great glorie and the auncient prnise,
In which all worlds felicitie had place,
When gods and men my honour up did mise?
Suffis'd it not that civill warres me made
The whole worlds spoile, but that this hydra new,
Of hundred Hercules to be assaide,
With seven heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,
So many Neroes and Caligulaes
Out of these crooked shores must dayly rayse?"

Upon an hill a bright flame I did see
Waving aloft with triple point to skie,
Which, like incense of precious cedar tree,
With balmie odours fil'd th' ayre farre and nie.
A bird all white, well feathered on each wing,
Herdout up to the throne of gods did flie,
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,
Whilst in the smoake she nuto Heaven did stie.
Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw
On everie side a thousand shining beames:
When sudden dropping of a silver dew [flames;
(O grievous chance!) gan quench those precious
That it, which earst so pleasant sent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,
As cleare as christall gainst the sunnie beames,
The bottome yeallow, like the golden grayle
That bright Pactolus washeth with his streames;
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasure there, for which mans hart could long;
And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,
Of manie accords more sweete than mermaids song:
The seates and benches shone as yvorie,
And hundred nymphes sate side by side about;
When from nigh hills, with hideous enterie,
A troupe of satyres in the place did rout,
Which with their villoine feete the streame did ray,
Threw down the seats, and drove the nymphs away.

Much richer then that vessell seem'd to bee,
Which did to that sad Florentine appeare,
Casting mine eyes farre off, I chaunst to see
Upon the Latine coast herselfe to route:

But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close envie to these riches rare,
Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,
This ship to which none other might compare:
And finally he storme impetuous
Sunke up these riches, second unto none,
Within the gulfe of greedie Nereus.
I saw both ship and mariners each one,
And all that treasure drowned in the maine:
But I the ship saw after raisd againe.

Long having deeply gron'd these visions sad,
I saw a citie like unto that same,
Which saw the messenger of tidings glad;
But that on sand was built the goodly frame:
It seem'd her top the firmament did rayse,
And, no lesse rich than faire, right worthie sure
(If ought here worthie) of immortall dayes,
Or if ought under Heaven might firme endure.
Much wondred I to see so faire a wall:
When from the northerne coast a storme arose,
Which, breathing furie from his inward gall
On all which did against his course oppose,
Into a clowde of dust sperst in the aire
The weake foundations of this citie faire.

At length, even at the time, when Morpheus
Most trulie doth unto our eyes appeare,
Wearie to see the Heavens still wavering thus,
I saw Typhœus sister comming neare;
Whose head, full bravely with a morion hidd,
Did seeme to match the gods in maiestie.
She, by a rivers bancke that swift downe slidd,
Over all the world did raise a trophee hie;
An hundred vanquisht kings under her lay,
With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wize;
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I saw the Heavens in warre against her rize:
Then downe she stricken fell with clap of thonder,
That with great noyse I wakte in sudden wonder.

THE

VISIONS OF PETRARCH,

FORMERLY TRANSLATED.

1591.

Being one day at my window all alone,
So manie strange things happened me to see,
As much it grieveth me to thinke thereon.
At my right hand a hynde appear'd to mee,
So faire as mote the greatest god delite;
Two eager dogs did hor pursue in chace,
Of which the one was blacke, the other white:
With deadly force so in their cruell race
They pinch't the haunches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in short time, I spide,
Under a rocke, where she alth, oppresst,
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Oft makes me wayle so hard a destenie.

After, at sea a tall ship did appeare,
Made all of heben and white yvorie;
The sailes of golde, of silke the tackle were:
Milde was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to bee,
The skie eachwhere did show full bright and faire:
With rich treasures this gay ship fraighted was:
But sudden storme did so turmoyle the aire,
And tumbled up the sea, that she (alas)
Strake on a rock, that under water lay,
And perished past all recoverie.
O! how great ruth, and sorrowfull assay,
Doth vex my spirite with perplexitie,
Thus in a moment to see lost, and drown'd,
So great riches, as like cannot be found.

The heavenly branches did I see arise
Out of the fresh and lustie lawroll tree,
Amidst the yong greene wood of Paradise;
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see:
Such store of birds therein yshrowded were,
Chaunting in shade their sundrie melodie,
That with their sweetnes I was rayish't nere.
While on this lawrell fixed was mine eie,
The skie gan everie where to overcast,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When sudden flash of Heavens fire out brast,
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote;
Which makes me much and ever to complaine;
For no such shadow shalbe had againe.

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
Whereto approched not in anie wise
The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne;
But manie Muses, and the nymphes withall,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft sounding of the waters fall;
That my glad hart thereat did much reioyce.
But, while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
I saw (alas) the gaping Earth devoure
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight;
Which yet aggreeves my hart even to this houre,
And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,
To see such pleasures gon so suddenly.

I saw a phœnix in the wood alone,
With purple wings, and crest of goldyn hewe;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of some heavenly wight I had the vewe;
Untill he came unto the broken tree,
And to the spring, that late devoured was.
What say I more? each thing at last we see
Doth passe away: the phœnix there, alas,
Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,
Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdaine,
And so foorthwith in great despight he dide;
That yet my heart burnes, in exceeding paine,
For ruth and pitie of so haples plight:
O! let mine eyes no more see such a sight.

At last so faire a ladie did I spie,
That thinking yet on her I burne and quake;
On hearbs and flowres she walked pensively,
Milde, but yet love she proudly did forsake:
White seem'd her robes, yet woven so they were,
As snow and golde together had been wrought:
Above the wast a darke clowde shrouded her,
A stinging serpent by the heele her caught;
Wherewith she languisht as the gathered flowre;
And, well assur'd, she mounted up to joy.
Alas, on Earth so nothing doth endure,
But bitter griefe and sorrowfull annoy:
Which make this life wretched and miserable,
Tossed with stormes of fortune variable.

When I beheld this tickle trustles state
Of vaine worlds glorie, flitting too and fro,
And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
In restles seas of wretchednes and woe;
I wish I might this wearie life forgoe,
And shortly turne onto my happie rest,
Where my free spirite might not anie moe
Be vext with sights, that doo her peace molest.
And ye, faire ladie, in whose bounteous brest
All heavenly grace and vertue shrined is,
When ye these rythmes doo read, and vew the rest,
Loath this base world, and thinke of Heavens blis:
And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
Yet thinke, that Death shall spoyle your goodly features.

DAPHNAIDA:

AN ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS DOUGLAS HOWARD, DAUGHTER AND HEIRE OF HENRY LORD HOWARD, VISCOUNT BYNDON, AND WIFE OF ARTHUR GORGES, ESQUIER.

DEDICATED TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE THE LADIE HELENA,

MARQUESSE OF NORTHAMPTON.

I HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer unto your honour the dedication of this little poëme, for that the noble and vertuous gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by mateh neere alied, and in affection greatly devoted, unto your ladiship. The occasion why I wrote the same, was aswell the great good fame which I heard of her deceassed, as the particular goodwill which I bear unto her husband master Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue, whose house, as your ladiship by marriage hath honoured, so doe I find the name of them, by many notable records, to be of great antiquitie in this realme, and such as have ever borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and unspotted loyaltie to their prince and countrey: besides, so lineally are they descended from the Howards, as that the lady Anne Howard, eldest daughter to John duke of Norfolke, was wife to sir Edmund, mother to sir Edward, and grandmother to sir William and sir Thomas Gorges, knightes: and therefore I doe assure my selfe that no due honour done to the white lyon, but will be most gratefull to your ladiship, whose husband and children do so neerely participate with the blood of that noble family. So in all dutie I recommend this pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honourable favour and protection. London, this first of Ianuarie, 1591. Your honours humbly ever.

ED. SP.

DAPHNAIDA.

WHAT-EVER man he be whose heavie mynd,
With griefe of mournefull great mishap opprest,
Fit matter for his cares increase would fynd,
Let reade this rufull plaint herein exprest,
Of one, I weene, the wofulst man alive,
Even sad Alcyon, whose empiereed brest
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces ryve.

But whoso else in pleasure findeth sause,
Or in this wretched life doeth take delight,
Let him be banisht farre away from hence;
Ne let the sacred Sistors here be hight,
Though they of sorrowe heavilie can sing;
For even their heavie song would breede delight;
But here no tunes, save sobs and grones, shall ring.

In stead of them, and their sweet harmonie,
Let those three Fatall Sisters, whose sad hands
Doe weave the direfull threeds of destinie,
And in their wrath break off the vitall bands,
Approach hereto; and let the dreadfull queene
Of darknes deepe come from the Stygian strands,
And grisly ghosts, to heare this dolefull teene.

In gloomy evening, when the wearie Sun,
After his dayes long labour drew to rest,
And sweatie steedes, now haying overrun
The compast skie, gan water in the west,
I walkt abroad to breath the freshing ayre
In open fields, whose flowring pride, opprest
With early frosts, had lost their beautie faire.

There came unto my mind a troublous thought,
Which dayly doth my weaker wit possesse,
Ne lets it rest untill it forth have brought
Her long borne infant, fruit of heavinesse,
Which she conceived hath through meditation
Of this worlds vainnesse and life's wretchednesse,
That yet my soule it deepely doth empassion.

So as I muzed on the miserie
In which men live, and I of many most,
Most miserable man; I did espie
Where towards me a sory wight did cost,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
And Iacob staffe in hand devoutly crost,
Like to some pilgrim come from farre away.

His carelesse locks, uncombed and unshorne,
Hong long adowne, and heard all overgrowne,
That well he seemd to be some wight forlorne:
Downe to the earth his heavie eyes were throwne,
As loathing light; and ever as he went
He sighed soft, and inly deepe did grone,
As if his heart in peeces would have rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I vewed nere,
And by the semblant of his countenaunce
Me seemd I had his person seene elsewhere,
Most like Alcyon seeming at a glaunce;
Alcyon he, the iollie shepheard swaine,
That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce,
And fill with pleasaunce every wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguize,
I softlie sayd, " Alcyon!" Therewithall
He lookt aside as in disdainefull wise,
Yet stayed not, till I againe did call:
Then, turning back, he saide, with hollow sound,
" Who is it that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
The wretchedst man that treads this day on ground?"

" One, whom like wofulnesse, impressed deepe,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare,
And given like cause with thee to waile and wepe;
Griefe finds some ease by him that like does beare.
Then stay, Alcyon, gentle shepheard! stay,"
Quoth I; " till thou have to my trustie care
Committed what thee dooth so ill apay."

" Cease, foolish man!" (saide he, halfe wrothfully)
" To seeke to heare that which cannot be told,
For the huge anguish, which dooth multiply
My dying paines, no tongue can well unfold;
Ne doo I care that any should bemone
My hard mishap, or any weepe that would,
But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone."

" Then be it so," quoth I, " that thou art bent
To die alone, unpitied, unplained;
Yet, ere thou die, it were convenient
To tell the cause which thee thereto constrained,
Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt."

" Who life does loath, and longs to be unbound
From the strong shackles of fraile flesh," quoth he,
" Nought cares at all what they, that live on ground,
Deem the occasion of his death to bee;
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Than question made of his calamitie;
For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light.

" Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my griefe,
And car'st for one that for himselfe cares nought,
(Sign of thy love, though nought for my reliefe,
For my reliefe exceedeth living thought;)
I will to thee this heavie case relate:
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For never didst thou heare more haplesse fate.

" Whilome I usde (as thou right well doest know)
My little flocke on westerne downes to keep,
Not far from whence Sabrinaes streame doth flow,
And flowrie bancks with silver liquor steepe;
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce,
For all my ioy was on my gentle sheepe,
And to my pype to caroll and to daunce.

" It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearlesse and free, a faire young lionesse,
White as the native rose before the chaunge
Which Venus blood did in her leaves impresse,
I spied playing on the grassie plaine
Her youthfull sports and kindlie wantonnesse,
That did all other beasts in beawtie staine.

" Much was I moved at so goodlie sight,
Whose like before mine eye had seldome seene,
And gan to cast how I her compasse might,
And bring to hand that yet had never beene:
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
That I her caught disporting on the greene,
And brought away fast bound with silver chaine.

" And afterwardes I handled her so fayre,
That though by kind shee stout and salvage were,
For being borne an auncient lions hayre,
And of the race that all wild beasts do feare,
Yet I her fram'd, and wan so to my bent,
That shee became so meeke and milde of cheare,
As the least lamb in all my flock that went:

" For shee in field, where-ever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and waite by me all day;
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or els in sleepe, if nay,
Shee would all night by me or watch or sleepe;
And evermore when I did sleepe or play,
She of my flock would take full ware keepe.

" Safe then, and safest were my sillie sheepe,
Ne fear'd the wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast,
All were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe:
My lovely lionesse without beheast
So careful was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscarried or in plaine or wood.

" Oft did the shepheards, which my hap did heare,
And oft their lasses, which my luck envyde,
Daylie resort to me from farre and neare,
To see my lyonesse, whose praises wyde
Were spred abroad; and when her worthinesse
Much greater than the rude report they tryde,
They her did praise, and my good fortune blesse.

" Long thus I ioyed in my happinesse,
And well did hope my ioy would have no end;
But oh! fond man! that in worlds fickelenesse
Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy frend
That glories most in mortall miseries,
And daylie doth her changefull counsels bend
To make new matter fit for tragedies;

" For whilest I was thus without dread or dout,
A cruel satyre with his murdrous dart,
Greedie of mischiefe, ranging all about,
Gave her the fatall wound of deadly smart,
And reft from me my sweete companion,
And reft from me my love, my life, my hart:
My lyonesse (ah, woe is me!) is gon!

" Out of the world thus was she reft away,
Out of the world, unworthy such a speyle,
And borne to Heaven, for Heaven a fitter pray;
Much fitter then the lyon, which with toyle
Alcides slew, and fixt in firmament;
Her now I seeke throughout this earthly soyle,
And seeking misse, and missing doe lament."

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
That I for pittie of his heavie plight
Could not abstaine mine eyes with teares to steepe;
But, when I saw the anguish of his spright
Some deale alaid, I him bespake againe;
" Certes, Alcyon, painfull is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equall paine.

" Yet doth not my dull wit well understand
The riddle of thy loved lionesse;
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule possesse,
Should to a beast his noble hart embase,
And be the vassall of his vassalesse;
Therefore more plain areade this doubtfull case."

Then sighing sore, " Daphne thou knew'st," quoth
" She now is dead ;" no more endur'd to say, [he,
But fell to ground for great extremitie ;
That I, beholding it, with deepe dismay
Was much apald ; and, lightly him uprearing,
Revoked life, that would have fled away,
All were my selfe, through griefe, in deadly drearing.

Then gan I him to comfort all my best,
And with milde counsaile strove to mitigate
The stormie passion of his troubled brest;
But he thereby was more empassionate ;
As stubborne steed, that is with curb restrained,
Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gate ;
And breaking foorth at last, thus dearnely plained :

I.

" What man henceforth that breatheth vitall aire
Will honour Heaven, or heavenly powers adore,
Which so unjustly doth their judgements share
Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so sore
The innocent, as those which do transgresse,
And doe not spare the best or fairest, more
Than worst or foulest, but doe both oppresse ?

" If this be right, why did they then create
The world so faire, sith fairnesse is neglected ?
Or why be they themselves immaculate,
If purest things be not by them respected ?
She faire, she pure, most faire, most pure she was,
Yet was by them as thing impure reiected ;
Yet she in pureuesse Heaven itselfe did pas.

" In pureuesse and in all celestiall grace,
That men admire in goodly womankind,
She did excell, and seem'd of angels race,
Living on Earth like angell new divinde,
Adornde with wisedome and with chastitie,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

" No age hath bred (since faire Astræa left
The sinfull world) more vertue in a wight ;
And, when she parted hence, with her she reft
Great hope, and robd her race of bounty quight.
Well may the shepheard lasses now lament ;
For doubble losse by her hath on them light,
To loose both her and bounties ornament.

" Ne let Elisa, royall shepheardesse,
The praises of my parted love envy,
For she hath praises in all plentcousnesse
Powr'd upon her, like showers of Castaly,
By her owne shepheard, Colin, her own shepheard,
That her with heavenly hymnes doth deifie,
Of rusticke Muse full hardly to be betterd.

" She is the rose, the glory of the day,
And mine the primrose in the lowly shade :
Mine, ah ! not mine ; amisse I mine did say :
Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made ;
Mine to be his, with him to live for ay.
O that so faire a flowre so soon should fade,
And through untimely tempest fall away !

" She fell away in her first ages spring,
Whilst yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her rinde,
Whilst yet her braunch faire blossomes foorth did bring,
And whilst her bramch faire blossomes foorth did
She fell away against all course of kinde.
She fell away against all course of kinde ;
For age to die is right, but youth is wrong ;
She fell away like fruit blowne down with winde.
Weepe, shepheard ! weepe, to make my under-song.

II.

" What hart so stonie hard but that would weepe,
And poure forth fountaines of incessant teares ?
What Timon but would let compassion creepe
Into his breast, and pierce his frosen eares ?
In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well
I wasted have, my heart blood dropping weares,
To think to ground how that faire blossome fell.

" Yet fell she not as one enforst to dye,
Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toyld with travell downe doth lye,
So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
And closde her eyes with carelesse quietnesse ;
The whiles soft Death away her spirit hent,
And soule assoyld from sinfull fleshlinesse.

" Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
She, all resolv'd, and readie to remove,
Calling to me (ay me !) this wise bespake ;
' Aleyon ! ah, my first and latest love !
Ah ! why does my Aleyon weepe and mourne,
And grieve my ghost, that ill mote him behove,
As if to me had chaunst some evill tourne !

" ' I, since the messenger is come for mee,
That summons soules unto the bridale feast
Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
And straight obay his soveraine beheast ;
Why should Aleyon thus so sore lamont
That I from miserie shall be releast,
And freed from wretched long imprisonment !

" ' Our daies are full of dolour and disease,
Our life afflicted with incessant paine,
That nought on Earth may lessen or appease ;
Why then should I desire here to remaine !
Or why should he, that loves me, sorrie bee
For my delivorance, or at all complaine
My good to heare, and toward ioyes to see !

" ' I goe, and long desired have to goe ;
I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest,
Whereas no worlds sad care nor wasting woe
May come, their happie quiet to molest ;
But saints and angels in celestiall thrones
Eternally him praise that hath them blest ;
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

" ' Yet, ere I goe, a pledge I leave with thee
Of the late love the which betwixt us past,
My young Ambrosia ; in lieu of mee,
Love her ; so shall our love for ever last.
Thus, deare ! adieu, whom I expect ere long.'—
So having said, away she softly past :
Weepe, shepheard ! weepe, to make mine undersong.

III.

" So oft as I record those piercing words,
Which yet are deepe engraven in my brest,
And those last deadly accents, which like swords
Did wound my heart, and rend my bleeding chest,
With those sweet sugred speeches doe compare,
The which my soul first conquerd and possest,
The first beginners of my endlesse care :

" And when those pallid cheekes and ashe how,
In which sad Death his pourtraiture had writ,
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the cloud of ghastly night did sit,
I match with that sweete smile and chearful brow,
Which all the world subdued unto it,
How happie was I then, and wretched now !

" How happie was I when I saw her leade
The shepheards daughters dauncing in a rownd!
How trimly would she trace and softly tread
The tender grasse, with rosye garland crownd!
And, when she list, advaunce her heavenly voyce,
Both nymphes and Muses nigh she made astownd,
And flocks and shepheards caused to reioyce.

" But now, ye shepheard lasses! who shall lead
Your wandring troupes, or sing your virelayes?
Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
That was the lady of your holy dayes?
Let now your blisse be turned into bale,
And into plaints convert your ioyous playes,
And with the same fill every hill and dale.

" Let bagpipe never more be heard to shrill,
That may allure the senses to delight,
Ne ever shepheard sound his oaten quill
Unto the manie that provoke them might
To idle pleasance; but let ghastlinesse
And drearie horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heavinesse:

" Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells;
Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,
And parching drouth drie up the cristall wells;
Let th' Earth be barren, and bring foorth no flowres,
And th' ayre be fild with noyse of dolefull knells,
And wandring spirits walke untimely howres.

" And Nature, nurse of every living thing,
Let rest her selfe from her long wearinesse,
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hideous monsters full of uglinesse;
For she it is that hath me done this wrong,
No nurse, but stepdame, cruell, mercilesse.
Weepe, shepheard! weepe, to make my undersong.

IV.

" My litle flock, whom earst I lov'd so well,
And wont to feed with finest grasse that grew,
Feede ye henceforth on bitter astrofell,
And stinking smallage, and unsaverie rew;
And, when your mawes are with those weeds cor-
Be ye the pray of wolves; ne will I row [rupted,
That with your carkasses wild beasts be glutted.

" Ne worse to you, my sillie sheepe! I pray,
Ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall
Than to my selfe, for whose confusde decay
To carelesse Heavens I doo daylie call;
But Heavens refuse to heare a wretches cry;
And cruell Death doth scorne to come at call,
Or graunt his boone that most desires to dye.

" The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th' unrighteous which alive remaine;
But the ungodly ones he doth forsake,
By living long to multiplie their paine:
Else surely death should be no punishment,
As the great iudge at first did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languishment.

" Therefore, my Daphne they have tane away;
For worthie of a better place was she:
But me unworthie willed here to stay,
That with her lacke I might tormented be.
Sith them they so have ordred, I will pay
Penaunce for her, according their decree,
And to her ghost doe service day by day.

" For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waste my better age:
My bread shall be the anguish of my mynd,
My drink the teares which fro mine eyes do raine,
My bed the ground that hardest I may fynd;
So will I wilfully increase my paine.

" And she, my love that was, my saint that is,
When she beholds from her celestiall throne
(In which she ioyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
And pittie me that living thus doo die;
For heavenly spirits have compassion
On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

" So when I have with sorrow satisfyde
Th' importune Fates, which vengeance on me seeke,
And th' Heavens with long languor pacifyde,
She, for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,
Will send for me; for which I daily long;
And will till then my painfull penance eeke.
Weepe, shepheard! weepe, to make my undersong.

V.

" Henceforth I hate what ever Nature made,
And in her workmanship no pleasure finde,
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade;
So soone as on them blowes the northern winde.
They tarrie not, but flit and fall away,
Leaving behind them nought but griefe of minde,
And mocking such as thinke they long will stay.

" I hate the Heaven, because it doth withhould
Me from my love, and eke my love from me;
I hate the earth, because it is the mould
Of fleshly slime and fraile mortalitie;
I hate the fire, because to nought it flyes;
I hate the ayre, because sighes of it be;
I hate the sea, because it teares supplyes.

" I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not my love to see;
I hate the darknesse and the drearie night,
Because they breed sad balefulnesse in mee;
I hate all times, because, all times doo fly
So fast away, and may not stayed bee,
But as a speedie post that passeth by.

" I hate to speake, my voyce is spent with crying;
I hate to heare, lowd plaints my eare duld mine eares;
I hate to tast, for food withholds my dying;
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares;
I hate to smell, no sweet on Earth is lost;
I hate to feele, my flesh is numbd with feares:
So all my senses from me are bereft.

" I hate all men, and shun all womankinde;
The one, because as I they wretched are;
The other, for because I doo not finde
My love with them, that wont to be their starre:
And life I hate, because it will not last;
And death I hate, because it life doth marre;
And all I hate that is to come or past.

" So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Because it changeth ever to and fro,
And never standeth in one certaine state,
But, still unstedfast, round about doth goe
Like a mill-wheele in midst of miserie,
Driven with streames of wretchednesse and woe,
That dying lives, and living still does dye.

"So doo I live, so doo I daylie die,
And pine away in selfe-consuming paine!
Sith she that did my vitall powres supplie,
And feeble spirits in their force maintaine,
Is fetcht fro me, why seeke I to prolong
My wearie daies in dolour and disdaine!
Weepe, shepheard! weepe, to make my undersong.

VI.

"Why doo I longer live in lifes despight,
And doo not dye then in despight of death;
Why doo I longer see this loathsome light
And doo in darknesse not abridge my breath,
Sith all my sorrow should have end thereby,
And cares finde quiet! Is it so uneath
To leave this life, or dolorous to dye?

"To live I finde it deadly dolorous,
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe;
Therefore to dye must needes be ioyeous,
And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe:
But I must stay; I may it not amend,
My Daphne hence departing bad me so;
She bad me stay, till she for me did send.

"Yet, whilest I in this wretched vale doo stay,
My wearie feete shall ever wandring be,
That still I may be readie on my way
When as her messenger doth come for me;
Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse,
Ne will I rest my limmes for frailtie,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heavinesse.

"But, as the mother of the gods, that sought
For faire Euridyce, her daughter dere,
Throughout the world, with wofull heavie thought;
So will I travell whilest I tarrie heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
Ne, when as drouping Titan draweth nore
To loose his teeme, will I take up my inne.

"Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
Shall ever lodge upon mine eye-lids more;
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
Nor failing force to former strength restore:
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With Philumene, my fortune to deplore;
With Philumene, the partner of my plight.

"And ever as I see the starre to fall,
And under ground to goe to give them light
Which dwell in darknesse, I to mind will call
How my fair starre (that shind on me so bright)
Fell sodainly and faded under ground;
Since whose departure, day is turnd to night,
And night without a Venus starre is found.

"But soon as day doth shew his deawie face,
And cals foorth men unto their toylsome trade,
I will withdraw me to some darkesome place,
Or some dere cave, or solitarie shade;
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade.
Weepe, shepheard! weepe, to make my undersong.

VII.

"Henceforth mine eyes shall never more behold
Faire thing on Earth, ne feed on false delight
Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,
Sith that my fairest flowre is faded quight;
For all I see is vaine and transitorie,
Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,
But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.

"And ye, fond men! on Fortunes wheele that ride,
Or in ought under Heaven repose assurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honours pride,
Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th' only usance
Of a small time, which none ascertaine may.

"And ye, true lovers! whom desastrous chaunce
Hath farre exiled from your ladies grace,
To mourne in sorrow and sad sufferaunce,
When ye doe heare me in that desert place
Lamenting loud my Daphnes elegie,
Helpe me to waile my miserable case,
And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine eye.

"And ye, more happie lovers! which enioy
The presence of your dearest loves delight,
When ye doe heare my sorrowfull annoy,
Yet pittie me in your empassioned spright,
And thinke that such mishap, as chaunst to me,
May happen unto the most happiest wight;
For all mens states alike unstedfast be.

"And ye, my fellow shepheards! which do feed
Your carelesse flocks on hils and open plaines,
With better fortune than did me succeed,
Remember yet my undeserved paines;
And, when ye heare, that I am dead or slaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow swaines
That sad Alcyon dyde in lifes disdaine.

"And, ye faire damsels! shepheards deare delights,
That with your loves do their rude hearts possesse,
When as my hearse shall happen to your sightes,
Vouchsafe to deck the same with cyparesse;
And ever sprinckle brackish teares among,
In pitie of my undeserv'd distresse,
The which, I, wretch, endured have thus long.

"And ye poore pilgrims! that with restless toyle
Wearie yourselves in wandring desart wayes,
Till that you come where ye your vowes assoyle,
When passing by ye reade these wofull layes
On my grave written, rue my Daphnes wrong,
And mourne for me that languish out my dayes.
Cease, shepheard! cease, and end thy undersong."

Thus when he ended had his heavie plaint,
The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sound,
His cheekes wext pale, and sprights began to faint,
As if again he would have fallen to ground;
Which when I saw, I, stepping to him light,
Amooved him out of his stonie swound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no waie recomforted would be,
Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,
But casting up a sdolnfull eie at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lie,
Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred face,
As one disposed wilfullie to die,
That I sore griev'd to see his wretched case.

Tho when the pang was somewhat overpast,
And the outragious passion nigh appeased,
I him desyrde sith daie was overcast,
And darke night fast approched, to be pleased
To turne aside unto my cabinet,
And stay with me, till he were better eased
Of that strong stownd which him so sore beset.

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreat with me to staie,
But without taking leave he foorth did goe
With staggring pace and dismall looks dismay,
As if that Death he in the face had seene,
Or hellish hags had met upon the way;
But what of him became I cannot weene.

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAINE.

1595.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND NOBLE KNIGHT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

CAPTAINE OF HER MAJESTIES GUARD, LORD WARDEIN OF THE STANNERIES, AND LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTIE OF CORNWALL.

SIR,

THAT you may see that I am not alwaies ydle as ycc thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogither undutifull, though not precisely officious, I make you present of this simple pastorall, unworthie of your higher conceipt for the meanesse of the stile, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter. The which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of paiment of the infinite debt, in which I acknowledge my selfe bounden unto you for your singular favours, and sundrie good turnes, shewed to me at my late being in England; and with your good countenance protect against the malice of evillmouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning: I pray continually for your happinesse. From my house of Kilcolman, the 27. of December.

1591. [rather perhaps 1595.]

Yours ever humbly,

ED. SP.

THE shepheards boy (best knowen by that name)
That after Tityrus first sung his lay,
Layes of sweet love, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his custome was) upon a day,
Charming his oaten pipe unto his peres,
The shepheard swaines that did about him play:
Who all the while, with greedie listfull eares,
Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,
Like hartlesse deare, dismayd with thunders sound.
At last, when as he piped had his fill,
He rested him: and, sitting them around,
One of those groomes (a iolly groome was he,
As ever piped on an oaten reed,
And lov'd this shepheard dearest in degree,
Hight Hobbinol;) gan thus to him areed.

"Colin, my liefe, my life, how great a losse
Had all the shepheards nation by thy lacke!
And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse!
That, sith thy Muse first since thy turning backe
Was heard to sound as she was wont on hye,
Hast made us all so blessed and so blyth.
Whilest thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie:
The woods were heard to waile full many a sythe,
And all their birds with silence to complaine:
The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourne,
And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:
The running waters wept for thy returne,
And all their fish with languour did lament:
But now both woods and fields and floods revive,
Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment,
That us, late dead, hast made againe alive:
But were it not too painefull to repeat
The passed fortunes, which to thee befell
In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,
Now at thy leisure them to us to tell."

To whom the shepheard gently answered thus;
"Hobbin, thou temptest me to that I covet:
For of good passed newly to discus,
By dubble usurie doth twise renew it.
And since I saw that angels blessed eie,
Her worlds bright Sun, her Heavens fairest light,
My mind, full of my thoughts satietie,
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight:
Since that same day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure,
But in remembrance of that glorious bright,
My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall threasure.
Wake then, my pipe; my sleepie Muse, awake;
Till I have told her praises lasting long:
Hobbin desires, thou maist it not forsake;—
Harke then, ye iolly shepheards, to my song."

With that they all gan throng about him neare,
With hungrie eares to heare his harmonie:
The whiles their flocks, devoyd of dangers feare,
Did round about them feed at libertie.

"One day" (quoth he) "I sat, (as was my trade)
Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
Of the greene alders by the Mullas shore:
There a straunge shepheard chaunst to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right:
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight, himselfe he did yclepe
The Shepheard of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.
He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit;
And, when he heard the musicke which I made,
He found himselfe full greatly pleased at it:
Yet, emuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
My pipe, before that emuled of many,
And plaid thereon; (for well that skill he cond;)
Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
He pip'd, I sung; and, when he sung, I piped;
By chaunge of turnes, each making other merry;
Neither envying other, nor envied,
So piped we, untill we both were weary."

There interrupting him, a bonie swaine,
That Cuddy hight, him thus atweene bespake;
"And, should it not thy readie course restraine,
I would request thee, Colin, for my sake,

To tell what thou didst sing, when he did plaie;
For well I weene it worth recounting was,
Whether it were some hymne, or morall laie,
Or carol made to praise thy loved lasse."
"Nor of my love, nor of my lasse," quoth he,
"I then did sing, as then occasion fell:
For love had me forlorne, forlorne of me,
That made me in that desart choose to dwell.
But of my river Bregogs love I soong,
Which to the shiny Mulla he did beare,
And yet doth beare, and ever will, so long
As water doth within his banckes appeare."
"Of fellowship," said then that bony boy,
"Record to us that lovely lay againe:
The stale whereof shall nought these eares annoy,
Who all that Colin makes do covet faine."
"Heare then," quoth he, "the tenor of my tale,
In sort as I it to that shepheard told:
No leasing now, nor grandams fable stale,
But auncient truth confirm'd with credence old.
"Old father Mole, (Mole hight that mountain gray
That walls the northside of Armulla dale)
He had a daughter fresh as floure of May,
Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale;
Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight
The nimph, which of that water course has charge,
That, springing out of Mole, doth run downe right
To Buttevant, where, spreading forth at large,
It giveth name unto that auncient cittie,
Which Kilnemullah clepped is of old;
Whose ragged ruines breed great ruth and pittie
To travailers, which it from far behold.
Full faine she lov'd, and was belov'd full faine
Of her owne brother river, Bregog hight,
So hight because of this deceitfull traine,
Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight.
But her old sire more carefull of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,
Which Allo hight, Broad-water called farre;
And wrought so well with his continuall paine,
That he that river for his daughter wonne:
The dowre agreed, the day assigned plaine,
The place appointed where it should be doone.
Nath'lesse the nymph her former liking hold;
For love will not be drawne, but must be ledde;
And Bregog did so well her fancie weld,
That her good will he got first to wedde.
But for her father, sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she went,
And eke from far observ'd, with jealous eie,
Which way his course the wanton Bregog bent;
Him to deceive, for all his watchfull ward,
The wily lover did devise this slight:
First into many parts his streame he shar'd,
That, whilest the one was watcht, the other might
Passe unespide to meete her by the way;
And then, besides, those little streames so broken
He under ground so closely did convay,
That of their passage doth appeare no token,
Till they into the Mullaes water slide.
So secretly did he his love enioy:
Yet not so secret, but it was descride,
And told her father by a shepheards boy.
Who, wondrous wroth for that so foule despight,
In great avengd did roll downe from his hill
Huge mightie stones, the which uncomber might
His passage, and his water-courses spill.
So of a river, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scattred all to nought;
And, lost emong those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name: so deare his love he bought."
Which having said, him Thestylis bespake;
"Now by my life this was a merry lay,
Worthie of Colin selfe, that did it make.
But read now eke, of friendship I thee pray,
What dittie did that other shepheard sing:
For I do covet most the same to heare,
As men use most to covet forreine thing."
"That shall I eke," quoth he, "to you declare:
His song was all a lamentable lay
Of great unkindnesse, and of usage hard,
Of Cynthia the ladie of the sea;
Which from her presence faultlesse him debard.
And ever and anon, with singults rife,
He cryed out, to make his undersong;
'Ah! my loves queene, and goddesse of my life,
Who shall me pittie, when thou doest me wrong?'"
Then gan a gentle bonylasse to speake,
That Marin hight; "Right well he sure did plaine,
That could great Cynthias sore displeasure breake,
And move to take him to her grace againe.
But tell on further, Colin, as befall
Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence dissuade."
"When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,"
Quoth he, "and each an end of singing made,
He gan to cast great lyking to my lore,
And great dislyking to my luckelesse lot,
That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
The which to leave, thenceforth he counseld mee,
Unmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,
And wend with him his Cynthia to see;
Whose grace was great and bounty most rewardfull.
Besides her peerlesse skill in making well,
And all the ornaments of woundrous wit,
Such as all womankynd did far excell;
Such as the world admyr'd, and praised it:
So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me perswaded forth with him to fare.
Nought tooke I with me, but mine onion quill:
Small needments else need shepheard to prepare.
So to the sea we came; the sea, that is
A world of waters heaped up on hie,
Rolling like mountaines in wide wildernesse,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie."
"And is the sea," quoth Coridon, "so fearfull?"
"Fearfull much more," quoth he, "than hart can fear:
Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes gaping direfull
Therin stil wait poore passengers to teare.
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
Before he die, alreadie dead with feare,
And yet would live with heart halfe stonie cold,
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.
And yet as ghastly dreadfull, as it roomes,
Bold men, presuming life for gaine to sell,
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring stroomes
Seek waies unknowne, waies leading down to Hell.
For, as we stood there waiting on the strand,
Behold, an huge great vessell to us came,
Dauncing upon the waters back to land,
As if it scorned the daunger of the same;
Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
Glewed togither with some subtile matter.
Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
And life to move itselfe upon the water.

Strange thing! how bold and swift the monster was,
That neither car'd for wynd, nor haile, nor raine,
Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did passe
So proudly, that she made them roare againe.
The same aboord us gently did receave,
And without harme us farre away did beare,
So farre that land, our mother, us did leave,
And nought but sea and Heaven to us appeare.
Then hartelesse quite, and full of inward feare,
That shepheard I besought to me to tell,
Under what skie, or in what world we were,
In which I saw no living people dwell.
Who, me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the regiment
Of a great shepheardesse, that Cynthia hight,
His liege, his ladie, and his lifes regent.—
" 'If then,' quoth I, 'a shepheardesse she bee,
Where be the flockes and heards, which she doth keep?
And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she useth for to feed her sheepe?'
" 'These be the hills,' quoth he, 'the surges hie,
On which faire Cynthia her heards doth feed:
Her heards be thousand fishes with their frie,
Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.'
Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chief,
Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathed horne:
At sound whereof, they all for their relief
Wend too and fro at evening and at morne.
And Proteus eke with him does drive his heard
Of stinking seales and porepisces together,
With hoary head and deawy dropping beard,
Compelling them which way he list, and whether.
And I, among the rest, of many least,
Have in the ocean charge to me assigned;
Where I will live or die at her behcast,
And serve and honour her with faithfull mind.
Besides an hundred nymphes all heavenly borne,
And of immortall race doo still attend
To wash faire Cynthias sheep, when they be shorne,
And fold them up, when they have made an end.
Those be the shepheards which my Cynthia serve
At sea, beside a thousand moe at land:
For land and sea my Cynthia doth deserve
To have in her commandëment at hand.'
" Thereat I wondred much, till, wondring more
And more, at length we land far off descryde:
Which sight much gladed me; for much afore
I feard, least land we never should have eyde:
Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
And if the way she perfectly had knowne,
We Landay passed, by that same name is ment
An island, which the first to west was showne.
From thence another world of land we kend,
Floting amid the sea in icopardie,
And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,
Against the seas encrochling crueltie.
Those same the shepheard told me, were the fields
In which dame Cynthia her landheards fed;
Faire goodly fields, thoh which Armulla yields
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.
The first, to which we nie approched, was
An high headland thrust far into the sea,
Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
Yet seemd to be a goodly pleasant lea:
Thyke did a loftie mount at first us greet,
Which did a stately heape of stones upreare,
That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,
Much greater then that frame, which us did beare:
There did our ship her fruitfull wombe unlade,
And put us all ashore on Cynthias land."
" What land is that thou meanst," then Cuddy sayd,
" And is there other then whereon we stand?"
" Ah! Cuddy," then quoth Colin, " thous a fon,
That hast not seene least part of Natures worke:
Much more there is unkend then thou doest kon,
And much more that does from mens knowledge lurke.
For that same land much larger is then this,
And other men and beasts and birds doth feed:
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh herbage is,
And all things else that living creatures need.
Besides most goodly rivers there appeare,
No whit inferiour to thy Fanchins praise,
Or unto Allo, or to Mulla cleare:
Nought hast thou, foolish boy, seene in thy daies."
" But if that land be there," quoth he, " as here,
And is theyr Heaven likewise there all one?
And, if like Heaven, be heavenly graces there,
Like as in this same world where we do wone?"
" Both Heaven and heavenly graces do much more,"
Quoth he, " abound in that same land then this.
For there all happie peace and plenteous store
Conspire in one to make contented blisse:
No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,
No griesly famine, nor no raging sweard,
No nightly bodrags, nor no hue and cries;
The shepheards there abroad may safely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or daunger:
No ravenous wolves the good mans hope destroy,
Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raungor.
There learned arts do florish in great honor,
And poets wits are had in peerlesse price:
Religion hath lay powre to rest upon her,
Advancing vertue and suppressing vice.
For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
Had people grace it gratefully to use:
For God his gifts there plenteously bestowes,
But graceless men them greatly do abuse."
" But say on further," then said Corylas,
" The rest of thine adventures, that betyded."
" Foorth on our voyage we by land did passe,"
Quoth he, " as that same shepheard still us guyded,
Untill that we to Cynthias presence came:
Whose glorie greater then my simple thought,
I found much greater then the former fame;
Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought:
But if I her like ought on Earth might read,
I would her lyken to a crowne of lillies,
Upon a virgin brydes adorned head,
With roses dight and goolds and daffadillies;
Or like the circlet of a turtle true,
In which all colours of the rainbow bee;
Or like faire Phebes garlond shining new,
In which all pure perfection one may see.
But vaine it is to thinke, by paragone
Of earthly things, to judge of things divine:
Her power, her mercy, and her wisdome, none
Can deeme, but who the godhead can define.
Why then do I, base shepheard, bold and blind,
Presume the things so sacred to prophane?
More fit it is t' adore, with humble mind,
The image of the Heavens in shape humane."
With that Alexis broke his tale asunder,
Saying; " By wondring at thy Cynthias praise,
Colin, thy selfe thou mak'st us more to wonder,
And her upraising doest thy selfe upraise.

But let us heare what grace she shewed thee,
And how that shepheard strange thy cause advanced."
"The shepheard of the ocean," quoth he,
"Unto that goddesse grace me first enhanced,
And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare,
That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight,
For not by measure of her owne great mind,
And wondrous worth, she mott my simple song,
But ioyd that country shepheard ought could fynd
Worth harkening to, emongst the learned throng."
"Why?" said Alexis then, "what needeth shee
That is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,
And hath so many shepheards in her foe,
To heare thee sing, a simple silly elfe?
Or be the shepheards which do serve her laesie,
That they list not their merry pipes applie?
Or be their pipes untunable and craesie,
That they cannot her honour worthylie?"
"Ah! nay," said Colin, "neither so, nor so:
For better shepheards be not under skie,
Nor better hable, when they list to blow
Their pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.
There is good Harpalus, now woxen aged
In faithful service of faire Cynthia:
And there is Corydon though meanly waged,
Yet hablest wit of most I know this day.
And there is sad Alcyon bent to mourne,
Though fit to frame an everlasting dittie,
Whose gentle spright for Daphnes death doth tourn
Sweet layes of love to endlesse plaints of pittie.
Ah! prusive boy, pursue that brave conceipt,
In thy sweet Eglantine of Merisure;
Lift up thy notes unto their wonted height,
That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure.
There eke is Palin worthie of great praise,
Albe he envie at my rustick quill:
And there is pleasing Alcon, could he raise
His tunes from laies to matter of more skill.
And there is old Palemon free from spight,
Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer row:
Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right,
That sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew.
And there is Alabastor throughly taught
In all this skill, though knowen yet to few;
Yet, were he knowne to Cynthia as he ought,
His Elisëis would be reddie anow.
Who lives that can match that heroick song,
Which he hath of that mightie princesse made?
O dreaded Dread, do not thy selfe that wrong,
To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade:
But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
To end thy glorie which he hath begun:
That, when he finisht hath as it should be,
No braver poeme can be under Sun.
Nor Po nor Tyburs swans so much renowned,
Nor all the broud of Greece so highly praised,
Can match that Muse when it with bayes is crowned,
And to the pitch of her perfection raised.
And there is a new shepheard late up sprong,
The which doth all afore him far surpasse;
Appearing well in that well tuned song,
Which late he sung unto a scornfull lasse.
Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flie,
As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie
In loves soft laies and looser thoughts delight,
Then rouze thy feathers quickly, Daniell,
And to what course thou please thy selfe advance:
But most, me seemes, thy accent will excell
In tragick plaints and passionate mischance.
And there that shepheard of the ocean is,
That spends his wit in loves consuming smart:
Full sweetly tempred is that Muse of his,
That can empierce a princes mightie hart.
There also is (ah no, he is not now!)
But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone and lies full low,
Having his Amaryllis left to mone.
Helpe, O ye shepheards, helpe ye all in this,
Helpe Amaryllis this her losse to mourne:
Her losse is yours, your losse Amyntas is,
Amyntas, floure of shepheards pride forlorne:
He whilest he lived was the noblest swaine,
That ever pipod in an oaten quill:
Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,
And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.
And there, though last not least, is Action;
A gentler shepheard may no where be found:
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himself heroically sound.
All these, and many others mo remaine,
Now, after Astrofell is dead and gone:
But, while as Astrofell did live and raine,
Amongst all these was none his paragone.
All these do florish in their sundry kynd,
And do their Cynthia immortall make:
Yet found I lyking in her royall mynd,
Not for my skill, but for that shepheards sake."
Then spake a lovely lasse, hight Lucida;
"Shepheard, enough of shepheards thou hast told,
Which favour thee, and honour Cynthia:
But of so many nymphs, which she doth hold
In her retinew, thou hast nothing sayd;
That seems, with none of them thou favor foundest,
Or art ingratefull to each gentle mayd,
That none of all their due deserts resoundest."
"Ah far be it," quoth Colin Clout, "fro me,
That I of gentle mayds should ill deserve:
For that my selfe I do professe to be
Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serve;
The beame of beautie sparkled from above,
The floure of vertue and pure chastitie,
The blossome of sweet joy and perfect love,
The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie:
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize:
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice:
My thought, my heart, my love, my life is shee,
And I hers ever onely, ever one:
One ever I all vowed hers to bee,
One ever I, and others never none."
Then thus Melissa said; "Thrise happie mayd,
Whom thou doost so enforce to deifie:
That woods, and hills, and valleyes thou hast made
Her name to eccho unto Heaven hie.
But say, who else vouchsafed thee of grace?"
"They all," quoth he, "me graced goodly well,
That all I praise; but, in the highest place,
Urania, sister unto Astrofell,
In whose brave mynd, as in a golden cofer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are;
More rich then pearles of Ynde, or gold of Ophur,
And in her sex more wonderfull and rare.

Ne lesse praise-worthie I Theana read,
Whose goodly beames though they be over dight
With mourning stole of carefull wydowhead,
Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright;
She is the well of bountie and brave mynd,
Excelling most in glorie and great light:
She is the ornament of womankind,
And courts chief garlond with all vertues dight.
Therefore great Cynthia her in chiefest grace
Doth hold, and next unto her selfe advance,
Well worthie of so honourable place,
For her great worth and noble governance.
Ne lesse praise-worthie is her sister deare,
Faire Marian, the Muses onely darling:
Whose beautie shyneth as the morning cleare,
With silver deaw upon the roses pearling.
Ne lesse praise-worthie is Mausilia,
Best knowne by bearing up great Cynthiaes traine:
That same is she to whom Daphnaida
Upon her neeces death I did complaine:
She is the paterne of true womanhead,
And onely mirrhor of feminitie:
Worthie next after Cynthia to tread,
As she is next her in nobilitie.
Ne lesse praise-worthie Galathea seemes,
Then best of all that honourable crew,
Faire Galathea with bright shining beames,
Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view.
She there then waited upon Cynthia,
Yet there is not her won; but here with us
About the borders of our rich Coshma,
Now made of Maa, the nymph delitious:
Ne lesse praisworthie faire Neæra is,
Neæra ours, not theirs, though there she be;
For of the famous Shure, the nymph she is,
For high desert, advaunst to that degree.
She is the blosome of grace and curtesie,
Adorned with all honourable parts:
She is the braunch of true nobilitie,
Belov'd of high and low with faithfull harts.
Ne lesse praisworthie Stella do I read,
Though nought my praises of her needed arre,
Whom verse of noblest shepheard lately dead
Hath prais'd and rais'd above each other starre.
Ne lesse praisworthie are the sisters three,
The honor of the noble familie:
Of which I meanest boast my selfe to be,
And most that unto them I am so nie:
Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis;
Phyllis, the faire, is eldest of the three:
The next to her is bountifull Charillis:
But th' youngest is the highest in degree.
Phyllis, the floure of rare perfection,
Faire spreading forth her leaves with fresh delight,
That, with their beautie amorous reflexion,
Bereave of sence each rash beholders sight.
But sweet Charillis is the paragone,
Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise,
Admyr'd of all, yet envied of none,
Through the myld temperance of her goodly raies.
Thrise happie do I hold thee, noble swaine,
That which art of so rich a spoile possest,
And, it embracing deare without disdaine,
Hast sole possession in so chaste a brest:
Of all the shepheards daughters which there bee,
And yet there be the fairest under skie,
Or that elsewhere I ever yet did see,
A fairer nymph yet never saw mine eie:
She is the pride and primrose of the rest,
Made by the Maker selfe to be admired;
And like a goodly beacon high addrest,
That is with sparks of heavenlie beautie fired.
But Amaryllis, whether fortunate
Or else unfortunate may I aread,
That freed is from Cupids yoke by fate,
Since which she doth new bands adventure dread;—
Shepheard, what ever thou hast heard to be
In this or that praysd diversly apart,
In her thou maist them all assembled see,
And seald up in the threasure of her hart.
Ne thee lesse worthie, gentle Flavia,
For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme:
Ne thee lesse worthie, curteous Candida,
For thy true love and loyaltie I deeme.
Besides yet many mo that Cynthia serve,
Right noble nymphs, and high to be commended:
But, if I all should praise as they deserve,
This Sun would faile me ere I halfe had ended.
Therefore, in closure of a thankfull mynd,
I deeme it best to hold eternally
Their bounteous deeds and noble favours shrynd,
Then by discourse them to indignifie."
So having said, Aglaura him bespake:
"Colin, well worthie were those goodly favours
Bestowd on thee, that so of them doest make,
And them requitest with thy thankfull labours.
But of great Cynthiaes goodnesse, and high grace,
Finish the storie which thou hast begunne."
"More eath," quoth he, "it is in such a case
How to begin, then know how to have donne.
For everie gift, and everie goodly meed,
Which she on me bestowd, demaunds a day;
And everie day, in which she did a deed,
Demaunds a yeare it duly to display.
Her words were like a streame of honny fleeting,
The which doth softly trickle from the hive:
Hablé to melt the hearers heart unweeting,
And eke to make the dead againe alive.
Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes,
Which load the bunches of the fruitfull vine;
Offring to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the same with store of timely wine.
Her lookes were like beames of the morning Sun,
Forth looking through the windowes of the east,
When first the fleecie cattell have begun
Upon the perled grasse to make their feast.
Her thoughts are like the fume of franckincense,
Which from a golden censer forth doth rise,
And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence
In rolling globes up to the vaulted skies.
There she beholds, with high aspiring thought,
The cradle of her owne creation,
Emohgst the seats of angels heavenly wrought,
Much like an angell in all forme and fashion."
"Colin," said Cuddy then, "thou hast forgot
Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie:
Such loftie flight base shepheard seemeth not,
From flocks and fields, to angels and to skie."
"True," answered he, "but her great excellence,
Lifts me above the measure of my might:
That, being fild with furious insolence,
I feele my selfe like one yrapt in spright.
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to speake it fitly forth:
And, when I speake of her what I have thought,
I cannot thinke according to her worth.

Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together;
And, when as death these vitall bands shall breake,
Her name recorded I will leave for ever.
Her name in every tree I will endosse,
That, as the trees do grow, her name may grow:
And in the ground each where will it engrosse,
And fill with stones, that all men may it know.
The speaking woods, and murmuring waters fall,
Here name Ile teach in knowen termes to frame:
And eke my lambs, when for their dams they call,
Ile teach to call for Cynthia by name.
And, long while after I am dead and rotten,
Amongst the shepheards daughters dancing rownd,
My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,
But sung by them with flowry gyrlonds crownd.
And ye, who so ye be, that shall survive,
When as ye heare her memory renewed,
Be witnesse of her bountie here alive,
Which she to Colin her poore shepheard shewed."

Much was the whole assembly of those heards
Moov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake:
And stood awhile astonisht at his words,
Till Thestylis at last their silence brake,
Saying; "Why Colin, since thou foundst such grace
With Cynthia and all her noble crew;
Why didst thou ever leave that happie place,
In which such wealth might unto thee accrew;
And back returnedst to this barrein soyle,
Where cold and care and penury do dwell,
Here to keep sheepe, with hunger and with toyle?
Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell."

"Happie indeed," said Colin, "I him hold
That may that blessed presence still enioy,
Of fortune and of envy uncomptrold,
Which still are wont most happie states t' annoy:
But I, by that which little while I prooved,
Some part of those enormities did see,
The which in court continually hooved,
And followd those which happie seemd to bee.
Therefore I, silly man, whose former dayes
Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,
Durst not adventure such unknowen wayes,
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment;
But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
Then, having learnd repentance late, to mourne
Emongst those wretches which I there deseryde."

"Shepheard," said Thestylis, "it seemes of spight
Thou speakest thus gainst their felicitie,
Which thou enviest, rather then of right
That ought in them blameworthie thou doest spie."

"Cause have I none," quoth he, "of cancred will
To quite them ill, that me demeand so well:
But selfe-regard of private good or ill
Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell
And eke to warne yong shepheards wandring wit,
Which, through report of that lives painted blisse,
Abandon quiet home, to seeke for it,
And leave their lambes to losse misled amisse.
For, sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
For shepheard fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seeks with malice, and with strife,
To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
Himselfe to raise: and he doth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitfull wit
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
Either by slaundring his well deemed name,
Through leasings lewd, and fained forgerie;
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
By creeping close into his secrecie;
To which him needs a guilefull hollow hart,
Masked with fairo dissembling curtesie,
A filed toung furnisht with tearmes of art,
No art of schoole, but courtiers schoolery.
For arts of schoole have there small countenance,
Counted but toyes to busie ydle braines;
And there professours find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of others gaines.
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Unlesse, to please, it selfe it can applie;
But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shit,
As base, or blunt, unmeet for melodie.
For each mans worth is measured by his weed,
As harts by hornes, or asses by their eares:
Yet asses been not all whose eares exceed,
Nor yet all harts that hornes the highest beares.
For highest lookes have not the highest mynd,
Nor haughtie words most full of highest thoughts:
But are like bladders blowen up with wynd,
That being prickt do vanish into naughts.
Even such is all their vaunted vanitie,
Nought else but smoke, that fumeth soone away;
Such is their glorie that in simple ele
Seeme greatest, when their garments are most gay.
So they themselves for praise of fooles do soll,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall;
With price whereof they buy a golden bell,
And purchase highest rowmes in lowre and hall:
Whiles single Truth and simple Honestie
Do wander up and downe despyd of all;
Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry
Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call."

"Ah! Colin," then said Hobbinol, "the blame
Which thou imputest, is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name
Nor honest mynd might there be found at all.
For well I wot, sith I my selfe was there,
To wait on Lobbin, (Lobbin well thou knewest)
Full many worthie ones then waiting were,
As ever else in princes court thou vewest.
Of which, among you many yet remaine,
Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse:
Those that poore Suters papers do retaine,
And those that skill of medicine professe,
And those that do to Cynthia expound
The ledden of straunge languages in charge:
For Cynthia doth in sciences abound,
And gives to their professors stipends large.
Therefore uniustly thou doest wyte them all,
For that which thou mislikedst in a fow."

"Blame is" quoth he "more blamelesse generall,
Then that which private errours doth pursew;
For well I wot, that there amongst them bee
Full many persons of right worthie parts,
Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
And for profession of all learned arts,
Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is,
Though blame do light on those that faultie bee;
For all the rest do most-what far amis,
And yet their owne mistaking will not see:
For either they be puffed up with pride,
Or fraught with envie that their galls do swell,
Or they their dayes to ydlenesse divide,
Or drowned lie in pleasures wastefull well,

In which like moldwarps nousling still they lurke,
Unmindfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse;
And do themselves, for want of other worke,
Vaine votaries of laesie Love professe,
Whose service high so basely they asew,
That Cupid selfe of them ashamed is,
And, mustring all his men in Venus vew,
Denies them quite for servitors of his."
" And is Love then," said Corylas "once knowne
In court, and his sweet love professed there?
I weened sure he was our god alone,
And only wound in fields and forests here:"
" Not so," quoth he, " love most aboundeth there.
For all the walls and windows there are writ,
All full of love, and love, and love my deare,
And all their talke and studie is of it.
Ne any there doth brave or valiant seeme,
Unlesse that some gay mistresse badge he beares:
Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,
Unlesse he swim in love up to the eares.
But they of Love, and of his sacred lere,
(As it should be) all otherwise devise;
Then we poore shepheards are accustomd here,
And him do sue and serve all otherwise.
For with lewd speeches, and licentious deeds,
His mightie mysteries they do prophane,
And use his ydle name to other needs,
But as a complement for courting vaine.
So him they do not serve as they professe,
But make him serve to them for sordid uses:
Ah! my dread lord, that doest liege hearts possesse,
Avenge thy selfe on them for their abuses.
But we poore shepheards whether rightly so,
Or through our rudenesse into errour led,
Do make religion how we rashly go
To serve that god, that is so greatly dred;
For him the greatest of the gods we deeme,
Borne without syre or couples of one kynd;
For Venus selfe doth sdly couples seeme,
Both male and female through commixture ioynd:
So pure and spotlesse Cupid forth she brought,
And in the gardens of Adonis nurst:
Where growing he his owne perfection wrought,
And shortly was of all the gods the first.
Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
In which so fell and puissant he grew,
That love himselfe his powre began to dread,
And, taking up to Heaven, him goddes new.
From thence he shootes his arrowes every where
Into the world, at random as he will,
On us fraile men, his wretched vassals here,
Like as himselfe us pleaseth save or spill.
So we him worship, so we him adore
With humble hearts to Heaven uplifted hie,
That to true loves he may us evermore
Preferre, and of their grace us dignifie:
Ne is there shepheard, nd yet shepheards swaine,
What ever feeds in forest or in field,
That dare with evil deed or leasing vaine
Blaspheme his powre, or termes unworthie yield."
" Shepheard, it seemes that some celestiall rage
Of love," quoth Cuddy, " is breath'd into thy brest,
That powreth forth these oracles so sage
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art possest.
But never wist I till this present day,
Albe of Love I alwayes humbly deemed,
That he was such an one, as thou doest say,
And so religiously to be esteemed.
Well may it seeme, by this thy deep insight,
That of that god the priest thou shouldest bee:
So well thou wot'st the mysterie of his might,
As if his godhead thou didst present see."
" Of Loves perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed," said Colin, " passeth reasons reach,
And needs his priest t' expresse his powre divine.
For long before the world he was ybore,
And bred above in Venus bosome deare:
For by his powre the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.
For how should else things so far from attone,
And so great enemies as of them bee,
Be ever drawne together into one,
And taught in such accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to covet heat,
And water fire; the light to mount on hie,
And th' heavie downe to peize; the hungry t' eat
And voydnesse to seeke full satietie.
So, being former foes, they wexed friends,
And gan by little learne to love each other:
So, being knit, they brought forth other kynds
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
Then first gan Heaven out of darknesse dread
For to appeare, and brought forth chearfull day:
Next gan the Earth to shew her naked head,
Out of deep waters which her drownd alway:
And, shortly after, everie living wight
Crept forth like wormes out of her slimie nature,
Soone as on them the Suns life-giving light
Had powred kindly heat and formall feature.
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to love,
And like himselfe desire for to beget:
The lyon chose his mate, the turtle dove
Her deare, the dolphin his owne dolphinet;
But man, that had the sparke of reasons might
More then the rest to rule his passion,
Chose for his love the fairest in his sight,
Like as himselfe was fairest by creation:
For beautie is the bayt which with delight
Doth mon allure for to enlarge his kynd;
Beautie, the burning lamp of Heavens light
Darting her beames into each feeble mynd:
Against whose powre, nor god nor man any tynd
Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound;
But, being hurt, seeke to be medicynd
Of her that first did stir that mortall stownd.
Then do they cry and call to Love apace,
With praiers lowd importuning the skie,
Whence he them heares; and, when he list show grace,
Does graunt them grace that otherwise would die.
So Love is lord of all the world by right,
And rules their creatures by his powrfull saw:
All being made the vassalls of his might,
Through secret sence which therto doth draw.
Thus ought all lovers of their lord to deeme:
And with chaste heart to honor him alway:
But who so else doth otherwise esteeme,
Are outlawes, and his lore do disobay.
For their desire is base, and doth not merit
The name of love, but of disloyall lust:
Ne mongst true lovers they shall place inherit,
But as exuls out of his court be thrust."
So having said, Melissa spake at will;
" Colin, thou now full deeply hast divynd
Of love and beautie; and, with wondrous skill,
Hast Cupid selfe depainted in his kynd.

To thee are all true lovers greatly bound,
That doest their cause so mightily defend:
But most, all women are thy debtors found,
That doest their bountie still so much commend."
" That ill," said Hobbinol, " they him requite,
For having loved ever one most deare:
He is repayd with scorne and foule despite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare."
" Indeed," said Lucid, " I have often heard
Faire Rosalind of divers fowly blamed
For being to that swaine too cruell hard;
That her bright glorie else hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cause had that faire mayd
To use him so that used her so well;
Or who with blame can justly her upbrayd,
For loving not? for who can love compell?
And, sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing,
Rashly to wyten creatures so divine;
For demigods they be and first did spring
From Heaven, though graft in frailnesse feminine.
And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one, that fairest Helene did revile,
Through iudgement of the gods to been ywroken,
Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praise.
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes,
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye raise."
" Ah! shepheards," then said Colin, " ye ne weet
How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
To make so bold a doome, with words unmeet,
Of thing celestiall which ye never saw.
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepheards daughters which amongst you bee,
But of divine regard and heavenly hew,
Excelling all that ever ye did see.
Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to my selfe the blame that lookt so hie:
So hie her thoughts as she her selfe have place,
And loath each lowly thing with loftie eie.
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, sith her I may not love:
Yet that I may her honour paravant,
And praise her worth, though far my wit above.
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the griefe,
And long affliction which I have endured:
Such grace sometimes shall give me some reliefe,
And ease of paine which cannot be recured.
And ye, my fellow shepheards, which do see
And hear the languours of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witnesse bee,
That hers I die, nought to the world denying,
This simple trophe of her great conquest."—
So, having ended, he from ground did rise;
And after him uprose eke all the rest:
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
Warnd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.

ASTROPHEL.

A PASTORALL ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE AND VALOROUS KNIGHT, SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Dedicated to the most beautifull and vertuous ladie, the countess of Essex.

Shepheards, that wont, on pipes of oaten reed,
Oft times to plaine your loves concealed smart;
And with your piteous layes have learnd to breed
Compassion in a countrey lasses hart:
Hearken, ye gentle shepheards, to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfulst verse that ever man heard tell:
To you whose softened hearts it may empierce
With dolours dart for death of Astrophel.
To you I sing and to none other wight,
For well I wot my rymes bene ruddy dight.

Yet as they been, if any nycer wit
Shall hap to heare, or covet them to read:
Thinke he, that such are for such one most fit,
Made not to please the living but the dead.
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be moov'd to pity such a case.

A gentle shepheard borne in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that ever shepheard bore,
About the grassie banckes of Hæmony,
Did keepe his sheep, his litle stock and store.
Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In fairest fields; and Astrophel he hight.

Young Astrophel, the pride of shepheards praise,
Young Astrophel, the rusticke lasses love:
Far passing all the pastors of his daies,
In all that seemly shepheard might behove.
In one thing onely fayling of the best,
That he was not so happie as the rest.

For from the time that first the nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed;
A seemlier swaine, excelling far each other,
In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
He grew up fast in goodnesse and in grace,
And doubly faire woxe both in mynd and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle usage and demeanure myld:
That all mens hearts with secret ravishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguyld.
Ne Spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his joyance innocent,
Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall,
And he himselfe seemd made for merriment
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
Where Astrophel so ever was away.

For he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet,
Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast;
As soniers larke that with her song doth greet
The dawning day forth comming from the east.
And layes of love he also could compose:
Thrise happie she, whom he to praise did chose.

Full many maydens often did him woo,
Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
Or make for them as he was wont to doo
For her that did his heart with love inflame.
For which they promised to dight for him
Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a nymph both of the wood and brooke,
Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
Both christall wells and shadie groves forsooke,
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill;
And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
Yet woodgods for them often sighed sore:
Ne for their gifts unworthie of his wit,
Yet not unworthie of the countries store.
For one alone he cared, for one he sigh't,
His lifes desire, and his deare loves delight.

Stella the faire, the fairest star in skie,
As faire as Venus or the fairest faire,
(A fairer star saw never living eie)
Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest aire.
Her he did love, her he alone did honor,
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all upon her.

To her he vowd the service of his daies,
On her he spent the riches of his wit:
For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of love he worthie deemed;
For all the rest but litle he esteemed.

Ne her with ydle words alone he wowed,
And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine)
But with brave deeds to her sole service vowed,
And bold atchievements her did entertaine.
For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
Both wise and hardie, (too hardie alas!)

In wrestling nimble, and in running swift,
In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong:
Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift,
And all the sports that shepheards are emong.
In every one he vanquisht every one,
He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicitie
Or rather infelicitie he found,
That every field and forest far away
He sought, where salvage beasts do most abound.
No beast so salvage but he could it kill,
No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill, matcht with such courage as he had,
Did prick him foorth with proud desire of praise
To seek abroad, of daunger nought y'drad,
His mistresse name, and his owne fame, to raise.
What needeth perill to be sought abroad,
Since round about us, it doth make aboad!

It fortuned as he that perilous game
In forreine soyle pursued far away;
Into a forrest wide and waste he came,
Where store he heard to be of salvage pray.
So wide a forest and so waste as this,
Nor famous Ardeyn, nor fowle Arlo, is.

There his welwoven toyles, and subtil traines,
He laid the brutish nation to enwrap:
So well he wrought with practise and with paines,
That he of them great troups did soone entrap.
Full happie man (misweening much) was hee,
So rich a spoile within his power to see.

Eftsoones, all needlesse of his dearest hale,
Full greedily into the heard he thrust,
To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale,
Least that his toyle should of their troups be brust.
Wide wounds emongst them many one he made,
Now with his sharp borespear, now with his blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,
That none might scape, (so partiall unto none:)
Ill mynd so much to mynd anothers ill,
As to become unmyndfull of his owne.
But pardon that unto the cruell skies,
That from himselfe to them withdrew his eies.

So as he rag'd emongst that beastly rout,
A cruell beast of most accursed brood
Upon him turnd, (despeyre makes cowards stout)
And, with fell tooth accustomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with so mischievous might,
That it both bone and muscles ryved quight.

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,
And so huge streames of blood thereout did flow,
That he endured not the direfull stownd,
But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw;
The whiles the captive heard his nets did rend,
And, having none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his shepheard peares,
To whom alive was nought so deare as hee:
And ye faire mayds, the matches of his yeares,
Which in his grace did boast you most to bee!
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need,
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed!

Ah! wretched boy, the shape of dreryhead,
And sad ensample of mans suddein end:
Full litle faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Unpitied, unplayned, of foe or freend!
Whilest none is nigh, thine eylids up to close,
And kisse thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort of shepheards sewing of the chace,
As they the forest raunged on a day,
By fate or fortune came unto the place,
Where as the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay;
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
Had not good hap those shepheards thither led.

They stopt his wound, (too late to stop it was!)
And in their armes then softly did him rayse:
Tho (as he wild) unto his loved lasse,
His dearest love, him dolefully did beare.
The dolefulst biere that ever man did see,
Was Astrophel, but dearest unto mee!

She, when she saw her love in such a plight,
With crudled blood and filthie gore deformed,
That wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds dight,
And her deare favours dearly well adorned;
Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see,
She likewise did deforme like him to bee.

Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
As sunny beames in fairest somers day,
She fiersly tore, and with outragious wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away:
And her faire brest, the threasury of ioy,
She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

His pallid face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with teares and dried oft:
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath
Out of his lips like lillies pale and soft.
And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,
But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret,
And piteous mone the which she for him made,
No toong can tell, nor any forth can set,
But he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
At last, when paine his vitall powres had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staied not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haste:
Forth with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make like turtle chaste:
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
Which living were in love so firmly tide.

The gods, which all things see, this same beheld,
And, pittying this paire of lovers trew,
Transformed them there lying on the field
Into one flowre that is both red and blew:
It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade,
Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
As fairly formd as any star in skyes:
Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares,
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes;
And all the day it standeth full of deow,
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That hearbe of some, starlight is cald by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well:
But thou, where ever thou doest finde the same,
From this day forth do call it Astrophel:
And, when so ever thou it up doest take,
Do pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepheards all which loved him full deare,
And sure full deare of all he loved was,
Did thether flock to see what they did heare.
And when that pitteous spectacle they vewed,
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguish and great griefe oppreat:
And every one did weep and waile, and mone,
And meanes deviz'd to shew his sorrow best.
That from that houre, since first on grassie greene
Shepheards kept sheep, was not like mourning seen.

But first his sister that Clorinda hight,
The gentlest shepheardesse that lives this day,
And most resembling both in shape and spright
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
Which, least I marre the sweetnesse of the verse,
In sort as she it sung I will rehearse.

[The following poems are evidently a collection brought together by Spenser.]

THE

DOLEFULL LAY OF CLORINDA.

Ay me, to whom shall I my case complaine,
That may compassion my impatient griefe?
Or where shall I unfold my inward paine,
That my enriven heart may find reliefe?
Shall I unto the heavenly powres it show?
Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

To Heavens? ah! they alas! the authors were,
And workers of my unremédied wo:
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so.
From them comes good, from them comes also ill,
That which they made, who can them warne to spill!

To men? ah! they alas like wretched bee,
And subiect to the Heavens ordinance:
Bound to abide what ever they decree,
Their best redresse, is their best sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,
The which no lesse need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourne,
Sith none alive like sorrowfull remaines:
And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,
To pay their usury with doubled paines.
The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound
The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:
And all the fields do waile their widow state,
Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface.
The fairest flowre in field that ever grew,
Was Astrophel; that was, we all may rew.

What cruell hand of cursed fee unknowne,
Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre?
Untimely cropt, before it well ware growne,
And cleane defaced in untimely howre.
Great losse to all that ever him did see,
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee!

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepheards lasses,
Sith the faire flowre, which them adornd, is gon:
The flowre, which them adornd, is gone to ashes,
Never againe let lasse put gyrlond on.
In stead of gyrlond, weare sad cypresse nowe,
And bitter elder, broken from the bowe.

Ne ever sing the love-layes which he made,
Who ever made such layes of love as hee?
Ne ever read the riddles, which he sayd
Unto your selves, to make you mery glee.
Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
Your mery maker now alasse! is dead.

Death, the devourer of all worlds delight,
Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my ioy:
Both you and me, and all the world he quight
Hath robd of ioyance, and left sad annoy.
Ioy of the world, and shepheards pride was hee!
Shepheards, hope never like againe to see!

Oh Death! that hast us of such riches reft,
Tell us at least, what hast thou with it done?
What is become of him whose flowre here left
Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone?
Scarse like the shadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pas.

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestiall grace,
By soveraine choyce from th' hevenly quires select,
And lineally deriv'd from angels race,
O! what is now of it become aread.
Ay me, can so divine a thing be dead?

Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aie, in blisfull Paradise:
Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie,
In bed of lillies wrapt in tender wise;
And compast all about with roses sweet,
And daintie violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds all of celestiall brood,
To him do sweetly caroll day and night;
And with straunge notes, of him well understood,
Lull him a sleep in angelick delight;
Whilest in sweet dreame to him presented bee
Immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their divine aspects, appearing plaine,
And kindling love in him above all measure,
Sweet love still ioyous, never feeling paine.
For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
He may enioy from iealous rancor free.

There liveth he in everlasting blis,
Sweet spirit never fearing more to die:
No dreading harme from any foes of his,
No fearing salvage beasts more crueltie.
Whilest we here, wretches, waile his private lack,
And with vaine vowes do often call him back.

But live thou there, still happie, happie spirit,
And give us leave thee here thus to lament!
Not thee that doest thy Heavens ioy inherit,
But our owne selves that here in dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our eies,
Mourning, in others, our owne miseries.

Which when she ended had, another swaine
Of gentle wit and daintie sweet device,
Whom Astrophel full deare did entertaine,
Whilest here he liv'd, and hold in passing price,
Hight Thestylis, began his mournfull tourne:
And made the Muses in his song to mourne.

And after him full many other moe,
As everie one in order lov'd him best,
Gan dight themselves t' expresse their inward woe,
With dolefull layes unto the time addrest.
The which I here in order will rehearse,
As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse.

THE

MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS.

Come forth, ye nymphes, come forth, forsake your watry bowres,
Forsake your mossy caves, and help me to lament:
Help me to tune my dolefull notes to gurgling sound
Of Liffies tumbling streames: come, let salt teares of ours,
Mix with his waters fresh. O come, let one consent
Ioyne us to mourne with wailfull plaints the deadly wound
Which fatall clap hath made; decreed by higher powres
The dreery day in which they have from us yreat
The noblest plant that might from east to west be found.
Mourne, mourn, great Phillips fall, mourn we his wofull end,
Whom spitefull death hath pluct untimely from the tree,
Whiles yet his yeares in flowre did promise worthie fruits
Ah dreadful Mars, why didst thou not thy knight defend?
What wrathfull mood, what fault of ours, hath moved thee
Of such a shining light to leave us destitute?
Thou with benigne aspect sometime didst us behold,
Thou hast in Britons valour taue delight of old,
And with thy presence oft vouchsaft to attribute
Fame and renowme to us for glorious martiall deeds
But now their [thy] ireful bemes have chill'd our harts with cold;
Thou hast estrang'd thy self, and deignest not our land:
Farre off to others now thy favour honour breeds,
And high disdaine doth cause thee shun our clime (I feare;)
For hadst thou not bene wroth, or that time neare at hand
Thou wouldst have heard the cry that wofull England made;
Eke Zelands piteous plaints, and Hollands toren heare
Would haply have appeas'd thy divine angry mynd:
Thou shouldst have seen the trees refuse to yeald their shade,
And wailing to let fall the honor of their head;
And birds in mournfull tunes lamenting in their kinde.
Up from his tombe the mightie Corineus rose,
Who cursing oft the fates that this mishap had bred
His hoary locks he tare, calling the Heavens unkinde.
The Thames was heard to roare, the Reyne and eke the Moor,
The Schald, the Danow selfe, this great misehance did rue,
With torment and with grief: their fountains pure and cleere
Were troubled, and with swelling flouds declar'd their woes.
The Muses comfortles, the nymphs with paled hue,
The silvan gods likewise, came running farre and neere,
And all with teares bedeawd, and eyes cast up on hie;
O help, O help, ye gods, they ghastly gan to crie

O chaunge the cruell fate of this so rare a wight,
And graunt that natures course may measure out his age. [fearfully,
The beasts their foode forsooke, and, trembling
Each sought his cave or den, this cry did them so fright. [rage,
Out from amid the waves, by storme them stirr'd to
This crie did cause to rise th' old father Ocean hoare,
Who grave with eld, and full of maiestie in sight,
Spake in this wise. "Refrain," quoth he, "your teares and plaints,° [no more.
Cease these your idle words, make vaine requests
No humble speech, nor mone, may move the fixed stint
Of destinie or death: such is his will that paints
The earth with colours fresh; the darkest skies with store [flint
Of starry lights: and though your teares a hart of
Might tender make, yet nought herein they will prevaile." [feele
Whiles thus he said, the noble knight, who gan to
His vitall force to faint, and Death with cruell dint
Of direfull dart his mortall bodie to assaile, [steele,
With eyes lift up to Heav'n, and courage franke as
With cheerfull face, where valour lively was exprest,
But humble mynd, he said, "O Lord, if ought this fraile [vaunce;
And earthly carcasse have thy service sought t' ad-
If my desire have bene still to relieve th' opprest;
If iustice to maintaine that valour I have spent
Which thou me gav'st; or if henceforth I might advaunce [think best;
Thy name, thy truth, then spare me (Lord) if thou
Forbeare these unripe yeares. But if thy will be bent,
If that prefixed time be come which thou hast set;
Through pure and fervent faith, I hope now to be plast [blood
In th' everlasting blis, which with thy precious
Thou purchase didst for us." With that a sigh he set,
And straight a cloudie mist his sences overcast;
His lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske roses bud
Cast from the stalke, or like in field to purple flowre,
Which languisheth being shred by culter as it past.
A trembling chilly cold ran through their veines, which were
With eies brimfull of teares to see his fatall howre,
Whose blustring sighes at first their sorrow did declare,
Next, murmuring ensude; at last they not forbeare
Plaine outories, all against the Heav'ns that enviously
Depriv'd us of a spright so perfect and so rare.
The Sun his lightsom beames did shrowd, and hide his face
For griefe, whereby the Earth feard night eternally:
The mountaines eachwhere shooke, the rivers turn'd their streames,
And th' aire gan winterlike to rage and fret apace:
And grisly ghosts by night were seene, and fierie gleames, [seeme
Amid the clouds with claps of thunder, that did
To rent the skies, and made both man and beast afeard: [told,
The birds of ill presage this lucklesse chance fore-
By dernfull noise; and dogs with howling made man deeme [teeme
Some mischief was at hand: for such they do es-
As tokens of mishap, and so have done of old.

Ah! that thou hadst but heard his lovely Stella plaine [cheere,
Her greevous losse, or seene her heavie mourning
While she, with woe opprest, her sorrowes did unfold.
Her haire hung lose, neglect, about her shoulders twaine; [so deere
And from those two bright starres, to him sometime
Her heart sent drops of pearle, which fell in foyson downe [with paine,
Twixt lilly and the rose. She wroong her hands
And piteously gan say: "My true and faithfull pheere,
Alas, and woe is me, why should my fortune frowne
On me thus frowardly to rob me of my ioy!
What cruell envious hand hath taken thee away,
And with thee my content, my comfort, and my stay?
Thou onelie wast the ease of trouble and annoy,
When they did me assaile; in thee my hopes did rest.
Alas, what now is left but grief, that night and day
Afflicts this wofull life, and with continuall rage
Torments ten thousand waies my miserable brest!
O greedie envious Heav'n, what needed thee to have
Enricht with such a iewell this unhappie age;
To take it back againe so soone! Alas, when shall
Mine eies see ought that may content them, since thy grave,
My onely treasure, hides the ioyes of my poore hart!
As here with thee on Earth I liv'd, even so equall
Me thinkes it were with thee in Heav'n I did abide:
And as our troubles all we here on Earth did part,
So reason would that there of thy most happie state
I had my share. Alas, if thou my trustie guide
Were wont to be, how canst thou leave me thus alone
In darkenesse and astray; weake, wearie, desolate,
Plung'd in a world of woe, refusing for to take
Me with thee to the place of rest where thou art gone!" [toong;
This said, she held her peace, for sorrow tide her
And instead of more words, seemd that her eies a lake
Of teares had bene, they flow'd so plenteously therefro: [her roong.
And, with her sobs and sighs, th' aire round about
If Venus, when she wauld her deare Adonis slaine,
Ought moov'd in thy fiers hart compassion of her woe,
His noble sisters plaints, her sighes and tearevemong,
Would sure have made thee milde, and inly rue her paine:
Aurora halfe so faire her selfe did never show,
When, from old Tithons bed, shee weeping did arise.
The blinded archer-boy, like larke in showre of raine,
Sat bathing of his wings, and glad the time did spend
Under those cristall drops, which fell from her faire eies; [wise.
And at their brightest beames him proynd in lovely
Yet sorie for her grief, which he could not amend,
The gentle boy gan wipe her eies, and clear those lights, [quests shine.
Those lights through which his glory and his con-
The Graces tuckt her hair, which hung like threds of gold,
Along her yvorie brest, the treasure of delights.
All things with her to weep, it seemed, did encline,
The trees, the hills, the dales, the caves, the stones so cold. [raine, and mist,
The aire did help them mourne, with dark clouds,
Forbearing many a day to cleare it selfe againe;
Which made them eftsoones feare the dales of Pirrha shold [twist.
Of creatures spoile the Earth, their fatall threds un-

For Phœbus gladsome raies were wished for in vaine,
And with her quivering light Latonas daughter faire,
And Charles-waine eke refusd to be the shipmans guide.
On Neptune warre was made by Æolus and his traine,
Who, letting loose the winds, tost and tormented th' aire,
So that on ev'ry coast men shipwrack did abide,
Or else were swallowed up in open sea with waves,
And such as came to shoare were beaten with despaire.
The Medwaies silver streames, that wont so still to slide,
Were troubled now and wrothe; whose hidden hollow caves,
Along his banks with fog then shrowded from mans eye,
Ay Phillip did resownd, aie Phillip they did crie.
His nimphs were seen no more (though custom stil it craves)
With haire spred to the wynd themselves to bath or sport,
Or with the hooke or net, barefooted wantonly,
The pleasant daintie fish to entangle or deceive.
The shepheards left their wonted places of resort,
Their bagpipes now were still; their loving merry layes
Were quite forgot; and now their flocks men might perceive
To wander and to straie, all carelesly neglect.
And, in the stead of mirth and pleasure, nights and dayes
Nought els was to be heard, but woes, complaints, and mone.
But thou (O blessed soule!) doest haply not respect
These teares we shead, though full of loving pure affect,
Having affixt thine eyes on that most glorious throne,
Where full of majestie the high Creator reignes;
In whose bright shining face thy ioyes are all complete,
Whose love kindles thy spright; where, happie alwaies one,
Thou liv'st in bliss that earthly passion never straines;
Where from the purest spring the sacred nectar swete
Is thy continuall drinke; where thou doest gather now
Of woll employed life th' inestimable gaines.
There Venus on thee smiles, Apollo gives thee place,
And Mars in reverent wise doth to thy vertue bow,
And decks his fiery sphere, to do thee honour most.
In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace,
A chaplet of gold he sets to thee, and there doth tell
Thy noble acts arow, whereby even they that boast
Themselves of princely mind, as Pirrhus, Hannibal,
Scipio, and Cæsar with the rest that did excell,
In martiall prowesse, high thy glorie do admire.
All haile, therefore, O worthie Phillip immortall,
The flowre of Sydneyes race, the honour of thy name!
Whose worthie praise to sing, my Muses not aspire,
But sorrowfull and sad these teares to thee let fall,
Yet with their verses might so farre and wide thy fame
Extend, that envies rage, nor time, might end the same.

A

PASTORALL AEGLOGUE

UPON THE

DEATH OF SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, &c.[1]

LYCON. COLIN.

COLIN, well fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd,
This wofull stownd, wherein all things complaine
This great mishap, this greevous losse of owres.
Hear'st thou the Orown? how with hollow sownd
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
And seemes to say unto the fading flowres,
Along his bankes, unto the bared trees;
Phillisides is dead. Up, jolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Help him to mourn. My hart with grief doth freese,
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I beare, though rude: but, as I may,
With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart.

COLIN. Ah Lycon, Lycon, what need skill, to teach
A grieved mynd powre forth his plaints! how long
Hath the pore turtle gon to school (weenest thou)
To learne to mourne her lost make! No, no, each
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander now?
Seemeth their leaders well their bleating tunes
In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to shew a heavie cheare,
What bird (I pray thee) hast thou seen, that prunes
Himselfe of late? did any cheerfull note
Come to thine eares, or gladsome sight appeare
Unto thine eies, since that same fatall howre?
Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,
And testified his grief with flowing teares?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his powre
Doth us invite to make a sad consort;
Come, let us ioyne our mournfull song with theirs.
Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enforce,
Thy voice; and eccho will our words report.

LYCON. Though my rude rymes ill with thy verses frame,
That others farre excell; yet will I force
My selfe to answere thee the best I can,
And honour my base words with his high name.
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit
In secret shade or cave; vouchsafe (O Pan)
To pardon me, and bear this hard constraint
With patience while I sing, and pittie it.
And eke ye rurall Muses, that do dwell
In these wilde woods; if ever piteous plaint
We did endite, or taught a wofull minde
With words of pure affect his griefe to tell,
Instruct me now. Now, Colin, then goe on,
And I will follow thee, though farre behinde.

COLIN. Phillisides is dead. O harmfull death,
O deadly harme! Unhappie Albion,

[1] The signature to this poem is L. B. that is, Lodowick Bryskett. Mr. Warton's conjecture, that lord Brooke might be the person designed by those initials, cannot, I believe, be supported. Mr. Warton, however, concedes that L. B. may signifie the author's name, as in the poem we have neither the perspicuity nor the harmony of Spenser. Todd.

When shalt thou see, emong thy shepheards all,
Any so sage, so perfect? Whom uneath
Envie could touch for vertuous life and skill;
Curteous, valiant, and liberall.
Behold the sacred Pales, where with haire
Untrust she sitts, in shade of yonder hill.
And her faire face, bent sadly downe, doth send
A flond of teares to bathe the earth; and there
Doth call the Heav'ns despightfull, envious,
Cruell his fate, that made so short an end
Of that same life, well worthie to have bene
Prolongd with many yeares, happie and famous.
The nymphs and orpades her round about
Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene;
And with shrill cries, beating their whitest brests,
Accuse the direfull dart that Death sent out
To give the fatall stroke. The starres they blame,
That deafe or carelesse seeme at their request.
The pleasant shade of stately groves they shun;
They leave their cristall springs, where they wont frame
Sweet bowres of myrtel twigs and lawrel faire,
To sport themselves free from the scorching Sun.
And now the hollow caves where horror darke
Doth dwell, whence banisht is the gladsome aire,
They seeke; and there in mourning spend their time
With wailfull tunes, whiles wolves do howle and barke,
And seem to beare a bourdon to their plaint.

Lycon. Phillisides is dead. O dolefull ryme!
Why should my toong expresse thee? who is left
Now to uphold thy hopes, when they do faint,
Lycon unfortunate! What spitefull fate,
What lucklesse destinie, hath thee bereft
Of thy chief comfort; of thy onely stay!
Where is become thy wonted happie state,
(Alas!) wherein through many a hill and dale,
Through pleasant woods, and many an unknowne way,
Along the bankes of many silver streames,
Thou with him yodest: and with him didst scale
The craggie rocks of th' Alpes and Apponine!
Still with the Muses sporting, while those beames
Of vertue kindled in his noble brest,
Which after did so gloriously forth shine!
But (woe is me!) they now yquenched are
All suddeinly, and death hath them opprest.
Loe father Neptune, with sad countenance,
How he sitts mourning on the strond now bare,
Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling waves
The white feete washeth (wailing this mischance)
Of Dover cliffes. His sacred skirt about
The sea-gods all are set; from their moist caves
All for his comfort gathered there they be.
The Thamis rich, the Humber rough and stout,
The fruitfull Severne, with the rest are come
To helpe their lord to mourne, and eke to see
The dolefull sight, and sad pomp funerall,
Of the dead corps passing through his kingdome.
And all their heads, with cypres gyrlonds crown'd,
With wofull shrikes salute him great and small.
Eke wailfull Eccho, forgetting her deare
Narcissus, their last accents doth resownd.

Colin. Phillisides is dead. O lucklesse age;
O widow world; O brookes and fountains cleere;
O hills, O dales, O woods, that oft have rong
With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
The fiercest wrath of tygre or of beare:
Ye silvans, fawnes, and satyres, that among
Those thickets oft have daunst after his pipe;
Ye nymphs and nayades with golden heare,
That oft have left your purest cristall springs
To harken to his layes, that couldst wipe
Away all griefe and sorrow from your harts:
Alas! who now is left that like him sings?
When shall you heare againe like harmonie?
So sweet a sownd who to you now imparts?
Loe where engraved by his hand yet lives
The name of Stella in yonder bay tree.
Happie name! happie tree! faire may you grow,
And spred your sacred branch, which honor gives
To famous emperours, and poets crowne.
Unhappie flock that wander scattred now,
What marvell if through grief ye woxen leane,
Forsake your food, and hang your heads adowne!
For such a shepheard never shall you guide,
Whose parting hath of weale bereft you cleane.

Lycon. Phillisides is dead. O happie sprite,
That now in Heav'n with blessed soules doest bide;
Looke down a while from where thou sitst above,
And see how busie shepheards be to endite
Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,
And gratefull memory of their kynd love.
Behold my selfe with Colin, gentle swaine,
(Whose lerned Muse thou cherisht most whyleare)
Where we, thy name recording, seeke to ease
The inward torment and tormenting paine,
That thy departure to us both hath bred;
Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
Behold the fountains now left desolate,
And withred grasse with cypres boughes be spred;
Behold these floures which on thy grave we strew;
Which, faded, shew the givers faded state,
(Though eke they shew their fervent zeale and pure)
Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
Whose praiers importune shall the Heav'ns for ay,
That, to thy ashes, rest they may assure:
That learnedst shepheards honor may thy name
With yeerly praises, and the nymphs alway
Thy tomb may deck with fresh and sweetest flowres;
And that for ever may endure thy fame.

Colin. The Sun (lo!) hastned hath his face to steep
In western waves; and th' aire with stormy showres
Warnes us to drive homewards our silly sheep:
Lycon, lett 's rise, and take of them good keep.

Virtute summa: cætera fortuna.

L. B.

AN ELEGIE,

OR

FRIENDS PASSION, FOR HIS ASTROPHILL.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, LORD GOVERNOUR OF FLUSHING [1].

As then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude accloid the aire;
The skie, like grasse [glasse] of watchot hew,
Reflected Phœbus golden haire;

[1] This poem was written by Matthew Roydon, as we are informed in Nash's Preface to Greene's Arcadia, and in Engl. Parnassus. The Phœnix Nest, set fourth by R. S. of the Inner Temple, gentleman, 4to. 1593, commences also with "An Elegie, or friends passion, for his Astrophill, &c."

To the two following pieces I am unable to assign their authors: but no reader will imagine them the productions of Spenser. Todd.

The garnisht tree no pendant stird,
No voice was heard of anie bird.

There might you see the burly beare,
The lion king, the elephant;
The maiden unicornie was there,
So was Acteons horned plant,
And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were cought in order on the ground.

Alcides speckled poplar tree,
The palme that monarchs do obtaine,
With love-iuice staind the mulberie,
The fruit that dewes the poets braine;
And Phillis philbert there away,
Comparde with mirtle and the bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatning the skie;
And for the bed of love forlorne,
The blacke and dolefull ebonie;
All in a circle compast were,
Like to an amphitheator.

Upon the branches of those trees,
The airie-winged people sat,
Distinguished in od degrees,
One sort is this, another that,
Here Philomell, that knowes full well
What force and wit in love doth dwell.

The skiebred eagle, roiall bird,
Percht there upon an oke above;
The turtle by him never stird,
Example of immortall love.
The swan that sings, about to dy,
Leaving Meander stood thereby.

And, that which was of woonder most,
The phœnix left sweet Arabie;
And, on a cædar in this coast,
Built up her tombe of spicerie,
As I coniecture, by the same
Preparde to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one groveling on the grasse:
A man or stone, I knew not that;
No stone; of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More than the image made of stone.

At length I might perceive him reare
His bodie on his ellbow ond:
Earthly and pale with ghastly cheare,
Upon his knees he upward tend,
Seeming, like one in uncouth swound,
To bid unwilling out the grounde.

A grievous sigh forthwith he throwes,
As might have torne the vitall strings;
Thon down his cheeke the teares so flows,
As doth the streame of many springs:
So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

Incontinent, with trembling sound,
He wofully gan to complaine;
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine:
After his throbs did somewhat stay,
Thus heavenly he gan to say:

"O Sunne!" said he, seeing the Sunne,
"On wretched me why dost thou shine,
My star is falne, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of my eine;
Shine upon those possesse delight,
And let me live in endlesse night.

"O griefe that liest upon my soule,
As heavie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Consort me quickly with the dead;
Halfe of this hart, this sprite, and will,
Di'de in the brest of Astrophill.

"And you, compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shadie trees,
I am assurde ye long to kno
What be the sorrowes me agreev's;
Listen ye then to that insu'th,
And heare a tale of teares and ruthe.

"You knew, who knew not Astrophill?
(That I should live to say I knew,
And have not in possessions still!)
Things knowne permit me to renew,
Of him you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you heare, too much.

"Within these woods of Arcadie,
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,
And on the mountaine Parthenie,
Upon the chrystall liquid brooke,
The Muses met him ev'ry day,
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

"When he descended downe to the mount,
His personage seemed most divine,
A thousand graces one might count,
Upon his lovely cheerfull eine;
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

"A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of gospell bookes,
I trowe that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

"Was never eie did see that face
Was never eare did heare that tong,
Was never minde did minde his grace,
That ever thought the travell long;
But eies and eares, and ev'ry thought,
Were with his sweete perfections caught.

"O God, that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare desarts did raigne,
Desired thus, must leave us than,
And we to wish for him in vaine!
O could the stars, that bred that wit,
In force no longer fixed sit!

"Then being fild with learned dew,
The Muses willed him to love;
That instrument can aptly shew,
How finely our conceits will move;

As Bacchus opes dissembled harts,
So love sets out our better parts.

"Stella, a nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heavenly blis,
The highest in his fancie stood,
And she could well demerite this;
Tis likely they acquainted soone;
He was a sun, and she a moone.

"Our Astrophill did Stella love;
O Stella, vaunt of Astrophill;
Albeit thy graces gods may move,
Where wilt thou finde an Astrophill!
The rose and lillie have their prime,
And so hath beautie but a time.

"Although thy beautie do exceed,
In common sight of ev'ry eie,
Yet in his poesies when we reade,
It is apparant more thereby,
He, that hath love and judgement too,
Sees more than any other doo.

"Then Astrophill hath honord thee;
For when thy bodie is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be,
And live by virtue of his inke;
For by his verses he doth give
The short-livde beautie aye to l've.

"Above all others this is hee,
Which erst approoved in his song,
That love and honor might agree,
And that pure love will do no wrong.
Sweet saints! it is no sinne or blame,
To love a man of vertuous name.

"Did never love so sweetly breath
In any mortall brest before,
Did never Muse inspire beneath
A poets braine with finer store:
He wrote of love with high conceit,
And beautie reard above her height.

"Then Pallas afterward attyrde
Our Astrophill with her device,
Whom in his armour Heaven admyrde,
As of the nation of the skies;
He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
As he were dight with fierie starrs.

"The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,
(An envious eie doth see afar)
'Such maiestie,' quoth he, 'is seeld,
Such maiestie my mart may mar,
Perhaps this may a suter be,
To set Mars by his deitie.'

"In this surmize he made with speede
An iron cane, wherein he put
The thunder that in cloudes do breede;
The flame and bolt togither shut
With privie force burst out againe,
And so our Astrophill was slaine."

His word (was slaine!) straightway did move
And Natures inward life strings twitch;
The skie immediately above
Was clind with hideous clouds of pitch,
The wrastling winds from out the ground
Fild all the aire with ratling sound.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall,
The forrest beasts made ruthfull mone,
The birds did tune their mourning call,
And Philomell for Astrophill
Unto her notes annext a phill.

The turtle dove with tunes of ruthe
Shewd feeling passion of his death,
Me thought she said "I tell thee truthe,
Was never he that drew in breath,
Unto his love more trustie found,
Than he for whom our griefs abound."

The swan, that was in presence heere,
Began his funerall dirge to sing,
"Good things," quoth he, "may scarce appeere,
But passe away with speedie wing.
This mortall life as death is tride,
And death gives life, and so he di'de."

The generall sorrow that was made,
Among the creatures of [each] kinde,
Fired the phœnix where she laide,
Her ashes flying with the winde,
So as I might with reason see,
That such a phœnix nere should bee.

Haply the cinders, driven about,
May breede an offspring neere that kinde,
But hardly a peere to that I doubt,
It cannot sinke into my minde,
That under branches ere can bee,
Of worth and value as the tree.

The eagle markt with pearcing sight
The mournfull habite of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight,
To signifie to love the case,
What sorrow Nature doth sustaine,
For Astrophill by envie slaine.

And, while I followed with mine eie
The flight the egle upward tooke,
All things did vanish by and by,
And disappeared from my looke;
The trees, beasts, birds, and grove was gone,
So was the friend that made this mone.

This spectacle had firmly wrought,
A deepe compassion in my spright,
My melting hart issude, me thought,
In streames forth at mine eies aright:
And here my pen is forst to shrinke,
My teares discollor so mine inke.

AN EPITAPH,

UPON

THE RIGHT HON. SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT:

LORD GOVERNOR OF FLUSHING.

To praise thy life, or waile thy worthie death,
And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, divine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,
And friendly care obscurde in secret brest,
And love that envie in thy life suppresst,
Thy deere life done, and death hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time, and living state,
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,
As one that seeld the rising Sun hath sought,
With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.

Drawne was thy race aright from princely line,
Nor lesse than such, (by gifts that Nature gave,
The common mother that all creatures have)
Doth vertue shew, and princely linage shine.

A king gave thee thy name; a kingly minde,
That God thee gave, who found it now too deere
For this base world, and hath resumde it neere,
To sit in skies, and sort with powres divine.

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth;
The Heavens made hast, and staid nor yeers, nor time;
The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
Thy will, thy words; thy words the seales of truth.

Great gifts and wisedom rare imployd thee thence,
To treat from kings with those more great than kings;
Such hope men had to lay the highest things
On thy wise youth, to be transported hence!

Whence to sharpe wars sweet honor did thee call,
Thy countries love, religion, and thy friends:
Of worthy men the marks, the lives, and ends,
And her defence, for whom we labor all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
Griefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes might:
Thy rising day saw never wofull night,
But past with praise from off this worldly stage.

Back to the campe, by thee that day was brought,
First thine owne death, and after thy long fame;
Tears to the soldiers, the proud Castilians shame,
Vertue exprest, and honor truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath woon?
Yoong yeeres for endles yeeres, and hope unsure
Of fortunes gifts for wealth that still shall dure;
O! happie race with so great praises run.

England doth hold thy lims that bred the same,
Flaunders thy valure where it last was tried,
The campe thy sorrow where thy bodie died,
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay up thy love;
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to come;
In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy tombe;
Thy soule and spright enrich the Heavens above.

Thy liberall hart imbalmd in gratefull teares,
Yoong sighes, sweet sighes, sage sighes, bewaile thy fall;
Envie her sting, and Spite hath left her gall,
Malice her selfe a mourning garment weares.

That day the'h Hannibali died, our Scipio fell,
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time!
Whose vertues, wounded by my worthelesse rime,
Let angells speake, and Heaven thy praises tell.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

Silence augmenteth grief, writing encreaseth rage,
Stald are my thoughts, which lov'd, and lost, the wonder of our age,
Yet quickned now with fire, though dead with frost ere now, [know not how.
Enrag'de I write, I know not what: dead, quick, I

Hard harted mindes relent, and Rigors teares abound, [she found;
And Envie strangely rues his end, in whom no fault
Knowledge her light hath lost, Valor hath slaine her knight; [delight.
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the worlds

Place pensive wailes his fall, whose presence was her pride. [spring tide:"
Time crieth out, "My ebbe is come; his life was my
Fame mournes in that she lost the ground of her reports; [dry sorts.
Ech living wight laments his lacke, and all in sun-

He was (wo worth that word!) to ech well thinking minde [ever shinde,
A spotlesse friend, a matchles man, whose vertue
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ,
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest works of wit.

He, onely like himselfe, was second unto none,
Whose deth (though life) we rue, and wrong, and al in vain do mone:
Their losse, not him, waile they, that fill the world with cries; [to the skies.
Death slue not him, but he made death his ladder

Now sinke of sorrow I, who live; the more the wrong; [is al-to long,
Who wishing death, whom deth denies, whose thrad
Who tied to wretched life, who lookes for no relefe,
Must spend my ever dying daies in never ending griefe.

Harts ease and onely I, like parables run on,
Whose equall length keep equall bredth, and never meet in one: [rowes cell,
Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my sor-
Shall not run out, though leake they will, for liking him so well.

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking dreames; [beames!
Farewell sometimes enioyed, ioy; eclipsed are thy
Farewell selfe pleasing thoughts, which quietnes brings foorth; [minds of woorth.
And farewell friendships sacred league, uniting

And farewell mery hart, the gift of guiltlesse mindes,
And all sports, which, for lives restore, varietie assignes; [farewell!
Let all, that sweete is, voyd; in me no mirth may dwell,
Phillip, the cause of all this woe, my lives content,

Now rime, the sonne of rage, which art no kin to skill, [not how to kill,
And endles griefe, which deads my life, yet knowes
Go, seeke that haples tombe; which if ye hap to finde, [good a minde.
Salute the stones, that keep the lims that held so

PROTHALAMION:

OR,

A SPOUSALL VERSE.

Made in honour of the double marriage of the two honourable and vertuous ladies, the lady Elizabeth, and the lady Katherine Somerset, daughters to the right honourable the earle of Worcester, and espoused to the two worthie gentlemen, M. Henry Gilford and M. William Peter, esquyers.

Calme was the day, and through the trembling ayre
Sweete-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster fayre;
When I, (whom [whose] sullein care,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In princes court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Like empty shadowes, did afflict my brayne)
Walkt forth to ease my payne
Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes;
Whose rutty bank, the which his river hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adornd with dainty gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their paramours
Against the brydale-day, which is not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

There, in a meadow, by the rivers side,
A flocke of nymphes I chaunced to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde,
As each had bene a bryde;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalkes on hye.
Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
They gathered some; the violet, pallid blew,
The little daizie, that at evening closes,
The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegroomes posies
Against the brydale-day, which was not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two swannes of goodly hewe
Come softly swimming downe along the lee;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appeare;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as Heavens light,
Against their brydale day, which was not long;
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoones the nymphes, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the cristal flood;
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
Their wondring eyes to fill;
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre,
Of fowles, so lovely, that they sure did deeme
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the skie draw Venus silver teeme;
For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly seede,
But rather angels, or of angels breede;
Yet were they bred of somers-heat, they say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and weede
The earth did fresh aray;
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Even as their brydale day, which was not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yeild,
All which upon those goodly birds they threw,
And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus waters they did seeme,
When downe along by pleasant Tempes shore,
Scattred with flowres, through Thessaly they streeme,
That they appeare, through lillies plenteous store,
Like a brydes chamber flore.
Two of those nymphes, meane while, two garlands bound
Of freshest flowres which in that mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowie foreheads therewithall they crownd,
Whilst one did sing this lay,
Prepar'd against that day,
Against their brydale day, which was not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

"Ye gentle birdes! the worlds faire ornament,
And Heavens glorie, whom this happie hower
Doth lende unto your lovers blissfull bower,
Joy may you have, and gentle hearts content
Of your loves complement;
And let faire Venus, that is queene of love,
With her heart-quelling sonne upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
All loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
For ever to assoile.
Let endlesse peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessed plentie wait upon your bord;
And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joyes redound
Upon your brydale day, which is not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softlie, till I end my song."

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said, their brydale daye should not be long:
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous birdes did passe along
Adowne the lee, that to them murmurde low,
As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
Making his streame run slow.
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell

SONNET III.

The soverayne beauty which I doo admyre,
Witnesse the world how worthy to be prayzed!
The light wherof hath kindled heavenly fyre
In my fraile spirit, by her from basenesse raysed;
That being now with her huge brightnesse dazed,
Base thing I can no more endure to view:
But, looking still on her, I stand amazed
At wondrous sight of so celestiall hew.
So when my toung would speak her praises dew,
It stopped is with thoughts astonishment;
And, when my pen would write her titles true,
It ravisht is with fancies wonderment:
Yet in my hart I then both speak and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET IV.

New yeare, forth looking out of Ianus gate,
Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight:
And, bidding th' old adieu, his passed date
Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright:
And, calling forth out of sad Winters night
Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerelesse bower,
Wils him awake, and soone about him dight
His wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
For lusty Spring now in his timely howre
Is ready to come forth, him to receive;
And warns the Earth with divers colord flowre
To decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weave.
Then you, faire flowre! in whom fresh youth doth
Prepare your selfe new love to entertaine. [raine,

SONNET V.

Rudely thou wrongest my deare harts desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride:
The thing which I doo most in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most envide:
For in those lofty lookes is close implide,
Scorn of base things, and sdeigne of foul dishonor;
Threatning rash eies which gaze on her so wide,
That loosely they ne dare to looke upon her.
Such pride is praise; such portliuesse is honor;
That boldned innocence beares in hir eies;
And her faire countenance, like a goodly banner,
Spreds in defiaunce of all enemies.
Was never in this world ought worthy tride,
Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

SONNET VI.

Be nought dismayd that her unmoved mind
Doth still persist in her rebellious pride:
Such love, not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,
The harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
The durefull oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
Is long ere it conceive the kindling fyre;
But, when it once doth burne, it doth divide
Great heat, and makes his flames to Heaven aspire.
So hard it is to kindle new desire
In gentle brest, that shall endure for ever:
Deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
With chaste affects, that naught but death can sever.
Then thinke not long in taking litle paine
To knit the knot, that ever shall remaine.

SONNET VII.

Fayre eyes! the myrrour of my mazed hart,
What wondrous vertue is contayn'd in you,
The which both lyfe and death forth from you dart
Into the obiect of your mighty view?
For, when ye mildly looke with lovely hew,
Then is my soule with life and love inspired:
But when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
Then do I die, as one with lightning fyred.
But, since that lyfe is more then death desyred,
Looke ever lovely, as becomes you best;
That your bright beams, of my weak eies admyred,
May kindle living fire within my brest.
Such life should be the honor of your light,
Such death the sad ensample of your might.

SONNET VIII.

More then most faire, full of the living fire,
Kindled above unto the Maker nere;
No eies but ioyes, in which al powers conspire,
That to the world naught else be counted deare:
Through your bright beams doth not the blinded guest
Shoot out his darts to base affections wound;
But angels come to lead fraile mindes to rest
In chast desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within;
You stop my toung, and teach my hart to speake;
You calme the storme that passion did begin,
Strong through your cause, but by your vertue weak.
Dark is the world, where your light shined never;
Well is he borne, that may behold you ever.

SONNET IX.

Long-while I sought to what I might compare
Those powrefull eies, which lighten my dark spright:
Yet find I nought on Earth, to which I dare
Resemble th' ymage of their goodly light.
Not to the Sun; for they doo shine by night;
Nor to the Moone; for they are changed never;
Nor to the starres; for they have purer sight;
Nor to the fire; for they consume not ever;
Nor to the lightning; for they still persever;
Nor to the diamond; for they are more tender;
Nor unto cristall; for nought may them sever;
Nor unto glasse; such basenesse nought offend her.
Then to the Maker selfe they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

SONNET X.

Unrighteous lord of love, what law is this,
That me thou makest thus tormented be,
The whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse
Of her freewill, scorning both thee and me?
See! how the tyrannesse doth ioy to see
The huge massácres which her eyes do make;
And humbled harts brings captive unto thee,
That thou of them mayst mightie vengeance take.
But her proud hart doe thou a little shake,
And that high look with which she doth comptroll
All this worlds pride bow to a base make,
And al her faults in thy black booke enroll:
That I may laugh at her in equall sort,
As she doth laugh at me, and makes my pain her sport.

SONNET XI.

Dayly when I do seeke and sew for peace,
And hostages doe offer for my truth;
She, cruell warriour, doth her selfe addresse
To battell, and the weary war renew'th;
Ne wilbe moov'd with reason, or with rewth,
To graunt small respit to my restlesse toile;
But greedily her fell intent poursewth,
Of my poore life to make unpittied spoile.
Still my poore life, all carelesse to assoyle,
Emongst my foes, would her yield, her wrath to pacify:
But then she seeks, with torment and turmoyle,
To force me live, and will not let me dy.
All paine hath end, and every war hath peace;
But mine, no price nor prayer may surcease.

SONNET XII.

One day I sought with her hart-thrilling eies
To make a truce, and termes to entertaine;
All fearlesse then of so false enimies,
Which sought me to entrap in treasons traine.
So, as I then disarmed did remaine,
A wicked ambush which lay hidden long,
In the close covert of her guilful eyen,
Thence breaking forth, did thick about me throng.
Too feeble I t' abide the brunt so strong,
Was forst to yield my selfe into their hands;
Who, me captiving streight with rigorous wrong,
Have ever since kept me in cruell bands.
So, ladie, now to you I doo complaine,
Against your eies, that justice I may gaine.

SONNET XIII.

In that proud port, which her so goodly graceth,
Whiles her faire face she reares up to the skie,
And to the ground her eie-lids low embaseth,
Most goodly temperature ye may descry;
Myld humblesse, mixt with awfull maiestie.
For, looking on the earth whence she was borne,
Her minde remembreth her mortalitie,
Whatso is fayrest shall to earth returne,
But that same lofty countenance seemes to scorne
Base thing, and thinke how she to Heaven may clime;
Treading downe earth as lothsome and forlorne,
That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy slime.
Yet lowly still vouchsafing to looke on me;
Such lowlinesse shall make you lofty be.

SONNET XIV.

Retourne agayne, my forces late dismayd,
Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite.
Great shame it is to leave, like one afrayd,
So fayre a peece, for one repulse so light.
'Gaynst such strong castles needeth greater might
Then those small forts which ye were wont belay:
Such haughty mynds, enur'd to hardy fight,
Disdayne to yield unto the first assay.
Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
And lay incessant battery to her heart;
Playnts, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay;
Those engins can the proudest love convert:
And, if those fayle, fall down and dy before her;
So dying live, and living do adore her.

SONNET XV.

Ye tradefull merchants, that, with weary toyle,
Do seeke most pretious things to make your gain;
And both the Indias of their treasure spoile;
What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
For lo, my love doth in herselfe containe
All this worlds riches that may farre be found;
If saphyres, loe, her eies be saphyres plaine,
If rubies, loe, hir lips be rubies sound;
If pearles, hir teeth be pearles, both pure and round:
If yvorie, her forhead yvory weene;
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
If silver, her faire hands are silver sheene:
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind adornd with vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

One day as I unwarily did gaze
On those fayre eyes, my loves immortall light;
The whiles my stonisht hart stood in amaze,
Through sweet illusion of her lookes delight;
I mote perceive how, in her glauncing sight,
Legions of Loves with little wings did fly:
Darting their deadly arrows, fyry bright,
At every rash beholder passing by.
One of those archers closely I did spy,
Ayming his arrow at my very hart:
When suddenly, with twincle of her eye,
The damzell broke his misintended dart.
Had she not so done, sure I had bene slayne;
Yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

SONNET XVII.

The glorious pourtraict of that angels face,
Made to amaze weake mens confused skil,
And this worlds worthlesse glory to embase,
What pen, what pencill, can expresse her fill?
For though be colours could devize at will,
And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
Least, trembling, it his workmanship should spill;
Yet many wondrous things there are beside:
The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes glide;
The charming smiles, that rob sence from the hart;
The lovely pleasance; and the lofty pride;
Cannot expressed be by any art.
A greater craftesmans hand thereto doth neede,
That can expresse the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

The rolling wheele that runneth often round,
The hardest steele, in tract of time doth teare:
And drizling drops, that often doe redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance weare:
Yet cannot I, with many a drooping teare
And long intreaty, soften her hard hart;
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
Or looke with pitty on my payneful smart.
But, when I pleade, she bids me play my part;
And, when I weep, she sayes, teares are but water;
And, when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art;
And, when I waile, she turnes hir selfe to laughter.
So do I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in vaine,
Whiles she as steele and flint doth still remayne.

SONNET XIX.

The merry cuckow, messenger of Spring,
His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded,
That warnes al lovers wayte upon their king,
Who now is coming forth with girland crouned.
With noyse whereof the quyre of byrds resounded
Their anthemes sweet, devized of Loves prayse,
That all the woods theyr eechoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their layes.
But mongst them all, which did Loves honor rayse,
No word was heard of her that most it ought;
But she his precept proudly disobayes,
And doth his ydle message set at nought.
Therefore, O Love, unlesse she turne to thee
Ere cuckow end, let her a rebell be!

SONNET XX.

In vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace,
And doe myne humbled hart before her poure;
The whiles her foot she in my necke doth place,
And tread my life downe in the lowly floure.
And yet the lyon that is lord of power,
And reigneth over every beast in field,
In his most pride disdeigneth to devoure
The silly lambe that to his might doth yield.
But she, more cruell, and more salvage wylde,
Than either lyon, or the lyonnesse;
Shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud defylde,
But taketh glory in her cruelnesse.
Fayrer then fayrest! let none ever say,
That ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

SONNET XXI.

Was it the worke of Nature or of Art,
Which tempred so the feature of her face,
That pride and meeknesse, mixt by equall part,
Doe both appeare t' adorne her beauties grace?
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displace,
She to her love doth lookers eyes allure;
And, with stern countenance, back again doth chace
Their looser lookes that stir up lustes impure;
With such strange termes her eyes she doth inure,
That, with one looke, she doth my life dismay;
And with another doth it streight recure;
Her smile me drawes; her frowne me drives away.
Thus doth she traine and teach me with her lookes;
Such art of eyes I never read in bookes!

SONNET XXII.

This holy season, fit to fast and pray,
Men to devotion ought to be inclynd:
Therefore, I lykewise, on so holy day,
For my sweet saynt some service fit will find.
Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
In which her glorious ymage placed is;
On which my thoughts doo day and night attend,
Lyke sacred priests that never thinke amisse:
There I to her, as th' author of my blisse,
Will builde an altar to appease her yre;
And on the same my hart will sacrifise,
Burning in flames of pure and chaste desyre:
The which vouchsafe, O goddesse, to accept,
Amongst thy dearest relicks to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

Penelope, for her Ulisses sake,
Deviz'd a web her wooers to deceave;
In which the worke that she all day did make,
The same at night she did againe unreave:
Such subtile craft my damzell doth conceave,
Th' importune suit of my desire to shonne:
For all that I in many dayes do weave,
In one short houre I find by her undonne.
So, when I thinke to end that I begonne,
I must begin and never bring to end:
For, with one looke, she spils that long I sponne;
And, with one word, my whole years work doth rend.
Such labour like the spyders web I fynd,
Whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least wynd.

SONNET XXIV.

When I behold that beauties wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part;
Of Natures skill the onely complement;
I honor and admire the Makers art.
But when I feele the bitter balefull smart,
Which her fayre eyes unwares doe worke in mee,
That death out of theyr shiny beames doe dart;
I thinke that I a new Pandora see,
Whom all the gods in councell did agree
Into this sinfull world from Heaven to send;
That she to wicked men a scourge should bee,
For all their faults with which they did offend.
But, since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

How long shall this lyke dying lyfe endure,
And know no end of her owne mysery,
But wast and weare away in termes unsure,
'Twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully?
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
And shew the last ensample of your pride;
Then to torment me thus with cruelty,
To prove your powre, which I too wel have tride.
But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide
A close intent at last to shew me grace;
Then all the woes and wrecks, which I abide,
As meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace;
And wish that more and greater they might be,
That greater meede at last may turne to mee.

SONNET XXVI.

Sweet is the rose, but growes upon a brere;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharpe his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh nere;
Sweet is the firbloome, but his braunches rough;
Sweet is the cypresse, but his rynd is rough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill.
So every sweet with soure is tempred still,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easie things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store.
Why then should I accompt of little paine,
That endlesse pleasure shall unto me gaine!

SONNET XXVII.

Faine proud! now tell me, why should faire be proud,
Sith all worlds glorie is but drosse uncleane,
And in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,
However now thereof ye little weene!
That goodly idoll, now so gay beseene,
Shall doffe her fleshes borrowd fayre attyre;
And be forgot as it had never beene;
That many now much worship and admire!
Ne any then shall afterwards inquire,
Ne any mention shall thereof remaine,
But what this verse, that never shall expyre,
Shall to you purchas with her thankles pain!
Faire! be no lenger proud of that shall perish;
But that, which shall you make immortall, cherish.

SONNET XXVIII.

The laurel-leafe, which you this day doe weare,
Gives me great hope of your relenting mynd:
For since it is the badge which I doe beare,
Ye, bearing it, doe seeme to me inclind:
The powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,
Let it lykewise your gentle brest inspire
With sweet infusion, and put you in mind
Of that proud mayd, whom now those leaves attyre:
Proud Daphne, scorning Phœbus lovely fyre,
On the Thessalian shore from him did flie:
For which the gods, in theyr revengefull yre,
Did her transforme into a laurell-tree.
Then fly no more, fayre love, from Phebus chace,
But in your brest his leafe and love embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

See! how the stubborne damzell doth deprave
My simple meaning with disdaynfull scorne;
And by the bay, which I unto her gave,
Accoumpts my self her captive quite forlorne.
The bay, quoth she, is of the victours born,
Yielded them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,
And they therewith doe poetes heads adorne,
To sing the glory of their famous deeds.
But sith she will the conquest challenge needs,
Let her accept me as her faithfull thrall;
That her great triumph, which my skill exceeds,
I may in trump of fame blaze over all.
Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,
And fill the world with her victorious prayse.

SONNET XXX.

My love is lyke to yse, and I to fyre;
How comes it then that this her cold so great
Is not dissolv'd through my so hot desyre,
But harder growes the more I her intreat!
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not delayd by her hart-frosen cold;
But that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
And feele my flames augmented manifold!
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all thing melts, should harden yse;
And yse, which is congeald with sencelesse cold,
Should kindle fyre by wonderful devyse!
Such is the powre of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kynd.

SONNET XXXI.

Ah! why hath Nature to so hard a hart
Given so goodly giftes of beauties grace!
Whose pryde depraves each other better part,
And all those pretious ornaments deface.
Sith to all other beastes, of bloody race,
A dreadfull countenance she given hath;
That with theyr terrour all the rest may chace,
And warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.
But my proud one doth worke the greater scath,
Through sweet allurement of her lovely hew;
That she the better may, in bloody bath
Of such poore thralls, her cruell hands embrew.
But, did she know how ill these two accord,
Such cruelty she would have soone abhord.

SONNET XXXII.

The paynefull smith, with force of fervent heat,
The hardest yron soone doth mollify;
That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,
And fashion to what he it list apply.
Yet cannot all these flames, in which I fry,
Her hart more hard then yron soft a whit;
Ne all the playnts and prayers, with which I
Doe beat on th' andvile of her stubborne wit:
But still, the more she fervent sees my fit,
The more she frieseth in her wilfull pryde;
And harder growes, the harder she is smit
With all the playnts which to her be applyde.
What then remaines but I to ashes burne,
And she to stones at length all frosen turne!

SONNET XXXIII.

Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
To that most sacred empresse, my dear dred,
Not finishing her queene of Faëry,
That mote enlarge her living prayses, dead:
But Lodwick, this of grace to me aread;
Do ye not thinck th' accomplishment of it
Sufficient werke for one mans simple head,
All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ?
How then should I, without another wit,
Thinck ever to endure so tedious toyle!
Sith that this one is tost with troublous fit
Of a proud love, that doth my spirite spoyle.
Cease then, till she vouchsafe to grawnt me rest;
Or lend you me another living brest.

SONNET XXXIV.

Lyke as a ship, that through the ocean wyde,
By conduct of some star, doth make her way;
Whenas a storm hath dimd her trusty guyde,
Out of her course doth wander far astray!
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with cloudes is over-cast,
Doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast;
Yet hope I well that, when this storme is past,
My Helice, the lodestar of my lyfe,
Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
In secret sorrow, and sad pensivenesse.

SONNET XXXV.

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetize
Still to behold the object of their paine,
With no contentment can themselves suffize;
But, having, pine; and, having not, complaine.
For, lacking it, they cannot lyfe sustayne;
And, having it, they gaze on it the more;
In their amazement lyke Narcissus vaine,
Whose eyes him starv'd: so plenty makes me poore.
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
Of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,
But lothe the things which they did like before,
And can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to mé,
And all their showes but shadowes, saving she.

SONNET XXXVI.

Tell mé, when shall these wearie woes have end,
Or shall their ruthlesse torment never cease:
But al my days in pining languor spend,
Without hope of asswagement or release!
Is there no meanes for me to purchace peace,
Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes;
But that their cruelty doth still increace,
And dayly more augment my miseryes?
But, when ye have shew'd all extremityes,
Then think how little glory ye have gayned
By slaying him, whose lyfe, though ye despyse,
Mote have your life in honor long maintayned.
But by his death, which some perhaps will mone,
Ye shall condemned be of many a one.

SONNET XXXVII.

What guyle is this, that those her golden tresses
She doth attyre under a net of gold;
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold, or haire, may scarse be told?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare;
And, being caught, may craftily enfold
Their weaker harts, which are not wel aware?
Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
In which if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.
Fondnesse it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden bee!

SONNET XXXVIII.

Arion, when, through tempests cruel wracke,
He forth was throwne into the greedy seas;
Through the sweet musick, which his harp did make,
Allur'd a dolphin him from death to ease.
But my rude musick, which was wont to please
Some dainty eares, cannot, with any skill,
The dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,
Nor move the dolphin from her stubborn will;
But in her pride she dooth persever still,
All carelesse how my life for her decayes:
Yet with one word she can it save or spill.
To spill were pitty, but to save were prayse!
Chuse rather to be praysd for doing good,
[illegible] for spilling guiltlesse blood.

SONNET XXXIX.

Sweet smile! the daughter of the queene of love,
Expressing all thy mothers powrefull art,
With which she wonts to temper angry Iove,
When all the gods he threats with thundring dart:
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art.
For, when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse,
A melting pleasance ran through every part,
And me revived with hart-robing gladnesse.
Whylest rapt with ioy resembling heavenly mad[illegible],
My soule was ravisht quite as in a traunce;
And, feeling thence no more her sorrowes sadness,
Fed on the fulnesse of that chearfull glaunce.
More sweet than nectar, or ambrosiall meat,
Seem'd every bit which thenceforth I did eat.

SONNET XL.

Mark when she smiles with amiable cheare,
And tell me whereto can ye lyken it;
When on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
Lykest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fayre sunshine in somers day;
That, when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spred his goodly ray;
At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drouping hed.
So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared
With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

SONNET XLI.

Is it her nature, or is it her *will*,
To be so cruell to an humbled foe?
If nature; then she may it mend with skill:
If will; then she at will may will forgoe.
But if her nature and her will be so,
That she will plague the man that loves her most,
And take delight t' encrease a wretches woe;
Then all her natures goodly guifts are lost:
And that same glorious beauties ydle boast
Is but a bayt such wretches to beguile,
As, being long in her loves tempest tost,
She meanes at last to make her pitious spoyle.
O fayrest fayre! let never it be named,
That so fayre beauty was so fowly shamed.

SONNET XLII.

The love, which me so cruelly tormenteth,
So pleasing is in my extreamest paine,
That, all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
The more I love and do embrace my bane.
Ne do I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
To be acquit fro my continual smart;
But ioy, her thrall for ever to remaine,
And yield for pledge my poore [illegible] hart;
The which, that it from her may never start,
Let her, yf please her, bynd with adamant chayne;
And from all wandring loves, which mote pervart
His safe assurance, strongly it restrayne.
Onely let her abstaine from cruelty,
And doe me not before my time to dy.

SONNET XLIII.

Shall I then silent be, or shall I speake?
And, if I speake, her wrath renew I shall;
And, if I silent be, my hart will breake,
Or choked be with overflowing gall.
What tyranny is this, both my liart to thrall,
And eke my toung with proud restraint to tie;
That neither I may speake nor thinke at all,
But like a stupid stock in silence die!
Yet I my hart with silence secretly
Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead;
And eke mine eies, with meek humility,
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read;
Which her deep wit, that true harts thought can spel,
Wil soon conceive, and learne to construe well.

SONNET XLIV.

When those renoumed noble peres of Greece,
Through stubborn pride, among themselves did iar,
Forgetfull of the famous golden fleece;
Then Orpheus with his harp theyr strife did bar.
But this continuall, cruell, civill warre,
The which my selfe against my selfe doe make;
Whilest my weak powres of passions warried arre;
No skill can stint, nor reason can aslake.
But, when in hand my tunelesse harp I take,
Then doe I more augment my foes despight;
And griefe renew, and passions doe awake
To battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight.
Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle peace,
The more I fynd their malice to increace.

SONNET XLV.

Leave, lady! in your glasse of cristall clene,
Your goodly selfe for evermore to vew:
And in my selfe, my inward selfe, I meane,
Most lively lyke behold your semblant trew.
Within my hart, though hardly it can shew
Thing so divine to vew of earthly eye,
The fayre idea of your celestiall hew
And every part remaines immortally:
And were it not that, through your cruelty,
With sorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,
The goodly ymage of your visnomy,
Clearer than cristall would therein appere.
But, if your selfe in me ye playne will see, [ned be.
Remove the cause by which your fayre beames dark-

SONNET XLVI.

When my abodes prefixed time is spent,
My cruell fayre streight bids me wend my way:
But then from Heaven most hideous stormes are sent,
As willing me against her will to stay. [sent,
Whom then shall I, or Heaven or her, obay?
The Heavens know best what is the best for me:
But as she will whose will my life doth sway,
My lower Heaven, so it perforce must be.
But ye high Heavens, that all this sorowe see,
Sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe,
Asswage your storms; or else both you, and she,
Will both together me too sorely wrack.
Enough it is for one man to sustaine
The stormes, which she alone on me doth raine.

SONNET XLVII.

Trust not the treason of those smyling lookes,
Untill ye have their guylefull traynes well tryde:
For they are lyke but unto golden hookes,
That from the foolish fish theyr bayts do hyde:
So she with flattring smyles weake harts doth guyde
Unto her love, and tempte to theyr decay;
Whome, being caught, she kills with cruell pryde,
And feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray:
Yet, even whylst her bloody hands them slay,
Her eyes looke lovely, and upon them smyle;
That they take pleasure in their cruell play,
And, dying, doe themselves of payne beguyle.
O mighty charm! which makes men love theyr bane
And thinck they dy with pleasure, live with payne

SONNET XLVIII.

Innocent paper! whom too cruell hand
Did make the matter to avenge her yre;
And, ere she could thy cause well understand,
Did sacrifize unto the greedy fyre.
Well worthy thou to have found better hyre,
Then so bad end for hereticks ordayned;
Yet heresy nor treason didst conspire,
But plead thy maisters cause, unjustly payned.
Whom she, all carelesse of his grief, constrayned
To utter forth the anguish of his hart:
And would not heare, when he to her complayned
The piteous passion of his dying smart.
Yet live for ever, though against her will,
And speake her good, though she requite it ill.

SONNET XLIX.

Fayre cruell! why are ye so fierce and cruell?
Is it because your eyes have powre to kill?
Then know that mercy is the Mightes iewell;
And greater glory think to save then spill.
But if it be your pleasure, and proud will,
To shew the powre of your imperious eyes;
Then not on him that never thought you ill,
But bend your force against your enemyes:
Let them feel the utmost of your crueltyes;
And kill with looks, as cockatrices do:
But him, that at your footstoole humbled lies,
With mercifull regard give mercy to.
Such mercy shall you make admyr'd to be;
So shall you live, by giving life to me.

SONNET L.

Long languishing in double malady
Of my harts wound, and of my bodies griefe;
There came to me a leach, that would apply
Fit medcines for my bodies best reliefe.
"Vayne man," quoth I, "that hast but little prefe
In deep discovery of the mynds disease;
Is not the hart of all the body chiefe,
And rules the members as it selfe doth please?
Then, with some cordialls, seeke for to appease
The inward languour of my wounded hart;
And then my body shall have shortly ease:
But such sweet cordialls passe physicians art."
Then, my lyfes leach! doe you your skill reveale;
And, with one salve, both hart and body heale.

SONNET LI.

Doe I not see that fayrest ymages
Of hardest marble are of purpose made,
For that they should endure through many ages,
Ne let theyr famous moniments to fade?
Why then doe I, untrainde in lovers trade,
Her hardnes blame, which I should more commend?
Sith never ought was excellent assayde
Which was not hard t' atchive and bring to end.
Ne ought so hard, but he, that would attend,
Mote soften it and to his will allure:
So do I hope her stubborne hart to bend,
And that it then more stedfast will endure.
Only my paines wil be the more to get her;
But, having her, my ioy wil be the greater.

SONNET LII.

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I go lyke one that, having lost the field,
Is prisoner led away with heavy hart,
Despoyld of warlike armes and knowen shield.
So doe I now my self a prisoner yield
To sorrow and to solitary paine;
From presence of my dearest deare exylde,
Long-while alone in languor to remaine.
There let no thought of ioy, or pleasure vaine,
Dare to approch, that may my solace breed;
But sudden dumps, and drery sad disdayne
Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment feed.
So I her absens will my penaunce make,
That of her presens I my meed may take.

SONNET LIII.

The panther, knowing that his spotted hyde
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fray;
Within a bush his dreadful head doth hide,
To let them gaze, whylst he on them may pray:
Right so my cruell fayre with me doth play.
For, with the goodly semblance of her hew,
She doth allure me to mine owne decay,
And then no mercy will unto me shew.
Great shame it is, thing so divine in view,
Made for to be the worlds most ornament,
To make the bayte her gazers to embrew:
Good shames to be to ill an instrument!
But mercy doth with beautie best agree,
As in theyr Maker ye them best may see.

SONNET LIV.

Of this worlds theatre in which we stay,
My love, like the spectator, idly sits;
Beholding me, that all the pageants play,
Disguysing diversly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I ioy when glad occasion fits,
And maske in myrth lyke to a comedy:
Soone after, when my ioy to sorrow flits,
I waile, and make my woes a tragedy.
Yet she, beholding me with constant eye,
Delights not in my merth, nor rues my smart:
But, when I laugh, she mocks; and, when I cry,
She laughs, and hardens evermore her hart.
What then can move her? if nor merth, nor mone,
She is no woman, but a senceless stone.

SONNET LV.

So oft as I her beauty doe behold,
And therewith doe her cruelty compare,
I marvaile of what substance was the mould,
The which her made attonce so cruell faire.
Not earth; for her high thoughts more heavenly are:
Not water; for her love doth burne like fyre:
Not ayre; for she is not so light or rare:
Not fyre; for she doth friese with faint desire.
Then needs another element inquire
Whereof she mote be made; that is, the skye.
For, to the Heaven her haughty looks aspire;
And eke her love is pure immortall hye.
Then, sith to Heaven ye lykened are the best,
Be lyke in mercy as in all the rest.

SONNET LVI.

Fayre ye be sure, but cruell and unkind,
As is a tygre, that with greedinesse
Hunts after bloud; when he by chance doth find
A feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse.
Fayre be ye sure, but proud and pitilesse,
As is a storme, that all things doth prostrate;
Finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,
Beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.
Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
As is a rock amidst the raging floods;
Gainst which, a ship, of succour desolate,
Doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.
That ship, that tree, and that same beast, am I,
Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

SONNET LVII.

Sweet warriour! when shall I have peace with you?
High time it is this warre now ended were;
Which I no lenger can endure to sue,
Ne your incessant battry more to beare:
So weake my powres, so sore my wounds, appear,
That wonder is how I should live a iot,
Seeing my hart through-launced every where
With thousand arrowes, which your eies have shot:
Yet shoot ye sharpely still, and spare me not,
But glory thinke to make these cruell stoures.
Ye cruell one! what glory can be got,
In slaying him that would live gladly yours!
Make peace therefore, and grant me timely grace,
That all my wounds will heale in little space.

SONNET LVIII.

BY HER THAT IS MOST ASSURED TO HER SELFE.

Weake is th' assurance that weake flesh reposeth
In her own powre, and scorneth others ayde;
That soonest fals, when as she most supposeth
Her selfe assur'd, and is of nought affrayd.
All flesh is frayle, and all her strength unstayd,
Like a vaine bubble blowen up with ayre:
Devouring tyme and changeful chance have prayd
Her glorious pride, that none may it repayre.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fayre,
But fayleth, trusting on his owne assurance:
And he, that standeth on the highest stayre,
Fals lowest: for on Earth nought hath endurance.
Why then doe ye, proud fayre, misdeeme so farre,
That to your selfe ye most assured arre!

SONNET LIX.

Thrise happie she! that is so well assured
Unto her selfe, and setled so in hart,
That neither will for better be allured,
Ne feard with worse to any chaunce to start;
But, like a steddy ship, doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keepes her course aright;
Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fayre weathers false delight.
Such selfe-assurance need not feare the spight
Of grudging foes, ne yet to seek of friends:
But, in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
Neither to one her selfe nor other bends.
Most happy she, that most assur'd doth rest;
But he most happy, who such one loves best.

SONNET LX.

They, that in course of heavenly spheares are skild,
To every planet point his sundry yeare:
In which her circles voyage is fulfild,
As Mars in threescore yeares doth run his spheare.
So, since the winged god his planet cleare
Began in me to move, one yeare is spent:
The which doth longer unto me appeare,
Then all those fourty which my life out-went.
Then by that count, which lovers books invent,
The spheare of Cupid fourty yeares containes:
Which I have wasted in long languishment,
That seem'd the longer for my greater paines.
But let my loves fayre planet short her wayes,
This yeare ensuing, or else short my dayes.

SONNET LXI.

The glorious image of the Makers beautie,
My soverayne saynt, the idoll of my thought,
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of dewtie,
T' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.
For, being as she is, divinely wrought,
And of the brood of angels heavenly born;
And with the crew of blessed saynts upbrought,
Each of which did her with theyr guifts adorne;
The bud of ioy, the blossome of the morne,
The beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre;
What reason is it then but she should scorne
Base things, that to her love too bold aspire!
Such heavenly formes ought rather worshipt be,
Then dare be lov'd by men of meane degree.

SONNET LXII.

The weary yeare his race now having run,
The new begins his compast course anew:
With shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
Betokening peace and plenty to ensew.
So let us, which this chaunge of weather vew,
Chaunge eke our mynds, and former lives amend;
The old yeare's sinner forepast let us eschew,
And fly the faults wherin we did offend.
Then shall the new yeares ioy forth freshly send,
Into the glooming world, his gladsome ray:
And all these stormes, which now his beauty blend,
Shall turne to calmes, and tymely cleare away.
So, likewise, love! cheare you your heavy spright,
And chaunge old yeares annoy to new delight.

SONNET LXIII.

After long stormes and tempests sad assay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore,
In dread of death, and daungerous dismay,
With which my silly bark was tossed sore;
I doe at length descry the happy shore,
In which I hope ere long for to arryve: [store
Fayre soyle it seemes from far, and fraught with
Of all that deare and daynty is alyve.
Most happy he! that can at last atchyve
The ioyous safety of so sweet a rest;
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all paines which him opprest.
All paines are nothing in respect of this;
All sorrowes short that gaine eternall blisse.

SONNET LXIV.

Comming to kisse her lyps, (such grace I found)
Me seemd, I smelt a gardin of sweet flowres,
That dainty odours from them threw around,
For damzels fit to deck their lovers bowres.
Her lips did smell lyke unto gillyflowers;
Her ruddy cheekes, lyke unto roses red;
Her snowy browes, lyke budded bellamoures;
Her lovely eyes, lyke pincks but newly spred;
Her goodly bosome, lyke a strawberry bed;
Her neck, lyke to a bounch of cullambynes;
Her brest, lyke lillyes, ere their leaves be shed;
Her nipples, lyke young blossomd jessemynes:
Such fragrant flowres doe give most odorous smell;
But her sweet odour did them all excell.

SONNET LXV.

The doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre love, is vaine,
That fondly feare to lose your liberty;
When, losing one, two liberties ye gayne,
And make him bond that bondage earst did fly.
Sweet be the bands, the which true Love doth tye
Without constraynt, or dread of any ill:
The gentle birde feeles no captivity
Within her cage; but sings, and feeds her fill.
There Pride dare not approch, nor Discord spill
The league twixt them, that loyal Love hath bound:
But simple Truth, and mutual Good-will,
Seeks, with sweet Peace, to salve each others wound:
There Fayth doth fearless dwell in brasen towre,
And spotlesse Pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SONNET LXVI.

To all those happy blessings, which ye have
With plenteous hand by Heaven upon you thrown;
This one disparagement they to you gave,
That ye your love lent to so meane a one.
Ye, whose high worths surpassing paragon
Could not on Earth have found one fit for mate,
Ne but in Heaven matchable to none,
Why did ye stoup unto so lowly state?
But ye thereby much greater glory gate,
Then had ye sorted with a princes pere:
For, now your light doth more it selfe dilate,
And, in my darknesse, greater doth appeare.
Yet, since your light hath once enlumind me,
With my reflex yours shall encreased be.

SONNET LXVII.

Lyke as a huntsman after weary chace,
Seeing the game from him escapt away,
Sits downe to rest him in some shady place,
With panting hounds beguiled of their pray:
So, after long pursuit and vaine assay,
When I all weary had the chace forsooke,
The gentle deer returnd the selfe-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke:
There she, beholding me with mylder looke,
Sought not to fly, but fearlesse still did bide;
Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
And with her owne goodwill her fyrmely tyde.
Strange thing, me seemd, to see a beast so wyld,
So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguyld.

SONNET LXVIII.

Most glorious Lord of lyfe! that, on this day,
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin;
And, having harrowd Hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win:
This ioyous day, deare Lord, with ioy begin;
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dy,
Being with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
May live for ever in felicity!
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same againe;
And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy,
With love may one another entertayne!
So let us love, deare love, lyke as we ought:
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

SONNET LXIX.

The famous warriors of the antieke world
Us'd trophees to erect in stately wize;
In which they would the records have enrold
Of theyre great deeds and valorous emprize.
What trophee then shall I most fit devize,
In which I may record the memory
Of my loves conquest, peerlesse beauties prise,
Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity!
Even this verse, vowd to eternity,
Shall be thereof immortall moniment;
And tell her praise to all posterity,
That may admire such worlds rare wonderment;
The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
Gotten at last with labour and long toyle.

SONNET LXX.

Fresh Spring, the herald of loves mighty king,
In whose cote-armour richly are displayd
All sorts of flowres, the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously arrayd;
Go to my love, where she is carelesse layd,
Yet in her winters bowre not well awake;
Tell her the ioyous Time will not be staid,
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take;
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
To wayt on Love amongst his lovely crew;
Where every one, that misseth then her make,
Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make haste therefore, sweet love, whilst it is prime;
For none can call againe the passed time.

SONNET LXXI.

I ioy to see how, in your drawen work,
Your selfe unto the bee ye doe compare;
And me unto the spyder, that doth lurke
In close awayt, to catch her unaware:
Right to your selfe were caught in cunning snare
Of a deare foe, and thralled to his love;
In whose streight bands ye now captyved are
So firmely, that ye never may remove.
But as your worke is wov[illegible] about
With woodbynd flowers [illegible] eglantine;
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
With many deare delights bedecked fyne.
And all thenceforth eternall peace shall see
Betweene the spyder and the gentle bee.

SONNET LXXII.

Oft, when my spirit doth spred her bolder winges,
In mind to mount up to the purest sky;
It down is weighd with thought of earthly things,
And clogd with burden of mortality;
Where, when that soverayne beauty it doth spy,
Resembling Heavens glory in her light,
Drawn with sweet pleasures bayt, it back doth fly,
And unto Heaven forgets her former flight.
There my fraile fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bathe in blisse, and mantleth most at ease;
Ne thinks of other Heaven, but how it might
Her harts desire with most contentment please.
Hart need not wish none other happinesse,
But here on Earth to have such Hevens blisse.

SONNET LXXIII.

Being my self captyved here in care,
My hart, (whom none with servile bands can tye,
But the fayre tresses of your golden hayre)
Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly.
Like as a byrd, that in ones hand doth spy
Desired food, to it doth make his flight:
Even so my hart, that wont on your fayre eye
To feed his fill, flyes backe unto your sight.
Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright
Gently encage, that he may be your thrall:
Perhaps he there may learne, with rare delight,
To sing your name and praises over all:
That it hereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your bosome to have lent.

SONNET LXXIV.

Most happy letters! fram'd by skilfull trade,
With which that happy name was first desynd,
The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
With gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
The first my being to me gave by kind,
From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent:
The second is my sovereigne queene most kind,
That honour and large riches to me lent:
The third, my love, my lives last [illegible]
By whom my spirit out of dust was [illegible]:
To speake her prayse and glory excellent,
Of all alive most worthy to be prayysed.
Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give.

SONNET LXXV.

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves, and washed it away:
Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand;
But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
"Vayne man," sayd she, "that doest in vaine assay
A mortall thing so to immortalize;
For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
And eke my name be wyped out lykewize."
"Not so," quod I; "let baser things devize
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
And in the Hevens wryte your glorious name.
Where, when as death shall all the world subdew,
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

SONNET LXXVI.

Fayre bosome! fraught with vertues richest tresure,
The neast of love, the lodging of delight,
The bowre of blisse, the paradice of pleasure,
The sacred harbour of that hevenly spright;
How was I ravisht with your lovely sight,
And my frayle thoughts too rashly led astray!
Whiles diving deepe through amorous insight,
On the sweet spoyle of beautie they did pray;
And twixt her paps, (like early fruit in May,
Whose harvest seemd to hasten now apace)
They loosely did theyr wanton winges display,
And there to rest themselves did boldly place.
Sweet thoughts! I envy your so happy rest,
Which oft I wisht, yet never was so blest.

SONNET LXXVII.

Was it a dreame, or did I see it playne;
A goodly table of pure yvory,
All spred with juncats, fit to entertayne
The greatest prince with pompous roialty:
Mongst which, there in a silver dish did ly
Two golden apples of unvalewd price;
Far passing those which Hercules came by,
Or those which Atalanta did entice;
Exceeding sweet, yet voyd of sinfull vice;
That manie sought, yet none could ever taste;
Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Paradice
By Love himselfe, and in his garden plaste.
Her brest that table was, so richly spredd;
My thoughts the guests, which would thereon have fedd.

SONNET LXXVIII.

Lackyng my love, I go from place to place,
Lyke a young fawne, that late hath lost the hynd;
And seeke each where, where last I sawe her face,
Whose ymage yet I carry fresh in mynd.
I seeke the fields with her late footing synd;
I seeke her bowre with her late presence deckt;
Yet nor in field nor bowre I can her fynd;
Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect:
But when myne eyes I therunto direct,
They ydly back return to me agayne:
And, when I hope to see theyr trew obiect,
I fynd my self but fed with fancies vayne.
Cease then, myne eyes, to seeke her selfe to see;
And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

SONNET LXXIX.

Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
For that your selfe ye daily such doe see:
But the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit,
And vertuous mind, is much more praysd of me:
For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,
Shall turne to nought and lose that glorious hew;
But onely that is permanent and free
From frayle corruption, that doth flesh ensew.
That is true beautie: that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed;
Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit, from whom all true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed:
He only fayre, and what he fayre hath made;
All other fayre, lyke flowres, untymely fade.

SONNET LXXX.

After so long a race as I have run
Through Faery-land, which those six books compile,
Give leave to rest me being half foredonne,
And gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
Then, as a steed refreshed after toyle,
Out of my prison I will break anew;
And stoutly will that second work assoyle,
With strong endevour and attention dew.
Till then give leave to me, in pleasant mew
To sport my Muse, and sing my loves sweet praise;
The contemplation of whose heavenly hew,
My spirit to an higher pitch will rayse.
But let her prayses yet be low and meane,
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery queene.

SONNET LXXXI.

Fayre is my love, when her fayre golden haires
With the loose wynd ye waving chance to marke;
Fayre, when the rose in her red cheekes appeares;
Or in her eyes the fyre of love does sparke.
Fayre, when her brest, lyke a rich laden barke,
With pretious merchandize she forth doth lay;
Fayre, when that cloud of pryde, which oft doth dark
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
But fayrest she, when so she doth display
The gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight;
Through which her words so wise do make their way
To beare the message of her gentle spright.
The rest be works of Natures wonderment;
But this the worke of harts astonishment.

SONNET LXXXII.

Joy of my life! full oft for loving you
I blesse my lot, that was so lucky plac'd:
But then the more your owne mishap I rew,
That are so much by so meane love embased.
For, had the equall Hevens so much you graced
In this as in the rest, ye mote invent
Some hevenly wit, whose verse could have enchased
Your glorious name in golden moniment.
But since ye deigned so goodly to relent
To me your thrall, in whom is little worth;
That little, that I am, shall all be spent
In setting your immortal prayses forth:
Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,
Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

Let not one sparke of filthy lustfull fyre
Breake out, that may her sacred peace molest;
Ne one light glance of sensuall desyre
Attempt to work her gentle mindes unrest:
But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
And modest thoughts breathd from well tempred
Goe visit her, in her chaste bowre of rest, [spirits,
Accompanyde with angelick delightes.
There fill your selfe with those most ioyous sights,
The which my selfe could never yet attayne:
But speake no word to her of these sad plights,
Which her too constant stiffnesse doth constrayn.
Onely behold her rare perfection,
And blesse your fortunes fayre election.

SONNET LXXXIV.

The world that cannot deeme of worthy things,
When I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter:
So does the cuckow, when the mavis sings,
Begin his witlesse note apace to clatter.
But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
All that they know not, envy or admyre;
Rather then envy, let them wonder at her,
But not to deeme of her desert aspyre.
Deepe, in the closet of my parts entyre,
Her worth is written with a golden quill,
That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,
And my glad mouth with her sweet prayses fill.
Which whenso Fame in her shrill trump shall thunder,
Let the world chuse to envy or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXV.

Venemous tongue, tipt with vile adders sting,
Of that self kynd with which the Furies fell
Their snaky heads doe combe, from which a spring
Of poysoned words and spightfull speeches well;
Let all the plagues, and horrid paines, of Hell
Upon thee fall for thine accursed lyre;
That with false forged lyes, which thou didst tell,
In my true love did stirre up coles of yre;
The sparkes whereof let kindle thine own fyre,
And, catching hold on thine own wicked hed,
Consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
In my sweet peace such breaches to have bred!
Shame be thy meed, and mischiefe thy reward,
Due to thy selfe, that it for me prepard!

SONNET LXXXVI.

Since I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary dayes I have outworne;
And many nights, that slowly seemd to move
Theyr sad protract from evening untill morn.
For, when as day the Heaven doth adorne,
I wish that night the noyous day would end:
And, when as night hath us of light forlorne,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And faine my griefe with chaunges to beguile,
That further seemes his terme still to extend,
And maketh every minute seem a myle.
So sorrowe still doth seem too long to last;
But ioyous houres do fly away too fast.

SONNET LXXXVII.

Since I have lackt the comfort of that light,
The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray;
I wander as in darknesse of the night,
Affrayd of every dangers least dismay.
Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
When others gaze upon theyr shadowes vayne,
But th' only image of that heavenly ray,
Whereof some glance doth in mine eie remayne.
Of which beholding the idaea plaine,
Through contemplation of my purest part,
With light thereof I doe my self sustayne,
And thereon feed my love-affamisht hart.
But, with such brightnesse whylest I fill my mind,
I starve my body and mine eyes doe blynd.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

Lyke as the culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate;
And, in her songs, sends many a wishful vow
For his returne that seemes to linger late:
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourne to my selfe the absence of my love;
And, wandring here and there all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove:
Ne ioy of ought, that under Heaven doth hove,
Can comfort me, but her owne ioyous sight:
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasaunce to delight.
Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light I mis,
And dead my life that wants such lively blis.

SONNETS

COLLECTED FROM THE ORIGINAL PUBLICATIONS IN WHICH THEY APPEARED.

I.

To the right worshipfull, my singular good friend, M. Gabriel Harvey, doctor of the lawes.

Harvey, the happy above happiest men
I read; that, sitting like a looker-on
Of this worldes stage, doest note with critique pen
The sharpe dislikes of each condition;
And, as one carelesse of suspition,
Ne fawnest for the favour of the great;
Ne fearest foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat:
But freely doest, of what thee list, entreat,
Like a great lord of peerelesse liberty;
Lifting the good up to high Honours seat,
And the evill damning evermore to dy:
For life and death, is in thy doomeful writing!
So thy renowme lives ever by endighting.

Dublin, this xviij. of July, 1586.

Your devoted friend, during life,
EDMUND SPENSER.

II.

Whoso wil seeke, by right deserts, t' attaine
Unto the type of true nobility;
And not by painted shewes, and titles vaine,
Derived farre from famous auncestrie:

Behold them both in their right visnomy.
Here truly pourtray'd, as they ought to be,
And striving both for termes of dignitie,
To be advaunced highest in degree.
And, when thou doost with equall insight see
The ods twixt both, of both the deem aright,
And chuse the better of them both to thee;
But thanks to him, that it deserves, behight;
To Nenna first, that first this worke created,
And next to Jones, that truely it translated.

ED. SPENSER.

III.

UPON THE

HISTORIE OF GEO. CASTRIOT, ALIAS SCANDERBEG,

KING OF THE EPIROTS,

Translated into English.

Wherefore doth vaine Antiquitie so vaunt
Her ancient moniments of mightie peeres,
And old herös, which their world did daunt
With their great deedes and fild their childrens eares?
Who, rapt with wonder of their famous praise,
Admire their statues, their colossoes great:
Their rich triumphall arcks which they did raise,
Their huge pyrámids, which do Heaven threat.
Lo! one whom later age hath brought to light,
Matchable to the greatest of those great;
Great both by name, and great in power and might,
And meriting a mere triumphant seate.
The scourge of Turkes, and plague of infidels,
Thy acts, O Scanderberg, this volume tels.

ED. SPENSER.

IV.

The antique Babel, empresse of the east,
Upreard her buildinges to the threatned skie:
And second Babell, tyrant of the west,
Her ayry towers upraised much more high.
But, with the weight of their own surquedry,
They both are fallen, that all the Earth did feare,
And buried now in their own ashes ly;
Yet shewing, by their heapes, how great they were.
But in their place doth now a third appeare,
Fayre Venice, flower of the last worlds delight;
And next to them in beauty draweth neare,
But farre exceedes in policie of right.
Yet not so fayre her buildinges to behold
As Lewkenors stile that hath her beautie told.

EDM. SPENSER.

POEMS.

POEM I.

In youth, [illegible] I waxed old,
The blynd boy, Venus baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hyve to grope for honny:
But, when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did fly.

POEM II.

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head:
One of his shafts she stole away,
And one of hers did close convay
Into the others stead:
With that Love wounded my loves hart,
But Diane beasts with Cupids dart.

POEM III.

I saw, in secret to my dame
How little Cupid humbly came,
And said to her; "All hayle, my mother!"
But, when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashfull blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.
"Then, never blush, Cupid," quoth I,
"For many have err'd in this beauty."

POEM IV.

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbring
All in his mothers lap;
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
About him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noyse,
And saw the beast so small;
"Whats this," quoth he, "that gives so great a voyce,
That wakens mens withall?"
In angry wize he flies about,
And threatens all with corage stout.
To whom his mother closely smiling sayd,
'Twixt earnest and 'twixt game:
"See! thou thy selfe likewise art lyttle made,
If thou regard the same.
And yet thou suffrest neyther gods in sky,
Nor mon in Earth, to rest:
But, when thou art disposed cruelly,
Theyre sleepe thou doost molest.
Then eyther change thy cruelty,
Or give like leave unto the fly."
Nathelesse, the cruell boy, not so content,
Would needs the fly pursue;
And in his hand, with heedlesse hardiment,
Him caught for to subdue.
But, when on it he hasty hand did lay,
The bee him stung therefore:
"Now out alas," he cryde, "and welaway,
I wounded am full sore:
The fly, that I so much did scorne,
Hath hurt me with his little horne."
Unto his mother straight he weeping came,
And of his griefe complayned:
Who could not chuse but laugh at his fond game,
Though sad to see him pained.
"Think now," quoth she, "my son, how great the smart
Of those whom thou dost wound:
Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,
That pitty never found:
Therefore, henceforth some pitty take,
When thou doest spoyle of lovers make."

She tooke him streight full pitiously lamenting,
And wrapt him in her smock:
She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting
That he the fly did mock.
She drest his wound, and it embaulmed well
With salve of soveraigne might:
And then she bath'd him in a dainty well,
The well of deare delight.
Who would not oft be stung as this,
To be so bath'd in Venus blis?
The wanton boy was shortly wel recured
Of that his malady:
But he, soone after, fresh again enured
His former cruelty.
And since that time he wounded hath my selfe
With his sharpe dart of love:
And now forgets the cruell carelesse elfe
His mother's heast to prove.
So now I 'anguish, till he please
My pining anguish to appease.

EPITHALAMION.

Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to the ayding, others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes,
But joyed in theyr praise;
And when ye list your own mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull dreriment:
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside;
And, having all your heads with girlands crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loves prayses to resound;
Ne let the same of any be envide:
So Orpheus did for his owne bride!
So I unto my selfe alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.

Early before the worlds light-giving lampe,
His golden beame upon the hils doth spred,
Having disperst the nights unchearfull dampe,
Doe ye awake; and with fresh lustyhed,
Go to the bowre of my beloved love,
My truest turtle dove;
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to move,
With his bright tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore; and soone her dight,
For lo! the wished day is come at last,
That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her usury of long delight:
And, whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing, [ring.
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho

Bring with you all the nymphes that you can heare
Both of the rivers and the forrests greene,
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare;
All with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand,
For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,
Bound truelove wize, with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewd with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strayt;
The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring.

Ye nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed
(Those trouts and pikes all others doe exceed)
And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy lake,
Where none doo fishes take;
Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the dore,
That on the hoary mountayne use to towre;
And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to devoure,
With your steele darts doe chace from coming neer;
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing, [ring.
That all the woods may answer, and your ecchoe

Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time;
The rosy Morne long since left Tithons bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme;
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies,
And carroll of loves praise.
The merry larke hir mattins sings aloft;
The thrush replyes; the mavis descant playes;
The ouzell shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.
Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' awayt the comming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing, [ring,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho

My love is now awake out of her dreame,
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.
Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight:
But first come, ye fayre Hœures, which were begot,
In Joves sweet paradice, of Day and Night;
Which doe the seasons of the year allot,
And all, that ever in this world is fayre,
Doe make and still repayre;
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian quene,
The which doe still adorn her beauties shine,
Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing, [ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt;
And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,
Prepare your selves; for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good aray,
Fit for so joyfull day:
The joyfulst day that ever Sunne did see.
Fair Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fayrest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy minde delight,
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse;
But let this day, let this one day, be mine;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Harke! how the minstrils gin to shrill aloud
Their merry musick that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud,
That well agree withouten breach or iar.
But, most of all, the damzels doe delite,
When they their tymbrels smyte,
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the sences they doe ravish quite;
The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,
Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
As if it were one voyce.
Hymen, io Hymen, Hymen, they do shout;
That even to the Heavens theyr shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
And loud advaunce her laud;
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen, sing, [ring.
That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the east,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre;
And, being crowned with a girland greene,
Seem lyke some mayden queene.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store:
Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the Sun hath rudded,
Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowl of creame uncrudded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre;
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
To Honors seat and Chastities sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
Medusaes mazeful hed.
There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Fayth, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;
There Vertue raynes as queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone,
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approch to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial threasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your eccho ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receyve this saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She commeth in, before th' Almighties view:
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make;
And let the roring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throates,
The choristers the joyous antheme sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their eccho ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne,
Like crimsin dyde in grayne:
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsownd.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!
Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho

Now all is done: bring home the bride againe;
Bring home the triumph of our victory;
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With joyaunce bring her and with iollity.
Never had man more joyfull day than this,
Whom Heaven would heape with blis.
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day;
This day for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that will,
And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
That they may sweat and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye god Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreaths of vine;
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can doo it best:
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Ring ye the bels, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the Sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To choose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bels, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day;
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend?
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move?
Hast thee, O fayrest planet, to thy home,
Within the westerne fome:
Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright evening-star with golden creast
Appeare out of the east.
Fayre childe of Beauty! glorious lampe of Love!
That all the host of Heaven in rankes doost lead,
And guidest lovers through the nights sad dread,
How chearefully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

Now ceasse, ye damsels, your delights forepast;
Enough it is that all the day was youres:
Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the bryde into the brydall bowres.
The night is come, now soon her disaray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken curteins over her display,
And odourd sheets, and arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my faire love does ly,
In proud humility!
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

Now welcome, Night! thou night so long expected,
That long daies labour doest at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell Love collected,
Hast sumd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
That no man may us see;
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy;
But let the night be calme, and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad affray:
Lyke as when Jove with fayre Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome:
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie,
And begot Majesty.
And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived dout.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights,
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings helpless harmes,
Ne let the ponke, nor other evill sprights,
Ne let mischievous witches with their charmes,
Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sence we see not,
Fray us with things that be not;
Let not the shriech-owle, nor the storke, be heard;
Nor the night raven, that still deadly yells;
Nor damned ghosts, called up with mighty spells;
Nor griesly vultures make us once affeard:
Ne let th' unpleasant quyre of frogs still croking
Make us to wish theyr choking.
Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

But let stil Silence trew night-watches keepe,
That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne;
The whiles an hundred little winged Loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about the bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reproves,
Their prety stealthes shall worke, and snares shall spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through covert night.
Ye sounes of Venus, play your sports at will!
For greedy Pleasure, carelesse of your joyes,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing;
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your eccho ring.

Who is the same, which at my window peepes?
Or whose is that faire face that shines so bright?
Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleepes,
But walkes about high Heaven al the night?
O! fayrest goddesse, do thou not envy
My love with me to spy:
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wooll, which privily
The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favorable now;
And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t' effect our wishfull vow,
And the chast womb informe with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing;
Ne let the woods us answer, nor our eccho ring.

And thou, great Juno! which with awful might
The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize;
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize;
And eke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart;
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad genius! in whose gentle hand
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine;
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
With secret ayde doost succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny;
Send us the timely fruit of this same night,
And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!
Grant that it may so be,
Till which we cease your further prayse to sing;
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

And ye high Heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light;
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More than we men can fayne;
Pour out your blessing on us plentiously,
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the Earth which they may long possesse
With lasting happinesse,
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount;
And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely ioyes to sing:
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring!

Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been dect,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
But promist both to recompens;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse moniment!

FOWRE HYMNES.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VERTUOUS LADIES, THE LADIE MARGARET, COUNTESSE OF CUMBERLAND, AND THE LADIE MARIE, COUNTESSE OF WARWICK.

Having, in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two hymnes in the praise of love and beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which, being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out poyson to their strong passion, then honey to their honest delight, I was moved, by the one of you two most excellent ladies, to call in the same; but, being unable so to do, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and, by way of retraction, to reforme them, making (instead of those two hymnes of earthly or naturall love and beautie) two others of heavenly and celestiall; the which I doe dedicate joyntly unto you two honorable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beautie, both in the one and the other kind; humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye dayly shew unto me, until such time as I may, by better meanes, yeeld you some more notable testimonie of my thankfull mind and dutifull devotion. And even so I pray for your happinesse. Greenwich this first of September, 1596. Your honors most bounden ever,

in all humble service,

ED. SP.

HYMNE I.

IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

Love, that long since hast to thy mightie powre
Perforce subdude my poor captived hart,
And, raging now therein with restlesse stowre,
Doest tyrannize in everie weaker part,
Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart
By any service I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.

And now t' asswage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meane to sing the praises of thy name,
And thy victorious conquests to areed,
By which thou madest many harts to bleed
Of mighty victors, with wide wounds embrewed,
And by thy cruell darts to thee subdewed.

Onely I fear my wits enfeebled late, [bred,
Through the sharp sorrowes which thou hast me
Should faint, and words should faile me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-hed:
But, if thou wouldst vouchsafe to overspred
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,
I should enabled be thy actes to sing.

Come, then, O come, thou mightie god of love!
Out of thy silver bowres and secret blisse,
Where thou dost sit in Venus lap above,
Bathing thy wings in her ambrosial kisse,
That sweeter farre than any nectar is;
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye, sweet Muses! which have often proved
The piercing points of his avengefull darts;
And ye, fair nimphs! which oftentimes have loved
The cruel worker of your kindly smarts,
Prepare yourselves, and open wide your harts
For to receive the triumph of your glorie,
That made you merie oft when ye were sorrie.

And ye, faire blossoms of youths wanton breed!
Which in the conquests of your beautie bost,
Wherewith your lovers feeble eyes you feed,
But sterve their harts that needeth nourture most,
Prepare yourselves to march amongst his host,
And all the way this sacred hymne do sing,
Made in the honor of your soveraigne king.

Great god of might, that reignest in the mynd,
And all the bodie to thy hest doest frame,
Victor of gods, subduer of mankynd,
That doest the lions and fell tigers tame,
Making their cruell rage thy scornfull game,
And in their roving taking great delight;
Who can expresse the glorie of thy might?

Or who alive can perfectly declare
The wondrous cradle of thine infancie,
When thy great mother Venus first thee bare,
Begot of Plenty and of Penurie,
Though elder then thine owne nativitie,
And yet a chyld, renewing still thy yeares,
And yet the eldest of the heavenly peares?

For ere this worlds still moving mightie masse
Out of great Chaos ugly prison crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From Heavens view, and in deep darknesse kept,
Love, that had now long time securely slept
In Venus lap, unarmed then and naked,
Gan reare his head, by Olotho being waked:

And taking to him wings of his own heat,
Kindled at first from Heavens life-giving fyre,
He gan to move out of his idle seat;
Weakly at first, but after with desyre
Lifted aloft, he gan to mount up hyre,
And, like fresh eagle, made his hardy flight
Thro all that great wide waste, yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
His own faire mother, for all creatures sake,
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray;
Then through the world his way he gan to take,
The world, that was not till he did it make,
Whose sundrie parts he from themselves did sever,
The which before had lyen confused ever.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,
Then gan to raunge themselves in huge array,
And with contrary forces to conspyre
Each against other by all meanes they may,
Threatning their owne confusion and decay:
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,
Till Love relented their rebellious yre.

He then them tooke, and, tempering goodly well
Their contrary dislikes with loved meanes,
Did place them all in order, and compell
To keepe themselves within their sundrie raines,
Together linkt with adamantine chaines;
Yet so, as that in every living wight
They mix themselves, and shew their kindly might.

So ever since they firmely have remained,
And duly well observed his beheast; [tained
Through which now all these things that are con-
Within this goodly cope, both most and least,
Their being have, and daily are increast
Through secret sparks of his infused fyre,
Which in the barraine cold he doth inspyre.

Thereby they all do live, and moved are
To multiply the likenesse of their kynd,
Whilest they seeke onely, without further care,
To quench the flame which they in burning fynd;
But man that breathes a more immortall mynd,
Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,
Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie;

For, having yet in his deducted spright
Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fyre,
He is enlumind with that goodly light,
Unto like goodly semblant to aspyre;
Therefore in choice of love he doth desyre
That seemes on Earth most heavenly to embrace,
That same is Beautie, borne of heavenly race.

For sure of all that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more divine doth seeme,
Or that resembleth more th' immortall flame
Of heavenly light, than beauties glorious beam.
What wonder then, if with such rage extreme
Frail men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to see,
At sight thereof so much enravisht bee?

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy
Doth therewith tip his sharp empoisned darts,
Which glancing thro the eyes with countenance coy
Rest not till they have pierst the trembling harts,
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which suckes the blood, and drinketh up the lyfe,
Of carefull wretches with consuming griefe.

Thenceforth they playne, and make full piteous mone
Unto the author of their balefull bane: [grone,
The daies they waste, the nights they grieve and
Their lives they loath, and Heavens light disdaine;
No light but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
They deigne to see, and seeing it still dye.

The whylst thou tyrant Love doest laugh and scorne
At their complaints, making their paine thy play,
Whylest they lye languishing like thrals forlorne,
The whyles thou doest triumph in their decay;
And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,
Thou doest emmarble the proud hart of her
Whose love before their life they doe prefer.

So hast thou often done (ay me, the more!)
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so sore,
That whole remaines scarse any little part;
Yet, to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enfrosen her disdainefull brest,
That no one drop of pitie there doth rest.

Why then do I this honour unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou doest shew no favour unto mee,
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious dame,
Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame?
Certes small glory doest thou winne hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to dy.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
The worlds great parent, the most kind preserver
Of living wights, the soverayne lord of all,
How falles it then that with thy furious fervour
Thou doest afflict as well the not-deserver,
As him that doeth thy lovely heasts despize,
And on thy subiects most doth tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best thee serve,
That, ere thou doest them unto grace restore,
Thou mayest well trie if thou wilt ever swerve,
And mayest them make it better to deserve,
And, having got it, may it more esteeme;
For things hard gotten men more dearely deeme.

So hard those heavenly beauties he enfyred
As things divine, least passions doe impresse,
The more of stedfast mynds to be admyred,
The more they stayed be on stedfastnesse;
But baseborne minds such lamps regard the lesse,
Which at first blowing take not hastie fyre;
Such fancies feele no love, but loose desyre.

For Love is lord of truth and loialtie,
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest skie,
Above the reach of loathly sinfull lust,
Whose base affect through cowardly distrust
Of his weake wings dare not to Heaven fly,
But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth ly.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves enure
To dirtie drosse, no higher dare aspyre,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celestiall fyre
Which kindleth love in generous desyre,
And makes him mount above the native might
Of heavie earth, up to the Heavens hight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid basenesse doth expell,
And the refyned mynd doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it selfe excell,
Which he beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirrhour of so heavenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
He thereon feeds his hungrie fantasy,
Still full, yet never satisfyde with it;
Like Tantale, that in store doth sterved ly,
So doth he pine in most satiety;
For nought may quench his infinite desyre,
Once kindled through that first conceived fyre.

Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought but how it to attaine;
His care, his ioy, his hope, is all on this,
That seemes in it all blisses to containe,
In sight whereof all other blisse seemes vaine:
Thrice happie man! might he the same possesse,
He faines himselfe, and doth his fortune blesse.

And though he do not win his wish to end,
Yet thus farre happie he himselfe doth weene,
That Heavens such happie grace did to him lend,
As thing on Earth so heavenly to have seene
His harts enshrined saint, his Heavens queene,
Fairer then fairest, in his fayning eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitye.

Then forth he casts in his unquiet thought,
What he may do, her favour to obtaine;
What brave exploit, what perill hardly wrought,
What puissant conquest, what adventurous paine,
May please her best, and grace unto him gaine;
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guyde,
Thou, being blind, letst him not see his feares,
But carriest him to that which he had eyde,
Through seas, through flames, through thousand swords and speares;
Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,
With which thou armest his resistlesse hand.

Witnesse Leander in the Euxine waves,
And stout Æneas in the Troiane fyre,
Achilles preassing through the Phrygian glaives,
And Orpheus, during to provoke the yre
Of damned fiends, to get his love retyre;
For both through Heaven and Hell thou makest way,
To win them worship which to thee obay.

And if by all these perils, and these paynes,
He may but purchase lyking in her eye,
What Heavens of ioy then to himselfe he faynes!
Eftsoones he wypes quite out of memory
Whatever ill before he did aby:
Had it beene death, yet would he die againe,
To live thus happie as her grace to gaine.

Yet, when he hath found favour to his will,
He nathemore can so contented rest,
But forceth further on, and striveth still
T' approch more neare, till in her inmost brest
He may embosomd bee and loved best;
And yet not best, but to be lov'd alone;
For love cannot endure a paragone.

The fear whereof, O how doth it torment
His troubled mynd with more then hellish paine!
And to his fayning fansie represent
Sights never seene, and thousand shadowes vaine,
To breake his sleepe, and waste his ydle braine:
Thou that hast never lov'd canst not beleeve
Least part of th' evils which poore lovers greeve.

The gnawing envie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine surmizes, the distrustfull showes,
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the daungers, the delayes, the woes,
The fayned friends, the unassured foes,
With thousands more then any tongue can tell,
Doe make a lovers life a wretches Hell.

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,
That cancker-worme, that monster, Gelosie,
Which eates the heart and feedes upon the gall,
Turning all loves delight to miserie,
Through feare of losing his felicitie.
Ah, gods! that ever ye that monster placed
In gentle love, that all his ioyes defaced!

By these, O Love! thou doest thy entrance make
Unto thy Heaven, and doest the more endeere
Thy pleasures unto those which them partake,
As after stormes, when clouds begin to cleare,
The Sunne more bright and glorious doth appeare;
So thou thy folke, through paines of purgatorie,
Dost beare unto thy blisse, and Heavens glorie.

There thou them placest in a paradize
Of all delight and ioyous happy rest,
Where they doe feede on nectar heavenly-wize,
With Hercules and Hebe, and the rest
Of Venus dearlings, through her bountie blest;
And lie like gods in yvory beds arayd,
With rose and lillies over them displayd.

There with thy daughter Pleasure they doe play
Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, devoyd of guilty shame,
After full ioyance of their gentle game; [queene,
Then her they crowne their goddesse and their
And decke with flowres thy altars well beseene.

Ay me! deare lord! that ever I might hope,
For all the paines and woes that I endure,
To come at length unto the wished scope
Of my desire, or might myselfe assure,
That happie port for ever to recure!
Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all,
And all my woes to be but penace small.

Then would I sing of thine immortal praise
And heavenly hymne, such as the angels sing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raise
Bove all the gods, thee only honoring;
My guide, my god, my victor, and my king:
Till then, drad lord! vouchsafe to take of me
This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.

HYMNE II.

IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE.

Ah! whither, Love! wilt thou now carry mee?
What wontlesse fury dost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
Whylest seeking to aslake thy raging fyre,
Thou in me kindlest much more great desyre,
And up aloft above my strength doth rayse
The wondrous matter of my fire to praise.

That as I earst, in praise of thine owne name,
So now in honour of thy mother deare,
An honourable hymne I eke should frame,
And, with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
The ravisht hearts of gazefull men might reare
To admiration of that heavenly light,
From whence proceeds such soule-enchanting might.

Therto do thou, great goddesse! queene of Beauty,
Mother of Love, and of all worlds delight,
Without whose soverayne grace and kindly dewty
Nothing on Earth seems fayre to fleshly sight,
Doe thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling light
T' illuminate my dim and dulled eyne,
And beautifie this sacred hymne of thyne:

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
And eke to her, whose faire immortall beame
Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
That now it wasted is with woes extreame,
It may so please, that she at length will streame
Some deaw of grace into my withered hart,
After long sorrow and consuming smart.

What time this worlds great Workmaister did cast
To make al things such as we now behold,
It seemes that he before his eyes had plast
A goodly paterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashiond them as comely as he could,
That now so faire and seemely they appeare,
As nought may be amended any wheare.

That wondrous paterne, wheresoere it bee,
Whether in Earth layd up in secret store,
Or else in Heaven, that no man may it see
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect beautie, which all men adore;
Whose face and feature doth so much excell
All mortal sence, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or lesse, by influence divine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the grosse matter of this earthly myne
Which closeth it thereafter doth refyne,
Doing away the drosse which dims the light
Of that faire beame which therein is empight.

For, through infusion of celestiall powre,
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits privily doth powre
Through all the parts, that to the looker's sight
They seeme to please; that is thy soveraine might,
O Cyprian queene! which flowing from the beame
Of thy bright starre, thou into them doest streame.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth lively fyre,
Light of thy lampe; which, shyning in the face,
Thence to the soule darts amorous desyre,
And robs the harts of those which it admyre;
Therewith thou pointest thy sons poysned arrow,
That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost marrow.

How vainely then do ydle wits invent,
That Beautie is nought else but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a sommers shade;
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measurd, with meet disposition!

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the hart,
And therein stirre such rage and restlesse stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolours smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part
Move such affection in the inward mynd,
That it can rob both sense, and reason blynd?

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,
Which are arayd with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most daintie odours yield,
Worke like impression in the lookers vew?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
In which oft-times we Nature see of art
Exceld, in perfect limming every part?

But ah! beleeve me there is more then so,
That workes such wonders in the minds of men;
I, that have often prov'd, too well it know,
And who so list the like assayes to ken,
Shall find by trial, and confesse it then,
That beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme,
An outward shew of things that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are sprinckled, shall decay,
And those sweete rosy leaves, so fairly spred
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted clay:
That golden wyre, those sparckling stars so bright,
Shall turne to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
That light proceedes, which kindleth lovers fire,
Shall never be extinguisht nor decay;
But, when the vitall spirits doe expyre,
Unto her native planet shall retyre;
For it is heavenly borne and cannot die,
Being a parcell of the purest skie.

For when the soule, the which derived was,
At first out of that great immortall spright,
By whom all live to love, whilome did pas
Down from the top of purest Heavens hight
To be embodied here, it then tooke light
And lively spirits from that fayrest starre
Which lights the world forth from his firie carre.

Which powre retayning still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshly seede is eft enraced,
Through every part she doth the same impresse,
According as the Heavens have her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
Of th' heavenly riches which she robd erewhyle.

Thereof it comes that these faire soules, which have
The most resemblance of that heavenly light,
Frame to themselves most beautifull and brave
Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
And the grosse matter by a soveraine might
Temper so trim, that it may well be seene
A pallace fit for such a virgin queene.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With cheerfull grace and amiable sight;
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

Therefore where-ever that thou doost behold
A comely corpse, with beautie faire endewed,
Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soule, with fair conditions thewed;
Fit to receive the seede of vertue strewed;
For all that faire is, is by nature good;
That is a signe to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falles that many a gentle mynd
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
Either by chaunce, against the course of kynd,
Or through unaptnesse in the substance fownd,
Which it assumed of some stubborne grownd,
That will not yield unto her formes direction,
But is perform'd with some foule imperfection.

And oft it falles, (ay me, the more to rew!)
That goodly Beautie, albe heavenly borne,
Is foule abusd, and that celestiall hew,
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne,
Whilest every one doth seeke and sew to have it,
But every one doth seeke but to deprave it.

Yet nathëmore is that faire Beauties blame,
But theirs that doth abuse it unto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt, and wrested unto will:
Nathelesse the soule is faire and beauteous still,
However fleshes fault it filthy make;
For things immortall no corruption take.

But ye, faire dames! the worlds deare ornaments,
And lively images of Heavens light,
Let not your beames with such disparagements
Be dimd, and your bright glorie darkned quight;
But, mindfull still of your first countries sight,
Doe still preserve your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shynes in your beauteous face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish firebrand,
Disloiall lust, fair Beauties foulest blame,
That base affection, which your eares would bland
Commend to you by Loves abused name,
But is indeede the bondslave of Defame;
Which will the garland of your glorie marre,
And quench the light of your brightshyning starre.

But gentle Love, that loiall is and trew,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,
And add more brightnesse to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire; which, by like way
Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display;
Like as two mirrours, by opposd reflection,
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore, to make your beautie more appeare,
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches which in you ye beare,
That men the more admyre their fountaine may;
For else what booteth that celestiall ray,
If it in darknesse be enshrined ever,
That it of loving eyes be vewed never?

But, in your choice of loves, this well advize,
That likest to your selves ye them select,
The which your forms first sourse may sympathize,
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt;
For if you loosely love without respect,
It is not love, but a discordant warre,
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do iarre.

For love is a celestiall harmonie
Of likely harts composd of starres concent,
Which ioyne together in sweete sympathie,
To work each others ioy and true content,
Which they have harboured since their first descent
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see
And know ech other here belov'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in loves gentle band combyned bee
But those whom Heaven did at first ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t' agree;
For all, that like the beautie which they see,
Straight do not love; for love is not so light
As streight to burne at first beholders sight.

But they, which love indeede, looke otherwise,
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
Drawing out of the object of their eyes
A more refyned form, which they present
Unto their mind, voide of all blemishment;
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleshes frayle infection.

And then conforming it unto the light,
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still,
Of that first Sunne, yet sparckling in his sight,
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill
An heavenly beautie to his fancies will;
And, it embracing in his mind entyre,
The mirrour of his owne thought doth admyre.

Which seeing now so inly faire to be,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his spirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
And fully setteth his felicitie;
Counting it fairer then it is indeede,
And yet indeede her fairnesse doth exceede.

For lovers eyes more sharp'y sighted bee
Then other mens, and in deare loves delight
See more then any other eyes can see,
Through mutuall receipt of beames bright,
Which carrie privie message to the spright,
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
As plaine as light discovers dawning day.

Therein they see, through amorous eye-glannces,
Armies of Loves still flying too and fro,
Which dart at them their litle fierie launces;
Whom having wounded, back againe they go,
Carrying compassion to their lovely foe;
Who, seeing her faire eyes so sharp effect,
Cures all their sorrowes with one sweete aspect.

In which how many wonders doe they reede
To their conceipt, that others never see! [feede,
Now of her smiles, with which their soules they
Like gods with nectar in their bankets free;
Now of her lookes, which like to cordiala bee;
But when her words embassade forth she sends,
Lord, how sweete musicke that unto them lends!

Sometimes upon her forhead they behold
A thousand Graces masking in delight;
Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their sight
Doe seeme like twinckling starres in frostie night;
But on her lips, like rosy buds in May,
So many millions of chaste Pleasures play.

All those, O Cytherea! and thousands more
Thy handmaides be, which do on thee attend,
To deck thy beautie with their dainties store,
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
And make it more admyr'd of foe and frend;
That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne enstall,

Then lö, tryumph! O great Beauties queene,
Advance the banner of thy conquest hie,
That all this world, the which thy vassels beene,
May draw to thee, and with dew fealtie
Adore the powre of thy great majestie,
Singing this hymne in honour of thy name,
Compyld by me, which thy poor liegeman am!

In lieu whereof graunt, O great soveraine!
That she, whose conquering beauty doth captive
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden thrall by her may live,
And this same life, which first fro me she reaved,
May owe to her, of whom I it receaved.

And you faire Venus dearling, my dear dread!
Fresh flowre of grace, great goddesse of my life,
When your faire eyes these fearfull lines shall read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pyning griefe,
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death.

HYMNE III.

ON HEAVENLY LOVE.

Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings
From this base world unto thy Heavens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy soveraine might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly hymne may sing
Unto the God of Love, high Heavens king.

Many lewd layes (ah! woe is me the more!)
In praise of that mad fit which fooles call love,
I have in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection move;
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the tenor of my string,
The heavenly prayses of true love to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire
To reade my fault, and, wondring at my flame,
To warme your selves at my wide sparckling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame;
For who my passed follies now pursewes,
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renewes.

Before this worlds great frame, in which all things
Are now containd, found any being-place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mightie bound which doth embrace
The rolling spheres, and parts their houres by space,
That high Eternall Powre, which now doth move
In all these things, mov'd in it selfe by love.

It lov'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire;
(For fair is lov'd;) and of it self begot
Like to it selfe his eldest sonne and heire,
Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,
The firstling of his joy, in whom no iot
Of loves dislike or pride was to be found,

With him he raigned, before all time prescribed,
In endlesse glorie and immortall might,
Together with that Third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright!
Whose kingdomes throne no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse
With equall words can hope it to reherse.

Yet, O most blessed Spirit! pure Lampe of Light,
Eternall Spring of grace and wisedom trew,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright
Some little drop of thy celestiall dew,
That may my rymes with sweet infuse embrew,
And give me words equall unto my thought,
To tell the marveiles by thy mercie wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace,
And full of fruitfull Love, that loves to get
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not of powre so great,
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget,
An infinite increase of angels bright,
All glistring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the Heavens illimitable hight
(Not this round Heaven, which we from hence behold,
Adornd with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning gold,)
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve him in eternall bliss,
And be partakers of those ioyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his messages doth send,
Or on his owne dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glorie of his light,
And caroll hymnes of love both day and night.

Both day, and night, is unto them all one;
For he his beames doth unto them extend,
That darknesse there appeareth never none;
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse, an end,
But there their termelesse time in pleasure spend;
Ne ever should their happinesse decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puffe them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan cast their state how to increase
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in Gods own seat without commission:
The brightest angel, even the child of light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of his consuming yre,
And with his onely breath them blew away
From Heavens hight, to which they did aspyre,
To deepest Hell, and lake of damned fyre,
Where they in darknesse and dread horror dwell,
Hating the happie light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers love,
Next to himselfe in glorious degree,
Degendering to hate, fell from above
Through pride; (for pride and love may ill agree;)
And now of sinne to all ensample bee:
How then can sinfull flesh it selfe assure,
Sith purest angels fell to be impure?

But that Eternall Fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodnesse unto all,
Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
In his wyde pallace, through those angels fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new unknowen colony therein, [beg'n.
Whose root from earths base groundworke should

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might,
According to an heavenly patterne wrought,
Which he had fashiond in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breathd a living spright
Into his face, most beautifull and fayre,
Endewd with wisedomes riches, heavenly, rare.

Such he him made, that he resemble might
Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could;
Him to be lord of every living wight
He made by love out of his owne like mould,
In whom he might his mightie selfe behould;
For love doth love the thing belov'd to see,
That like it selfe in lovely shape may bee.

But man, forgetfull of his Makers grace
No lesse than angels, whom he did ensew,
Fell from the hope of promist heavenly place,
Into the mouth of Death, to sinners dew,
And all his off-spring into thraldome threw,
Where they for ever should in bonds remaine
Of never-dead yet ever-dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first
Made of meere love, and after liked well,
Seeing him he like creature long accurst
In that deep horor of despeyred Hell,
Him, wretch, in doole would let no lenger dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreeme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
In which he reigned with his glorious syre,
He downe descended, like a most demisse
And abiect thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre,
That he for him might pay sinnes deadly hyre,
And him restore unto that happie state
In which he stood before his haplesse fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde;
Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man surpas,
Could make amends to God for mans misguyde,
But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slyde:
So, taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
For mans deare sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne
Without all blemish or reprochfull blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torne
Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
Revyling him, that them most vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow-tree,
And slew the iust by most uniust decree.

O huge and most unspeakeable impression
Of loves deep wound, that pierst the piteous hart
Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection,
And, sharply launcing every inner part,
Dolours of death into his soule did dart,
Doing him die that never it deserved,
To free his foe that from his hest had swerved?

What hart can feel least touch of so sore launch,
Or thought can think the depth of so deare wound?
Whose bleeding sourse their streames yet never
But stil do flow, and freshly still redownd, [staunch,
To heale the sores of sinfull soules unsound,
And clense the guilt of that infected cryme
Which was enrooted in all fleshly slyme.

O blessed Well of Love! O Floure of Grace!
O glorious Morning-Starre! O Lampe of Light!
Most lively image of thy Fathers face,
Eternal King of Glorie, Lord of Might,
Meeke Lambe of God, before all worlds behight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy most precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
But love of us, for guerdon of thy paine:
Ay me! what can us lesse than that behove?
Had he required life for us againe,
Had it beene wrong to ask his owne with gaine?
He gave us life, he it restored lost;
Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But he our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band;
Ne ought demaunds but that we loving bee,
As he himselfe hath lov'd us afore-hand,
And bound therto with an eternall band,
Him first to love that was so dearely bought,
And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fared had amisse,
Us wretches from the second death did save;
And last, the food of life, which now we have,
Even he himselfe, in his dear sacrament,
To feede our hungry soules, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made
Of that selfe mould, and that self Maker's hand,
That we, and to the same againe shall fade,
Where they shall have like heritage of land,
However here on higher steps we stand,
Which also were with selfe-same price redeemed
That we, however of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet since that loving Lord
Commaunded us to love them for his sake,
Even for his sake, and for his sacred word,
Which in his last bequest he to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs partake;
Knowing that, whatsoere to them we give,
We give to him by whom we all doe live.

Such mercy he by his most holy reede
Unto us taught, and to approve it trew,
Ensampled it by his most righteous deede,
Shewing us mercie (miserable crew!)
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And love our brethren; thereby to approve
How much, himselfe that loved us, we love.

Then rouse thy selfe, O Earth! out of thy soyle,
In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,
And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle;
Unmindfull of that dearest Lord of thyne;
Lift up to him thy heavie clouded eyne,
That thou this soveraine bountie mayst behold,
And read, through love, his mercies manifold.

Beginne from first, where he encradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Betweene the toylfull oxe and humble asse,
And in what rags, and in how base aray,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When him the silly shepheards came to see,
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence reade on the storie of his life,
His humble carriage, his unfaulty wayes,
His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his strife,
His paines, his povertie, his sharpe assayes,
Through which he past his miserable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malist both by great and small.

And look at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was, betrayd, and false accused,
How with most scornfull taunts, and fell despights
He was reviled, disgrast, and foule abused;
How scourgd, how crownd, how buffeted, how brused;
And, lastly, how twixt robbers crucifyde, [syde!
With bitter wounds through hands, through feet, and

Then let thy flinty hart, that feeles no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorse,
And let thy bowels bleede in every vaine,
At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
So torne and mangled with malicious forse;
And let thy soule, whose sins his sorrows wrought,
Melt into teares, and grone in grieved thought.

With sence whereof, whilest so thy softened spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale
Through meditation of his endlesse merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weale,
And to his soveraine mercie doe appeale;
Learne him to love that loved thee so deare,
And in thy brest his blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,
Thou must him love, and his beheasts embrace;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thy selfe unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possest,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of his dear selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
And all Earthes glorie, on which men do gaze,
Seeme dust and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired bee
With heavenly thoughts, farre above humane skil,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainely see
Th' idee of his pure glorie present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweete enragement of celestiall love,
Kindled through sight of those faire things above.

HYMNE IV.

OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.

Rapt with the rage of mine own ravisht thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious images in Heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle love in high conceipted sprights;
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almightie Spright!
From whom all guifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternall truth, that I may show
Some little beames to mortall eyes below
Of that immortall Beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see;

That with the glorie of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall desyre
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer,
And learne to love, with zealous humble dewty,
Th' Eternall Fountaine of that heavenly beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' easie vew
Of this base world, subiect to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,
To contemplation of th' immortall sky;
Of the soare faulcon so I learne to flye,
That flags a while her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame
Of this wyde universe, and therein reed
The endlesse kinds of creatures which by name
Thou canst not count, much less their natures aime;
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with admirable beautie deckt.

First, th' Earth, on adamantine pillers founded
Amid the sea, engirt with brasen bands;
Then th' aire still flitting, but yet firmely bounded
On everie side, with pyles of flaming brands,
Never consum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands;
And, last, that mightie shining cristall wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this all.

By view whereof it plainly may appeare,
That still as every thing doth upward tend,
And further is from Earth, so still more cleare
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
Of purest beautie it at last ascend;
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
And Heaven then fire, appeares more pure and fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye
On that bright shynie round still moving masse,
The house of blessed God, which men call skye,
All sowd with glistring stars more thicke then grasse,
Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe,
But those two most, which, ruling night and day,
As king and queene, the Heavens empire sway;

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seene
That to their beautie may compared bee,
Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene
Endure their eyptains flaming head to see?
How much lesse those, much higher in degree,
And so much fairer, and much more then these,
As these are fairer then the land and seas?

For farre above these Heavens, which here we see,
Be others farre exceeding these in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse and in hight,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
That need no sunne t' illuminate their spheres,
But their owne native light farre passing theirs.

And as these Heavens still by degrees arize,
Until they come to their first movers bound,
That in his mightie compasse doth comprize,
And carrie all the rest with him around;
So those likewise doe by degrees redound,
And rise more faire, till they at last arive,
To the most faire, whereto they all do strive.

Faire is the Heaven where happy soules have place
In full enioyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine Eternall Maiestie;
More faire is that, where those idees on hie
Enraunged be, which Plato so admyred,
And pure intelligences from God inspyred.

Yet fairer is that Heaven, in which do raine
The soveraigne powres and mightie potentates,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall princes and imperiall states;
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall seates
And heavenly dominations are set,
From whom all earthly governance is fet.

Yet farre more faire be those bright cherubins,
Which all with golden wings are overdight,
And those eternall burning seraphins,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light;
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright,
Be th' angels and archangels, which attend
On Gods owne person, without rest or end.

These thus in faire each other farre excelling,
As to the highest they approach more near,
Yet is that highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,
Though all their beauties ioyn'd together were;
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse?

Cease then, my tongue! and lend unto my mynd
Leave to bethinke how great that beautie is,
Whose utmost parts so beautifull I fynd;
How much more those essentiall parts of his,
His truth, his love, his wisedome, and his blis,
His grace, his doome, his mercy, and his might,
By which he lends us of himselfe a sight!

Those unto all he daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in th' image of his grace,
As in a looking-glasse, through which he may
Be seene of all his creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see his face,
His glorious face! which glistereth else so bright,
That th' angels selves can not endure his sight.

But we, fraile wights! whose sight cannot sustaine
The Suns bright beames when he ou us doth shyne,
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne
The glorie of that Maiestie divine,
In sight of whom both Sun and Moone are darke,
Compared to his least resplendent sparke?

The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brasen booke,
To read enregistred in every nooke
His goodnesse, which his beautie doth declare;
For all thats good is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose damps the soule do blynd,
And, lyke the native brood of eagles kynd,
On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities.

Humbled with feare and awfull reverence,
Before the footestoole of his Maiestie
Throw thy selfe downe, with trembling innocence,
Ne dare looke up with corruptible eye
On the dred face of that Great Deity,
For feare, lest if he chaunce to look on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his mercie seate,
Close covered with the Lambes integrity
From the iust wrath of his avengefull threate
That sits upon the righteous throne on hy;
His throne is built upon eternity,
More firme and durable then steele or brasse,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
And the great dragon strongly doth represse,
Under the rigour of his iudgment iust;
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,
From whence proceed her beames so pure and bright,
That all about him sheddeth glorious light:

Light, farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke
Which darted is from Titans flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineth the darke
And dampish air, whereby al things are red;
Whose natur yet so much is marvelled
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wisards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortall light, which there doth shine,
Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare,
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And even the thoughts of men, do plaine appeare;
For from th' Eternall Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly vertue which her beames doe breed.

With the great glorie of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight
Of all that looke thereon, with eyes unsound;
And underneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
The instruments of his avenging yre.

There in his bosome Sapience doth sit,
The soveraine dearling of the Deity,
Clad like a queene in royall robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerelesse majesty,
And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeously
Adornd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
And make her native brightnes seem mere cleare.

And on her head a crown of purest gold
Is set, in signe of highest soverainty;
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hy,
And menageth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all
Subiected to her powre imperiall.

Both Heaven and Earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe;
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill
They all partake, and do in state remaine
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
Through observation of her high behaest,
By which they first were made, and still increast.

The fairnesse of her face no tongue can tell;
For she the daughters of all wemens race,
And angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
And more increast by her owne goodly grace,
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on Earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that painter (had he lived yet)
Which pictured Venus with so curious quill,
That all posteritie admyred it,
Have purtray'd this, for all his maistring skill;
Ne she her selfe had she remained still,
And were as faire as fabling wits do fayne,
Could once come neare this beauty soverayne.

But had those wits, the wonders of their dayes,
Or that sweete Teian poet, which did spend
His plenteous vaine in setting forth her praise,
Seen but a glims of this which I pretend,
How wondrously would he her face commend,
Above that idole of his fayning thought,
That all the world should with his rimes be fraught!

How then dare I, the novice of his art,
Presume to picture so divine a wight,
Or hope t' expresse her least perfections part,
Whose beautie filles the Heavens with her light,
And darkes the Earth with shadow of her sight?
Ah, gentle Muse! thou art too weake and faint
The pourtraict of so heavenly hew to paint.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold
And see at will, her soveraigne praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries unfold
Of thilk faire love of mightie Heavens King;
Enough is me t' admyre so heavenly thing,
And, being thus with her huge love possest,
In th' only wonder of her selfe to rest.

But whoso may, thrise happie man him hold,
Of all on Earth whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his owne beloved to behold;
For in the view of her celestiall face
All ioy, all blisse, all happinesse, have place;
Ne ought on Earth can want unto the wight
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

For she, out of her secret threasury,
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden ly
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th' eternall portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receave,
And letteth them her lovely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasures they conceave,
And sweete contentment, that it doth bereave
Their soul of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things,
As carries them into an extasy,
And heare such heavenly notes and carolings
Of Gods high praise, that filles the brasen sky;
And feele such ioy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And onely thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things, remaine;
But all that earst seemd sweet seemes now offense,
And all that pleased earst now seemes to paine:
Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which now they see;
All other sights but fayned shadowes bee.

And that faire lampe which useth to enflame
The hearts of men with selfe-consuming fyre,
Thenceforth seemes fowle, and full of sinfull blame;
And all that pompe to which proud minds aspyre
By name of honor, and so much desyre,
Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on Earth they can delight,
But in th' aspect of that felicitie,
Which they have written in theyr inward ey;
On which they feed, and in theyr fastened mynd
All happie ioy and full contentment fynd.

Ah, then, my hungry soule! which long hast fed
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
And, with false beauties flattring bait misled,
Hast after vaine deceiptfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
But late repentance through thy follies prief;
Ah! ceasse to gaze on matter of thy grief:

And looke at last up to that Soveraine Light,
From whose pure beams al perfect beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly spright,
Even the love of God; which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possest,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

"BRITTAIN'S IDA".

WRITTEN BY THAT RENOWNED POET,

EDMOND SPENCER.

LONDON: PRINTED FOR THOMAS WALKLEY, AND ARE TO BE SOLD AT HIS SHOP AT THE EAGLE AND CHILD IN BRITTAINES BURSSE. 1628." 12mo.

THE

EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE LADY MARY,

DAUGHTER TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE, GEORGE, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MOST noble lady! I have presumed to present this poëm to your honourable hand, encouraged onely by the worth of the famous author, (for I am certainely assured, by the ablest and most knowing men, that it must be a worke of Spencers, of whom it were pitty that any thing should bee lost) and doubting not but your lady-ship will graciously accept, though from a meane hand, this humble present, since the man that offers it is a true honourer and observer of your selfe and your princely family, and shall ever remaine

the humblest of your devoted servants,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

MARTIAL.

Accipe facundi Culicem studiose Maronis,
Ne nugis positis, arma virûmque canas.

See here that stately Muse, that erst could raise
In lasting numbers great Elizaes praise,
And dresse fair Vertue in so rich attire,
That even her foes were forced to admire
And court her heavenly beauty! Shee that taught
The Graces grace, and made the Vertues thought
More vertuous than before, is pleased here
To slacke her serious flight, and feed your eare
With Love's delightsome toys: doe not refuse
These harmlesse sports; 'tis learned Spencer's Muse;
But think his loosest poëms worthier then
The serious follies of vnskillfull men.

BRITTAIN'S IDA.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The youthly shepheards wonning here,
And beauties rare displayd, appeare;
What exercise hee chiefe affects,
His name and scornefull love neglects.

In Ida vale (who knowes not Ida vale?)
When harmlesse Troy yet felt not Græcian spite,
An hundred shepheards wonn'd, and in the dale,
While their faire flockes the three-leav'd pastures bite,
The shepheards boyes with hundred sportings light,

[1] The printer's assertion is the only authority on which this poem has been admitted into the edi-

Gave winges unto the times too speedy hast:
Ah, foolish lads! that strove with lavish wast
So fast to spend the time that spends your time as fast.

Among the rest, that all the rest excel'd,
A dainty boy there wonn'd, whose harmlesse yeares
Now in their freshest budding gently sweld;
His nimph-like face nere felt the nimble sheeres,
Youth's downy blossome through his checke appeares;
His lovely limbes (but love he quite discarded)
Were made for play (but he no play regarded)
And fit love to reward, and with love be rewarded.

High was his fore-head, arch't with silver mould,
(Where never anger churlish rinkle dighted)
His auburne lockes hung like darke threds of gold,
That wanton aires (with their faire length incited)
To play among their wanton curles delighted;
His smiling eyes with simple truth were stor'd:
Ah! how should truth in those thiefe eyes be stor'd,
Which thousand loves had stol'n, and never one restor'd?

His lilly-cheeke might seeme an ivory plaine,
More purely white than frozen Apenine,
Where lovely Bashfulnesse did sweetly raine,
In blushing scarlet cloth'd and purple fine.
A hundred hearts had this delightfull shrine
(Still cold it selfe) inflam'd with hot desire,
That well the face might seem, in divers tire,
To be a burning snow, or else a freezing fire.

His cheerfull lookes and merry face would proove
(If eyes the index be where thoughts are read)
A dainty play-fellow for naked Love;
Of all the other parts enough is sed,
That they were fit twins for so fayre a head!
Thousand boyes for him, thousand maidens dy'de;
Dye they that list, for such his rigorous pride,
He thousand boyes (ah, foole!) and thousand maids deni'd.

His ioy was not in musiques sweete delight,
(Though well his hand had learnt that cunning arte)
Or dainty songs to daintier eases indite,
But through the plaines to chace the nible hart
With well-tun'd hounds; or with his certaine dart
The tusked boare or savage beare to wound;
Meane time his heart with monsters doth abound;
Ah, foole! to seeke so farre what neerer might be found!

His name (well knowne unto those woody shades,
Where unrewarded lovers oft complaine them)
Anchises was; Anchises oft the glades
And mountains heard, Anchises had disdain'd them;
Not all their love one gentle looke had gain'd them,
That rockey hills, with ecchoing noyse consenting,
Anchises plain'd; but he no whit relenting,
Harder then rukky hils, laught at their vaine lamenting.

tions of Spenser's works, since its first publication in 1628. The critics agree in believing that it was not written by Spenser. It is rather remarkable also that the poem, if it had been Spenser's, should have been unknown to the editor of his works in 1611, whom I believe to be Gabriel Harvey, his particular friend. Todd.

BRITTAIN'S IDA.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dione's garden of delight
With wonder holds Anchises sight;
While from the bower such musique sounds,
As all his senses neere confounds.

Ose day it chanc't as hee the deere persude,
Tyred with sport, and faint with weary play,
Faire Venus grove not farre away he view'd,
Whose trembling leaves invite him there to stay,
And in their shades his sweating limbes display;
There in the cooling glade he softly paces,
And much delighted with their even spaces,
What in himselfe he scorn'd, hee prais'd their kind imbraces.

The woode with Paphian myrtles peopled,
(Whose springing youth felt never winters spiting)
To laurels sweete were sweetely married,
Doubling their pleasing smels in their uniting;
When single much, much more when mixt, delighting:
No foot of beaste durst touch this hallowed place,
And many a boy that long'd the woods to trace,
Entred with feare, but soone turn'd back his frighted face.

The thicke-lockt boughs shut out the tell-tale Sunne,
(For Venus hated his all-blabbing light,
Since her knowne fault, which oft she wisht undon)
And scattered rayes did make a doubtfull sight,
Like to the first of day or last of night:
The fittest light for lovers gentle play:
Such light best shewes the wandring lovers way,
And guides his erring hand: night is Love's holly-day.

So farre in this sweet labyrinth he stray'd
That now he views the garden of Delight,
Whose breast, with thousand painted flowers array'd,
With divers ioy captiv'd his wandring sight;
But soon the eyes rendered the eares their right;
For such strange harmony he seem'd to heare,
That all his senses flockt into his eare,
And every faculty wisht to be seated there.

From a close bower this dainty musique flow'd,
A bower appareld round with divers roses,
Both red and white, which by their liveries show'd
Their mistris faire, that there her selfe reposes;
Seem'd that would strive with those rare musique clozes,
By spreading their faire bosomes to the light,
Which the distracted sense should most delight;
That, raps the melted eare; this, both the smel and sight.

The boy 'twixt fearefull hope, and wishing feare,
Crept all along (for much he long'd to see
The bower, much more the guest so lodged there;)
And, as he goes, he marks how well agree
Nature and Arte in discord unity,
Each striving who should best performe his part,
Yet Arte now helping Nature, Nature Arte;
While from his eares a voyce thus stole his heart.

"Fond men! whose wretched care the life soone end-
By striving to increase your ioy, do spend it; [ing,
And, spending ioy, yet find no ioy in spending;
You hurt your life by striving to amend it;
And, seeking to prolong it, soonest end it:
Then, while fit time affords thee time and leasure,
Enioy while yet thou mayst thy lifes sweet pleasure:
Too foolish is the man that starves to feed his treasure.

"Love is lifes end; (an end, but never ending;)
All ioyes, all sweetes, all happinesse, awarding;
Love is life's wealth (nere spent, but ever spending)
More rich by giving, taking by discarding;
Love's lifes reward, rewarded in rewarding:
Then from thy wretched heart fond care remoove;
Ah! shouldst thou live but once loves sweetes to proove,
Thou wilt not love to live, unlesse thou live to love."

To this sweet voyce a dainty musique fitted
It's well-tun'd strings, and to her notes consorted,
And while with skilfull voyce the song she dittied,
The blabbing Echo had her words retorted;
That now the boy, beyond his soule transported,
Through all his limbes feeles run a pleasant shaking,
And, twixt a hope and feare, suspects mistaking,
And doubts he sleeping dreames, and broad awake fearcs waking.

BRITTAIN'S IDA.

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Faire Cytherea's limbes beheld,
The straying lads heart so inthral'd,
That in a trance his melted spright
Leaves th' sences slumbring in delight.

Now to the bower hee sent his theevish eyes
To steale a happy sight; there doe they finde
Faire Venus, that within halfe naked lyes;
And straight amaz'd (so glorious beauty shin'd)
Would not returne the message to the minde;
But, full of feare and superstitious awe,
Could not retire, or backe their beams withdraw,
So fixt on too much seeing made they nothing saw.

Her goodly length stretcht on a lilly-bed,
(A bright foyle of a beauty farre more bright)
Few roses round about were scattered,
As if the lillies learnt to blush, for spight
To see a skinne much more then lilly-white:
The bed sanke with delight so to be pressed,
And knew not which to thinke a chance more blessed,
Both blessed so to kisse, and so agayne be kissed.

Her spacious fore-head, like the clearest Moone,
Whose full-growne orbe begins now to be spent,
Largely display'd in native silver shone,
Giving wide room to Beauty's regiment,
Which on the plaine with Love tryumphing went;
Her golden haire a rope of pearle imbraced,
Which, with their dainty threds oft-times enlaced,
Made the eie think the pearle was there in gold inchased.

Her full large eye, in ietty-blacke array'd,
Prov'd beauty not confin'd to red and white,
But oft her selfe in blacke more rich display'd;
Both contraries did yet themselves unite,
To make one beauty in different delight;
A thousand Loves sate playing in each eye;
And smiling Mirth, kissing fair Courtesie,
By sweete perswasion wan a bloodlesse victory.

The whitest white, set by her silver cheeke,
Grew pale and wan, like unto heavy lead;
The freshest purple fresher dyes must seeke,
That dares compare with them his fainting red:
On these Cupido winged armies led
Of little Loves that, with bold wanton traine
Under those colours, marching on the plaine,
Force every heart, and to low vasselage constraine.

Her lips, most happy each in other's kisses,
From their so wisht imbracements seldome parted,
Yet seem'd to blush at such their wanton blisses;
But, when sweet words their ioyning sweet disparted,
To th' eare a dainty musique they imparted:
Upon them fitly sate, delightfull smiling,
A thousand soules with pleasing stealth beguiling:
Ah! that such shews of ioyes should be all ioyes exiling.

The breath came slowly thence, unwilling leaving
So sweet a lodge; but when she once intended
To feast the aire with words, the heart deceiving,
More fast it thronged so to be expended;
And at each word a hundred Loves attended,
Playing i' th' breath, more sweete than is that firing
Where that Arabian onely bird, expiring, [spiring.
Lives by her death, by losse of breath more fresh re-

Her chin, like to a stone in gold inchased,
Seem'd a fair iewell wrought with cunning hand,
And, being double, doubly the face graced:
This goodly frame on her round necke did stand;
Such pillar well such curious work sustain'd;
And, on his top the heavenly spheare up-roaring,
Might well present, with daintier appearing,
A lesse but better Atlas, that faire Heaven bearing.

Lower two breasts stand, all their beauties bearing,
Two breasts as smooth and soft; but, ah, alas!
Their smoothest softnes farre exceedes comparing;
More smooth and soft, but naught that ever was,
Where they are first, deserves the second place;
Yet each as soft and each as smooth as other;
And when thou first tri'st one, and then the other,
Each softer seemes then each, and each then each seemes smoother.

Lowly betweene their dainty hemisphæres,
(Their hemisphæres the heav'nly globes excelling)
A path more white than is the name it beares,
The lacteal path, conducts to the sweet dwelling
Where best Delight all ioyes sits freely dealing;
Where hundred sweetes, and still fresh ioyes attend-
Receive in giving; and, still love dispending, [ing,
Grow richer by their losse, and wealthy by expending.

But stay, hold shepheard! here thy footing stay,
Nor trust too much unto thy new-borne quill,
As farther to those dainty limbs to stray,
Or hope to paint that vale or beauteous hill
Which past the finest hand or choycest skill:
But were thy verse and song as finely fram'd
As are those parts, yet should it soone be blam'd,
For now the shameles world of best things is asham'd.

That cunning artist, that old Greece admir'd,
Thus farre his Venus fitly portrayed,
But there he left, nor farther ere aspir'd;
His dædale hand, that Nature perfected
By Arte, felt Arte by Nature limitted.
Ah! well he knew, though his fit hand could give
Breath to dead colours, teaching marble live,
Yet would these lively parts his hand of skill deprive.

Such when this gentle boy her closly view'd,
Onely with thinnest silken vaile o'er-layd,
Whose snowy colour much more snowy shew'd
By being next that skin, and all betray'd,
Which best in naked beauties are array'd,
His spirits, melted with so glorious sight,
Ran from their worke to see so splendid light,
And left the fainting limbes sweet slumbring in delight.

BRITTAIN'S IDA.

CANTO IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The swonding swaine recovered is
By th' goddesse; his soule-rapting blisse:
Their mutual conference, and how
Her service she doth him allow.

Soft-sleeping Venus, waked with the fall,
Looking behind, the sinking boy espies;
With all she starts, and wondereth withall;
She thinks that there her faire Adonis dyes,
And more she thinkes the more the boy she eyes:
So, stepping neerer, up begins to reare him;
And now with Love himselfe she will confer him,
And now before her Love himselfe she will prefer him.

The lad, soone with that dainty touch reviv'd,
Feeling himselfe so well, so sweetly seated,
Begins to doubt whether he yet here liv'd,
Or else his flitting soul, to Heav'n translated,
Was there in starry throne and blisse instated;
Oft would he dye, so to be often saved;
And now with happy wish he closly craved
For ever to be dead, to be so sweet ingraved.

The Paphian princesse (in whose lovely breast
Spiteful Disdaine could never find a place)
When now she saw him from his fit releast,
(To Juno leaving wrath and scolding base)
Comforts the trembling boy with smiling grace:
But oh! those smiles (too full of sweete delight)
Surfeit his heart, full of the former sight;
So, seeking to revive, more woundes his feeble sprite.

"Tell me, fair boy!" sayd she, "what erring chance
Hither directed thy unwary pace?
For sure Contempt or Pride durst not advance
Their foule aspect in thy so pleasant face:
Tell me, what brought thee to this hidden place?
Or lucke of love, or mutuall answering fire?
Or hindred by ill chance in thy desire?
Tell me, what lit thy faire and wishing eyes require?"

The boy, (whose sence was never yet acquainted
With such a musique) stood with eares erected,
And, sweetly with that pleasant spell enchanted,
More of those sugred straines long time expected;
Till seeing she his speeches not reiected,
First sighes arising from his heart's low center,
Thus gan reply, when each word bold would venter,
And strive the first that dainty labyrinth to enter.

"Fair Cyprian queene, (for well that heavenly face
Prooves thee the mother of all-conquering Love)
Pardon, I pray thee, my unweeting pace;
For no presumptuous thoughts did hither moove
My daring feete to this thy holy grove;
But lucklesse chance (which, if you not gaine-say,
I still must rue) hath caus'd me here to stray,
And lose my selfe (alas!) in losing of my way.

"Nor did I come to right my wronged fire;
Never till now I saw what ought be loved;
And now I see, but never dare aspire
To moove my hope, where yet my love is mooved;
Whence though I would, I would it not remooved;
Only since I have plac't my love so high,
Which sure thou must, or sure thou wilt, deny,
Grant me yet still to love, though in my love to dye."

But shee that in his eyes Loves face had seen,
And flaming heart, did not such suite disdaine,
(For cruelty fits not sweete Beauties queene)
But gently could his passion entertain,
Though she Loves princesse, he a lowly swain:
First of his bold intrusion she acquites him,
Then to her service (happy boy!) admits him,
And, like another Love, with bow and quiver fits him.

And now with all the Loves he grew acquainted,
And Cupids selfe, with his like face delighted,
Taught him a hundred wayes with which he daunted
The prouder hearts, and wronged lovers righted,
Forcing to love that most his love despited:
And now the practique boy did so approve him,
And with such grace and cunning arte did moove him,
That all the pritty Loves and all the Graces love him.

BRITTAIN'S IDA.

CANTO V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The lovers sad despairing plaints
Bright Venus with his love acquaints;
Sweetly importun'd, he doth show
From whom proceedeth this his woe.

Yet never durst his faint and coward heart
(Ah, foole! faint heart faire lady ne're could win!)
Assaile faire Venus with his new-learnt arte,
But kept his love and burning flame within,
Which more flam'd out, the more he prest it in;
And thinking oft how iust shee might disdaine him,
While some cool mirtle shade did entertaine him,
Thus sighing would he sit, and sadly would he plain him:

" Ah, fond and haplesse boy! nor know I whether
More fond or haplesse more, that all so high
Hast plac't thy heart, where love and fate together
May never hope to end thy misery,
Nor yet thy self dare wish a remedy:
All hindrances (alas!) conspire to let it;
Ah, fond, and hapless boy! if canst not get it!
In thinking to forget, at length learne to forget it.

" Ah, farre too fond, but much more haplesse swaine!
Seeing thy love can be forgetten never,
Serve and observe thy love with willing paine;
And though in vaine thy love thou doe persever,
Yet all in vaine doe thou adore her ever.
No hope can crowne thy thoughts so farre aspiring,
Nor dares thy selfe desire thine owne desiring,
Yet live thou in her love, and dye in her admiring."

Thus oft the hopelesse boy complayning lyes;
But she, that well could guesse his sad lamenting,
(Who can conceal love from Loves mothers eyes?)
Did not disdaine to give his love contenting;
Cruel the soule that feeds on soules tormenting:
Nor did she scorne him, though not nobly borne,
(Love is nobility) nor could she scorne
That with so noble skill her title did adorne.

One day it chanc't, thrice happy day and chance!
While Loves were with the Graces sweetly sporting,
And to fresh musique sounding play and dance,
And Cupids selfe, with shepheards boyes consorting,
Laugh'd at their pritty sport and simple courting,
Faire Venus seats the fearfull boy close by her,
Where never Phœbus jealous lookes might eye her,
And bids the boy his mistris and her name descry her.

Long time the youth bound up in silence stood,
While hope and feare with hundred thoughts begun
Fit prologue to his speech; and fearefull blood
From heart and face with these post-tydings runne,
That eyther now he 's made, or now undon;
At length his trembling words, with feare made weake,
Began his too long silence thus to breake, [weake,
While from his humble eies first reverence seem'd to speake.

" Faire queene of love! my life thou maist command,
Too slender price for all thy former grace,
Which I receive at thy so bounteous hand;
But never dare I speak her name and face;
My life is much lesse-priz'd than her disgrace:
And, for I know if I her name relate
I purchase anger, I must hide her state,
Unlesse thou sweare by Stix I purchase not her hate."

Faire Venus well perceiv'd his subtile shift,
And, swearing gentle patience, gently smil'd,
While thus the boy persu'd his former drift:
" No tongue was ever yet so sweetly skil'd,
Nor greatest orator so highly stil'd,
Though helpt with all the choicest artes direction,
But when he durst describe her Heaven's perfection,
By his imperfect praise disprais'd his imperfection.

" Her forme is as her selfe, perfect coelestriall,
No mortall spot her heavenly frame disgraces:
Beyond compare such nothing is terrestrial?
More sweete than thought or pow'rfull wish embraces;
The map of Heaven, the summe of all her graces:
But if you wish more truely limb'd to eye her,
Than fainting speech or words can well descry her,
Look in a glasse, and there more perfect you may spy her."

BRITTAIN'S IDA.

CANTO VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The boyes short wish, her larger grant,
That doth his soule with blisse enchant;
Whereof impatient uttering all,
Inraged Jove contrives his thrall.

" Thy crafty arte," reply'd the smiling queene,
" Hath well my chiding and not rage prevented,
Yet might'st thou thinke that yet 'twas never seene
That angry rage and gentle love consented;
But if to me thy true love is presented,
What wages for thy service must I owe thee?
For by the selfe-same vow I here avow thee,
Whatever thou require I frankly will allow thee."

" Pardon," replies the boy, " for so affecting
Beyond mortallity, and not discarding
Thy service, was much more than my expecting;
But if thou (more thy bounty-hood regarding)
Wilt needs heap up reward upon rewarding,
Thy love I dare not aske, or mutual fixing,
One kisse is all my love and prides aspiring, [ing."
And after starve my heart, for my too much desir-

" Fond boy!" sayd she, " too fond, that askt no more;
Thy want by taking is no whit decreased,
And giving spends not our increasing store:"—
Thus with a kisse his lips she sweetly pressed;
Most blessed kisse! but hope more than most blessed.
The boy did thinke Heaven fell while thus he joy'd,
And while joy he so greedily enjoy'd,
He felt not halfe his joy by being over-joy'd.

" Why sighst? faire boy!" sayd she, " dost thou repent thee
Thy narrow wish in such straight bonds to stay?"
" Well may I sigh," sayd he, " and well lament me,
That never such a debt may hope to pay."
" A kisse," sayd she, " a kisse will back repay."
" Wilt thou," reply'd the boy, too much delighted,
" Content thee with such pay to be requited?"
She grants; and he his lips, heart, soule, to payment cited.

Look as a ward, long from his lands detain'd,
And subiect to his guardians cruel lore,
Now spends the more, the more he was restrain'd;
So he; yet though in laying out his store
He doubly takes, yet finds himself grow poore;
With that he markes, and tels her out a score,
And doubles them, and trebles all before
Fond boy! the more thou paiut, thy debt still grows the more.

At length, whether these favours so had fir'd him
With kindly heate, inflaming his desiring,
Or whether those sweete kisses had inspir'd him,
He thinkes that something wants for his requiring,
And still aspires, yet knows not his aspiring;
But yet though that hee knoweth so she gave,
That he presents himselfe her bounden slave,
Still his more wishing face seem'd somewhat else to crave.

And, boldned with successe and many graces,
His hand, chain'd up in feare, he now releast,
And asking leave, courag'd with her imbraces,
Againe it prison'd in her tender breast:
Ah, blessed prison! prisners too much blest!
There with those sisters long time doth he play,
And now full-boldly enters loves highway, [stray.
While downe the pleasant vale his creeping hand doth

She, not displeas'd with this his wanton play,
Hiding his blushing with a sugred kisse,
With such sweete heat his rudenesse doth allay,
That now he perfect knowes whatever blisse
Elder Love taught, and he before did misse;
That mouth with joy, in such untri'd joyes trying,
He gladly dies; and, death new life applying,
Gladly againe he dyes, that oft he may be dying.

Long thus he liv'd, slumbring in sweete delight,
Free from sad care and fickle worlds annoy,
Bathing in liquid joyes his melted sprite;
And longer mought, but he (ah, foolish boy!)
Too proud, and too impatient of his joy,
To woods, and Heav'n, and Earth, his blisse imparted,
That Jove upon him downe his thunder darted,
Blasting his splendent face, and all his beauty swarted!

Such be his chance that to his love doth wrong;
Unworthy he to have so worthy place,
That cannot hold his peace and blabbing tongue;
Light joyes float on his lips, but sightly grace
Sinckes deepe, and th' heart's low center doth imbrace.
Might I enioy my love till I unfold it,
I'd lose all favours when I blabbing told it:
He is not fit for love that is not fit to hold it.

GLOSSARY

TO

SPENSER'S WORKS.

A BEARE, bear, demean, behave.
Aboord, from the bank.
Abord, across, from shore to shore.
Abraid, awaked.
Abrayd, awake.
Abus, the Humber, in Yorkshire, from the British *Aber*, the mouth of a river.
Aby, abide.
Abye, endure, or suffer.
Accloieth, encumbreth.
Accloyes, chokes, or clogs up.
Accoid, plucked down, daunted.
Account, tell over, number.
According, granting.
Accoyed, daunted, same as *Accoied*, above; or, in Faerie Queene, b. iv. canto viii. p. 277, caressed, made much of.
Accoyld, stood around, coiled up, or gathered together.
Accrewed, increased, united.
Achates, provisions, from the old French *achet*, a thing bought.
Acquit, released.
Adaw, to daunt, overawe, keep in subjection.
Adawed, daunted, confounded.
Addrest, went to, directed the course to.
Adore, used sometimes for adorn.
Adorne, ornament.
Advaunst, driven forward, impelled, or hastened.
Advise, consider.
Advize, to bethink one's self.
Affect, affection.
Affections, passions, from the Latin *affectus*.
Afflicted stile, low and jejune style.
Affrap, encounter, or strike down.
Affrended, made friends.
Affret, rencounter, hasty meeting.
Affronted, encountered, or opposed.
Affronting, opposing.
Aganip, Agauippus, king of France.
Ages, age is frequently used for age in general.
Aggrace, favour, kindness.
Aggrate, delight, or please.
Aghast, frequently used both as a verb and participle.
Aglets, points, or tags of lace.
Agraste, grace and favour.
Agreeably, alike, like each other.
Aguisil, accoutred, or dressed.
Aguize, to deck, or adorn.
Alablastor, the usual old spelling of alabaster.
Albee, whether.
Albion, England, so called from the white rocks.
Alegge, to lessen, or assuage.
Aleggeaunce, alleviation.
Alew, howling, lamentation.
Algates, wholly, altogether, by all means.
All, sometimes for altogether, entirely; sometimes for although.
All and some, one and all, every one.
All be, although (he) be.
Allectus, the Roman general.
Allegge, ease, alleviate.
All haile, the Saxon form of salutation, all health.
All-to, completely or entirely.
Alma, the mind.
Als, also.
Amate, subdue, or daunt.
Amated, perplexed.
Amenage, manage, carriage.
Amenaunce, carriage, behaviour, conduct.
Amis, a kind of garment.
Amoves, moves.
Angle, or corner.
An howre, any while.
Annoy, hurt.
Antickes, buffoons.
Appeach, impeach, accuse, censure.
Appeached, impeached, censured.
Appele, to pronounce, or repeat, or to accuse.
Appellation, appeal.
Apply, mind, or observe.
Arayd, apparelled, or dressed.
Arere; backward.
Arew, in a row, together.
Armericke, Bretagne in France, formerly called Armorica.
Arret, appoint.
Arrett, appoint, assign, or allot.
Asceance, askew, or asquint.
Aspire, aim at.
Assoile, put off, was freed from.
Assoiled, absolved.
Assot, stupefied.
Assotte, to doat.
Assoyle, liberate, or set free, or to determine.
Astart, to befall unawares.
At dore, near at hand.
At earst, lately.

At one chip, at once.
At random, for *random*, without direction.
Atone, or *Attone*, friends again, at one, atoned or reconciled.
Attemper, to temper or adapt.
Attempted, sometimes for tempted.
Attent, sometimes for attention.
Attone, together, at once. See *Atone*.
Attrapt, adorned.
Avail, bring down.
Availe, to sink.
Avales, drops or lowers.
Avale, abate, sink down, come down, dismount.
Aventred, pushed at a venture.
Aventring, pushing forward.
Avisde, bethought.
Avise, to bethink one's-self, to look upon, to see.
Avising, looking upon.
Avizd, saw.
Avize, bethought.
Avizefull, circumspect.
Avoure, i. e. make avoure, to justify.
Aumayled, enamelled.
Autenticall, authentic.
Awhape, terrify.
Awhaped, terrified.
Aye, evermore.
Ayery ways, ways through the air.
Aygulets, or *Aylets*, tagged points.

Bace, low; or, bid the bace, a phrase in the sport of prison-base.
Back retyrd, drawn out back again.
Baffuld, treated with ignominy.
Baile, power.
Bale, poison.
Balke, to baffle, or, a ridge or furrow.
Balkt, disappointed, or treated with contempt.
Ban, to curse, or exclaim against.
Bancke, the seat of honour.
Band, did curse.
Bandog, formerly the name of a mastiff.
Bands, banishes.
Bannerall, a small flag.
Bannes, curses.
Barbarous, uncivilized.
Barbes, bits or bridles.
Barbican, a watch tower, or fortifiontion for the defence of gates.
Bare, raw.
Basciomani, kissing hands.
Base humilitie, subjection.
Basenet, helmet, or headpiece.
Bastard, sometimes used for base.
Bale, bit, or did bite.
Battill, to grow fat.
Baudricke, or *Bauldricke*, a belt, the zodiac.
Bayt, to rest.
Beard, to affront.
Bedre, bier.
Beastlihead, a greeting to the person of a beast.
Beath'd, bathed.
Beaupores, fair companions, or peers, equals.
Bed, sometimes for to bid.
Bedight, called or named.
Beginne, sometimes for beginning.
Begor'd, smeared with gore.
Behaves, employes, uses, the primitive sense of the word.
Beliefe, committed or entrusted, sometimes promised, commanded, reckoned, esteemed, spoke, adjudged.
Bel-accoyle, kind salutation and reception.
Belamour, lover.
Belamoure, lover.
Belamy, fair friend.
Belay, to attack; or, according to Johnson, to place in ambush.
Belayd, laid over, or decorated.
Belgardes, sweet, or beautiful looks.
Belive, quickly.
Belt, a girdle, or waste band.
Bend, a band, or knot.
Benempte, named.
Bent, levelled.
Bents, rushes, bent-grass.
Besides, sometimes for near.
Besits, or *Befits*, becomes.
Besprint, besprinkled.
Best, sometimes, first in precedence.
Bestad, or *Bestadde*, disposed, ordered.
Betake, sometimes for commit, or deliver to.
Beteeme, give, deliver.
Betight, happened.
Betooke, delivered, or committed.
Batt, better.
Bevie, or *Bevy*, company.
Bewaile, sometimes to make choice of, to select.
Beyond, at some distance.
Bickerment, contention, strife.
Bide, bid.
Bilbo, a sword, from Bilboa, in Biscay, where the best blades are made.
Blacke, Hell.
Blam'd, brought a reproach upon.
Blame, reproach.
Blazed, in heraldry, displaying a coat of arms in its proper colours and metals.
Blend, blemish, or confound.
Blent, confounded, spoiled with mixing, blemished, disgraced.
Blesse, wave or brandish.
Blest, preserved, kept from danger.
Blist, wounded.
Blive, presently.
Blonket liveries, gray coats.
Blont, stupid, or unpolished.
Bloosme delight, bloom delight.
Blunt, uncivilized, unpolished.
Bodrags, or *Bordrags*, or *Bordragings*, incursions on the borders of a country.
Bold emprize, perilous fight.
Boord, run sportingly.
Boorded, addressed.
Boot, booty.
Bord, accost, or address.
Bordragings. See *Bodrags*.
Borne without her dew, born without the due qualities of a woman.
Borow, or *Borowe*, pledge.
Borrell, a plain fellow, coarse, rude.
Borrow, pledge or surety.
Bought, budget, or pouch.
Boughtes, twists, or folds.
Boulted, sifted.
Bounty, generosity, goodness.
Bourne, boundary, river or strait.
Bowre, chamber, apartment.
Bowres, chambers.
Bowrs, shoulders.

Bouzing, drinking.
Brace, compass.
Brame, or *Breme*, severe or sharp.
Brand, sword.
Bransles, brawls, a French dance.
Bras-paved, firm and durable as brass.
Brayned, the brains dashed out.
Brayne-pan, the head.
Breach, what is made by the breaking in of the sea.
Breeme, sharp and bitter.
Brethren, sometimes for relations in general.
Brickle, full of, or fit for bricks.
Bridale, the nuptial feast.
Brigandines, coats of mail, or a species of ship.
Brigants, the inhabitants of the northern parts of England.
Brim, the margin or bank of a stream.
Britomartis, among the Cretans, a name for Diana, the goddess of chastity.
Briton moniments, the moniments or antiquities of Britain.
Brize, a gad, or horse-fly.
Brond, the brandishing of a sword.
Brooke, to bear, endure, or digest.
Brust, sometimes for burst.
Brutenesse, sottishness, stupidity.
Bryzes, the breeze, or gad-flies.
Bug, a monster, any frightful appearance.
Bulles, bulls.
Burdon, sometimes for club.
Burganet, a Spanish murrion, or steel head-piece.
Burgein, to spring forth, or bud.
Bushy teade, bushy torch.
Busie payne, diligent labour.
Buskets, little bushes.
But, sometimes for except; *but for*, because; *but if*, unless.
Buxome, yielding, or obedient.
Buxome aire, yielding air.
Buxome and bent, meek and obedient.
By and by, presently.
By cyphers, astrological figures.
Bythooke or by crooke, proverb, by right or wrong, by one means or other.
Bynompt, bequeathed, dictated or named.
Byte, bite.

Cabinets, cots, or little cabins.
Camus, a thin transparent dress.
Can, sometimes for knows; *he can*, he began.
Can tune, did tune, or knew how to tune.
Cancred carle, ill-natured old man.
Candle-light, used for reason, or the reasoning faculty.
Canon, that part of a horse-bitt which is let into the mouth.
Capitaine, captain.
Capuccio, a capuchin, the hood of the cloke.
Carefull, sorrowful.
Carefull cold, cold which acts like cold, cutting, nays.
Carke, care.
Carle, churl.
Carven, cut.
Cast, sometimes for considered.
Cav'd, made hollow.
Causelesse, without any just cause.
Cavsen, account for, assign reasons.
Caytive, base.
Caytive courage, a base and abject mind.
Caytives, villains, wretches.

Chaffred, sold, or exchanged.
Chamelot, the stuff called camlet.
Chamfred, wrinkled, or indented.
Chaplet, a kind of garland like a crown.
Character, sometimes figure, image.
Charme, temper or tune.
Charmes, literally *carmina*, songs.
Charming, tempting by enchantment.
Chaw, jaw.
Chayre, chair, or chariot.
Chearen might, might be cheared.
Checklaton, or *Sheecklaton*, a robe of state, or the cloth of gold of which it was made.
Checkmate, a term in chess.
Cheere, countenance.
Cherry, for cherish.
Chevisaunce, bargain, gain, enterprise.
Childe, a youth, or young man.
Chin, sometimes for the face.
Chylded, conceived, or sometimes brought forth.
Clamo, call.
Cleene, clean.
Clemence, clemency.
Clene, cleen, entirely.
Close, secretly.
Closely, secretly.
Cloyd, a term used among farriers, when a horse is pricked with a nail in shoeing.
Colled, hung about the neck.
Commen, commune.
Comment, devise, or feign.
Commonly, sometimes for lovingly and sociably.
Compare, sometimes for procure.
Compast, round.
Complement, complete character.
Complements, every thing which serves to complete.
Complishing, accomplishing, fulfilling.
Complot, plot, or combination.
Complynes, even-song; the last service of the day.
Concent, harmony.
Concrew, grew together.
Cond, learnt.
Condition, generally used for the inward qualities of the mind.
Confound, sometimes for confounded.
Congé, leave.
Congregate, assembled together.
Coniure, conspire.
Constant, resolute, persevering.
Constraint, uneasiness.
Containe, hold together, keep within bounds.
Conteck, contest, strife.
Contraire, to cross or thwart.
Contrive, sometimes to wear out.
Controverse, debate or contention.
Convent, summon to appear.
Convince, sometimes to overthrow, or to convict.
Copesmate, a companion, or friend.
Coportion, equal share.
Corage, heart, or mind.
Corbe, crooked.
Corbes, corbels, ornaments in architecture.
Cordwayne, leather from Cordouan, Spanish leather, so called from Cordoba.
Coronall, a garland.
Cor'sive, corrosive.
Cosset, a lamb brought up without the dam.
Cott, a little boat.
Covetize, covetousness.
Could, sometimes for knew.

Counsell sad, grave advice.
Counterfeigunce, counterfeiting, dissimulation.
Courd, protected, as a hen cours over her young chickens.
Course, sometimes for the course, or ship's way, in navigation.
Couth, knew, from *conne*, to know.
Cowardrec, cowardice.
Cowheard, coward, old spelling.
Crackt, sometimes for broken or subdued.
Crafty spyes, a periphrasis for eyes.
Craggo, neck.
Crass, necks.
Crake, boast.
Cranck, lusty, courageous.
Cranks, the sudden or frequent involutions of the planets.
Craven, base, or recreant.
Creasted, tufted, plumed.
Crime, sometimes for reproach.
Crooke, the gibbet.
Croud, the fiddle.
Cruell kynde, kind with cruelty.
Cruell spies, for cruel eyes.
Crumenall, purse.
Cuffing, for scuffling.
Culver, a doye.
Culverings, a piece of ordnance so called.
Cryer, for cry.
Cunning hand, skilful hand.
Cunningly, like artists.
Curat, for cuirass, a breast-plate.
Curelesce, difficult to be cured.
Cursed, sometimes for ill-fated.

Dædale hand, ingenious or cunning hand.
Daintie, delicate.
Dainty, frequently for elegant or beautiful.
Damne, sometimes for condemn.
Damned, condemned.
Damnifyde, injured.
Danisk, Danish.
Dapper, neat, pretty.
Darrayne, to arrange, prepare, set in array.
Darred, i. e. lark, a lark caught by a daring-glass.
Dayes-man, arbitrator, or judge.
Daynt, dainty, fine.
Deadly made, made for death, Hell and destruction.
Deare, sometimes for dearly.
Deare constraint, pleasing uneasiness.
Dearnly, mournfully.
Death's mouth, the jaws of death.
Deaw-burning, burning bright with holy dew.
Debate, sometimes for fight.
Debonaire, gracious, kind.
Decesse, decease.
Decrawed, decreased.
Deeme, adjudge.
Deene, din, noise.
Default, sometimes for offend.
Defend, for to keep off, or to repell.
Deffly, finely and nimbly.
Define, sometimes, to decide.
Degendered, degenerated.
Degendering, degenerating.
Dehenbarth, South Wales.
Deigne, vouchsafe.
Delay, sometimes to smooth or soften; to put away; to temper, or mitigate.
Delayd, removed, put away, tempered.
Delices, delights, dainties, pleasant fantasies.
Demaye, demeanour, or appearance.
Demeane, behaviour, demeanour; sometimes a verb, to treat.
Demisse, humble.
Dempt, deemed, judged.
Depart, separate, remove; sometimes for departure.
Derkly, anxiously, earnestly.
Derring do, aforesaid.
Derring doe, daring deeds.
Derring doers, daring and bold doers.
Descrive, describe.
Desining, designing.
Despetto, despight.
Detaine, sometimes for detention.
Devicefull sights, sights full of devices, as masques, triumphs, &c.
Devoyre, duty.
Dew, due, i. e. descent.
Diapred, diversified.
Did pray, made a prey of.
Did shame, was ashamed.
Diffused, dispersed, or disordered.
Dight, adorned.
Dilate, enlarge upon, relate at large.
Dint, often for stroke.
Dinting, striking.
Dirke, dark.
Dirks, darkens.
Disaventurous deare, unfortunate hurt or trouble.
Discharge, to clear from the charge.
Discided, cleft in two.
Disclosed, disengaged, untied.
Discourse, shifting ground, traversing to and fro.
Discust, shaken off.
Disease, want of ease, uneasiness.
Disentrayle, to draw, or drag forth.
Disentrayled, drawn along floatingly.
Disgraste, dissolute, debauched.
Dishabled, lessened.
Disleall, perfidious, treacherous.
Disloigne, remote.
Disloyall, unfaithful, perfidious.
Dismayd, badly made, ill-shaped.
Dispacing, ranging about.
Disparage, sometimes for disparagement, unequal or improper union.
Dispence, consumption, or expense.
Dispiteous, unmerciful.
Disple, discipline.
Dissaventures, misfortunes.
Dissease, dispossess.
Disseized, dispossessed.
Distraughted, distracted.
Ditt, ditty or song.
Diverse, i. e. dream, a dream that occasions diversity, and distraction.
Diverst, turned aside.
Divide, in music, to play divisions; sometimes to distribute.
Divinde, made divine, deified.
Doe weale, cause to flow.
Don, do on, put on.
Doone, caused, sometimes for do.
Donghill, dunghill, low, debased.
Donne, put on, or do.
Doole, complaint.
Doolfull, dolefull.
Doome, judgment.
Dortours, places where the monks slept.

Doubt, sometimes for fear.
Doubted, sometimes for redoubted.
Doubtfull, fearful.
Douzepere, lez douze pairs, the twelve peers of France.
Dout, fear.
Downe way, weigh down.
Downe, sometimes for through.
Drapets, linen cloths.
Draught, sometimes for resemblance.
Dreadfull, full of the dread of danger.
Dreare, horrour, sometimes for misfortune, and for force, sorrow.
Drent, drenched, or drowned.
Drere, sorrow, sadness.
Drèriment, darkness.
Dresse, order, dispose.
Drevill, driveller, a fool.
Drive, sometimes for drove, or driven.
Droyle, to work sluggishly.
Dryrihed, dismalness, sorrow.
Dumpish, mournfull.
Dumps, lamentations.
Duresse, confinement.
Dwell, remain.
Dyde, dyed, coloured.

Earely, early.
Earst, at earst, at length.
Edifide, or *Edifyde*, built.
Eeke, increase, *eeked*, increased.
Eft, afterwards, moreover, again.
Element, the sky, or air.
Eld, old age.
Els, else, other.
Embase, to demean, or lessen, to debase.
Embassade, as ambassadors.
Embay, to bathe, to delight or cherish; *embayd*, delighted.
Embaylde, bound up.
Embosse, to enclose, sheath, or lodge, sometimes to adorn.
Embost, overwhelmed, hard pursued, sometimes ornamented, concealed, or enclosed.
Embowd, arched, bent like a bow.
Emboyled, full of wounds and sores.
Embrave, decorate.
Embrewed, wet with blood, steeped, or moistened.
Eme, uncle.
Empaire, grow worse, or to hurt or invade.
Emparlaunce, parley.
Empeach, to hinder.
Emperill, endanger.
Emprise, enterprise.
Enaunter, lest that.
Enchased, engraven.
Encheason, or *Encheson*, occasion, cause.
Endew, endow, clothe, invest.
Endosse, to engrave, carve, or write on the back.
Enfeloned, become fierce.
Enforme, fashion.
Enfouldered, thrown forth like thunder and lightning.
Enfyred, kindled, set on fire.
Engore, to pierce, to prick, to make bloody or gory.
Engrained, dyed in grain.
Engrave, sometimes to put into the grave, to bury.
Enhaunced, raised, lifted up.
Enraced, invooted, implanted.
Enseames, furnishes with suet, fatteus, or nourishes.
Entayled, carved.
Entayle, carving, sculpture.
Enterdeale, mediation.
Entertaine, sometimes to take.
Entertake, entertain, receive.
Entertayne, entertainment.
Entire, not mangled or wounded, in a whole skin.
Entrailed, or *Entrayld*, wrought between, twisted, as in knot-work.
Entyre, inward, inner.
Envy, sometimes to vie with.
Enure, to use, or practise.
Enured, committed, used.
Equipage, order.
Esloyne, withdraw.
Essoyne, excuse, a law phrase.
Eternal night, death, or darkness of Hell.
Ethe, easy.
Ever among, ever and anon.
Evil heare, have an ill character, are ill spoken of.
Eubœan, from Eubœa, an island near Bœotia.
Ewftes, evets, or efts, newts, &c.
Excheat, or *Escheat*, any lands or profits that fall to the lord of a manor by forfeiture, &c.
Expert, for to experience.
Express, pressed out.
Expyre, send forth, or bring forth.
Extasie, sudden surprise.
Extirpe, extirpate.
Extort, for extorted.
Extreate, extraction.
Eyas, unfledged.
Eye of Heaven, the Sun.

Fade, vanish.
Fain, or *Faine*, glad, desirous, or joy.
Fained, desired.
Faitours, vagabonds.
Falsed, broke, made false, feigned.
Falsers, deceivers.
Faste, faced, having faces.
Fastnesse, a strong hold.
Fatall end, destiny.
Fatall error, wandering as the fates directed.
Fay, faith, truth.
Fayled, or *Fayld*, deceivdd, cheated.
Faynes, takes delight.
Fayrely, softly.
Faytor, or *Faytour*, a deceiver, vagabond, impostor.
Feare, sometimes for the thing feared, or which raises fear; sometimes a companion, and spelt *fere*, or *pheare*.
Feared, affrighted.
Fearefull, occasioning fear.
Feature, sometimes for fashion, make.
Feedes, enjoys.
Fell, gall, anger, melancholy.
Felly, cruelly, or fiercely.
Felnesse, fierceness.
Feminitee, womanhood.
Fere, a companion, sometimes used for husband.
Ferme, farm, in the sense of lodging-house.
Feutred, made ready.
Fiaunt, commission, or warrant.
Field, sometimes used for battle.
File, defile, or sometimes for stayle.
Filed, defiled, sometimes smooth, polished.
Fine, taper, thin.
Fire-mouthed, a mouth emitting flames.
Fit, or *Fitt*, a strain, or air.

Flamed, inflamed.
Fleet, sometimes for float.
Flourets, young blossoms.
Folké-mote, assembly of people.
Fon, fool.
Fond, foolish, but sometimes used for found.
Fone, often used for foes.
Food, sometimes for feud.
For, sometimes for because, instead of notwithstanding.
Forthy, or *For-thy*, therefore.
Forbeare, ill bear.
Foreby, by, or near to.
For-hent, taken before being able to escape.
Forelent, given before hand.
Foretaught, before taught.
Forewent, gone before.
Forhaile, distress.
Forlent, left forlorn.
Forlorne, left forsaken.
Formally, sometimes according to form or method.
Formerlie, first, or before hand.
Formerly, sometimes first of all.
Forray, foraging, or pillaging.
Forslacked, delayed.
Forswath, sunburnt.
Forswonck, over laboured.
Forth do well, pour forth.
Forth to hold, to march forth.
Forthink, think before-hand of.
Forward, bold.
Forwearied, over fatigued.
Foster, a forrester.
Fouldring, thundering.
Foundring, tripping and falling.
Foy, the tribute due from subjects.
Foyle, trample upon, or overthrow, sometimes defile.
Frame, to order right.
Francker franion, a merrier companion.
Francklin, a person of note, classed with the ranks of miles and armager.
Franion, a companion.
Free, genteel, of easy carriage.
Frend, befriend.
Fronne, a stranger, or foreigner.
Fresh, to refresh.
Friends, befriends.
Frorne, frozen.
Frounce, to plait, or fold.
Froward, forward, in opposition to towards.
Frowie, or *Frowy*, musty or mossy, frouzy.
Fulgent, king of the Picts.
Fulmined, shot, like lightning.
Furniment, furnishing, furniture.
Fylde, feeled, felt.
Fyled, kept and filed up.
Fyne, thin, tapor.
Fyrie-footed, fiery-footed.

Galage, a wooden shoe.
Gang, go.
Garre, to cause, occasion, oblige.
Gates, goats.
Gay, glaring.
Gay be seene, of a gay appearance.
Geare, old spelling for jeer.
Geeson, rare, uncommon.
Gelt, for gelding.
Gent, courteous or free, noble.
Gentle thewes, genteel accomplishments.
Georgos, a husbandman.
German, brother.
Gerne, or *Girn*, for grin; to yawn.
Gest, action, or adventure.
Ghesse, to think.
Giambeux, boots.
Gibe, to jest.
Gin, engine, or plot.
Girlonds, guardians.
Giusts, justs, or tournaments.
Glade, gladden, or make glad.
Glaives, swords, or sometimes clubs.
Glib, the mustachio, or hair upon the upper lip.
Glitterand, glittering.
Glode, for glowed, or glided.
Glozing, deceiving by a false glass, flattering, lying.
Gnarre, snarl.
Good houre, good fortune.
Goodman, master of the house.
Gorge, the throat.
Gossibs, friends.
Gownd, wearing a gown.
Grace, favour.
Graile, particles of gravel.
Gramercy, great thanks.
Grange, sometimes for a dwelling.
Grantorto, great injury and wrong, a tyrant's name.
Graste, graced, favoured.
Gratious, handsome.
Grayle, gravel.
Great-hunt, executing of laws and justice.
Great name, great celebrity.
Greave, a groove, or grove.
Gree, degree, sometimes liking or satisfaction, favour.
Greet, mourning, or sorrow.
Greete, weep.
Gride, pierced.
Griesie, greasy.
Grin, sometimes for grind.
Griple, griping, tenacious.
Groynd, grunted.
Gryde, pierced.
Gryesy, dirty, moist, or foggy.
Grylle, Gryllus, one of the companions of Ulysses, transformed into a hog by Circe.
Grysie, filthy, or squalid.
Guant, the river Gvant, or Cam.
Guarish, to heal.
Guerdon, reward.
Gyeld, hall, a guild-hall.
Gyre, circle.

Habericons, sleeves, and gorget of mail.
Hable might, proper strength.
Hacqueton, the stuffed jacket worn under armour.
Hagard hauke, a wild hawk.
Hale, whole, sometimes welfare.
Halfendeale, half.
Hall, sometimes used for chamber.
Hallidome, holy judgment.
Han, have.
Handes, sometimes for persons.
Harbrough, or *Herbrough*, an inn, a lodging.
Hard essay, dangerous enterprise.
Harnesse, suit of armour.
Harrowd, conquered.
Harty, zealous, enpassioned, encouraging.
Haubergh, a coat of mail without sleeves, made of plate, or of chain metal.

Haught, high.
Haulst, embraced.
Hazardy, rashness, or playing at hazard.
Heard, a keeper of cattle, a herdsman.
Heardgrooms, keepers of cattle.
Heben wood, ebony.
Hell them quite, perhaps cover, or devour them quite.
Hent, seized, snatched, or took; caught.
Here by there, here and there.
Herie, worship, honour.
Herried, honoured.
Hersall, rehearsal, relation.
Herse, rehearsal.
Hest, behest, command.
Hew, for hewing.
Heydeguyes, a country dance, or round.
Hidder and shidder, male and female, he and she.
Hight, entrusted, committed, called.
Hild, held.
Hippodames, sea-horses.
Hoare, hoary.
Hole, sound, entire.
Holy grayle, the real blood of our Saviour, pretendedly brought by Joseph of Arimathea.
Hood, a term denoting a state, as manhood, &c.
Hooke and crooke, see *By hooke*.
Hooved, hovered.
Hore, sordid.
Hospitage, hospitality.
Hospitale, inn.
Hostlesse, inhospitable.
Hostry, lodging.
Hot, named, called.
Hoved, hovered.
Housling fire, fire used in the sacrament of marriage.
Howres, stated prayers at certain hours of devotion.
Hugger-mugger, secretly.
Humblesse, humility.
Hurtle, or *Hurdlen*, to rush forth, push forward.
Husbands toyle, labour of the husbandman.
Hilding, base, contemptible.
Hynde, a kind of servant, a hind.

Jane, a coin, money.
Jasp, jasper, stone.
Javels, wandering or dirty fellows.
Idole, image.
Jesses, the leathers that fasten on the hawk's bells.
Ill affected, affected with bad impressions.
Ill apayd, dissatisfied.
Ill bested, in bad plight.
Image of thy day, emblem of thy life.
Impe, a child.
Impeach, sometimes to hinder.
Impes, children.
Implit, wrap up.
Implore, sometimes used as a substantive.
Imply, wrap up.
Implyes, envelops, hides.
Importable, not to be borne.
Importune, sometimes for cruel, salvage.
Impugne, oppose or resist.
In, inn.
In, often used for on.
In derring-doe, in manhood and chivalry.
In field, in open battle.
Incompared, incomparable.
Infuse, infusion.
In gentle thewes, in genteel accomplishments.
In place, used for here, and sometimes for there; in existence.
In round lists, lists encompassed all round.
Inclination, bending downwards.
Incline, bend down.
Inclyning, bowing.
Incontinent, incontinently, instantly.
Indew, to put on, to be clothed with.
Indewd, swallowed and digested, relished.
Indifferent, impartial.
Indigne, unworthy.
Indignifyde, treated disdainfully.
Infamy, slander.
Infant, the prince.
Inferd, brought upon.
Informed, half-formed, imperfect.
Ingate, entrance.
Inholders, inhabitants.
Inly, inwardly, entirely.
Inne, habitation, seat, or recess.
Inquest, quest, or adventure.
Inspyre, breathe, or blow.
Instantly, earnestly.
Intended, stretched out.
Intendiment, intendment, understanding, attention, or thought.
Interesse, interest, or right and title to.
Intimate, to partake of mutually.
Intuse, contusion.
Invade, go into.
Invent, find.
Invented, met with, found.
Invest, to put on as part of a dress.
Jolly, handsome.
Jollyhead, a state of jollity.
Jovial, cheerful, joyous.
Jouissaunce, joy.
Journall, daily.
Jouysaunce, mirth.
Irrenowmed, the negation of renown, disgrace.

Keepe, a charge, or flock.
Keight, caught.
Ken, know.
Kene, sharp.
Kerne, a churl, or farmer.
Kest, cast.
Kidst, knowest.
Kind, nature, or sex.
Kirke, church.
Kirtle, a petticoat, or a mantle, or surtout.
Knife, dagger, or poniard, or sword.
Knightless, unknightly.
Kydst, knowest.
Kynd, or *Kynde*, nature.

Lad, led.
Lady gent, an accomplished or handsome lady.
Lady thrall, captive lady.
Laire, or *Lare*, a sheltered place where cattle rest or feed.
Lamping, shining.
Lare, see *Laire*.
Last, sometimes for greatest, or best.
Latched, caught.
Late ygoe, lately.
Launce, ballance.
Lay, a lay or lea of land.
Lay-stall, a place to lay dung or rubbish in.

Layes, laws.
Leach, physician.
Leach-craft, the art of healing, or of physic.
Leaké, leaky.
Leare, art, or learning.
Leares, lessons.
Leasing, lying.
Leav'd, levied, raised.
Ledden, language, or dialect.
Lee, the stream.
Leefe, grateful, or dear.
Legierdomayne, slight of hand.
Leke, leaky.
Leman, a sweetheart, a concubine.
Lere, a lesson.
Lest, listen.
Let, hindrance, to hinder.
Let be, or *Lette*, away with, let go, let alone.
Lett, to hinder.
Levin, lightning.
Lewd, often used for ignorant.
Lewd word, impudent language.
Lewdly, foolishly, impudently.
Liagore, one of the daughters of Nereus.
Libbard, leopard.
Liefe, willing.
Lig, or *Ligge*, or *Liggen*, to be.
Light, sometimes for lightly, nimbly.
Like to quell, like to die, or to be starved.
Lilled, lolled.
Lime-hound, a limer, or large dog, used in hunting the wild boar.
Lin, cease, or give over.
Livedden, did live.
Livery and seisin, delivery and possession, a law term.
Lofty siege, lofty seat.
Loos, praise.
Loose, solve, or explain.
Loosely, carelessly.
Lordship, sovereignty.
Lore, left, or lost.
Loring, instruction.
Lorne, left.
Lorrell, a loose contemptible fellow.
Losell, a loose good-for-nothing fellow.
Lo'se, loosed, dissolved.
Loth, unwilling.
Louer, an opening in a cottage to let out the smoke, and to let in the light.
Loves, sometimes for lovers.
Lout, bowed down, did homage.
Lower, sometimes for low.
Lowted, did honour and reverence.
Lowting low, bowing low.
Lug, a pearch or rod for land-measuring, containing sixteen feet and a half.
Lushishnesse, sluggishness, inactivity.
Lust, sometimes for will, choice.
Lustihead, jollity.
Lustlesse, languid, or lifeless.
Lusty, lovely, handsome.
Lybicke ocean, the quicksands called the Syrtes.
Lymiter, a friar licensed to beg within a certain district.
Lythe, soft and gentle.

Macerate, tear, distract.
Maga, magician.
Mahound or *Mahoune*, *Mahomet*.
Make, a companion.
Making, poetical composition.
Malé, sometimes for mail.
Malefices, evil deeds.
Malengin, ill intent.
Malengine, guile.
Malfont, a source of evil words.
Maliced, bore ill-will.
Maligne, grudge or oppose.
Malist, regarded with ill-will.
Mall, a mallet, a blow, to maul.
Many, often used for company.
Mard, threw down.
Marge, brink.
Marke-white, white mark.
Mart, Mars, the god of war.
Martelled, hammered.
Martyrest, dost torment.
Matchlesse, not paired, or alike.
Mate, sad; *did mate*, did distress, or render sorrowful.
Mathravel, one of the three provinces, into which Wales was divided by Roderic the Great.
Mavis, the cock-thrush, or song-thrush.
Maugre, or *Maulgre*, in spite of, but sometimes used as an imprecation.
Maulgré, whether he would or not.
May, maid, often used for can.
Meane, mien.
Mear'd, divided.
Meare, limit, or boundary.
Measured, travelled.
Medled, mingled.
Medling, mixing.
Meere, absolute, entire.
Meint, mingled.
Melling, medling.
Memories, sometimes for obsequies for the dead.
Ment, mingled.
Mercifide, pitied.
Meriment, mirth.
Mertians, inhabitants of Mercia, one of the kingdoms of the Saxon heptarchy.
Merry, pleasant, delightful.
Mesprise, contempt, or neglect.
Mew, place of confinement.
Mewes, prisons.
Meynt, mingled.
Mickle, much.
Mieve, move.
Might, frequently used for should.
Mincing mincon, affected wanton.
Minime, a little song; *minim*, a term in music.
Miniments, toys, trifles.
Minisht, diminished.
Minstrales, minstrels.
Mirke, obscure.
Mirksome, dark.
Mis, err.
Miscreance, or *Miscreaunce*, dispraise, or misbelief.
Misdeeme, judge wrongly of.
Miser, a miserable man.
Missayd, spoken otherwise, or the contrary.
Mistor, manner, kind.
Mistreth not, signifies not.
Miswent, gone astray, wandered.
Mocks and mowes, insults by distortions of the face, making mouths.
Moist daughters, the Hyades, a constellation of seven stars in the head of the Bull.

Mome, a dull stupid blockhead.
Moniment, image, superscription, ornament.
More, often used for greatly, greater.
Mores, roots.
Morion, head-piece.
Mortall crime, mortality.
Most, often used for greatest.
Most regiment, chief government.
Molt, measured.
Mountenance, amount of.
Mowes, months. See *Mockes*.
Moyle, defile.
Muchell, much.
Munificence, defence or fortification.
Mured, enclosed.
My toward good, my approaching happiness.
Mysterie, profession, trade, or calling.

Namely, particularly.
Narre, nearer.
Nas, nehas, or has not.
Nathemore, not the more.
Native, natural.
Ne brest, the meaner sort of men.
Ne desperate, neither despaired he.
Neighbour town, next town.
Nephewes, used for grandchildren.
Nest, in familiar language for house.
Net, neat, clean.
Nett, pure, clean.
New, sometimes for newly, lately.
New in pound, anew in the balance.
New-borne, regenerated.
Newell, a new thing.
Nigardise, niggardliness.
Nill, will not.
Nis, is not.
Nobilesse, nobility, or nobleness.
Nonce, occasion.
Northerne Wagoner, Bootes, one of the constellations.
Nosethrils, nostrils.
Not, knew not.
Nought seemeth, is unseemly.
Nould, would not.
Noule, noddle.
Noursle up, educate.
Nousled, nursed.
Noyd, annoyed, injured.
Nye, advance.

Obliquid, oblique.
On, sometimes for one.
On high, highly, in high terms.
On hight, aloud.
Onely, sometimes for greatest.
Ordele, ordeal.
Oricalche, a sonorous metal, a species of brass.
Overcraw, crow over, or insult.
Overdight, covered over.
Overgrast, overgrown with grass.
Overhaile, draw over.
Overture, an open place.
Overwent, overgone.
Ought, sometimes for owed; nothing, or not at all; owned, or had a right to.
Owches, jewels.

Pace, land, country.
Paine, labour, difficulty.
Palmers weed, the dress of palmers, or pilgrims.
Panachæa, a sovereign remedy.
Pannikell, the brain-pan, the scull, crown of the head.
Parbreake, vomit.
Pardale, the panther.
Paravaunt, peradventure.
Paravant, publicly.
Parget, varnish, or plaster.
Parl, sometimes for party.
Partake, to share, to make partaker.
Partes entire, partes interiores, the inner parts.
Passing prief, passing price, surpassing, extraordinary.
Passion, often used for any commotion of the mind.
Passionate, to express with affection.
Passioned, disordered.
Pate, head.
Payne, labour.
Paysd, poised.
Peaze, violent blow, stamp, or weight.
Peece, castle, fortified place.
Peeres, fellows and companions.
Perdy, an old oath, or expletive.
Peregall, equal.
Persant, piercing.
Persue, pursuit.
Pert, open.
Phantastes, the imagination.
Pight, placed, or fixed.
Pill, to take by extortion.
Places, palaces.
Pled, pleaded.
Plight, plighted, folded.
Pointed, appointed.
Poll, synonymous with pill, to take by extortion.
Polygony, a medicinal herb.
Ponke, or *Pouke*, the fairy Robin Goodfellow, known by the name of Puck.
Port, carriage, aspect.
Portance, comportment.
Potshares, potshards.
Pouke, see *Ponke*.
Pouldred, beaten to dust.
Pouse, pease.
Practicke paine, practice and endeavour.
Prank, a mode of dressing the ruff.
Pranke, an injury, or mischief.
Pray, sometimes for a beast of prey.
Prayde, preyed upon.
Preace, press or crowd.
Prowing, proving, proof.
Praif, proof.
Preiudize, a conjecture, or judgment.
Prepense, to consider.
Presage, to point out with the hand.
President, often for precedent.
Prest, ready at hand, quick.
Pretended, held forth to view, stretched out.
Preventing, coming before.
Price, sometimes as a verb, to pay the price.
Pricking, spurring.
Prieve, prove; *prieved*, proved.
Prime, morning, sometimes the spring, or prime of the Moon.
Principle unsound, bad beginning.
Privie, secret.
Professe, to have the appearance of.
Proiect, throw.
Protense, stretching out, extent.
Prowest, bravest.

Prune, to smooth or set in order.
Prysa, to pay the price of.
Purpose, sometimes for conversation.
Purchas, sometimes for robbery.
Purposes, discourses.
Pyonings, works of pioneers.

Quaile, to quell, or subdue.
Quaint, nice, or shy.
Quar'le, quarrell.
Quarrey, game or prey, a term in falconry.
Quart, division, the fourth part.
Quayd, quailed, or subdued.
Queen, sometimes for queen, a term of reproach.
Queint, quenched, extinguished, sometimes strange, odd.
Queint elect, quaintly or oddly chosen, motley.
Queine, please.
Quest, a romance, an expedition, or adventure.
Quick, to stir.
Quight, to release, or disengage.
Quip, to sneer at, or insult.
Quips, sneers, or taunts.
Quire, company.
Quite clame, release and quit, law-phrase.
Quited, requited.
Quooke, quaked.

Rablement, a crowd, or rabble.
Rafte, bereft, deprived.
Raile, flow.
Raine, reign, region.
Rakehell, rascal.
Random, random.
Ranke, fiercely.
Rapt, in a rapture.
Rashly, at a venture, inconsiderately.
Raskall many, the rascality.
Raskall routs, the lowest mobs.
Rate, sometimes for manner.
Ratho, early.
Rather lambs, lambs ewed in the beginning of the year.
Raught, reached.
Rauran, a hill in Merionethshire.
Ray, defile, array or ornament, order.
Rayle, to flow, to trickle down.
Rayne, realm or region, empire.
Rayons, beames, or rays.
Recoyle, retire, come back.
Recreant, one who yields, a coward or traitor.
Recuile, or *Recule*, to retreat, retire.
Recure, recover, regain.
Recured, recovered.
Red, esteemed, considered as.
Redresse, put together.
Roode, precept or advice.
Regiments, governments.
Relate, to bring back.
Relent, slacken, or remit, soften; sometimes for stopping, or to stay, abate.
Relide, joined himself.
Relived, brought to life again, reanimated.
Relyved, brought to life again.
Remeraled, thanked.
Rencounter, an accidental combat or adventure.
Renew, to tell from the beginning.
Renforst, reinforced.
Re'nforst, reinforced.
Renhumed, renowned.

Renverst, reversed.
Replevie, restore.
Repriefe, reproof; *reprieved*, reproved.
Reprize, to take again.
Reseized, had possession again.
Resemblaunces, comparisons, or favours.
Resiant, resident.
Resolv'd, dissolved, or laid at ease.
Restless, sometimes for unceasing, and for resistless.
Restore, sometimes as a substantive for restoration or restitution.
Retraitt, picture, portrait.
Retyre, retirement.
Reverse, to recruse to return.
Revert, return.
Revest, clothe again.
Revolt, to roll back.
Rew, row.
Ribaudrie, ribaldry, obscenity.
Rid, red, rad, be spoken of, or declared.
Right, as an adverb, directly.
Ring, encircle.
Rivage, the shore.
Rive, for riven, torn.
Routs, young bullocks.
Roode, the cross or crucifix.
Rosiere, rose-tree.
Rote, probably the psaltery, a musical instrument.
Rovde, roved.
Roved, shot with the rover, a species of arrow.
Rout, a company.
Rownd, a kind of dance.
Rownded, whispered.
Royne, growl.
Ruddock, robin red-breast.
Ruffed, ruffled, disordered.
Ruffin, reddish, ruffian-like.
Ruinate, to fall, brought to ruin, thrown down.
Rulesse, lawless.
Rybauld, scoundrel, ruffian.
Ryven, torn, plucked.

Sacred, sometimes for enchanted.
Sacred ashes, ashes prostituted to impious rites, cursed.
Sad, grave of countenance or attire, heavy.
Sailes, often used for wings.
Saine, say.
Salewd, saluted.
Saliuance, assault, or sally.
Salied, leaped.
Salvagesse sans finesse, wildness without art.
Salved, saluted.
Sam, together.
Samite, a half-silk stuff, glossy like satin.
Sardonian smyle, a distorted kind of laugh, said to be produced by certain herbs growing in Sardinia.
Saw, sentence, decree.
Say, or *Sey*, a thin sort of stuff.
Say, sometimes for assay, proof.
Sayled, climbed up.
Scarabee, beetle.
Scarmoges, skirmishes.
Scath, damage, hurt.
Scatterlings, scattered or dispersed rovers.
Scerne, discern.
Scorse, exchange.
Scriene, screen.
Scrike, shriek.

Scruze, squeeze; *scruzed*, squeezed or pressed out.
Scryde, descried.
Scryne, an escritore, desk.
Slayned, disdained.
Sea-bord, sea-bordering.
See, seat, sometimes used for sea.
Seemlesse, unseemly.
Seemlyhed, seemly, decent appearance.
Seized, possessed.
Seiz'd, fixed; *seizing*, fixing.
Selcouth, uncommon.
Selinis, or *Selinus*, a town in Cilicia.
Sell, saddle.
Seneschall, household steward, the master of the ceremonies.
Senseful, sensible.
Sent, sometimes for scent, sensation, perception.
Sere, withered.
Serve to, serve.
Severall, severally, asunder.
Sew, pursue, follow.
Sewde, pursued.
Shame, sometimes for be ashamed.
Shamefastness, shamefacedness.
Shapt, shaped.
Sheene, shining, fair.
Shend, put to shame.
Shene, fair and shining.
Shent, reproached, blamed.
Shere, transparent, clear.
Sheres, outs, divides.
Shole, shallow.
Shope, shaped, framed.
Shrifts, confessions.
Shright, shrightes, shriek, shrieks.
Shrill, to sound shrilly.
Shyne, light.
Shyned, shone.
Sib, or *Sibbe*, related to, akin.
Sicker, sure, secure.
Sides, loins.
Siege, seat.
Sigh't, sighed.
Sight, sometimes for opinion.
Signe, the word, used in military affairs.
Sike mister men, such kind of men.
Sicker, sure, secure.
Silent waves, still, quiet waves.
Silly, for *seely*, harmless, innocent.
Silver sleepe, quiet sleep.
Sin, often for since.
Singulfes, convulsive sobs or sighs.
Sith, time, times.
Sits, is becoming.
Sleeping fame, fame of a person now dead.
Slight, art.
Sly, finely wrought.
Snar, snarl.
Snarled, entangled.
Snebba, chide or revile.
So goodly scope, so fair a prospect.
Sodaine, sudden.
Sold to entertaine, to receive her pay.
Somedele, somewhat, in some degree.
Soote, sweet.
Soothlich, soothly, truly.
Sor'd, hurt, made sore.
Sort, company.
Sovenance, or *Sovenaunce*, remembrance.
Souce, at, like a hawk at his prey.
Sourse, source, original.
Sownd, to sound, or try.
Soyle, the soil, sometimes the prey.
Space, to walk about, or roam about.
Spalles, shoulders.
Sparre the yate, shut the door.
Speckled, spotted, infamous, scandalous.
Spell, a verse, or charm.
Sperre, to fasten.
Spersed, dispersed, scattered.
Sperst, dispersed.
Spill, inlaid.
Sprent, sprinkled, or spread over.
Spring, or *Springal*, a young person.
Springals, young men.
Spyals, spies.
Spyre, shoot forth.
Squib, any petty fellow.
Squint eye, partial judgment.
Squire, for square, rule.
Stadle, support.
Stal'd, stolen.
Stales, devices, tricks.
Stanck, weary or faint.
Stale, stoutly.
States, state-canopies or pavilions.
Stay, stop or catch.
Sted, station or place.
Steme, exhale or evaporate.
Stemme, stem or stay.
Stent, stint, restrain.
Sterne, tail.
Starve, starve.
Steven, noise.
Stie, ascend.
Stild, dropped.
Strayt, street.
Stinted, left off.
Stire, stir, move, incite.
Stole, a long robe, or garment, reaching to the ancles.
Stounds, times or occasions, fits.
Stoure, a fit.
Stowre, danger, or misfortune.
Straine, race, lineage.
Streame, send forth.
Streight behight, strictly commanded.
Strene, descent, race.
Stresse, distress.
Stricken, wounded.
Strong, sometimes for strung.
Stryfull, strife-full, contentious.
Studde, stock or trunk.
Sty, or *Stye*, to soar or ascend.
Subject plaine, plain beneath.
Sublime, used sometimes for haughty.
Succaed, approach.
Suddein, quick, ready.
Suff'raunce, forbearance, want of being taken care of.
Suppress, kept under.
Surbet, wearied, or bruised.
Surprize, to seize.
Surquedrie, or *Surquedry*, pride, presumption.
Swarved, moved out of place.
Swent and swinke, laboured hard.
Sweet teene, pleasing uneasiness.
Swelt, swooned.
Swinck, labour.
Swinged, for singed.

Sybbe, related, akin.
Syte, situation.

Table, a picture or board on which pictures were painted.
Takest keepe, takest care.
Tapet, worked or figured stuff.
Tassel gent, a gentle tiercel, the male of the goss-hawk.
Teade, torch.
Teemed, joined together in a team.
Teene, sorrow, vexation, grief; sometimes to afford, or stir up.
Teld, for told.
Tempereth, governs.
Tempest dred, dreadful tempest.
Termlesse, unlimited.
Terron, sometimes for religious awe,
Than, sometimes for then.
The grosse, the whole.
Thee, thrive, prosper.
Thewed ill, ill-bred, ill-mannered.
Thewes, manners, accomplishments.
Thick, or *Thicke*, thicker.
Tho, used for then.
Thrall, thrill, pierce.
Threasure, treasure.
Three square, triangular.
Thrillant, piercing.
Thrilled, pierced.
Thrilling, piercing.
Thrilling throb, a piercing sigh.
Thrist, thirst.
Thro, sometimes for throw, agony.
Throw, a short space, a little while.
Thrust, thirst; *thrustiness*, the same.
Thryse, a third part.
Thunder-light, lightning.
Tickle, uncertain.
Tide, tied.
Tight, tied.
Timely, according to proper time and measure.
Tinct, dyed or stained.
Tind, kindled, excited.
Tine, inflame, rage.
To-dashed, much bruised.
To-fere, together.
To-mirke, very obscure, or dark.
To-rent, entirely rent.
Todde, bush.
To-fore, before.
Tong, tongue.
Tooting, looking about.
Tort, or *Torte*, injury, wrong.
Tortious, injurious.
Tottie, or *Totty*, wavering.
Trade, tread, footsteps.
Traine, tail; sometimes deceit.
Tramels, woven or plaited divisions.
Transmewd, changed, transformed.
Trast, traced.
Travel'd, laboured, endeavoured.
Treacherours, traitors.
Treachours, traitors.
Treague, a truce or cessation of arms.
Trenchand, cutting.
Trentals, a popish service of thirty masses.
Tressed, withered and curled.
Troad, treading, footsteps, path.
Trode, tread, or path.
Trow, believe, think.
Truncked, maimed, deprived of the head.
Tryc, tried, refined.
Twight, twit, upbraid.
Tydes, seasons.
Tynde, kindled or lighted.
Tyned, lost, died.
Tyranne, tyrant.
Tyranning, acting the part of a tyrant.

Vade, vanish.
Vailed, pulled off, laid down.
Vaine, idle.
Valew, value, sometimes valour.
Valiaunce, valour.
Varlet, page or squire.
Vauncing, advancing.
Vayne, useless.
Vele, veil.
Vellenage, servitude.
Vellet, velvet.
Venery, hunting.
Vented up, gave vent to, or lifted up.
Ventath, snuffeth in the wind.
Vertue, efficacy.
Vertuous pray, virtuous recompense.
Velchie, of pease straw.
Vilde, vile.
Vine-propp alme, the elm that props up the vine.
Virelayes, a light kind of song.
Virginall, belonging to, or becoming a virgin.
Visnomie, countenance.

Umbriere, the visor of a helmet.
Unacquainted, unusual.
Unbid, without saying his prayers.
Uncouth, unknown, unusual.
Undersong, to take in, entrap.
Undertake, to hear, or understand.
Undertime, undertyde, the afternoon, toward the evening.
Uneath, scarcely; sometimes for underneath.
Uneven payre, unsuitably matched.
Unhappie paine, unsuccessful endeavours.
Unhappy hower, misfortune.
Unheale, uncover, expose to view.
Unhele, uncover.
Unherst, taken from the herse.
Unkempt, unpolished.
Unkinde, unnatural.
Unlast, unlaced.
Unnethes, scarcely.
Unproved, untried.
Unprovided scath, unforseen mischief.
Unreproved truth, sincerity.
Unshed, for shed or scattered.
Unthrifty scath, indiscreet mischief.
Until, unto.
Unvalewed, invaluable.
Unwary, unexpected.
Unwist, unknown.
Upbrayes, upbraidings.
Uphild, upheld.
Upstaring, high advanced.
Upstart, upstarted.
Urchins, hedge-hogs.
Usage quaint, odd behaviour.

Wacht, watched.
Wae, woe.

Wage, to carry on, to pledge.
Wagmoires, quagmires.
Ward, the guards or garrison, the porter.
Ware, cautious.
Warelesse, not aware.
War-hable, fit for war.
Warie, sometimes for weary.
Warke, work.
Warrayd, made war upon.
Warre, worse.
Warre old, worse being old.
Watchet, blue colour.
Wawes, waves.
Way, esteem.
Way'd journied.
Wayment, bewail, lament.
Weanell waste, a weaned youngling.
Weaved, waved, floated.
Weed, raiment.
Weet, wet.
Weetelesse, not understood.
Weste, waved, avoided, removed; a stray or wanderer.
Weld, wield.
Wele, or *Wo*, prosperity, or misfortune.
Welked, shortened, or impaired.
Welkin, the sky.
Well, welfare, to flow.
Well apayd, well satisfied.
Well avizing, looking upon with attention.
Well thawed, full of moral wisdom.
Welter, wallow.
Wend, weened, thought.
Went, way or path, turnings and windings.
West, set in the west.
What, fare, things, affairs.
Whelky, wreathed, or twisted as the whelk, or rounded, embossed.
Whether, sometimes for whither.
Whilome, once, sometime.
Whist, hushed, silenced.
Whott, hot.
Wight, quick or active; *wightly*, quickly, suddenly.
Wil'd a capias, ordered a writ.
Wimble, nimble.
Wimple, a sort of hood.
Wimpled, plaited, covered.
Win, overtake.
Wisards, wise men.
Wisely, considerately.
Wite, or *Witen*, blame.
Wite the witelesse, blame the blameless.
With small force, finally.
Without entraile, twisted.
Wo worth, cursed.
Woe, sad,
Won, for wont, used.
Wonne, conquered; a habitation, or to inhabit.
Wonned, haunted.
Wont, used.
Wood, mad.
Woon, dwell.
Word, motto.
Wowed, wooed.
Wracke, ruin, or violence.
Wrapt, entangled, encumbered.
Wreaked, cared, or reckoned.
Wroken, revenged.
Wyde, void.
Wyte, or *Wyten*, reproved, or blamed.

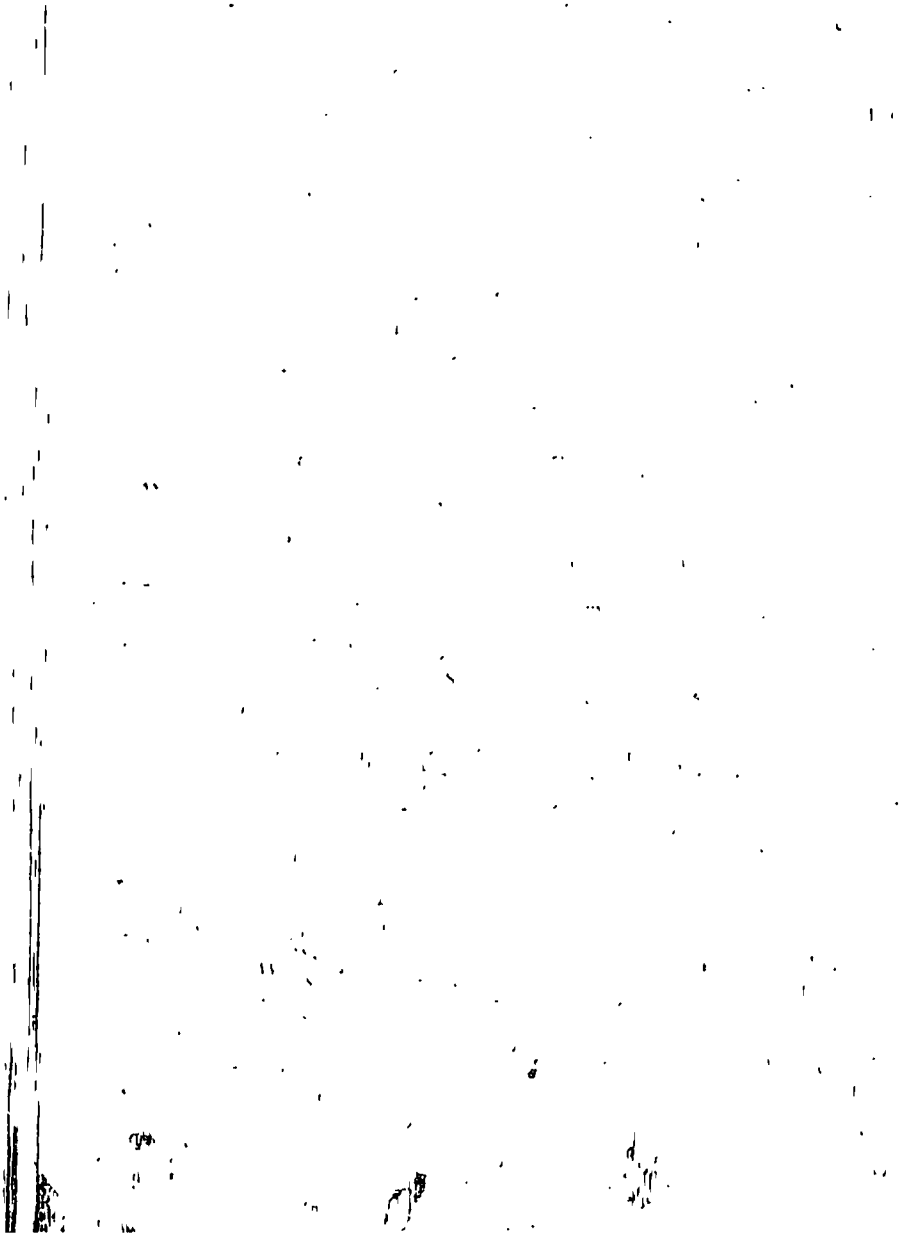
Yate, gate.
Ydly, idly.
Yeade, go.
Yearne, earn, gain, procure.
Yede, go.
Yfere, in company together.
Yirks, jerks, or lashes.
Ylke, the same.
Ympt, a term in falconry, to join to, or add.
Yode, went.
Yold, yielded, gave way.
Yond, furious, extravagant.
Yongth, or *Youngth*, youth.
Ypight, placed.
Yrkes, vexes, grieves.
Ysame, together, gathered.
Ywis, certainly, or truly.

THE

POEMS

OF

SAMUEL DANIEL.



THE

LIFE OF DANIEL,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

SAMUEL DANIEL, the son of a music-master, was born near Taunton in Somersetshire, in the year 1562. In 1579 he was admitted a commoner of Magdalen-hall, Oxford, where he continued about three years, and by the help of an excellent tutor made considerable improvement in academical studies. He left the university, however, without taking a degree, and pursued the study of history and poetry, under the patronage of the earl of Pembroke's family. This he thankfully acknowledges in his Defence of Rhime, which is retained in this edition, as a necessary document to illustrate the ideas of poetry entertained in his time. To the same family he was probably indebted for an university education, as no notice occurs of his father, who, if a music-*master*, could not well have escaped the researches of Dr. Burney.

The first of his productions, at the age of twenty-three, was a Translation of Paulus Jovius's Discourse of rare Inventions, both military and amorous, called Impresse, London, 1585, 8vo. to which he prefixed an ingenious preface. He afterwards became tutor to the lady Anne Clifford, sole daughter and heiress to George, earl of Cumberland, a lady of very high accomplishments, spirit, and intrepidity. To her, when at the age of thirteen, he addressed a delicate admonitory epistle. She was married, first to Richard, earl of Dorset, and afterwards to the earl of Pembroke, "that memorable simpleton," says lord Orford, "with whom Butler has so much diverted himself[1]." The pillar which she erected in the county of Westmoreland, on the road-side between Penrith and Appleby, the spot where she took her last leave of her mother,

> ..... still records, beyond a pencil's power,
> The silent sorrows of a parting hour,
> Still to the musing pilgrim points the place,
> Her sainted spirit most delights to trace[2].

Among her other munificent acts was a monument to the memory of our poet, on which she caused it to be engraven that she had been his pupil, a circumstance which

[1] See Mr. Park's valuable edition of the Royal and Noble Authors. *C.*

[2] Roger's Pleasures of Memory, quoted by Mr. Park, ubi supra. *C.*

she seems to have remembered with delight at the distance of more than half a century after his decease.

At the death of Spenser, Daniel, according to Anthony Wood, was appointed poet laureat to queen Elizabeth, but Mr. Malone[2], whose researches lead to more decisive accuracy, considers him only as a volunteer laureat, like Jonson, Dekker, and others, who furnished the court with masks and pageants. In king James's reign he was made gentleman extraordinary, and afterwards one of the grooms of the privy chamber to the queen consort, who took great delight in his conversation and writings. Some of his biographers attribute this promotion to the interest of his brother-in-law, Florio, the Italian lexicographer, but it is perhaps more probable that he owed it to the Pembroke family. Mrs. Cooper, in her Muses' Library, observes that in the introduction to his poem on the Civil Wars, he acknowledges the friendship of one of the noble family of Mountjoy, and this, adds our female critic, is the more grateful and sincere, as it was published after the death of his benefactor.

He now rented a small house and garden in Old Street, in the parish of St. Luke's, London, where he composed most of his dramatic pieces, and enjoyed the friendship of Shakspeare, Marlowe, and Chapman, as well as of many persons of rank, but he appears to have been dissatisfied with the opinions entertained of his poetical talents; and towards the end of his life retired to a farm which he had at Beckington, near Philips-Norton, in Somersetshire, where, after some time devoted to study and contemplation, he died, and was buried Oct. 14, 1619. He had been married to his wife, Justina, several years, but left no issue.

Of Daniel's personal history we know little, but the inferences to be drawn from his works are highly favourable. He is much praised by his contemporaries, although chiefly with a view to his genius. In Choice Drollery, 8vo. 1656, an anonymous writer terms him

> The pithy Daniel, whose salt lines afford
> A weighty sentence in each little word.

Another, in Sportive Wit, 8vo. in some verses called A Censure of the Poets, speaks of him thus:

> Amongst these Samuel Daniel, whom I
> May speak of, but to censure do deny:
> Only have heard some wise men him reseatse
> To be too much historian in verse.
> His rhimes were smooth, his metres well did close;
> But yet his manner better fitted prose.

His friend, Charles Fitz-Geoffry, wrote the following Latin epigram in his praise.

> Spenserum si quis nostrum velit esse Maronem,
> Tu, Daniele, mihi Naso Britannus eris.
> Sin illum potius Phœbum velit esse Britannum,
> Tum, Daniele, mihi tu Maro noster eris.
> Nil Phœbo ulterius: si quid foret, illud haberet
> Spenserus, Phœbus tu, Daniele, fores.
> Quippe loqui Phœbus cuperet si more Britanno,
> Haud scio quo poterat, in velit ore tuo.

Thus translated in the Biographia Britannica:

"If Spenser merits Roman Virgil's name,
Daniel at least comes in for Ovid's fame.
If Spenser rather claims Apollo's wit,
Virgil's illustrious name will Daniel fit.
No higher than Apollo we can go:
But if a loftier title you can show,
That greater name let Spenser's Muse command,
And Daniel be the Phœbus of our land.
For in my judgment, if the god of verse
In English would heroic deeds rehearse,
No language so expressive he could choose,
As that of English Daniel's lofty Muse."

Sylvester, in his Du Bartas, calls him

"My deer sweet Daniel, sharp-conceipted, brief,
Civil, sententious, for pure accents chief."

Edmund Bolton, in a criticism on the style of our poets before the year 1600, says, "The works of Samuel Daniel containe somewhat aflat, but yet withal a very pure and copious English, and words as warrantable as any mans, and fitter perhaps for prose than measure."

Gabriel Harvey, in his Foure Letters, and Certaine Sonnets, cordially recommends him, with others, for his studious endeavours to enrich and polish his native tongue.

Fuller's account, who lived near enough to the time of his death to have known something of his character, is worth transcribing.

"He was born not far from Taunton, in this county, (Somersetshire); whose father was a master of music; and his harmonious mind made an impression on his son's genius, who proved an exquisite poet. He carried in his Christian and surname two holy prophets, his monitors, so to qualify his raptures, that he abhorred all prophaneness. He was also a judicious historian; witness his Lives of our English Kings since the Conquest until King Edward III. wherein he hath the happiness to reconcile brevity with clearness, qualities of great distance in other authors. He was a servant in ordinary to queen Anne, who allowed him a fair salary. As the tortoise burieth himself all the winter under the ground, so Mr. Daniel would lye hid at his garden-house in Old-street, nigh London, for some months together, (the more retiredly to enjoy the company of the Muses) and then would appear in publick, to converse with his friends, whereof Dr. Cowel and Mr. Camden were principal.

"Some tax him to smack of the old cask, as resenting of the Romish religion; but they have a quicker palate than I who can make any such discovery. In his old age he turned husbandman, and rented a farm in Wiltshire, nigh the Devises. I can give no account how he thrived thereupon. For though he was well versed in Virgil, his fellow husband-man poet, yet there is more required to make a rich farmer than only to say his Georgics by heart; and I question whether his Italian will fit our English husbandry. Besides, I suspect that Mr. Daniel his fancy was too fine and sublimated to be wrought down to his private profit."

His works consist of, 1. The Complaint of Rosamond, Lond. 1594, 1598, 1611, and 1623, 4to. 2. Various Sonnets to Delia. 3. Tragedy of Cleopatra, Lond. 1594,

1598, 4to. 4. Of the Civil Wars between the Houses of Lancaster and York, Lond. 1604, 1609, 8vo. and 1623, 4to. 5. The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses, presented in a Mask, &c. Lond. 1604, 8vo. and 1623, 4to. 6. Panegyric congratulatory, delivered to King James at Burleigh Harrington, in Rutlandshire, Lond. 1604, and 1623, 4to. 7. Epistles to various great Personages, in verse, Lond. 1601, and 1623, 4to. 8. Musophilus, containing a general defence of learning, printed with the former. 9. Tragedy of Philotas, Lond. 1611, &c. 8vo. 10. Hymen's Triumph; a Pastoral Tragi-Comedy, at the Nuptials of Lord Roxborough, Lond. 1623, 4to. 2d edit. 11. Musa; or a Defence of Rhime, Lond. 1611, 8vo. 12. The Epistle of Octavia to M. Antonius, Lond. 1611, 8vo. 13. The First Part of the History of England, in Three Books, Lond. 1613, 4to. reaching to the end of king Stephen, in prose; to which he afterwards added a Second Part, reaching to the end of king Edward III. Lond. 1618, 1621, 1623, and 1634, folio; continued to the end of king Richard III. by John Trussel, sometime a Winchester scholar, afterwards a trader and alderman of that city. 14. The Queen's Arcadia, a Pastoral Tragi-Comedy, 1605, 1623, Lond. 4to. 15. Funeral Poem, on the Death of the Earl of Devon, Lond. 1623, 4to. In the same year his poetical works were published, in 4to. by his brother John Daniel.

The editor of Phillips's Theatrum, (1800) to whom I am indebted for the above list, adds, that "the character of Daniel's genius seems to be propriety, rather than elevation. His language is generally pure and harmonious; and his reflections are just. But his thoughts are too abstract, and appeal rather to the understanding than to the imagination, or the heart; and he wanted the fire necessary for the loftier flights of poetry."

Mr. Headly, who appears to have studied his works with much attention, thus appreciates his merit. "Though very rarely sublime, he has skill in the pathetic, and his pages are disgraced with neither pedantry nor conceit. We find, both in his poetry and prose, such a legitimate and rational flow of language as approaches nearer the style of the eighteenth than the sixteenth century, and of which we may safely assert that it never will become obsolete. He certainly was the Atticus of his day. It seems to have been his error to have entertained too great a diffidence of his own abilities. Constantly contented with the sedate propriety of good sense, which he no sooner attains than he seems to rest satisfied, though his resources, had he but made the effort, would have carried him much farther. In thus escaping censure, he is not always entitled to praise. From not endeavouring to be great, he sometimes misses of being respectable. The constitution of his mind seems often to have failed him in the sultry and exhausting regions of the Muses; for, though generally neat, easy, and perspicuous, he too frequently grows slack, languid, and enervated. In perusing his long historical poem, we grow sleepy at the dead ebb of his narrative, notwithstanding being occasionally relieved with some touches of the pathetic. Unfortunate in the choice of his subject, he seems fearful of supplying its defects by digressional embellishment; instead of fixing upon one of a more fanciful cast, which the natural coolness of his judgment would necessarily have corrected, he has cooped himself up within the limited and narrow pale of dry events; instead of casting his eye on the general history of human nature, and giving his genius a range over her immeasurable fields, he has confined himself to an abstract diary of Fortune; instead of presenting us with pictures of truth from the effects of the passions, he has versified the truth of action only; he has sufficiently, therefore, shown the historian, but by no means the poet. For, to use a sentiment of sir William Davenant's, Truth narrative and past, is the idol of historians, (who worship a dead thing) and

truth operative, and by its effects continually alive, is the mistress of poets, who hath not her existence in matter but in reason." Daniel has often the softness of Rowe without his effeminacy. In his Complaint of Cleopatra he has caught Ovid's manner very happily, as he has no obscurities either of style or language, neither pedantry nor affectation, all of which have concurred in banishing from use the works of his contemporaries. The oblivion he has met with is peculiarly undeserved: he has shared their fate, though innocent of their faults."

The justice of these remarks cannot be disproved, although some of them are rather too figurative for sober criticism. Daniel's fatal error was in choosing history instead of fiction; yet in his lesser pieces, and particularly in his sonnets, are many striking poetical beauties; and his language is every where so much more harmonious than that of his contemporaries, that he deserves his place in every collection of English poetry, as one who had the taste or genius to anticipate the improvements of a more refined age. As a dramatic writer, he has been praised for his adherence to the models of antiquity; but whoever attempts this, attempts what has ever been found repugnant to the constitution of the English theatre.

TO THE HIGH AND MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE

CHARLES

HIS EXCELLENCE.

SIR,

PRESENTS to gods were offered by the hands of Graces; and why not those to great princes, by those of the Muses? To you therefore, great prince of honour, and honour of princes, I jointly present poesy and musick; in the one, the service of my defunct brother; in the other, the duty of my self living; in both, the devotion of two brothers, your highness's humble servants. Your excellence then, who is of such recommendable fame with all nations, for the curiosity of your rare spirit to understand, and ability of knowledge to judge of all things, I humbly invite; leaving the songs of his Muse, who living so sweetly chanted the glory of your high name. Sacred is the fame of poets; sacred the name of princes: to which

humbly bows, and
vows himself ever
your highness servant,

JOHN DANIEL.

POEMS

OF

SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

What times forego Richard the Second's reign;
The fatal causes of this civil war:
His uncle's pride; his greedy minions gain:
Glo'ster's revolt, and death, deliver'd are.
Her'ford, accus'd, exil'd, call'd back again,
Pretends t' amend what others rule did mar.
The king from Ireland hastes, but did no good;
Whilst strange prodigious signs foretoken blood.

I SING the civil wars, tumultuous broils,
And bloody factions of a mighty land;
Whose people haughty, proud with foreign spoils,
Upon themselves turn back their conq'ring hand:
Whilst kin their kin, brother the brother foils;
Like ensigns all, against like ensigns band:
Bows against bows, the crown against the crown;
Whilst all pretending right, all right's thrown down.

What fury, O what madness held thee so,
Dear England, (too too prodigal of blood)
To waste so much, and war without a foe;
Whilst France, to see thy spoils, at pleasure stood!
How much might'st thou have purchas'd with less woe,
Have done thee honour, and thy people good?
That might have been whatever lies between
The Alps and us, the Pyrenees and Rhene.

Yet now what reason have we to complain,
Since hereby came the calm we did enjoy,
The bliss of thee, Eliza? Happy gain
For all our losses; when as no other way
The Heav'ns could find, but to unite again
The fatal sever'd families, that they [grow
Might bring forth thee: that in thy peace might
That glory, which few times could ever show.

Come, sacred Virtue; I no Muse, but thee,
Invoke, in this great labour I intend.
Do thou inspire my thoughts: infuse in me
A power to bring the same to happy end.
Raise up a work for later times to see,
That may thy glory and my pains commend:
Make me these tumults rightly to rehearse;
And give peace to my life, life to my verse.

And thou, Charles Montjoy, who did'st once afford
Rest for my fortunes on thy quiet shore,
And cheer'd'st me on these measures to record
In graver tones than I had us'd before;
Behold, my gratitude makes good my word
Engag'd to thee, although thou be no more;
That I, who heretofore have liv'd by thee,
Do give thee now a room to live with me.

And Memory, preserv'ress of things done,
Come thou, unfold the wounds, the wrack, the waste;
Reveal to me how all the strife begun
'Twixt Lancaster and York, in ages past:
How causes, counsels, and events did run,
So long as these unhappy times did last;
Unintermix'd with fictions, fantasies:
I versify the truth, not *poetize*.

And to the end we may with better ease
Discern the true discourse, vouchsafe to show
What were the times foregoing, near to these,
That these we may with better profit know.
Tell how the world fell into this disease;
And how so great distemperature did grow:
So shall we see by what degrees it came;
How things at full do soon wax out of frame.

Ten kings had from the Norman conq'ror reign'd[1],
With intermix'd and variable fate,
When England to her greatest height attain'd
Of power, dominion, glory, wealth, and state;
After it had with much ado sustain'd
The violence of princes, with debate

[1] Which was in the space of 260 years.

For titles, and the often mutinies
Of nobles, for their ancient liberties.

For first, the Norman [2] conq'ring all by might,
By might was forc'd to keep what he had got;
Mixing our customs and the form of *right*
With foreign constitutions he had brought;
Mast'ring the mighty, humbling the poorer wight,
By all severest means that could be wrought;
And, making the succession doubtful, rent
This new-got state, and left it turbulent.

William [3] his son tracing his father's ways,
(The great men spent in peace, or slain in fight)
Upon depressed weakness only preys,
And makes his force maintain his doubtfull right:
His elder brother's claim vexing his days,
His actions and exactions still incite;
And giving beasts what did to men pertain,
(Took for a beast) himself in th' end was slain.

His brother Henry [4] next commands the state;
Who, Robert's title better to reject,
Seeks to repacify the people's hate;
And with fair shows, rather than in effect,
Allays those grievances that heavy sat;
Reforms the laws, which soon he did neglect:
And 'reft of sons, for whom he did prepare,
Leaves crown and strife to Maud his daughter's care.

Whom Stephen [5], his nephew, (falsifying his oath)
Prevents; assails the realm, obtains the crown;
Such tumults raising as torment them both,
Whilst both held nothing certainly their own:
Th' afflicted state (divided in their troth,
And partial faith) most miserable grown,
Endures the while; till peace, and Stephen's death,
Gave some calm leisure to recover breath.

When Henry [6], son to Maud the empress, reigns,
And England into form and greatness brought;
Adds Ireland to this sceptre, and obtains
Large provinces in France; much treasure got,
And from exactions here at home abstains:
And had not his rebellious children sought
T' embroil his age with tumults, he had been
The happiest monarch that this state had seen.

Him Richard [7] follows in the government;
Who much the glory of our arms increas'd,
And all his father's mighty treasure spent,
In that devoutful action of the east:
Whereto whilst he his forces wholly bent,
Despite and treason his designs oppress'd;
A faithless brother, and a fatal king,
Cut off his growth of glory in the spring.

Which wicked brother, contrary to course,
False John [8], usurps his nephew Arthur's rights;
Gets to the crown by craft, by wrong, by force;
Rules it with lust, oppression, rigour, might;
Murders the lawful heir without remorse:
Wherefore procuring all the world's despite,
A tyrant loath'd, a homicide *convented*,
Poison'd he dies, disgrac'd, and unlamented.

Henry [9] his son is chosen king, though young,
And Lewis of France (elected first) beguil'd;
After the mighty had debated long,
Doubtful to choose a stranger or a child:
With him the barons (in these times grown strong)
War for their ancient laws so long exil'd.
He grants the Charter, that pretended ease;
Yet kept his own, and did his state appease.

Edward [10], his son, a martial king, succeeds;
Just, prudent, grave, religious, fortunate:
Whose happy-order'd reign most fertile breeds
Plenty of mighty spirits, to strength his state;
And worthy minds, to manage worthy deeds,
Th' experience of those times ingenerate:
For, ever great employment for the great,
Quickens the blood, and honour doth beget.

And had not his misled, lascivious son,
Edward the Second [11], intermitted so
The course of glory happily begun,
(Which brought him and his favourites to woe)
That happy current without stop had run
Unto the full of his son Edward's flow:
But who hath often seen, in such a state,
Father and son like good, like fortunate?

[2] 1067. William I. surnamed the Conqueror, the base son to Robert VI. duke of Normandy, reigned twenty years and eight months; and left the crown of England to William, his third son, contrary to the custom of succession.

[3] 1087. William II. had wars with his elder brother, Robert duke of Normandy; with whom his uncle Otho, and many of the nobility of England, took part. He was slain hunting in the New Forest, by sir Walter Tyrrell shooting at a deer, when he had reigned thirteen years.

[4] 1100. Henry I. the youngest son of William the Conqueror, reigned thirty-five years and four months; whose sons (William and Richard) being drowned in the seas, he leaves the crown to Maud, first married to the emperor Henry IV. and after to Geoffrey Plantagenet, earl of Anjou.

[5] 1135. Stephen, son to the earl of Blois and Adela, daughter to William the Conqueror, invades the kingdom, contends with Maud the empress for the succession, and reigned tumultuarily eighteen years and ten months.

[6] 1154. Henry II. son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, earl of Anjou, and Maud the empress, associated his son Henry in the crown and government; which turned to his great disturbance, and set all his sons (Henry, Richard, Geoffrey, and John) against him. He reigned thirty-four years and seven months.

[7] 1189. Richard went to the holy wars, was king of Jerusalem; whilst his brother John, by the help of the king of France, usurped the crown of England. He was detained prisoner in Austria, redeemed, and reigned nine years and nine months.

[8] 1199. King John usurps the right of Arthur, son to Geoffrey, his elder brother; and reigns seventeen years. He had wars with his barons; who elected Lewis, son to the king of France.

[9] 1216. Henry III. at nine years of age was crowned king, and reigned fifty-six years.

[10] 1272. Edward I. had the dominion over this whole island of Britain; and reigned gloriously thirty-four years, seven months.

[11] 1307. Edward II. abused by his minions, and debauched by his own weakness, was deposed from his government, when he had reigned nineteen years and six months; and was murthered in prison.

But now this great succeeder [12] all repairs,
And reinduc'd that discontinu'd good;
He builds up strength and greatness for his heirs,
Out of the virtues that adorn'd his blood.
He makes his subjects lords of more than theirs,
And sets their bounds far wider than they stood.
His pow'r and fortune had sufficient wrought,
Could but the state have kept what he had got.

And had his heir [13] surviv'd him in due course,
What limits, England, had'st thou found? What bar?
What world could have resisted so great force?
O more than men! (two thunderbolts of war)
Why did not time your joined worth divorce,
T' have made your several glories greater far?
Too prodigal was Nature thus to do,
To spend in one age what should serve for two.

But now the sceptre in this glorious state,
Supported with strong pow'r and victory,
Was left unto a child [14]; ordain'd by Fate
To stay the course of what might grow too high:
Here with a stop that greatness did abate,
When pow'r upon so weak a base did lie.
For, lest great fortune should presume too far,
Such oppositions interposed are.

Never this island better peopled stood;
Never more men of might, and minds address'd;
Never more princes of the royal blood,
(If not too many for the public rest)
Nor ever was more treasure, wealth, and good,
Than when this Richard first the crown possess'd,
The second of that name; in two accurs'd;
And well we might have miss'd all but the first.

In this man's reign began this fatal strife,
(The bloody argument whereof we treat)
That dearly cost so many a prince his life,
And spoil'd the weak; and even consum'd the great;
That, wherein all confusion was so rife,
As Memory ev'n grieves her to repeat:
And would that time might now this knowledge lose,
But that 't is good to learn by others' woes.

Edward the Third being dead, had left this child [15]
(Son of his worthy son deceas'd of late)
The crown and sceptre of this realm to wield;
Appointing the protectors of his state
Two of his sons to be his better shield;
Supposing uncles, free from guile or hate,
Would order all things for his better good,
In the respect and honour of their blood.

Of these, John duke of Lancaster [16] was one;
(Too great a subject grown for such a state:
The title of a king, and glory won
In great exploits, his mind did elevate
Above proportion kingdoms stand upon;
Which made him push at what his issue gat:)
The other, Langley [17]; whose mild temperateness
Did tend unto a calmer quietness.

With these did Woodstock [18] interpose his part;
A man for action violently bent,
And of a spirit averse and over-thwart,
Which could not suit a peaceful government:
Whose ever-swelling and tumultuous heart
Wrought his own ill, and others discontent.
And these had all the manage of affairs,
During the time the king was under years.

And in the first years of his government,
Things pass'd at first: the wars in France proceed,
Though not with that same fortune and event,
Being now not follow'd with such careful heed:
Our people here at home grown discontent,
Through great exactions insurrections breed:
Private respects hinder'd the common-weal;
And idle ease doth on the mighty steal.

Too many kings breed factions in the court;
The head too weak, the members grown too great:
Which evermore doth happen in this sort
When children rule; the plague which God doth threat
Unto those kingdoms, which he will transport
To other lines, or utterly defeat.
" For, the ambitious once inur'd to reign,
Can never brook a private state again.

" And kingdoms ever suffer this distress,
Where one, or many, guide the infant king;
Which one, or many, (tasting this excess
Of greatness and command) can never bring
Their thoughts again t' obey, or to be less:
From hence these insolencies ever spring,
Contempt of others, whom they seek to foil;
Then follow leagues, destruction, ruin, spoil."

And whether they which underwent this charge
Permit the king to take a youthful vein,
That they their private better might enlarge:
Or whether he himself would farther strain,
(Thinking his years sufficient to discharge
The government) and so assum'd the rein.
Or howsoever, now his ear he lends
To youthful counsel, and his lusts attends.

And courts were never barren yet of those,
Which could with subtle train, and apt advice
Work on the prince's weakness, and dispose
Of feeble frailty, easy to entice.
And such no doubt about this king arose,
Whose flattery (the dang'rous nurse of vice)
Got hand upon his youth, to pleasures bent,
Which, led by them, did others discontent.

For now his uncles grew much to mislike
These ill proceedings: were it that they saw
That others favour'd, did aspiring seek
Their nephew from their counsels to withdraw,
(Seeing him of a nature flexible and weak)
Because they only would keep all in awe;
Or that indeed they found the king and state
Abus'd by such as now in office sat.

[12] 1326. Edward III.

[13] Edward the Black Prince, who died before his father.

[14] Richard II. being but eleven years of age, was crowned king of England, 1377.

[15] Richard II. son to the Black Prince.

[16] The duke of Lancaster, entitled king of Castile, in the right of his wife Constance, eldest daughter to king Peter.

[17] Edmund Langley, earl of Cambridge, after created duke of York.

[18] Thomas of Woodstock, after made duke of Glocester.

Or rather else they all were in the fault;
Th' ambitious uncles, th' indiscreet young king,
The greedy council, and the minions naught,
And all together did this tempest bring.
Besides the times, with all injustice fraught,
Concurr'd with such confus'd misgoverning;
That we may truly say, "this spoil'd the state,
Youthful counsel, private gain, partial hate."

And then the king, besides his jealousies
Which nourish'd were, had reason to be led
To doubt his uncles for their loyalties;
Since John of Gaunt (as was discovered)
Had practised his death in secret wise;
And Gloc'ster openly becomes the head
Unto a league, who all in arms were bent
T' oppose against the present government;

Pretending to remove such men as were
Accounted to abuse the king and state.
Of whom the chief they did accuse was Veere[19],
Made duke of Ireland with great grace of late;
And divere else[20], who for the place they bear
Obnoxious are, and subject unto hate:
And these must be sequester'd with all speed,
Or else they vow'd their swords should do the deed.

The king was forc'd in that next parliament,
To grant them what he durst not well refuse.
For thither arm'd they came, and fully bent
To suffer no repulse, nor no excuse:
And here they did accomplish their intent;
Where Justice did her sword, not balance, use:
For e'en that sacred place they violate,
Arresting all the judges as they sat.

And here had many worthy men their end,
Without all form, or any course of right.
"For still these broils, that public good pretend,
Work most injustice, being done through spite.
For those aggrieved evermore do bend
Against such as they see of greatest might;
Who, though they cannot help what will go ill,
Yet since they may do wrong, are thought they will."

And yet herein I mean not to excuse
The justices and minions of the king,
(Who might their office and their grace abuse)
But blame the course held in the managing.
"For great men over grac'd, much rigour use;
Presuming favourites discontentment bring;
And disproportions harmony do break;
Minions too great, argue a king too weak."

[19] Robert Veere, duke of Ireland.

[20] Ann. reg. 11., the duke of Gloucester, with the earls of Darby, Arundel, Nottingham, Warwick, and other lords, having forced the king to put from him all his officers of court at this parliament, caused most of them to be executed; as John Beauchamp, lord steward of his house, sir Simon Burley, lord chamberlain, with many other. Also the lord chief justice was here executed, and all the judges condemned to death, for maintaining the king's prerogative against these lords, and the constitutions of the last parliament, ann. 10.

Now that so much was granted, as was sought;
A reconcilement made, although not meant,
Appeas'd them all in show, but not in thought,
Whilst every one seem'd outwardly content:
Though hereby king, nor peers, nor people got
More love, more strength, or easier government;
But every day things still succeeded worse:
"For good from kings is seldom drawn by force."

And lo, it thus continued, till by chance
The queen (which was the emperor's daughter) dy'd[21];
When as the king, t' establish peace with France,
And better for home-quiet to provide,
Sought by contracting marriage to advance
His own affairs, against his uncle's pride;
Took the young daughter[22] of king Charles to wife,
Which after, in the end, rais'd greater strife.

For now his uncle Gloc'ster much repin'd
Against this French alliance, and this peace;
As either out of a tumultuous mind,
(Which never was content the wars should cease:)
Or that he did dishonourable find
Those articles, which did our state decrease:
And therefore storm'd, because the crown had wrong;
Or that he fear'd the king would grow too strong.

But whatsoever mov'd him, this is sure,
Hereby he wrought his ruin in the end;
And was a fatal cause that did procure
The swift approaching mischiefs that attend.
For lo, the king no longer could endure
Thus to be cross'd in what he did intend;
And therefore watch'd but some occasion fit
T' attach the duke, when he thought least of it.

And fortune, to set forward this intent,
The count St. Paule[23], from France, doth hither bring;
Whom Charles the Sixth employ'd in compliment,
To see the queen, and to salute the king:
To whom he shows his uncle's discontent,
And of his secret dangerous practising;
How he his subjects sought to sullevate,
And break the league with France concluded late.

To whom the count most cunningly replies;
"Great prince, it is within your power, with ease,
To remedy such fears, such jealousies,
And rid you of such mutineers as these,
By cutting off that, which might greater rise;
And now at first preventing this disease,
And that before he shall your wrath disclose:
For who threats first, means of revenge doth lose.

"First take his head, then tell the reason why;
Stand not to find him guilty by your laws:
You easier shall with him your quarrel try
Dead than alive, who hath the better cause.
For in the murmuring vulgar usually
This public course of yours compassion draws;
Especially in cases of the great,
Which work much pity in the undiscreet.

[21] Ann. reg. 18.

[22] Ann. 20. Isabel, daughter to Charles VI.

[23] Valerian, E. of S. Paule, who had married the king's half-sister.

"And this is sure, though his offence be such,
Yet doth calamity attract commorse;
And men repine at princes bloodshed much,
(How just soever) judging 't is by force.
I know not how, their death gives such a touch,
In those that reach not to a true discourse;
As so shall you, observing formal right,
Be held still less unjust and win more spite.

"And oft the cause may come prevented so;
And therefore when 't is done, let it be heard:
For thereby shall you 'scape your private woe,
And satisfy the world too afterward.
What need you weigh the rumours that shall go?
What is that breath, being with your life compar'd?
And therefore, if you will be rul'd by me,
In secret sort let him dispatched be.

"And then arraign the chief of those you find
Were of his faction secretly compact;
Who may so well be handled in their kind,
As their confessions, which you shall exact,
May both appease the aggrieved peoples mind,
And make their death to aggravate their fact:
So shall you rid yourself of dangers quite,
And show the world, that you have done but right."

This counsel, uttered unto such an ear
As willing listens to the safest ways,
Works on the yielding matter of his fear,
Which easily to any course obeys:
For every prince, seeing his danger near,
By any means his quiet peace assays.
"And still the greatest wrongs that ever were,
Have then been wrought, when kings were put in fear."

Call'd in with public pardon and release[24],
The duke of Gloc'ster, with his complices;
All tumults, all contentions seem to cease,
The land rich, people pleas'd, all in happiness;
When suddenly Gloc'ster came caught with peace,
Warwick with proffer'd love and promises,
And Arundel was in with cunning brought,
Who else abroad his safety might have wrought.

Long was it not ere Gloc'ster was convey'd
To Calice[25], and there strangled secretly:
Warwick and Arundel close prisoners laid,
Th' especial men of his confederacy;
Yet Warwick's tears and base confessions staid
The doom of death, and came confin'd thereby,
And so prolongs this not long base-begg'd breath;
But Arundel was put to public death.

Which public death (receiv'd with such a cheer,
As not a sigh, a look, a shrink bewrays
The least fell touch of a degenerous fear)
Gave life to envy, to his courage praise;
And made his stout defended cause appear
With such a face of right, as that it lays
The side of wrong t'wards him, who had long since
By parliament[26] forgiven this offence.

And in the unconceiving vulgar sort,
Such an impression of his goodness gave,
As sainted him, and rais'd a strange report
Of miracles effected on his grave:
Although the wise (whom zeal did not transport)
"Knew how each great example still must have
Something of wrong, a taste of violence,
Wherewith the public quiet doth dispense."

The king forthwith provides him of a guard,
A thousand archers daily to attend;
Which now upon the act he had prepar'd,
As th' argument his actions to defend:
But yet the world hereof conceiv'd so hard,
That all this nought avail'd him in the end.
"In vain with terror is he fortified,
That is not guarded with firm love beside."

Now storm his grieved uncles, though in vain,
Not able better courses to advise:
They might their grievance inwardly complain,
But outwardly they needs must temporise.
The king was great; and they should nothing gain
T' attempt revenge, or offer once to rise: [strong,
This league with France had made him now so
That they must needs as yet endure this wrong.

For like a lion that escapes his bounds,
Having been long restrain'd his use to stray,
Ranges the restless woods, stays on no ground,
Riots with bloodshed, wantons on his prey;
Seeks not for need, but in his pride to wound,
Glorying to see his strength, and what he may:
So this unbridled king, (freed of his fears)
In liberty, himself thus wildly bears.

For standing now alone, he sees his might
Out of the compass of respective awe;
And now begins to violate all right,
While no restraining fear at hand he saw.
Now he exacts of all, wastes in delight,
Riots in pleasure, and neglects the law:
He thinks his crown is licens'd to do ill:
"That less should list, that may do what it will."

Thus being transported in this sensual course;
No friend to warn, no counsel to withstand,
He still proceedeth on from bad to worse,
Sooth'd in all actions that he took in hand[27],
By such as all impiety did nurse,
Commending ever what he did command.
"Unhappy kings! that never may be taught
"To know themselves, or to discern their fault."

And whilst this course did much the kingdom daunt,
The duke of Her'ford[28] being of courage bold,
As son and heir to mighty John of Gaunt,
Utters the passion which he could not hold,
Concerning those oppressions, and the want
Of government; which he to Norfolk[29] told,

[24] As the parliament, in anno 11, LL. of the league with Glocester, being pardoned for their opposing against the king's proceedings, were quiet till anno 21, when upon report of a new conspiracy, they were surprised.

[25] Mowbray, earl marshal, after made duke of Norfolk, had the charge of dispatching the duke of Gloucester at Calice.

[26] The king had by parliament before pardoned the duke, and these two earls; yet was the pardon revoked.

[27] ..... Nihil est quod credere de se non possit, cùm laudatur, Dis æqua potestas.

[28] Henry Bolingbroke of Hereford.

[29] Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

To th' end he (being great about the king)
Might do some good, by better counselling.

Hereof doth Norfolk presently take hold,
And to the king the whole discourse relate:
Who not conceiting it as it was told,
But judging it proceeded out of hate,
Disdaining deeply to be so controll'd;
That others should his rule prejudicate,
Charg'd Her'ford therewithal: who re-accus'd
Norfolk, for words of treason he had us'd.

Norfolk denies them peremptorily;
Her'ford recharg'd, and supplicates the king
To have the combat of his enemy,
That by his sword he might approve the thing.
Norfolk desires the same as earnestly:
And both with equal courage menacing
Revenge of wrong; that none knew which was free:
For times of faction times of slander be.

The combat granted, and the day assign'd,
They both in order of the field appear,
Most richly furnish'd in all martial kind,
And at the point of intercombat were;
When lo! the king chang'd suddenly his mind,
Casts down his warder, to arrest them there;
As being advis'd a better way to take,
Which might for his more certain safety make.

For now considering (as it likely might)
The victory might hap on Her'ford's side,
(A man most valiant, and of noble sprite,
Belov'd of all, and ever worthy try'd;)
How much he might be grac'd in public sight,
By such an act, as might advance his pride,
And so become more popular by this;
Which he fears too much he already is.

And therefore he resolves to banish both [30],
Though th' one in chiefest favour with him stood,
A man he dearly lov'd; and might be loth
To leave him, that had done him so much good:
Yet having cause to do as now he doth,
To mitigate the envy of his blood,
Thought best to lose a friend to rid a foe,
And such a one as now he doubted so.

And therefore to perpetual exile he
Mowbray condemns; Her'ford for but ten years:
Thinking (for that the wrong of this decree,
Compar'd with greater rigour, less appears)
It might of all the better liked be.
But yet such murm'ring of the fact he hears,
That he is him four of the ten forgive;
And judg'd him six years in exile to live.

At whose departure hence out of the land,
How did the open multitude reveal
The wondrous love they bare him under-hand!
Which now in this hot passion of their zeal
They plainly show'd, that all might understand
How dear he was unto the common-weal.
They fear'd not to exclaim against the king,
As one that sought all good men's ruining.

Unto the shore, with tears, with sighs, with moan,
They him conduct; cursing the bounds that stay
Their willing feet, that would have further gone,
Had not the fearful ocean stopt their way:
" Why, Neptune, hast thou made us stand alone,
Divided from the world, for this, say they;
Hemm'd in to be a spoil to tyranny,
Leaving affliction hence no way to fly.

" Are we lock'd up, poor souls, here to abide
Within the watry prison of thy waves,
As in a fold, where, subject to the pride
And lust of rulers, we remain as slaves;
Here in the reach of Might, where none can hide
From th' eye of Wrath, but only in their graves?
Happy confiners you of other lands,
That sift your soil, and oft 'scape tyrants hands.

" And must we leave him here, whom here were fit
We should retain, the pillar of our state?
Whose virtues well deserve to govern it,
And not this wanton young effeminate.
Why should not he in regal honour sit,
That best knows how a realm to ordinate?
But one day yet we hope thou shalt bring back
(Dear Bolingbroke) the justice that we lack."

Thus mutter'd (lo!) the malecontented sort,
That love kings best before they have them still,
And never can the present state comport,
But would as often change as they change will.
For this good duke had won them in this sort,
By succ'ring them, and pitying of their ill;
That they supposed straight it was one thing,
To be both a good man and a good king.

When as the graver sort that saw the course,
And know that princes may not be controll'd,
Lik'd well to suffer this, for fear of worse;
" Since many great one kingdom cannot hold."
For now they saw intestine strife of force
The apt-divided state entangle would,
If he should stay whom they would make their head,
By whom the vulgar body might be led.

They saw likewise, " that princes oft are fain
To buy their quiet with the price of wrong:"
And better 't were that now a few complain,
Than all should mourn, as well the weak as strong;
Seeing still how little realms by change do gain:
And therefore learned by observing long,
" T' admire times past, follow the present will;
Wish for good princes, but t' endure the ill."

For when it nought avails, what folly then
To strive against the current of the time?
Who will throw down himself, for other men,
That make a ladder by his fall to climb?
Or who would seek t' embroil his country, when
He might have rest; suff'ring but others crime?
" Since wise men ever have preferred far
Th' unjustest peace before the justest war."

Thus they consider'd, that in quiet sat,
Rich, or content, or else unfit to strive;
Peace-lover Wealth, hating a troublous state,
Doth willing reasons for their rest contrive:
But if that all were thus considerate,
How should in court the great, the favour'd thrive?
Factions must be, and these varieties;
And some must fall, that other some may rise.

[30] Mowbray was banished the very day (by the course of the year) whereon he murthered the duke of Gloucester.

But long the duke remain'd not in exile,
Before that John of Gaunt, his father, dies:
Upon whose 'state the king seiz'd now, this while
Disposing of it as his enemy's.
This open wrong no longer could beguile
The world, that saw these great indignities:
Which so exasperates the minds of all,
That they resolv'd him home again to call.

For now they saw 't was malice in the king,
(Transported in his ill-conceited thought)
That made him so to prosecute the thing
Against all law, and in a course so naught.
And this advantage to the duke did bring
More fit occasions, whereupon he wrought.
"For to a man so strong, and of such might,
He gives him more, that takes away his right."

The king [31], in this mean time, (I know not how)
Was drawn into some actions forth the land,
T' appease the Irish, that revolted now:
And there attending what he had in hand,
Neglects those parts from whence worse dangers grow,
As ignorant how his affairs did stand.
Whether the plot was wrought it should be so,
Or that his fate did draw him on to go,

Most sure it is that he committed here
An ignorant and idle oversight;
Not looking to the duke's proceedings there,
Being in the court of France, where best he might;
Where both the king and all assured were
T' have stopt his course, being within their right:
But now he was exil'd, he thought him sure;
And, free from farther doubting, liv'd secure.

So blinds the sharpest counsels of the wise
This overshadowing Providence on high,
And dazzleth all their clearest-sighted eyes,
That they see not how nakedly they lie.
There where they little think, the storm doth rise,
And overcasts their clear security;
When man hath stopt all ways, save only that
Which (as least doubted) ruin enters at.

And now was all disorder in th' excess,
And whatsoever doth a change portend;
As idle luxury, and wantonness,
Proteus-like varying pride, vain without end;
Wrong-worker Riot (motive to oppress)
Endless exactions which the idle spend;
Consuming usury, and credits crack'd,
Call'd on this purging war that many lack'd.

Then ill-persuading want, in martial minds,
And wronged patience, (long oppress'd with might)
Looseness in end, (which no religion binds)
Commanding force, (the measure made of *right*)
Gave fuel to this fire; that easy finds
The way t' inflame, the whole endanger'd quite.
These were the public breeders of this war,
By which still greatest states confounded are.

For now this peace with France had shut in here
The overgrowing humours wars do spend:
For where t' evacuate no employments were,
Wider th' unweildy burthen doth distend.
Men wholly us'd to war, peace could not bear,
As knowing no other course whereto to bend;
For brought up in the broils of these two rem'ms,
They thought best fishing still in troubled streams.

Like to a river that is stopt his course,
Doth violate his banks, breaks his own bed,
Destroys his bounds, and over-runs by force
The neighbour-fields, irregularly spread;
Even so this sudden stop of war doth nurse
Home-broils within it self, from others led:
So dangerous the change hereof is try'd,
Ere minds 'come soft, or otherwise employ'd.

But all this makes for thee, O Bolingbroke,
To work a way unto thy sovereignty:
This care the Heavens, Fate, and Fortune took,
To bring thee to thy sceptre easily.
Upon thee falls that hap which him forsook;
Who, crown'd a king, a king yet must not die.
Thou wert ordain'd by Providence to raise
A quarrel, lasting longer than thy days.

For now this absent lord out of his land,
(Where though he show'd great sprite and valour then,
Being attended with a worthy band
Of valiant peers, and most courageous men)
Gave time to them at home, that had in hand
Th' ungodly work, and knew the season when;
Who fail not to advise the duke with speed,
Soliciting to what he soon agreed.

Who presently, upon so good report,
Relying on his friends fidelity,
Conveys himself out of the French king's court,
Under pretence to go to Britany;
And with his followers that to him resort,
Landed in England [32]; welcom'd joyfully
Of th' all'ring vulgar, apt for changes still,
As headlong carry'd with a present will.

And com'ng to quiet shore, but not to rest,
The first night of his joyful landing here,
A fearful vision [33] doth his soul molest;
Seeming to see in rev'rent form appear
A fair and goodly woman all distrest;
Which, with full-weeping eyes and rented hair,
Wringing her hands, as one that griev'd and pray'd,
With sighs commix'd with words unto him said:

"O! whither dost thou tend, my unkind son?
What mischief dost thou go about to bring
To her, whose Genius thou here look'st upon,
Thy mother-country, whence thyself didst spring?
Whither thus dost thou in ambition run,
To change due course by foul disordering?
What bloodshed, what turmoils dost thou com-
To last for many woful ages hence? [mence,

"Stay here thy foot, thy yet unguilty foot,
That can'st not stay when thou art further in:
Retire thee yet unstain'd, whilst it doth boot;
The end is spoil of what thou dost begin.
Injustice never yet took lasting root,
Nor hold that long, impiety did win:

[31] Anno regni 22.

[32] The duke being banished in September, landed in the beginning of July after, at Ravenspurre, in Yorkshire; some say but with 60 men, others with 3000, and eight ships, set forth and furnished by the duke of Brotagne, ann. reg. 22.

[33] The Genius of England appears to Bolingbroke.

The babes unborn shall (O!) be born to bleed
In this thy quarrel, if thou do proceed."

Thus said, she ceas'd—When he, in troubled thought
Griev'd at this tale, and sigh'd, and thus replies:
" Dear country, O I have not hither brought
These arms to spoil, but for thy liberties:
The sin be on their head that this have wrought,
Who wrong'd me first, and thee do tyrannize.
I am thy champion; and I seek my right:
Provok'd I am to this by others spite."

" This, this pretence," saith she, " the ambitions
To smooth injustice, and to flatter wrong: [find,
Thou dost not know what then will be thy mind,
When thou shalt see thyself advanc'd and strong.
When thou hast shak'd off that which others bind,
Thou soon forgettest what thou learned'st long:
Men do not know what then themselves will be,
When as more than themselves themselves they see."

And herewithal turning about, he wakes,
Lab'ring in spirit, troubl'd with this strange sight;
And mus'd awhile, waking advisement takes
Of what had pass'd in sleep, and silent night;
Yet hereof no important reck'ning makes,
But as a dream that vanish'd with the light:
The day-designs, and what he had in hand
Left it to his diverted thoughts unscann'd.

Doubtful at first, he wary doth proceed;
Seems not t' affect that which he did effect;
Or else perhaps seems as he meant indeed,
Sought but his own, and did no more expect.
Then, Fortune, thou art guilty of his deed,
That did'st his state above his hopes erect;
And thou must bear some blame of his great sin,
That left'st him worse than when he did begin.

Thou did'st conspire with pride, and with the time,
To make so easy an assent to wrong,
That he who had no thought so high to climb,
(With sav'ring comfort still allur'd along)
Was with occasion thrust into the crime;
Seeing others' weakness, and his part so strong.
" And who is there in such a case that will
Do good, and fear, that may live free with ill?"

We will not say nor think, O Lancaster,
But that thou then didst mean as thou didst swear;
Upon th' Evangelists at Doncaster,
In th' eye of Heaven, and that assembly there;
That thou but as an upright orderer
Sought'st to reform th' abused kingdom here,
And get thy right, and what was thine before:
And this was all; thou would'st attempt no more.

Though we might say and think that this pretence
Was but a shadow to th' intended act;
Because the event doth argue the offence,
And plainly seems to manifest the fact.
For that hereby thou might'st with confidence
With those whom else thy course might hap dis-
And all suspicion of thy drift remove; [tract,
" Since easily men credit whom they love."

But (God forbid) we should so nearly pry
Into the low deep bury'd sins long past,
T' examine and confer iniquity,
Whereof Faith would no memory should last;
That our times might not have t' exemplify
Might think our blot the first, not done before,
That new-made sins might make us blush the more.

And let unresting Charity believe,
That then thy oath with thy intent agreed,
And others' faith thy faith did first deceive,
Thy after-fortune forc'd thee to this deed:
And let no man this idle censure give,
Because th' event proves so, 't was so decreed:
" For oft our counsels sort to other end,
Than that which frailty did at first intend."

Whilst those that are but outward lookers on,
(Who seldom sound these mysteries of state)
Deem things were so contriv'd as they are done,
And hold that policy, which was but fate;
Imagining all former acts did run
Unto that course they see th' effects relate;
Whilst still too short they come, or cast too far,
" And make these great men wiser than they are."

But by degrees he ventures now on blood,
And sacrific'd unto the people's love
The death of those that chief in envy stood;
As th' officers, (who first these dangers prove)
The treasurer, and those whom they thought good,
Busby and Green [34] by death he must remove:
These were the men the people thought did cause
Those great exactions, and abus'd the laws.

This done, his cause was preach'd with learned skill,
By Arundel th' archbishop [35]; who there show'd
A pardon sent from Rome, to all that will
Take part with him, and quit the faith they ow'd
To Richard, as a prince unfit and ill,
On whom the crown was fatally bestow'd:
And easy-yielding Zeal was quickly caught,
With what the mouth of Gravity had taught.

O that this power from everlasting given,
(The great alliance made 'twixt God and us,
Th' intelligence that Earth should hold with Hea-
Sacred Religion [36]! O that thou must thus [v'n)
Be made to smooth our ways unjust, uneven;
Brought from above, Earth quarrels to discuss.
Must men beguile our souls to win our wills;
And make our zeal the furtherer of ills?

But the ambitious, to advance their might,
Dispense with Heaven, and what religion would:
" The armed will find right, or else make right;"
If this means wrought not yet another should.
And this and other now do all incite
To strength the faction that the duke doth hold;
Who easily obtained what he sought;
His virtues and his love so greatly wrought.

The king still busied in this Irish war,
(Which by his valour there did well succeed)
Had news how here his lords revolted are,
And how the duke of Her'ford doth proceed;
In these affairs he fears are grown too far:
Hastes his return from thence with greatest speed;

[34] The duke put to death William Scroope, earl of Wiltshire, treasurer of England; with sir Henry Green, and sir John Busby, for misgoverning the king and the realm.

[35] Thomas Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury.

But was by tempests, winds, and seas, debarr'd,
As if they likewise had against him warr'd.

But at the length (though late) in Wales he lands;
Where thoroughly inform'd of Henry's force,
And well advertis'd how his own case stands,
(Which to his grief he sees tends to the worse)
He leaves t'Aumarle [37], at Milford, all those bands
He brought from Ireland; taking thence his course
To Conway [38], (all disguis'd) with fourteen more,
To th' earl of Salisbury, thither sent before.

Thinking the earl [39] had rais'd some army there;
Whom there he finds forsaken, all alone:
The forces in those parts which levied were,
Were closely shrunk away, dispers'd, and gone.
The king had stay'd too long; and they, in fear,
Resolved every man to shift for one.
At this amaz'd, such fortune he laments;
Foresees his fall, whereto each thing consents.

In this disturb'd, tumultuous, broken state,
Whilst yet th' event stood doubtful what should be;
Whilst nought but headlong running to debate,
And glitt'ring troops and armour men might see;
Fury and fear, compassion, wrath, and hate,
Confus'd through all the land, no corner free:
The strong, all mad, to strife, to ruin bent;
The weaker wail'd; the aged they lament,

And blame their many years that live so long,
To see the horrour of these miseries.
"Why had not we," say they, "dy'd with the strong
In foreign fields, in honourable wise,
In just exploits, and noble without wrong;
And by the valiant hand of enemies?
And not thus now reserved in our age,
To home-confusion, and disordered rage."

Unto the temples flock the weak, devout,
Sad wailing women; there to vow, and pray
For husbands, brothers, or their sons gone out
To bloodshed; whom nor tears nor love could stay.
Here grave religious fathers (which much doubt
The sad events these broils procure them may)
As prophets warn, exclaim, dissuade those crimes,
By the examples fresh of other times.

And "O! what do you now prepare," said they;
"Another conquest, by these fatal ways?
What, must your own hands make your selves a prey
To desolation, which these tumults raise?
What Dane, what Norman shall prepare his way,
To triumph on the spoil of your decays?
That which nor France, nor all the world could do,
In union, shall your discord bring you to?

"Conspire against us, neighbour nations all,
That envy at the height whereto w' are grown:
Conjure the barb'rous North, and let them call
Strange fury from far distant shores unknown;
And let them all together on us fall,
So to diver. the ruin of our own;
That we forgetting what doth so incense,
May turn the hand of malice to defence.

"Calm these tempestuous spirits, O mighty Lord;
This threatning storm, that over-hangs the land:
Make them consider e're they unsheath the sword,
How vain is th' Earth, this point whereon they stand;
And with what sad calamities is stor'd
The best of that, for which th' ambitious band;
Labour the end of labour, strife of strife,
Terrour in death, and horrour after life."

Thus they in zeal, whose humbl'd thoughts were good,
Whilst in this wide-spread volume of the skies
The book of Providence disclosed stood,
Warnings of wrath, foregoing miseries,
In lines of fire, and characters of blood;
There fearful forms in dreadful flames arise,
Amazing comets, threatning monarchs might,
And new-seen stars, unknown unto the night:

Red fir'y dragons in the air do fly,
And burning meteors, pointed streaming lights;
Bright stars in midst of day appear in sky,
Prodigious monsters, ghastly fearfull sights;
Strange ghosts and apparitions terrify:
The woful mother her own birth affrights;
Seeing a wrong deformed infant born,
Grieves in her pains, deceiv'd, in shame doth mourn.

The Earth, as if afraid of blood and wounds,
Trembles in terrour of these falling blows;
The hollow concaves give out groaning sounds,
And sighing murmurs, to lament our woes:
The ocean all at discord with his bounds,
Reiterates his strange untimely flows.
Nature all out of course, to check our course,
Neglects her work, to work in us remorse.

So great a wreck unto it self doth (lo!)
Disorder'd, proud mortality prepare,
That this whole frame doth even labour so
Her ruin unto frailty to declare;
And travails to fore-signify the woe,
That weak improvidence could not beware.
"For Heav'n and earth, and air and seas, and all,
Taught men to see, but not to shun their fall."

Is man so dear unto the Heavens, that they
Respect the ways of Earth, the works of sin?
Doth this great all, this *universal* weigh
The vain designs that weakness doth begin?
Or doth our *fear*, father of zeal, give way
Unto this error ignorance lives in;
And deem our faults the cause that move these pow'rs,
That have their cause from other cause than ours?

But these beginnings had this impious war,
Th' ungodly bloodshed that did so defile
The beauty of thy fields, and ev'n did mar
The flow'r of thy chief pride, thou fairest Isle:
These were the causes that incens'd so far
The civil-wounding hand, enrag'd with spoil:
That now the living, with afflicted eye,
Look back with grief on such calamity.

[37] Edward duke of Aumarle, son to the duke of York.
[38] Conway-castle in Wales.
[39] Montague, earl of Salisbury.

THE

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Richard moans his wrong, and wails his reign;
And here, betray'd, to London he is led,
Basely attir'd, attending Her'ford's train;
Where th' one is scorn'd, the other welcomed.
His wife, mistaking him, doth much complain;
And both together greatly sorrowed:
In hope to save his life, and ease his thrall,
He yields up state, and rule, and crown and all.

In dearth of faith, and scarcity of friends,
The late great mighty monarch, on the shore,
In th' utmost corner of his land attends,
To call back false Obedience, fled before;
Toils, and in vain his toil and labour spends;
More hearts he sought to gain, he lost the more:
All turn'd their faces to the rising sun,
And leave his setting fortune, night begun.

Piercy[1], how soon, by thy example led,
The houshold-train forsook their wretched lord!
When with thy staff of charge dishonoured,
Thou brak'st thy faith, not steward of thy word,
And took'st his part, that after took thy head;
When thine own hand had strengthen'd first his sword.
"For such great merit do upbraid, and call
For great reward, or think the great too small."

And kings love not to be beholden ought; [worst:
Which makes their chiefest friends oft speed the
For those, by whom their fortunes have been wrought,
Put them in mind of what they were at first;
Whose doubtful faith if once in question brought,
'Tis thought they will offend, because they durst;
And, taken in a fault, are never spar'd;
"Being easier to revenge than to reward."

And thus these mighty actors, sons of change,
These partizans of factions often try'd,
That in the smoke of innovations strange
Build huge uncertain plots of unsure pride;
And on the hazard of a bad exchange,
Have ventur'd all the stock of life beside;
"Whilst princes rais'd disdain to have been rais'd
By those whose helps deserve not to be prais'd."

But thus is Richard left, and all alone,
Save with th' unarmed title of his right;
And those brave troops, his fortune-followers, gone,
And all that pomp, (the complements of might)
Th' amusing shadows that are cast upon
The state of princes, to beguile the sight;
All vanish'd clean, and only frailty left,
Himself of all besides himself bereft.

Like when some great Colossus, whose strong base
Or mighty props are shrunk, or sunk away,
Foreshowing ruin, threatning all the place
That in the danger of his fall doth stay;
All straight to better safety flock apace,
None rest to help the ruin while they may:
"The peril great, and doubtfull the redress,
Men are content to leave right in distress."

And look how Thames, enrich'd with many a flood,
And goodly rivers, (that have made their graves,
And bury'd both their names, and all their good,
Within his greatness, to augment his waves)
Glides on with pomp of waters, unwithstood,
Unto the ocean, (which his tribute craves)
And lays up all his wealth within that pow'r,
Which in it self all greatness doth devour.

So flock the mighty[2], with their following train,
Unto the all-receiving Bolingbroke;
Who wonders at himself, how he should gain
So many hearts as now his party took;
And with what ease, and with how slender pain,
His fortune gives him more than he could look:
What he imagin'd never could be wrought,
Is pour'd upon him far beyond his thought.

So, often, things which seem at first in show,
Without the compass of accomplishment,
Once ventur'd on, to that success do grow,
That ev'n the authors do admire th' event:
So many means which they did never know,
Do second their designs, and do present
Strange unexpected helps; and chiefly then,
When th' actors are reputed worthy men.

And Richard, who look'd Fortune in the back,
Sees headlong Lightness running from the right,
Amazed stands, to note how great a wreck
Of faith his riots caus'd; what mortal spite
They bear him, who did law and justice lack:
Sees how concealed Hate breaks out in sight,
And fear-depressed Envy, (pent before)
When fit occasion, thus unlock'd the door.

Like when some mastiff-whelp, dispos'd to play,
A whole confused herd of beasts doth chase,
Which with one vile consent run all away;
If any hardier than the rest, in place
But offer head that idle fear to stay,
Back straight the damneed chaser turns his face;
And all the rest (with bold example led)
As fast run on him, as before they fled:

So, with this bold opposer rushes on
This many-headed monster, Multitude:
And he, who late was fear'd, is set upon,
And by his own (Actæon-like) pursu'd;
His own, that had all love and awe forgone:
Whom breath and shadows only did delude,
And newer hopes, which promises persuade;
Though rarely men keep promises so made.

[1] Thomas Piercy was earl of Worcester, brother to the earl of Northumberland, and steward of the

[2] The duke of York, left governor of the realm in the absence of the king, having levied a great army, as if to have opposed against Bolingbroke brought most of the nobility of the kingdom

Which when he saw, thus to himself complains;
" O why do you, fond, false-deceived, so
Run headlong to that change that nothing gains,
But gain of sorrow, only change of woe?
Which is all one; if he be like who reigns:
Why will you buy with blood what you forego?
'Tis nought but shows that ignorance esteems:
The thing possess'd is not the thing it seems.

" And when the sins of Bolingbroke shall be
As great as mine, and you unanswered
In these your hopes; then may you wish for me,
Your lawful sov'reign, from whose faith you fled;
And, grieved in your souls, the errour see
That shining promises had shadowed:
As th' hum'rous sick removing, find no ease,
When changed chambers change not the disease.

" Then shall you find this name of liberty,
(The watch-word of rebellion ever us'd;
The idle echo of uncertainty,
That evermore the simple hath abus'd)
But new-turn'd servitude, and misery;
And ev'n the same, and worse, before refus'd.
Th' aspirer once attain'd unto the top,
Cuts off those means by which himself got up.

" And with a harder hand, and straiter rein,
Doth curb that looseness he did find before;
Doubting th' occasion like might serve again:
His own example makes him fear the more.
Then, O injurious land! what dost thou gain,
To aggravate thine own afflictions' store?
Since thou must needs obey kings government;
And no rule ever yet could all content.

" What if my youth hath offer'd up to lust
Licentious fruits of indiscreet desires,
When idle heat of vainer years did thrust
That fury on? Yet now when it retires
To calmer state, why should you so distrust
To reap that good whereto mine age aspires?
The youth of princes have no bounds for sin,
Unless themselves do make them bounds within.

" Who sees not, that sees ought, (woe worth the while)
The easy way, that greatness hath to fall?
Environ'd with deceit, hemm'd in with guile;
Sooth'd up in flatt'ry, fawned on of all;
Within his own living as in exile;
Hears but with others ears, or not at all;
And ev'n is made a prey unto a few,
Who lock up grace, that would to other shew.

" And who (as let in lease) do farm the crown,
And joy the use of majesty and might;
Whilst we hold but the shadow of our own,
Pleas'd with vain shows, and dallied with delight:
They, as huge unproportion'd mountains grown,
Between our land and us, shadowing our light,
Bereave the rest of joy, and us of love,
And keep down all, to keep themselves above.

" Which sounds, with grief, poor unrespected zeal,
Where grace holds no proportion in the parts;
When distribution in the common-weal
Of charge and honour, due to good deserts,
Is stopt; when others' greedy hands must deal
The benefit that majesty imparts;
What good we meant, comes gleaned home but light;
Whilst we are robb'd of means, they of their right."

Thus he complain'd—When lo, from Lancaster,
(The new entitl'd duke) with order sent
Arriv'd Northumberland [3], as to confer,
And make relation of the duke's intent:
And offer'd there, if that he would refer
The controversy unto parli'ment,
And punish those that had abus'd the state,
As causers of this universal hate;

And also see that justice might be had
On those the duke of Gloc'ster's death procur'd,
And such remov'd from council as were bad;
His cousin Henry would, he there assur'd,
On humble knees before his grace be glad
To ask him pardon, to be well secur'd,
And have his right and grace restor'd again:
The which was all he labour'd to obtain.

And therefore doth an enterparle exhort;
Persuades him leave that unbecoming place,
And with a princely hardiness resort
Unto his people, that attend his grace.
They meant his public good, and not his hurt;
And would most joyful be to see his face.
He lays his soul to pledge, and takes his oath,
The host of Christ, an hostage for his troth.

This proffer, with such protestations, made
Unto a king that so near danger stood,
Was a sufficient motive to persuade,
When no way else could show a face so good:
Th' unhonourable means of safety had
Danger accept, what majesty withstood.
" When better choices are not to be had,
We needs must take the seeming best of bad."

Yet stands h' in doubt awhile what way to take;
Conferring with that small-remaining troop
Fortune had left; which never would forsake
Their poor, distressed lord; nor ever stoop
To any hopes the stronger part could make:
Good Carlisle [4], Ferby, and sir Stephen Scroope,
With that most worthy Montague [5], were all
That were content with majesty to fall.

Time, spare; and make not sacrilegious theft
Upon so memorable constancy:
Let not succeeding ages be bereft
Of such examples of integrity.
Nor thou, magnan'mous Leigh [6], must not be left
In darkness, for thy rare fidelity;
To save thy faith, content to lose thy head;
That rev'rent head, of good men honoured.

Nor will my conscience I should injury
Thy memory, most trusty Jenico [7],
For b'ing not ours; though wish that Gascony
Claim'd not for hers the faith we rev'rence so;
That England might have this small company
Only to her alone, having no mo.
But let's divide this good betwixt us both;
Take she thy birth, and we will have thy troth.

[3] The earl of Northumberland sent to the king, from Henry Bolingbroke, now duke of Lancaster.

[4] The bishop of Carlisle.

[5] Montague, earl of Salisbury.

[6] This was sir Peter Leigh's ancestor, (of Lyme in Cheshire) that now is.

[7] Jenico d'Artois, a Gascoigne.

Grave Montague[8], whom long experience taught
In either fortune, thus advis'd his king:
"Dear sov'reign, know, the matter that is sought
Is only how your majesty to bring
(From out of this poor safety you have got)
Into their hands, that else hold ev'ry thing.
For now, but only you they want of all;
And wanting you, they nothing theirs can call.

"Here have you craggy rocks to take your part,
That never will betray their faith to you;
These trusty mountains here will never start,
But stand t' upbraid their shame that are untrue.
Here may you fence your safety with small art,
Against the pride of that confused crew:
If men will not, these very cliffs will fight,
And be sufficient to defend your right.

"Then keep you here; and here you shall behold,
Within short space, the sliding faith of those
That cannot long their resolution hold,
Repent the course their idle rashness chose.
For that same mercenary faith they sold,
With least occasions discontented grows,
And insolent those voluntary bands;
Presuming how by them he chiefly stands.

"And how can he those mighty troops sustain
Long time, where now he is, or any where?
Besides, what discipline can he retain,
Wherens he dares not keep them under fear,
For fear to have them to revolt again?
So that itself when greatness cannot bear,
With her own weight, must needs confus'dly fall,
Without the help of other force at all.

"And hither to approach he will not dare;
Where deserts, rocks, and hills, no succours give;
Where desolation, and no comforts are;
Where few can do no good, many not live.
Besides, we have the ocean, to prepare
Some other place, if this should not relieve:
So shall you tire his force, consume his strength,
And weary all his followers out at length.

"Do but refer to time, and to small time;
And infinite occasions you shall find,
To quell the rebel, even in the prime,
Of all his hopes, beyond all thought of mind.
For many (with the conscience of the crime)
In colder blood will curse what they design'd;
And bad success upbraiding their ill fact,
Draws them (whom others draw) from such an act.

"For if the least imagin'd overture
But of conceiv'd revolt men once espy,
Straight shrink the weak; the great will not endure;
Th' impatient run; the discontented fly:
The friend his friend's example doth procure;
And all together haste them presently,
Some to their home, some hide; others that stay
To reconcile themselves, the rest betray.

"What hope have you that ever Bolingbroke
Will live a subject, that hath try'd his fate?
Or what good reconcilment can you look,
Where he must always fear, and you must hate?
And never think that he this quarrel took,
To re-obtain thereby his private state:
'Twas greater hopes that hereto him did call;
And he will thrust for all, or else lose all.

"Nor trust this subtle agent, nor his oath.
You know his faith—you try'd it beforehand.
His fault is death—and now to lose his troth,
To save his life, he will not greatly stand.
Nor trust your kinsman's proffer; sir'ee you both
Show, blood in princes is no stedfast band.
What though he hath no title?—he hath might:
That makes a title, where there is no right."

Thus he.——When that good bishop[9] thus replies,
Out of a mind that quiet did affect:
"My lord, I must confess, as your case lies,
You have great cause your subjects to suspect,
And counterplot against their subtilties,
Who all good care and honesty neglect;
And fear the worst what insolence may do,
Or armed fury may incense them to.

"But yet, my lord, fear may as well transport
Your care, beyond the truth of what is meant;
As otherwise neglect may fall too short,
In not examining of their intent:
But let us weigh the thing, which they exhort;
'Tis peace, submission, and a parli'ment:
Which, how expedient 'tis for either part,
'Twere good we judg'd with an impartial heart.

"And first, for you my lord, in grief we see
The miserable case wherein you stand;
Void here of succour, help, or majesty,
On this poor promontory of your land:
And where how long a time your grace may be
(Expecting what may fall into your hand)
We know not; since th' event of things do lie
Clos'd up in darkness, far from mortal eye.

"And how unfit it were you should protract
Long time, in this so dangerous disgrace?
As though that you good spir't and courage lack'd,
To issue out of this opprobrious place:
When ev'n the face of kings do oft exact
Fear and remorse in faulty subjects base;
And longer stay a great presumption draws,
That you were guilty, or did doubt your cause.

"What subjects ever so enrag'd would dare
To violate a prince; t' offend the blood
Of that renowned race, by which they are
Exalted to the height of a'l their good?
What if some things by chance misguided were,
Which they have now rebelliously withstood?
They never will proceed with that despite,
To wreck the state, and to confound the right.

"Nor do I think that Bolingbroke can be
So blind-ambitious to affect the crown;
Having himself no title, and doth see,
Others, if you should fail, must keep him down.
Besides, the realm, though mad, will never 'gr:
To have a right succession overthrown;
To raise confusion upon them, and theirs,
By prejudicing true and lawful heirs.

[8] The earl of Salisbury, his speech to king Richard.

[9] The bishop of Carlisle.

" And now it may be, fearing the success
Of his attempts, or with remorse of mind,
Or else distrusting secret practices,
He would be glad his quarrel were resign'd;
So that there were some orderly redress
In those disorders, which the realm did find:
And this, I think, he now sees were his best;
Since further actions further but unrest.

" And for th' impossibility of peace,
And reconcilement, which my lord objects;
I think, when dying injury shall cease,
(The cause pretended) then surcease th' effects:
Time, and some other actions, may increase,
As may divert the thought of these respects;
Others law [10] of forgetting injuries,
May serve our turn in like calamities.

" And for his oath, in conscience and in sense,
True honour would not so be found untrue,
Nor spot his blood with such a foul offence
Against his soul, against his God, and you.
Our lord forbid, that ever with th' expense
Of Heav'n, and heav'nly joys, that shall ensue,
Mortality should buy this little breath,
T' endure the horrour of eternal death.

" And therefore, as I think, you safely may
Accept this proffer, that determine shall
All doubtful courses by a quiet way;
Needful for you, fit for them, good for all.
And here, my sov'reign, to make longer stay,
T' attend for what you are unsure will fall,
May slip th' occasion, and incense their will:
For fear, that's wiser than the truth, doth ill."

Thus he persuades, out of a zealous mind,
Supposing men had spoken as they meant;
And unto this the king likewise inclin'd,
As wholly unto peace and quiet bent; [hind
And yields himself to th' earl:——goes, leaves be-
His safety, sceptre, honour, government:
For gone, all's gone——he is no more his own:
And they rid quite of fear, he of the crown.

A place there is, where proudly rais'd there stands
A huge aspiring rock, neighb'ring the skies,
Whose surly brow imperiously commands
The sea his bounds, that at his proud feet lies;
And spurns the waves, that in rebellious bands
Assault his empire, and against him rise.
Under whose craggy government there was
A niggard narrow way, for men to pass:

And here, in hidden cliffs, concealed lay
A troop of armed men, to intercept
The unsuspecting king; that had no way
To free his foot, that into danger stept.
The dreadful ocean on the one side lay;
The hard-encroaching mountain th' other kept.
Before him, he beheld his hateful foes;
Behind him, trayt'rous enemies enclose.

Environ'd thus, the earl begins to cheer
His all-amazed lord, by him betray'd:
Bids him take courage, there's no cause of fear;
These troops but there to guard him safe were laid.
To whom the king: " What need so many here?
This is against your oath, my lord," he said.
But now he sees in what distress he stood;
To strive was vain; t' entreat would do no good.

[10] Lex amnestiæ.

And therefore on with careful heart he goes;
Complains, (but to himself) sighs, grieves, and frets;
At Rutland dines, though feeds but on his woes:
The grief of mind hinder'd the mind of meats.
For sorrow, shame, and fear, scorn of his foes;
The thought of what he was, and what now threats;
Then what he should, and now what he hath done;
Musters confused passions all in one.

To Flint from thence, unto a restless bed,
That miserable night he comes convey'd;
Poorly provided, poorly followed;
Uncourted, unrespected, unobey'd:
Where if uncertain sleep but hovered
Over the drooping cares that heavy weigh'd,
Millions of figures fantasy presents
Unto that sorrow, waken'd grief augments.

His new misfortune makes deluding sleep
Say 'twas not so:——false dreams the truth deny.
Wherewith he starts; feels waking cares do creep
Upon his soul, and gives his dream the lie;
Then sleeps again:——and then again as deep
Deceits of darkness mock his misery.
So hard believ'd was sorrow in her youth; [truth.
That he thinks truth was dreams, and dreams were

The morning-light presents unto his view
(Walking upon a turret of the place)
The truth of what he sees is prov'd too true,
A hundred thousand men before his face
Came marching on the shore, which thither drew.
And more to aggravate his great disgrace,
Those he had wrong'd, or done to them despite,
(As if they him upbraid) came first in sight.

There might he see that false, forsworn, vile crew,
Those shameless agents of unlawful lust;
His panders, parasites, (people untrue
To God and man, unworthy any trust)
Preaching unto that fortune that was new,
And with unblushing faces foremost thrust;
As those that still with prosp'rous fortune sort,
And are as born for court, or made in court.

There he beheld, how humbly diligent
New Adulation was to be at hand;
How ready Falshood stept; how nimbly went
Base pick-thank Flatt'ry, and prevents command.
He saw the great obey, the grave consent,
And all with this new-rais'd aspirer stand:
But, which was worst, his own part acted there
Not by himself; his pow'r not his appear.

Which whilst he view'd, the duke he might perceive
Make t' wards the castle to an interview:
Wherefore he did his contemplation leave,
And down into some fitter place withdrew;
Where now he must admit, without his leave,
Him, who before with all submission due,
Would have been glad t' attend, and to prepare
The grace of audience with respective care.

Who now being come in presence of his king,
(Whether the sight of majesty did breed
Remorse of what he was encompassing,
Or whether but to formalize his deed)
He kneels him down with some astonishing;
Rose——kneels again (for craft will still exceed)
When as the king approach'd, put off his hood,
And welcom'd him; though wish'd him little good

To whom the duke began: "My lord, I know,
That both uncall'd, and unexpected too,
I have presumed in this sort to show,
And seek the right which I am born unto.
Yet pardon, I beseech you, and allow
Of that constraint which drives me thus to do.
For since I could not by a fairer course
Attain mine own, I must use this of force."

"Well; so it seems, dear cousin," said the king:
"Though you might have procur'd it otherwise:
And I am here content in ev'ry thing
To right you, as yourself shall best devise.
And God vouchsafe, the force that here you bring
Beget not England greater injuries."
And so they part.—The duke made haste from thence;
It was no place to end this difference.

Straight towards London, in this heat of pride,
They forward set, as they had fore-decreed;
With whom the captive king, constrain'd, must ride,
Most meanly mounted on a simple steed:
Degraded of all grace and ease beside,
Thereby neglect of all respect to breed.
For th' over-spreading pomp of prouder might
Must darken weakness, and debase his sight.

Approaching near the city, he was met
With all the sumptuous shows joy could devise;
Where new desire to please did not forget
To pass the usual pomp of former guise.
Striving Applause, as out of prison let,
Runs on, beyond all bounds, to novelties;
And voice, and hands, and knees and all do now
A strange deformed form of welcome show.

And manifold confusion running, greets, [near:
Shouts, cries, claps hands, thrusts, strives, and presses
Houses impov'rish'd were t' enrich the streets,
And streets left naked, that (unhappy) were
Plac'd from the sight where joy with wonder meets;
Where all of all degrees strive to appear;
Where divers-speaking zeal one murmur finds,
In undistinguish'd voice to tell their minds.

He that in glory of his fortune sat,
Admiring what he thought could never be,
Did feel his blood within salute his state,
And lift up his rejoicing soul to see
So many hands and hearts congratulate
Th' advancement of his long-desir'd degree;
When, prodigal of thanks, in passing by,
He re-salutes them all with cheerful eye.

Behind him, all aloof, came pensive on
The unregarded king; that drooping went
Alone, and (but for spite) scarce look'd upon:
Judge, if he did more envy, or lament!
See what a wondrous work this day is done!
Which th' image of both fortunes doth present;
In th' one to show the best of glory's face,
In th' other, worse than worst of all disgrace.

Now Isabel, the young afflicted queen,
(Whose years had never show'd her but delights,
Nor lovely eyes before had ever seen
Other than smiling joys, and joyful sights:
Born great, match'd great, liv'd great, and ever been
Partaker of the world's best benefits)
Hid plac'd her self, hearing her lord should pass
That way, where she unseen in secret was;

Sick of delay, and longing to behold
Her long-miss'd love in fearful jeopardies:
To whom although it had in sort been told
Of their proceeding, and of his surprise;
Yet thinking they would never be so bold,
To lead their lord in any shameful wise;
But rather would conduct him as their king,
As seeking but the state's re-ordering.

And forth she lookes, and notes the foremost train;
And grieves to view some there she wish'd not there.
Seeing the chief not come, stays, looks again;
And yet she sees not him that should appear.
Then back she stands; and then desires, as fain
Again to look, to see if he were near.
At length a glitt'ring troop far off she spies;
Perceives the throng, and hears the shouts and cries.

"Lo yonder! now at length he comes," saith she:
"Look, my good women, where he is in sight.
Do you not see him? yonder; that is he!
Mounted on that white courser, all in white;
There where the thronging troops of people be.
I know him by his seat: he sits upright.
Lo, now he bows! dear lord, with what sweet grace!
How long have I long'd to behold that face!

"O what delight my heart takes by mine eye!
I doubt me when he comes but something near,
I shall set wide the window—what care I
Who doth see me, so him I may see clear?"
Thus doth false joy delude her wrongfully
(Sweet lady) in the thing she held so dear:
For, nearer come, she finds she had mistook,
And him she mark'd was Henry Bolingbroke.

Then Envy takes the place in her sweet eyes.
Where Sorrow had prepar'd herself a seat; [rise.
And words of wrath, from whence complaints should
Proceed from eager looks, and brows that threat:
"Traitor," saith she, "is 't thou, that in this wise
To brave thy lord and king art made so great?
And have mine eyes done unto me this wrong,
To look on thee? for this stay'd I so long?

"Ah! have they grac'd a perjur'd rebel so?
Well! for their errour I will weep them out.
And hate the tongue defil'd, that prais'd my foe;
And loath the mind, that gave me not to doubt.
What! have I added shame unto my woe?
I 'll look no more—Ladies, look you about;
And tell me if my lord be in this train;
Lest my betraying eyes should err again."

And in this passion turns herself away.
The rest look all, and careful note each wight;
Whilst she, impatient of the least delay,
Demands again: "And what; not yet in sight?
Where is my lord? what! gone some other way?
I muse at this—O God, grant all go right!"
Then to the window goes again at last,
And sees the chiefest train of all was past;

And sees not him her soul desir'd to see:
And yet hope spent makes her not leave to look.
At last her love-quick eyes, which ready be,
Fastens on one; whom though she never took
Could be her lord; yet that sad cheer which he
Then show'd, his habit and his woful look,
The grace he doth in base attire retain,
Caus'd her she could not from his sight refrain

" What might he be," she said, " that thus alone
Rides pensive in this universal joy?
Some I perceive, as well as we, do moan:
All are not pleas'd with ev'ry thing this day.
It may be, he laments the wrong is done
Unto my lord, and grieves; as well he may.
Then he is some of ours; and we of right
Must pity him, that pities our sad plight.

" But stay: is 't not my lord himself I see?
In truth, if 't were not for his base array,
I verily should think that it were he:
And yet his baseness doth a grace bewray.
Yet God forbid—let me deceived be:
And be it not my lord, although it may:
Let my desire make vows against desire;
And let my sight approve my sight a liar.

" Let me not see him but himself, a king:
For so he left me—so he did remove.
This is not he—this feels some other thing;
A passion of dislike, or else of love.
O yes, 't is he!—That princely face doth bring
The evidence of majesty to prove:
That face I have conform'd which now I see,
With that within my heart, and they agree."

Thus as she stood assur'd, and yet in doubt;
Wishing to see, what seen she griev'd to see;
Having belief, yet fain would be without;
Knowing, yet striving not to know 't was he:
Her heart relenting; yet her heart so stout,
As would not yield to think what was, could be;
Till quite condemn'd by open proof of sight,
She must confess, or else deny the light.

For whether love in him did sympathize,
Or chance so wrought to manifest her doubt;
Ev'n just before where she thus secret pries,
He stays, and with clear face looks all about.
When she—" 'T is, O! too true—I know his eyes:
Alas! it is my own dear lord"—cries out:
And with that cry sinks down upon the floor;
Abundant grief lack'd words to utter more.

Sorrow keeps full possession in her heart;
Locks it within; stops up the way of breath;
Shuts senses out of door from ev'ry part;
And so long holds there, as it hazardeth
Oppressed nature, and is forc'd to part,
Or else must be constrain'd to stay with death:
So by a sigh it lets in sense again,
And sense at length gives words leave to explain.

Then like a torrent had been stopt before,
Tears, sighs, and words, doubled together flow;
Confus'dly striving whether should do more,
The true intelligence of grief to show.
Sighs hinder'd words; words perish'd in their store;
Both, intermix'd in one, together grow.
One would do all; the other more than 's part;
Being both sent equal agents from the heart.

At length, when past the first of sorrows worst,
When calm'd confusion better form affords;
Her heart commands, her words should pass out first,
And then her sighs should interpoint her words;
The whiles her eyes out into tears should burst.
This order with her sorrow she accords;
Which orderless, all form of order brake;
So then began her words, and thus she spake:

" What! dost thou thus return again to me?
Are these the triumphs for thy victories?
Is this the glory thou dost bring with thee,
From that unhappy Irish enterprise?
And have I made so many vows to see
Thy safe return, and see thee in this wise?
Is this the look'd-for comfort thou dost bring;
To come a captive, that went'st out a king?

" And yet, dear lord, though thy ungrateful land,
Hath left thee thus; yet I will take thy part.
I do remain the same, under thy hand;
Thou still dost rule the kingdom of my heart:
If all be lost, that government doth stand;
And that shall never from thy rule depart.
And so thou be, I care not how thou be:
Let greatness go, so it go without thee.

" And welcome come, howso unfortunate;
I will applaud what others do despise.
I love thee for thyself, not for thy state:
More than thyself is what without thee lies;
Let that more go, if it be in thy fate;
And having but thyself, it will suffice.
I married was not to thy crown, but thee;
And thou, without a crown, all one to me.

" But what do I here lurking idly moan,
And wail apart; and in a single part
Make several grief? which should be both in one;
The touch being equal of each other's heart.
Ah! no, sweet lord, thou must not moan alone;
For without me thou art not all thou art;
Nor my tears without thine are fully tears,
For thus unjoin'd, sorrow but half appears.

" Join then our plaints, and make our grief full grief;
Our state being one, let us not part our care:
Sorrow hath only this poor bare relief,
To be bemoan'd of such as woful are.
And should I rob thy grief, and be the thief,
To steal a private part, and sev'ral share;
Defrauding sorrow of her perfect due?
No, no, my lord; I come to help thee rue."

Then forth she goes a close concealed way,
(As grieving to be seen not as she was)
Labours t' attain his presence all she may;
Which, with most hard ado was brought to pass.
For that night understanding where he lay,
With earnest 'treating she procur'd her pass,
To come to him. Rigour could not deny
Those tears, (so poor a suit) or put her by.

Entring the chamber, where he was alone,
(As one whose former fortune was his shame)
Loathing th' upbraiding eye of any one
That knew him once, and knows him not the same:
When having given express command that none
Should press to him; yet hearing some that came,
Turns angrily about his grieved eyes;
When lo! his sweet afflicted queen he spies.

Straight clears his brow, and with a borrow'd smile;
" What! my dear queen! welcome, my dear," he says:
And (striving his own passion to beguile,
And hide the sorrow which his eye betrays)
Could speak no more; but wrings her hands the while:
And then—" Sweet lady!" and again he stays.
Th' excess of joy and sorrow both affords
Affliction none, or but poor niggard words.

She that was come with a resolved heart,
And with a mouth full stor'd, with words well chose;
Thinking, "this comfort will I first impart
Unto my lord, and thus my speech dispose:
Then thus I 'll say; thus look; and with this art,
Hide mine own sorrow, to relieve his woes."
When being come, all this prov'd nought but wind;
Tears, looks, and sighs, do only tell her mind.

Thus both stood silent, and confused so,
Their eyes relating how their hearts did mourn:
Both big with sorrow, and both great with woe,
In labour with what was not to be born;
This mighty burthen wherewithal they go,
Dies undeliver'd, perishes unborn.
Sorrow makes silence her best orator,
Where words may make it less, not show it more.

But he, whom longer time had learn'd the art
T' endure affliction, as a usual touch,
Strains forth his words, and throws dismay apart,
To raise up her, whose passions now were such
As quite oppress'd her over-charged heart,
(Too small a vessel to contain so much;)
And cheers, and moans, and feigned hopes doth frame,
As if himself believ'd, or hop'd the same.

And now the while these princes sorrowed,
Forward Ambition (come so near her end),
Sleeps not, nor slips th' occasion offered,
T' accomplish what it did before intend.
A parliament is forthwith summoned
In Richard's name; whereby they might pretend
A form to grace disorder, and a show
Of holy right, the right to overthrow.

Order, how much predominant art thou!
That if but only thou pretended art,
How soon deceiv'd mortality doth bow,
To follow thine, as still the better part?
'T is thought that rev'rent Form will not allow
Iniquity, or sacred right pervert.
Within our souls since then thou dwell'st so strong,
How ill do they, that use thee, to do wrong?

So ill did they, that in this formal course
Sought to establish a deformed right;
Who might as well effected it by force,
But that men hold it wrong what 's wrought by might.
Offences urg'd in public, are made worse:
The show of justice aggravates despite.
"The multitude that look not to the cause,
Rest satisfy'd so it seem done by laws."

And now they divers articles object,
Of rigour, malice, private favourings,
Exaction, riot, falsehood, and neglect;
Crimes done, but seldom answered by kings;
Which subjects do lament, but not correct.
And all these faults which Lancaster now brings
Against a king, must be his own, when he
By urging others' sins, a king shall be.

For all that was most odious was devis'd,
And publish'd in these articles abroad;
All th' errours of his youth were here compris'd,
Calamity with obloquy to load,
And more to make him publicly despis'd,
Libels, invectives, railing rhymes were sow'd
Amongst the vulgar, to prepare his fall

Look how the day-hater, Minerva's bird[11],
Whilst privileg'd with darkness and the night,
Doth live secure t' himself, of others fear'd:
If but by chance discover'd in the light,
How doth each little fowl (with envy stirr'd)
Call him to justice, urge him with despite;
Summon the feather'd flocks of all the wood,
To come to scorn the tyrant of their blood?

So fares this king, laid open to disgrace,
Whilst ev'ry mouth (full of reproach) inveighs,
And ev'ry base detractor, in this case,
Upon th' advantage of misfortune plays:
Down-falling greatness, urged on apace,
Was follow'd hard by all disgraceful ways,
Now in th' point t' accelerate an end,
Whilst misery had no means to defend.

Upon those articles in parliament,
So heinous made, enforc'd, and urg'd so hard,
He was adjudg'd unfit for government,
And of all regal pow'r and rule debarr'd:
For who durst contradict the duke's intent?
Or if they durst, should patiently be heard?
Desire of change, old wrongs, new hopes, fresh fear,
Being far the major part, the cause must bear.

Yet must we think, that some which saw the course,
(The better few, whom passion made not blind)
Stood careful lookers on, with sad commorse,
Amaz'd to see what headlong rage design'd;
And in a more considerate discourse
Of tragical events, thereof divin'd;
And would excuse and pity those defects,
Which with such hate the adverse part objects:

Saying, "Better years might work a better care;
And time might well have cur'd what was amiss;
Since all these faults fatal to greatness are,
And worse deserts have not been punish'd thus.
But yet in this, the Heavens (we fear) prepare
Confusion for our sins, as well as his;
And his calamity beginneth our:
For he his own, and we abus'd his pow'r."

Thus murmur'd they: when to the king were sent
Certain, who might persuade him to forsake
And leave his crown, and with his free consent
A voluntary resignation make;
Since that he could no other way prevent
These dangers, which he else must needs partake.
For not to yield to what fear would constrain,
Would bar the hope of life that did remain.

And yet this scarce could work him to consent
To yield up that so soon, men hold so dear:
"Why, let him take," said he, "the government;
And let me yet the name, the title bear.
Leave me that show, and I will be content;
And let them rule and govern without fear.
What! can they not my shadow now endure;
When they, of all the rest, do stand secure?

"Let me hold that, I ask no other good:
Nay, that I will hold—Henry, do thy worst.
For ere I yield my crown, I 'll lose my blood;
That blood, that shall make thee and thine accurs'd."
Thus resolute awhile he firmly stood;
Till love of life, and fear of being forc'd,

Vanquish'd th' innated valour of his mind;
And hope and friends so wrought, that he resign'd.

Then to the Tow'r (where he remained) went
The duke, with all the peers in company,
To take his offer with his free consent,
And this his resignation testify;
And thereof to inform the parliament,
That all things might be done more formally,
And men thereby rest better satisfy'd,
As of an act not forc'd or falsify'd.

And forth he 's brought unto th' accomplishment,
Deck'd with the crown in princely robes that day:
Like as the dead, in other lands, are sent
Unto their graves in all their best array.
And ev'n like good did him this ornament:
For what he brought he must not bear away;
But buries there his glory and his name,
Entomb'd both in his own and others' blame.

And there unto th' assembly of these states,
His sorrow for their long-endured wrong
Through his abus'd authority, relates,
Excuses with confessions mix'd among:
And glad (he says) to finish all debates,
He was to leave the rule they sought for long;
Protesting, if it might be for their good,
He would as gladly sacrifice his blood.

There he his subjects all in general
Assoils, and quits of oath and fealty;
Renounces int'rest, title, right, and all
That appertain'd to kingly dignity:
Subscribes thereto, and doth to witness call
Both Heav'n and Earth, and God, and saints on high,
To testify his act; and doth profess
To do the same with most free willingness.

'T' is said, with his own hands he gave the crown
To Lancaster, and wish'd to God he might
Have better joy thereof than he had known;
And that his pow'r might make it his by right.
And furthermore he crav'd (of all his own)
But life, to live apart a private wight:
The vanity of greatness he had try'd,
And how unsurely stands the foot of pride.

This brought to pass, the lords return with speed,
The parliament hereof to certify;
Where they at large publish'd the king's own deed,
And form of his resignment verbally:
And thereupon doth Lancaster proceed,
To make his claim unto the monarchy;
And shows the right he hath, both by descent,
And by recov'ry, to the government.

Which being granted, Canterbury [12] rose,
And animates them by the sacred word
In this their course: and by his text he shows
"How well they made their choice of such a lord;
Who, as a man, was able to dispose,
And guide the state: and how the royal sword
Ought to be at a man's commandment;
Not at a child's, or one as impotent.

"Since when the greatness of his charge exceeds
The smallness of his pow'rs, he must collate
The same on others—whence," says he, "proceeds
This rav'nous expilation of the state:
Whence no man any more the public heeds,
Than so much as imports his private state.
Our health is from our head: if that be ill,
Distemper'd, faint, and weak, all the rest will."

Then to the present all his speech he draws,
And shows "what admirable parts abound
In this brave prince; being fit to give them laws;
Fit for his valour; fit for judgment sound."
And Lancaster, indeed I would thy cause
Had had as lawful and as sure a ground,
As had thy virtues and thy noble heart,
Ordain'd and born for an imperial part.

Then had not that confus'd succeeding age
Our fields ingrain'd with blood, our rivers dy'd
With purple-streaming wounds of our own rage,
Nor seen our princes slaughter'd, peers destroy'd.
Then had'st not thou, dear country, com'd to wage
War with thyself, nor those afflictions try'd
Of all-consuming discord here so long;
Too mighty now, against thyself too strong.

THE

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Henry the Fourth the crown establishes.
The lords that did to Gloc'ster's death consent,
Degraded, do rebel; are vanquished.
King Richard unto Pomfret castle sent,
Is by a cruel knight there murthered,
After the lords had had their punishment.
His corps from hence to London is convey'd;
And there, for all to view, is open laid.

Now risen is that head, by which did spring
The birth of two strong heads, two crowns, two rights;
That monstrous shape, that afterward did bring
Deform'd confusion to distracted wights.
Now is attain'd that dearly purchas'd thing,
That fill'd the world with lamentable sights;
And now attain'd, all care is how to frame
Means to establish, and to hold the same.

First, he attends to build a strong conceit
Of his usurped pow'r in peoples' minds,
And arms his cause with furniture of weight;
Which easily the sword and greatness finds.
Succession, conquest, and election straight
Suggested are, and prov'd in all their kinds.
More than enough they find, who find their might
Hath force to make all (that they will have) right.

[12] The archbishop of Canterbury takes his text out of the first book of Kings, chap. ix. Vir dominabitur in populo.

Though one of these might very well suffice,
His present approbation to procure:
" But who his own cause makes, doth still devise
To make too much, to have it more than sure.
Fear casts too deep, and ever is too wise:
No usual plots the doubtful can secure."
And all these disagreeing claims he had,
With hope to make one good of many bad.

Like unto him that fears, and fain would stop
An inundation working on apace;
Runs to the breach, heaps mighty matter up;
Throws indigested burthens on the place;
Loads with huge weights the outside, and the top,
But leaves the inner parts in feeble case;
Whilst th' under-searching water working on,
Bears proudly down all that was idly done;

So fares it with our indirect designs,
And wrong-contrived labours, at the last;
Whilst working time and justice undermines
The feeble frame, held to be wrought so fast:
Then when out-breaking vengeance uncombines
The ill-join'd plots, so fairly over-cast;
Turns up those huge pretended heaps of shows,
And all these weak illusions overthrows.

But after having made his title plain,
Unto his coronation he proceeds:
Which, in most sumptuous sort, (to entertain
The gazing vulgar, whom this splendour feeds)
Is stately furnish'd, with a glorious train;
Wherein the former kings he far exceeds;
And all t' amuse the world, and turn the thought,
Of what and how 't was done, to what is wrought.

And that he might on many props repose,
He strengths his own, and who his part did take:
New officers, new counsellors he chose.
His eldest son the prince of Wales doth make:
His second, lord high-steward. And to those
Had hazarded their fortunes for his sake,
He gives them charge as merits their desert,
And raises them by crushing th' adverse part.

So that hereby the universal face
Of court, with all the offices of state,
Are wholly chang'd, by death or by disgrace,
Upon th' advantage of the people's hate;
" Who ever envying those of chiefest place,
(Whom neither worth nor virtue, but their fate
Exalted hath) do, when their kings do naught,
(Because it 's in their pow'r) judge it their fault."

And in their stead, such as were popular,
And well-deserving, were advanc'd by grace.
Grave Shirley he ordains lord chancellor,
Both worthy for his virtues, and his race:
And Norbury he appoints for treasurer;
A man though mean, yet fit to use that place:
And others t' other rooms; whom people hold
So much more lov'd, how much they loath the old.

And it behoves him now to do his best
T' approve his vow, and oath made to the state:
And many great disorders he redress'd;
Which always usurpation makes the gate
To let it self into the people's breast,
And seeks the public best t' accommodate:
Wherein injustice better doth than right;
" For who reproves the lame, must go upright."

Though it be easy to accuse a state
Of imperfection and misgovernment;
And easy to beget in people hate
Of present rule, which cannot all content:
And few attempt it, that effect it not:
Yet t' introduce a better government
Instead thereof, if we t' example look,
The undertakers have been overtook.

Then against those [1] he strictly doth proceed,
Who chief of Gloc'ster's death were guilty thought:
Not so much for th' hatred of that deed;
But under this pretext, the means he sought
To ruin such whose might did much exceed
His pow'r to wrong, or else could well be wrought.
Law, justice, blood, the zeal unto the dead,
Were on his side, and his drift coloured.

Here many of the greatest [2] of the land
Accus'd were of the act; strong proofs brought out;
Which strongly were refell'd —The lords all stand,
To clear their cause, most resolutely stout.
The king perceiving what he took in hand
Was not with safety to be brought about,
Desists to urge their death in any wise;
Respecting number, strength, friends, and allies.

Nor was it time now, in his tender reign,
And infant-young beginning government,
To strive with blood; when levity must gain
The mighty men, and please the discontent.
" New kings do fear, when old courts farther strain;"
Establish'd states to all things will consent.
He must dispense with his will, and their crime,
And seek t' oppress and wear them out with time.

Yet not to seem but to have something done
In what he could not as he would effect,
To satisfy the people, (that begun
Revenge of wrong, and justice to expect)
He caus'd be put in execution one,
Who to perform this murther was elect;
A base companion, few or none would miss;
Who first did serve their turn, and now serves his

And to abase the too high state of those
That were accus'd, and lessen their degrees;
Aumarle, Surrey, and Exeter must lose
The names of dukes, their titles, dignities,
And whatsoever profits thereby rise:
The earls, their titles and their signories:
And all they got in th' end of Richard's reign,
Since Gloc'ster's death, they must restore again;

By this, as if by ostracism, t' abate
That great presumptive wealth whereon they stand
For first, hereby impov'rishing their state,
He kills the means they might have to withstand;
Then equals them with other whom they hate,
Who, (by their spoils) are rais'd to high command;
That weak, and envy'd, if they should conspire,
They wreck themselves, and he hath his desire.

[1] The nobility accused for the death of Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester.

[2] The dukes of Surrey, Exeter, and Aumarle; the earls of Salisbury and Gloucester; the bishop of Carlisle, sir Thomas Blount, and others, were the parties accused for the death of the duke of Glocester.

Yet by this grace (which must be held a grace,
As both they and the world are made believe)
He thinks t' have dealt benignly in this case,
And left them state enough, to let them live:
And that the taking from them means and place,
Was nothing in respect what he did give:
But they that know how their own reck'ning goes,
Account not what they have, but what they lose.

The parli'ment, which now is held, decreed,
Whatever pleas'd the king but to propound;
Confirm'd the crown to him, and to his seed,
And by their oath their due obedience bound;
Which was the pow'r that stood him best in stead,
And made whatever broken courses sound.
For what he got by fortune, favour, might,
It was the state that now must make his right.

Here was agreed, (to make all more secure)
That Richard should remain for evermore
Close prisoner; lest the realm might chance endure
Some new revolt, or any fresh uproar:
And that if any should such broil procure,
By him, or for him, he should die therefore.
So that a talk of tumult, and a breath,
Would serve him as his passing-bell to death.

Yet reverend Carlisle, thou didst there oppose
Thy holy voice to save thy prince's blood,
And freely check'dst this judgment, and his foes:
When all were bad, yet thou dar'dst to be good.
Be it enroll'd, (that time may never lose
The memory) how firm thy courage stood;
When pow'r, disgrace, nor death could ought divert
Thy glorious tongue thus to reveal thy heart.

" Grave, rev'rent lords, since that this sacred place,
Our Aventine-retire, our holy hill,
This place, soul of our state, the realms best grace,
Doth privilege me, speak what reason will:
Let me but say my conscience in this case;
Lest sin of silence show my heart was ill:
And let these walls witness, if you will not,
I do discharge my soul of this foul blot.

" Never shall this poor breath of mine consent,
That he, that two and twenty years hath reign'd
As lawful lord, and king by just descent,
Should here be judg'd, unheard, and unarraign'd;
By subjects too, (judges incompetent
To judge their king, unlawfully detain'd)
And unbrought-forth to plead his guiltless cause;
Barring th' anointed liberty of laws.

" Have you not done enough with what is done?
Must needs disorder grow from bad to worse?
Can never mischief end as it begun;
But being once out, must further out of force?
Think you, that any means under the Sun,
Can assecure so indirect a course?
Or any broken cunning build so strong,
As can hold out the hand of vengeance long?"

Stopt there was his too veh'ment speech with speed,
And he sent close to ward from where he stood;
His zeal untimely deem'd too much t' exceed
The measure of his wit, and did no good.
They resolute, for all this, do proceed
Unto that judgment could not be withstood.
The king had all he crav'd, or could compel;
And all was done—let others judge how well.

Now Muse, relate a woful accident,
And tell the bloodshed of these mighty peers,
Who (lately reconcil'd) rest discontent,
Griev'd with disgrace, remaining in their fears:
However seeming outwardly content,
Yet th' inward touch that wounded honour bears,
Rests closely wrankling, and can find no ease,
Till death of one side cure this great disease.

Means how to feel and learn each other's heart,
By th' abbot's skill of Westminster is found;
Who secretly disliking Henry's part,
Invites these lords, and those he meant to sound;
Feasts them with cost, and draws them on with art;
And dark and doubtful questions doth propound:
Then plainer speaks, and yet uncertain speaks:
Then wishes well—then off abruptly breaks.

" My lords," saith he, " I fear we shall not find
This long-desired king such as was thought.
But yet he may do well—God turn his mind:
'T is yet new days—But ill bodes new and nought.
Some yet speed well—Though all men of my kind
Have cause to doubt. His speech is not forgot,
That princes had too little; we too much.
God give him grace.—But 't is ill trusting such."

This open-close, apparent-dark discourse,
Drew on much speech—And every man replies:
And ev'ry man adds heat—And words enforce,
And urge out words. For when one man espies
Another's mind like his; then ill breeds worse;
And out breaks all in th' end, what closest lies.
For when men well have fed, th' blood being warm,
Then are they most improvident of harm.

Bewray they did their inward boiling spite;
Each stirring others to revenge their cause.
One says, he never should endure the sight
Of that forsworn, that wrongs both land and laws.
Another vows the same; of his mind right.
A third t' a point more near the matter draws;
Swears if they would, he would attempt the thing,
To chase th' usurper, and replace their king.

Thus one by one kindling each other's fire,
Till all inflam'd, they all in one agree;
All resolute to prosecute their ire,
Seeking their own and country's cause to free;
And have his first, that their blood did conspire.
For no way else, they said, but this, could be
Their wrong-detained honour to redeem;
Which true-bred blood should more than life esteem.

" And let not this our new-made faithless lord,"
Saith Surrey [3], " think that we are left so bare,
(Though bare enough) but we will find a sword
To kill him with, when he shall not beware."
For he that is with life and will enstor'd,
Hath (for revenge) enough, and needs not care:
For time brings means to furnish him withall;
Let him but wait th' occasions as they fall.

Then of the manner how t' effect the thing,
Consulted was——And in the end *agreed*,
That at a masque and common revelling,
Which was ordain'd, they should perform the deed:
For that would be least doubted of the king,
And fittest for their safety to proceed.

[3] Thomas, late duke of Surrey.

The night, their number, and the sudden act,
Would dash all order, and protect their fate.

Besides, they might under the fair pretence
Of tilts and tournaments, which they intend,
Provide them horse and armour for defence,
And all things else convenient for their end.
Besides, they might hold sure intelligence
Among themselves, without suspect t' offend:
The king would think, they sought but grace in court,
With all their great preparing in this sort.

A solemn oath religiously they take,
By intermutual vows protesting there,
This never to reveal, nor to forsake
So good a cause, for danger, hope, or fear.
The sacrament, the pledge of faith, they take:
And ev'ry man upon his sword doth swear,
By knighthood, honour, or what else should bind;
To assecure the more each other's mind.

And when all this was done, and thought well done,
And every one assures him good success,
And easy seems the thing to every one,
That nought could cross their plot, or them suppress;
Yet one among the rest, (whose mind not won
With th' over-weening thought of hot excess,
Nor headlong carry'd with the stream of will,
Nor by his own election led to ill;)

Judicious Blount [4], (whose learning, valour, wit,
Had taught true knowledge in the course of things;
Knew dangers as they were; and th' humorous fit
Of ware-less discontent, what end it brings)
Counsels their heat with calm grave words, and fit,
(Words well fore-thought, that from experience
And warne a warier carriage in the thing, [springs)
Lest blind presumption work their ruining.

"My lords," saith he, "I know your wisdom's such,
As that of mine advice you have no need;
I know you know how much the thing doth touch
The main of all your states, your blood, your seed;
Yet since the same concerns my life as much
As his, whose hand is chiefest in this deed,
And that my foot must go as far as his;
I think my tongue may speak what needful is.

"The thing we enterprise, I know, doth bear,
Great possibility of good effect;
For that so many men of might there are,
That venture here this action to direct;
Which manner wights, of trust and credit bare,
Not so respected, could not look t' effect.
For none, without great hopes, will follow such,
Whose pow'r and honour doth not promise such.

"Besides this new and doubtful government,
The wav'ring faith of people vain and light;
The secret hopes of many discontent;
The natural affection to the right;
Our lawful sov'reign's life, in prison pent,
Whom men begin to pity now, not spite;
Our well-laid plot and all, I must confess,
With our just cause, doth promise good success.

"But this is yet the outward, fairest side
Of our design—Within rests more of fear,
More dread of sad event yet undescry'd,
Than (my most worthy lords) I would there were.
But yet I speak not this, as to divide
Your thoughts from th' act, or to dismay your cheer;
Only to add unto your forward will,
A mod'rate fear, to cast the worst of ill.

"Danger before, and in, and after th' act,
You needs must grant it great, and to be weigh'd.
Before; lest while we do the deed protract,
It be by any of ourselves bewray'd:
For many being privy to the fact,
How hard is it to keep it unbetray'd?
When the betrayer shall have life and grace,
And rid himself of danger and disgrace.

"For though some few continue resolute,
Yet many shrink, which at the first would dare,
And be the foremost men to execute,
If th' act and motion at one instant were:
But intermission suffers men dispute
What dangers are, and cast with further care.
Cold doubt cavils with honour, scorneth fame;
And in the end, fear weighs down faith with shame.

"Then in the act what perils shall we find,
If either place, or time, or other course,
Cause us to alter th' order now assign'd;
Or what than we expect things happen worse?
If either errour, or a fainting mind,
An indiscreet amazement, or remorse,
In any at that instant should be found;
How much it might the act, and all confound?

"After the deed, the dangers are no less;
Lest that our forwardness not seconded
By our own followers and accomplices,
(Being kept back, or slow, or hindered)
The hasty multitude rush on, t' oppress
Confused weakness, there unsuccoured;
Or raise another head of that same race,
T' avenge his death, and prosecute the case.

"All this, my lords, must be considered,
(The best and worst of that which may succeed)
That valour mix'd with fear, boldness with dread,
May march more circumspect, with better heed.
And to prevent these mischiefs mentioned,
Is by our faith, our secresy, and speed:
For ev'n already is the work begun;
And we rest all undone, till all be done.

"And though I could have wish'd another course,
In open field t' have hazarded my blood;
Yet some are here, whose love is of that force
To draw my life, whom zeal hath not withstood.
But like you not of your design the worse:
If the success be good, your course is good;
And ending well, our honour then begins:
No hand of strife is pure, but that which wins."

This said, a sad still silence held their minds,
Upon the fearfull project of their woe;
But that not long ere forward fury finds,
Encouraging persuasions on to go.
"We must," said they, "we will; our honour binds;
Our safety bids; our faith must have it so.
We know the worst can come: 'Tis thought upon.
We cannot shift—Being in, we must go on."

[4] Sir Thomas Blount.

And on indeed they went——But O! not far;
A fatal stop travers'd their head-long course;
Their drift 'comes known, and they discover'd are:
For some (of many) will be false of force.
Aumarle became the man that all did mar,
Whether through indiscretion, chance, or worse;
He makes his peace with off'ring others' blood,
And shows the king how all the matter stood.

Then lo! dismay'd confusion all possess'd
Th' afflicted troop, hearing their plot descry'd.
Then runs amaz'd distress, with sad unrest,
To his, to that; to fly, to stand, to hide:
Distracted terrour knew not what was best;
On what determination to abide.
At last, despair would yet stand to the sword,
To try what friends would do, or fate afford.

Then this, then that man's aid, they crave, implore;
Post here for help, seek there their followers;
Conjure their friends they had, labour for more;
Solicit all reputed favourers,
Who Richard's cause seem'd to affect before:
And in his name write, pray, send messengers,
To try what faith was left, if by this art
Any would step to take affliction's part.

And some were found—And some again drew back:
Uncertain pow'r could not it self retain.
Entreat they may; authority they lack:
And here and there they march (but all in vain)
With desp'rate course; like those that see their wreck
Ev'n on the rocks of death; and yet they strain,
That death may on them idly find t' attend
Their certain last, but work to meet their end.

And long they stand not, ere the chief, surpris'd,
Conclude with their dear blood their tragedy:
And all the rest dispers'd, run, some disguis'd
To unknown coasts; some to the shores do fly;
Some to the woods, or whither fear advis'd:
But running from, all to destruction hie.
The breach once made upon a batter'd state,
Down goes distress: no shelter shrouds their fate.

And now what horrour in their souls doth grow!
What sorrows with their friends and near allies!
What mourning in their ruin'd houses now!
How many children's plaints, and mothers' cries!
How many woful widows left to bow
To sad disgrace! what perish'd families! [frame
What heirs of high rich hopes their thoughts must
To base down-looking poverty and shame!

This slaughter and calamity foregoes
Thy eminent destruction, woful king:
This is the bloody comet of thy woes,
That doth foretel thy present ruining.
Here was thy end decreed, when these men rose;
And ev'n with theirs this act thy death did bring,
Or hasten'd at the least upon this ground;
Yet if not this, another had been found.

Kings, lords of times and of occasions, may
Take their advantage when and how they list:
For now the realm, he thought, in this dismay,
T' avoid like mischiefs, neither would resist,
Nor feel the wound at all: since by this way,
All future disturbations would desist.
The root cut off, from whence these tumults rose,
He should have rest, the commonwealth repose.

He knew this time: and yet he would not seem
Too quick to wrath, as if affecting blood;
But yet complains so far, that men might deem
He would 't were done, and that he thought it good:
And wish'd that some would so his life esteem,
As rid him of these fears wherein he stood.
And therewith eyes a knight's that then was by,
Who soon could learn his lesson by his eye.

The man he knew was one that willingly
For one good look would hazard soul and all;
An instrument for any villany,
That needed no commission more at all:
A great ease to the king, that should hereby
Not need in this a course of justice call,
Nor seem to will the act. For though what 's wrought
Were his own deed, he grieves should so be thought.

" So foul a thing (O!) thou Injustice art,
That tort'rest both the doer and distrest,
For when a man hath done a wicked part,
How doth he strive t' excuse, to make the best,
To shift the fault, t' unburthen his charg'd heart;
And glad to find the least surmise of rest!
And if he could make his seem others' sin,
What great repose, what ease he finds therein!"

This knight—But yet why should I call him knight,
To give impiety to this rev'rent style?
Title of honour, worth, and virtue's right,
Should not be given to a wretch so vile.
But pardon me, if I do not aright;
It is because I will not here defile
My unstain'd verse with his opprobrious name,
And grace him so, to place him in the same.

This caitiff goes, and with him takes eight more,
As desp'rate as himself, impiously bold,
(Such villains, as he knew would not abhor
To execute what wicked act he would)
And hastes him down to Pomfret: where before,
The restless king convey'd, was laid in hold:
There would he do the deed he thought should bring
To him great grace and favour with his king.

Whether the soul receives intelligence
By her near *genius*, of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
Foregoing ruin, whereto it doth tend:
Or whether Nature else hath conference
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send
By prophetizing dreams, what hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear

However, so it is; the now sad king
(Toss'd here and there, his quiet to confound)
Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground;
Feels sudden terrour bring cold shivering:
Lists not to eat; still muses; sleeps unsound:
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick;
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bord'ring hills, and open plain,
And views the town, and sees how people pass'd;
Where others' liberty makes him complain

This knight was sir Pierce of Exon.

The more his own, and grieves his soul the more;
Conferring captive crowns, with freedom poor.

" O happy man," saith he, " that lo I see
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields!
If he but knew his good, (how blessed he,
That feels not what affliction greatness yields!)
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptres wields.
Thine, thine is that true life—That is to live,
To *rest* secure, and not rise up to *grieve*.

" Thou sit'st at home safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'st of others' harms, but feelest none;
And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumphs, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost inquire
Of my restraint; why here I live alone;
And pitiest this my miserable fall:
For pity must have part; envy not all.

" Thrice happy you, that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see;
No int'rest, no occasion to deplore
Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
To see our misery, and what we be!
Whose blinded greatness ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.

" Great Dioclesian[6], (and more great therefore,
For yielding up that whereto pride aspires)
Reck'ning thy gardens in Illyria more
Than all the empire, all what th' Earth admires;
Thou well did'st teach, that he is never poor
That little hath, but he that much desires;
Finding more true delight in that small ground,
Than in possessing all the earth was found.

" Are kings (that freedom give) themselves not free,
As meaner men, to take what they may give?
What! are they of so fatal a degree,
That they cannot descend from that, and live?
Unless they still be kings, can they not be?
Nor may they their authority survive?
Will not my yielded crown redeem my breath?
Still am I feard?—Is there no way, but death?"

Scarce this word *death* from sorrow did proceed,
When in rush'd one, and tells him, such a knight
Is new arriv'd; and comes from court in speed:
" What news," said he, " with him, that traitorous wight?
What more removing yet?—Alas! what need?
Are we not far enough sent out of sight?
Or is this place here not sufficient strong,
To guard us in? or must we have more wrong?"

By this the bloody troop were at the door;
When as a sudden and a strange dismay
Enforc'd them strain who should go in before.
One offers, and in off'ring makes a stay;
Another forward sets, and doth no more:
A third the like; and none durst make the way.
So much the horror of so vile a deed,
In vilest minds, deters them to proceed.

At length, as to some great adventrous fight,
This bravo cheers these dastards all he can;
And valiantly their courage doth incite,
And all against one weak unarmed man.
A great exploit, and fit for such a knight;
Wherein so much renown his valour wan.
But see how men that very presence fear,
Which once they knew authority did bear!

Then on thrusts one, and he would foremost be
To shed another's blood; but lost his own.
For entring in, as soon as he did see
The face of majesty, to him well known;
Like Marius soldier at Minternum, he,
Stood still amaz'd, his courage overthrown.
The king seeing this, starting from where he sat,
Out from his trembling hand his weapon gat.

Thus ev'n his foes, who came to bring him death,
Bring him a weapon, that before had none;
That yet he might not idly lose his breath,
But die reveng'd in action, not alone.
And this good chance that thus much favoureth,
He slacks not—for he presently speeds on;
And, lion-like, upon the rest he flies:
And here falls one;—and there another lies.

And up and down he traverses his ground;
Now wards a felling blow, now strikes again;
Then nimbly shifts a thrust, then lends a wound;
Now back he gives, then rushes on amain,
His quick and ready hand doth so confound
These shameful beasts, that four of them lie slain:
And all had perished happily and well,
But for one act, that (O!) I grieve to tell.

This coward-knight, seeing with shame and fear
His men thus slain, and doubting his own end,
Leaps up into a chair that (lo!) was there;
The whilst the king did all his courage bend
Against those four which now before him were,
Doubting not who behind him doth attend;
And plies his hands undaunted, unaffear'd,
And with good heart, and life for life he stirr'd.

And whilst he this, and that, and each man's blow
Doth eye, defend, and shift, being laid to sore;
Backward he bears for more advantage now,
Thinking the wall would safe-guard him the more;
When lo! with impious hand, O wicked thou,
That (shameful) durst not come to strike before,
Behind him gav'st that lamentable wound,
Which laid that wretched prince flat on the ground.

Now proditorious wretch, what hast thou done,
To make this barb'rous, base assassinate
Upon the person of a prince; and one
Fore-spent with sorrow, and all desolate?
What great advancement hast thou hereby won,
By being the instrument to perpetrate
So foul a deed? where is thy grace in court,
For such a service, acted in this sort?

First, he for whom thou dost this villany,
Though pleas'd therewith, will not avouch thy fact,
But let the weight of thine own infamy
Fall on thee unsupported, and unback'd:
Then all men else will loath thy treachery,
And thou thyself abhor thy proper act.
" So th' wolf, in hope the lion's grace to win,
Betraying other beasts, lost his own skin."

[6] Primus imperium communicavit, et posuit Dioclesianus; et in eo ponendo dixisse fertur: " Regno Jupiter imperium, quod mihi commodasti."

But now, as this sweet prince distended lay,
And him nor life nor death their own could call;
(For life removing, rid not all away;
And death, though entring, had not seiz'd on all;)
That short-tim'd motion had a little stay,
(The mover ceasing) though it were but small:
As th' organ-sound a-time survives the stop,
Before it doth the dying note give up:

When lo! there streams a spring of blood so fast,
From those deep wounds, as all embru'd the face
Of that accursed caitiff, as he pass'd
(After the deed effected) through the place:
And therewithal, those dying eyes did cast
Such an upbraiding look on his disgrace,
(Seeming to check so cowardly a part)
As left th' impression even in his heart.

And this one king, most near in blood ally'd,
Is made th' oblation for th' other's peace:
Which peace yet was not hereby ratify'd,
So as it could all future fears release.
For though the other did forthwith provide,
To have the rumour run of his decease,
By drawing the corps[7] to London, where it was
Laid, three days to be seen, with open face.

Yet so great was this execrable deed,
As men would scarce therein believe their eyes,
Much less their ears: and many sought to feed
The easy creditors of novelties,
By voicing him alive[8]—How he was freed
By strange escape out of his miseries.
And many did conspire now to relieve
Him dead, who had forsaken him alive.

And many suffer'd for his cause, when now
He had none. Many wish'd for him again,
When they perceiv'd th' exchange did not allow
Their hopes so much as they did look to gain,
By trafficking of kings; and all saw how
Their full expectances were in the wain.
They had a king was more than him before;
But yet a king, where they were nought the more.

And sure this murth'red prince, though weak he was,
He was not ill; nor yet so weak, but that
He show'd much martial valour in his place,
Advent'ring oft his person for the state:
And might amongst our better princes pass;
Had not the flatt'ry, rapine, and debate
Of factious lords, and greedy officers,
Disgrac'd his actions, and abus'd his years.

Nor is it so much princes' weaknesses,
As the corruption of their ministers,
Whereby the commonwealth receives distress.
For they attending their particulars,
Make imperfections their advantages,
To be themselves both kings and counsellors,
And sure this commonwealth can never take
Hurt by weak kings, but such as we do make.

Besides, he was (which people much respect
In princes, and which pleases vulgarly)
Of goodly pers'nage, and of sweet aspect;
Of mild access and liberality;
And feasts, and shows, and triumphs did affect,
As the delights of youth and jollity.
But here the great profusion[9], and expense
Of his revenues, bred him much offence:

And gave advantage unto enmity,
This grievous accusation to prefer;
"That he consum'd the common treasury;
Whereof he being the simple usager
But for the state, (not in propriety)
Did alien at his pleasure, and transfer
The same t' his minions, and to whom he list;
By which the commonwealth was to subsist.

"Whereby," said they, "the poor concussed state,
Shall ever be exacted for supplies."
Which accusation was th' occasion that
His successor, by order, nullifies
Many his patents[10], and did revocate
And re-assume his liberalities.
And yet, for all these wastes, these gifts and feasts,
He was not found a bankrupt[11] in his chests.

But they who took to Syndick in this sort
The actions of a monarch, knew those things
Wherein th' accompts were likely to fall short,
Between the state of kingdoms and their kings:
Which president, of pestilent import,
(Had not the Heav'ns bless'd thy endeavourings)
Against thee, Henry, had been likewise brought,
Th' example made of thy example wrought.

For though this bounty, and this liberalness,
A glorious virtue be; it better fits
Great men than kings[12]: who giving in excess,
Give not their own, but others' benefits:
Which calls up many's hopes, but pleasures less;
Destroying far more love than it begets.
"For justice is their virtue—that alone
Makes them fit sure, and glorifies the throne."

[7] The corps was conveyed from Pomfret to London; where it lay with open face in Paul's three days; and after a solemn obsequy, was had to Langley, and there meanly interred.

[8] King Richard bruted to be alive, after he was thus murthered: which begat a conspiracy; for the which sir Roger Clarendon (supposed to be the base son of the Black Prince) was executed, with divers fryars.

[9] He had in his court one thousand persons, in ordinary allowance of diet; three hundred servitors in his kitchen; above three hundred ladies, chamberers, and landerers. His apparel was sumptuous; and so was it generally in his time. He had one coat of gold and stone, valued at thirty thousand marks. One interview with the French king at Ardes, when his wife Isabel was deliver'd unto him, cost him three hundred thousand marks.

[10] Henry IV. revoketh all letters-patents of annuities, granted by king Edward and king Richard, anno regni 6.

[11] When he was first surprised in Wales, the duke of Lancaster had in Holt-castle of hundred thousand marks in coin, and two hundred thousand marks in jewels: and at his resignation in the Tower, three hundred thousand pounds in coin, besides plate and jewels.

[12] A prince excessive in gifts, makes his subjects excessive in suits.

THE

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Henry his excuses publishes
For Richard's death; and truce doth entertain
With France.—The Scots, aggriev'd for wrongs, ad-
Themselves to war; and are appeas'd again. [dress
—The Welsh rebel.—The Piercies' practices
(To part the state) are stopp'd; in battle slain.
Continual troubles still afflict this king;
Till death an end doth to his travails bring.

THE bounds once overgone that hold men in,
They never stay; but on from bad to worse.
"Wrongs do not leave off there where they begin,
But still beget new mischiefs in their course."
Now, Henry, thou hast added to thy sin
Of usurpation, and intruding force,
A greater crime; which makes that gone before
T' appear more than it did, and noted more.

For now thou art enforc'd t' apologize
With foreign states[1], for two enormous things,
Wherein thou dost appear to scandalize
The public right, and common cause of kings:
Which, though (with all the skill thou can'st devise)
Thou overlay'st with fairest colouring;
Yet th' under-work, transparent, shows too plain.
"Where open acts accuse, th' excuse is vain."

And these defences are but compliments,
To dally with confining potentates;
Who, busied in their proper governments,
Do seldom tend th' affairs of other states:
Their wisdom, which to present pow'r consents,
Live dogs before dead lions estimates:
"And no man more respects these public wrongs,
Than so much as t' his private state belongs."

Yet most it seem'd the French king to import,
As sharer in his daughter's injury:
"Though blood in princes links not in such sort,
As that it is of any pow'r to tie,"
Where their estates may seem t' adventure hurt;
Or where there is not a necessity,
That doth combine them with a stronger chain,
Than all these great alliances contain.

For though this king might have resentiment
And will t' avenge him of this injury;
Yet at that time his state being turbulent[2],
Factious, and full of partiality,
And oftentimes he himself impotent,
By means of his frenetic malady;
It was not likely any good could rise,
By undertaking such an enterprise.

And therefore both sides, upon entercourse;
(As fitted best their present terms) agreed,
The former truce[3] continue should in force,
According as it had been fore-decreed
Upon the match with Richard; and a course
For Isabel (with all convenient speed)
Provided, with an honourable train
Suiting her state, to be sent home again:

Whom willingly they would have still retain'd,
And match'd unto the prince[4]. But she (though
young;
Yet sensible of that which appertain'd
To honour and renown) scorn'd any tongue
That offer'd such a motion; and disdain'd
To have it thought, she would but hear that wrong
Mov'd to her, of her lord and husband dead,
To have his murtherer's race enjoy his bed.

Besides, the French (doubting the government,
Thus gotten, would be subject still to strife)
Not willing were to urge her to consent
T' accept a troublous and uncertain life:
And being return'd, she grew in th' end content
To be (at home) a duke of Orleans' wife[5];
'Scap'd from such storms of pow'r, holding it best
To be below herself, to be at rest.

And so hath Henry assecur'd that side,
And therewithal his state of Gascony[6];
Which, on th' intelligence was notify'd
Of Richard's death, were wrought to mutiny;
And hardly came to be repacify'd,
And kept to hold in their fidelity.
So much to him were they affectioned,
For having been amongst them born and bred.

These toils abroad, these tumults with his own,
(As if the frame of all disjointed were,
With this disorder'd shifting of the crown)
Fell in the revolution of one year.
Beside, the Scot (in discontentment grown
For the detaining, and supporting here,
The scourge of all that kingdom, George Dunbar[7])
With fire and sword proclaims an open war;

[1] Commissioners are sent to foreign princes, to excuse and justify the king's proceedings.

[2] In the time of Charles VI. began the civil wars in France, between the dukes of Orleans and Burgoign.

[3] The truce made with Richard II. renewed for thirty years; but broken the next year after, upon their part; sending Jaques de Bourbon with forces into Wales, to the aid of Glendour.

[4] The king labours to have queen Isabel matched to his son Henry, prince of Wales.

[5] Queen Isabel was married to Charles, son to Louis, duke of Orleans.

[6] Thomas Piercy, earl of Worcester, was sent into Gascony, with two hundred men at arms, and four hundred archers; to assist sir Robert Knowles, lieutenant there; where he pacified that country, being incensed by the French to revolt, upon their discontentment for the death of king Richard, whom they especially loved for being born at Bourdeaux.

[7] George Dunbar, earl of March, flying out of Scotland, was received and cherished in England, and waged against his country.

Taking their time in these disturbances,
And newness of a wav'ring government,
T' avenge them of their former grievances,
And by our spoils their fortunes to augment.
Against whose forces Henry furnishes
A pow'rful army, and in person went;
But wars with a retiring enemy,
With much more travail than with victory.

And being (by sharp deformed winter's force)
Caus'd to retire, he finds new storms at home,
From other coasts arising; that prov'd worse
Than those which now he was returned from.
In Wales [8], a cause of law, by violent course,
Was (from a variance) now a war become;
And Owen Glendour, who with Grey of late
Contests for private lands, now seeks a state.

Whom to repress, he early in the spring,
With all provisions fit, doth forward set;
When straight his enemies (not purposing
To hazard battle) to the mountains get:
Where after long and weary travelling,
Without performing any great defeat,
He only their provisions wastes and burns,
And with some prey of cattle home returns.

Wherewith the rebel rather was the more
Encourag'd than addaunted; and begun
T' adventure further than he did before;
Seeing such a monarch had so little done,
Being com'n in person with so great a pow'r,
And suddenly again retir'd and gone.
"For in this one they help, who hurt so small;
And he hath nothing done, that doth not all."

But now (behold!) other new heads [9] appear,
New hydras of rebellion, that procure
More work to do, and give more cause of fear;
And show'd, that nothing in his state stood sure.
And these ev'n of his chiefest followers were,
Of whom he might presume him most secure;
Who had th' especial engines been, to rear
His fortunes up unto the state they were.

The Piercies were the men—men of great might,
Strong in alliance, and in courage strong;
Who now conspire, under pretence to right
Such wrongs as to the commonwealth belong;
Urg'd either through their conscience, or despite;
Or finding now the part they took was wrong.
Or else ambition hereto did them call,
Or others' envy'd grace; or rather all.

And such they were, who might presume t' have done
Much for the king, and honour of the state;
Having the chiefest actions undergone,
Both foreign and domestical of late:
Beside that famous day of Homeldon [10],
Where Hotspur gave that wonderful defeat
Unto the Scots, as shook that kingdom more
Than many monarchs' armies had before.

Which might perhaps advance their minds so far,
Above the level of subjection, as
T' assume to them the glory of that war;
Whereall things by their pow'r were brought to pass.
They being so mighty, and so popular,
And their command so spacious as it was,
Might (in their state) forget, how all these things
That subjects do affect, must be their king's.

And so fell after into discontent,
For that the king requir'd to have as his,
Those lords were taken prisoners; whom they meant
To hold still as their proper purchases:
Then, that he would not at their suit consent
To work their cousin Mortimer's release
Out of the rebel Owen Glendour's hands,
Who held him prisoner in disgraceful bands.

But be what will the cause, strong was their plot,
Their parties great, means good, the season fit;
Their practice close, their faith suspected not;
Their states far off, and they of wary wit:
Who with large promises so woo the Scot
To aid their cause, as he consents to it;
And glad was to disturn that furious stream
Of war on us, that else that swallowed them.

Then join they with the Welsh; who now well train'd
In arms and action, daily grew more great.
Their leader by his wiles had much attain'd,
And done much mischief on the English state:
Beside his pris'ner Mortimer he gain'd,
From being a foe, to b' his confederate;
A man the king much fear'd—and well he might";
Lest he should look whether his crown stood right.

For Richard, (for the quiet of the state)
Before he took those Irish wars in hand,
About succession doth deliberate;
And finding how the certain right did stand,
With full consent this man did ordinate
The heir apparent to the crown and land;
Whose competency was of tender touch;
Although his might was small, his right was much.

[8] Owen Glendour, an esquire in North Wales, contesting with the lord Grey of Ruthen, for certain lands which he claimed by inheritance; and being not powerful enough by his own means to recover them, procured force, and made war upon the lord Grey: and after attempts for the principality of that country, anno regni 2.

[9] Anno regni 3.

[10] In this battle of Homoldon, the lord Henry Piercy, (surnamed Hotspur) accompanied with George Dunbar, earl of March, overthrew the Scottish forces: where were slain twenty-three knights, and ten thousand of the commons; the earls of Fife, Murray, Angus, with five hundred other of meaner degree, taken prisoners.

" In the ninth year of the reign of king Richard II. was by parliament ordained Roger earl of March, heir apparent to the crown.

This Roger was the son of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippa, the only daughter of Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son of king Edward III. who by her had issue this Roger, and Elizabeth. Roger had issue four children; all which (save only Anne) died without issue. Anne was married to Richard earl of Cambridge, second son to Edmund duke of York. This Richard (beheaded at Southampton) had issue by Anne, Richard, (surnamed Plantagenet) after duke of York.

With these the Piercies them confederate,
And as three heads conjoin in one intent;
And instituting a triumvirate,
Do part the land in triple government;
Dividing thus among themselves the state:
The Piercies should rule all the north from Trent;
And Glendour, Wales: the earl of March should be
Lord of the south, from Trent—and so they 'gree.

Then those fair bates these trouble-states still use,
(Pretence of common-good, the king's ill course)
Must be cast forth, the people to abuse,
And give their cause and them the better force.
The king for tyranny they do accuse,
By whom the state was grown from bad to worse;
A perjur'd man, who held all faith in scorn;
Whose trusted oaths had others made forsworn.

And therewithal the execrable act[12]
On their late murther'd king they aggravate:
"How he employ'd the doers of the fact,
Whom afterwards he did remunerate;
And daily such taxations did exact,
As were against the order of the state;
Presuming those great sums he did impose,
About his private uses to dispose.

"And how he was environed with such
As had possess'd him; and in sland'rous sort
Accus'd them so, as they durst not approach
To clear themselves of such unjust report.
And thereupon they flatly disavouch
To yield him more obedience, or support:
And as t' a perjur'd duke of Lancaster,
Their cartel of defiance they prefer;

"Protesting these objections to make good
With sword in hand; and to confirm and seal
Their undertaking with their dearest blood,
As procurators for the commonweal.
And that upon their consciences it stood,
And did import their duty and their zeal
Unto the state, as peers, to see redress'd
Those miseries wherewith it was oppress'd."

Great seem'd their cause; and greatly too did add
The people's love thereto, these crimes impos'd;
That many gather'd to the troops they had,
And many sent them aid, though undisclos'd:
So that the king (with all main speed) was glad
Both by his remonstrances well compos'd,
And with his sword (his best defence) provide
To right himself, and to correct their pride.

"Divulging first a fair apology
Of his clear heart, touching the foul report
Of that assassinate; which utterly
He doth abjure: protesting, in no sort
T' agree thereto, in will or privity.
And how he had been used to extort,
The state could witness best; by whose consent
Was granted what he had in parli'ment:

"Which never was but only one supply,
In four years troublous and expensive reign;
And that upon extreme necessity,
The safety of the public to maintain.
And that the Piercies best could testify,
How most that money issued was again;
To whom the same was render'd, to the end
To war the Scot, and borders to defend.

"And that the rest was to the same effect,
For which it was obtain'd, in like sort spent.
And whereas they did slanderously object,
How that they durst not hazard to present
In person their defences, in respect
He was incens'd by some malevolent:
It was most false—for he knew no defence
They were to make, till now they made offence.

"And how far he had been from cruelty,
Both Wales and Scotland could him witness bear;
Where those effects of his great clemency,
In sparing blood, do to his cost appear.
Much more his subjects find his lenity;
Whose love he seeks to have, and not their fear.
But thus," said he, "they ever do pretend
To have receiv'd a wrong, who wrong intend."

Not to give time unto th' increasing rage,
And gath'ring fury; forth he march'd with speed,
Lest more delay, or giving longer age
To th' evil grown, it might the cure exceed.
All his best men at arms, and leaders sage;
All he prepar'd he could; and all did need:
For to a mighty work thou goest, O king,
That equal spirits, and equal pow'rs shall bring.

There shall young Hotspur, with a fury led,
Engrapple with thy son, as fierce as he:
There martial Wore'ster, long experienced
In foreign arms, shall come t' encounter thee.
There Douglas, to thy Stafford, shall make head;
There Vernon, for thy valiant Blount, shall be.
There shalt thou find a doubtful bloody day,
Though sickness keep Northumberland away.

Who yet reserv'd (though after quit for this)
Another tempest on thy head to raise;
As if still wrong-revenging Nemesis
Meant to afflict all thy continuing days.
And here this field he happily doth miss,
For thy great good; and therefore well he stays.
What might this force have done, being brought there
When that already gave so much to do? [to,

The swift approach, and unexpected speed[13],
The king had made upon this new-rais'd force,
In th' unconfirmed troops much fear did breed,
Untimely hind'ring their intended course.
The joining with the Welsh, they had decreed,
Was hereby dash'd; which made their cause the worse:
Northumberland, with forces from the north,
Expected to be there, was not set forth.

[13] The king (hastened forward by George Dunbar) was in sight of his enemies, lying in camp near to Shrewsbury, sooner than he was expected.

And yet undaunted Hotspur (seeing the king
So near arriv'd) leaving the work in hand,
With forward speed his forces marshalling,
Sets forth, his further coming to withstand:
And with a cheerful voice encouraging
His well-experienc'd and advent'rous band,
Brings on his army, eager unto fight,
And plac'd the same before the king in sight.

"This day," saith he, "my valiant, trusty friends,
Whatever it doth give, shall glory give:
This day with honour frees our state, or ends
Our misery with fame, that still shall live.
And do but think, how well the same he spends,
Who spends his blood, his country to relieve!
What! have we hands; and shall we servile be?
Why were swords made; but to preserve men free?

"Besides, th' assured hope of victory,
Which we may ev'n fore-promise on our side,
Against this weak, constrained company;
Whom force and fear, not will and love, doth guide;
Against a prince, whose foul impiety
The Heav'ns do hate; the Earth cannot abide.
Our number being no less, our courage more;
No doubt we have it, if we work therefore."

This said, and thus resolv'd, ev'n bent to charge
Upon the king, who well their order view'd,
And wary noted all the course at large
Of their proceeding, and their multitude:
And deeming better, if he could discharge
The day with safety, and some peace conclude;
Great proffers[14] sends of pardon and of grace,
If they would yield, and quietness embrace.

Which though his fears might drive him to propose,
To time his bus'ness for some other end;
Yet sure he could not *mean* t' have peace with those,
Who did in that supreme degree offend.
Nor where they such as would be won with shows,
Or breath of oaths, or vows could apprehend;
So that (in honour) th' offers he doth make,
Were not for him to give, nor them to take.

And yet this much his courses do approve,
He was not bloody in his natural;
And yield he did to more, than might behove
His dignity to have dispens'd withal.
And unto Worc'ster he himself did move
A reconcilement to be made of all;
But Worc'ster, knowing 't could not be secur'd,
His nephew's onset yet for all procur'd.

Which seeing, the king with greater wrath incens'd,
Rage against fury doth with speed prepare:
"And though," said he, "I could have well dispens'd
With this day's blood, which I have sought to spare;
That greater glory might have recompens'd
The forward worth of these that so much dare;
That we might good have had by th' overthrown,
And th'wounds we make might not have been our own:

"Yet since that other men's iniquity
Calls on the sword of wrath against my will;
And that themselves exact this cruelty,
And I constrained am this blood to spill:
Then on, brave followers; on courageously,
True-hearted subjects, against traitors ill:
And spare not them who seek to spoil us all;
Whose foul, confused end, soon see you shall."

Forthwith began these fury-moving sounds,
The notes of wrath, the music brought from Hell;
The rattling drums, (which trumpets' voice confounds)
The cries, th' encouragements, the shouting shrill,
That all about the beaten air rebounds
Confused, thund'ring murmurs, horrible;
To rob all sense, except the sense to fight.
Well hands may work: the mind hath lost his sight.

O War! begot in pride and luxury,
The child of Malice and revengeful Hate;
Thou impious good, and good impiety,
That art the foul refiner of a state;
Unjust-just scourge of men's iniquity,
Sharp-easer of corruptions desperate:
Is there no means, but that a sin-sick land
Must be let blood with such a boist'rous hand?

How well might'st thou have here been spar'd this day,
Had not wrong-counsell'd Piercy been perverse?
Whose forward hand, inur'd to wounds, makes way
Upon the sharpest fronts of the most fierce;
Where now an equal fury thrusts, to stay
And back-repel that force, and his disperse.
Then these assail; then those re-chase again;
Till stay'd with new-made hills of bodies slain.

There lo! that new-appearing glorious star,
Wonder of arms, the terrour of the field,
Young Henry[15] lab'ring where the stoutest are,
And ev'n the stoutest forceth back to yield:
There is that hand bolden'd to blood and war,
That must the sword in wondrous actions wield:
Though better he had learn'd with others' blood;
A less expense to us, to him more good.

Yet here had he not speedy succour lent
To his endanger'd father, near oppress'd,
That day had seen the full accomplishment
Of all his travels, and his final rest.
For Mars-like Douglas all his forces bent
T' encounter, and to grapple with the best;
As if disdaining any other thing
To do that day, but to subdue a king.

coming of his council with other forces, which were there to meet him. Whereupon they left to assail the town of Shrewsbury, and prepared to encounter the king's forces. Anno reg. 4.

[14] The abbot of Shrewsbury, and one of the clerks of the privy-seal, were sent from the king to the Piercies, to offer them pardon, if they would come to any reasonable agreement. Whereupon the earl of Worcester coming to the king, received many kind proffers; and promising to move his nephew therein, did at his return (as is said) conceal them, and hastened to the battle; which was fought near Shrewsbury, anno reg. 4.

[15] Prince Henry, at this battle, was not seventeen years of age.

And three, with fi'ry courage, he assails;
Three, all as kings adorn'd in royal wise;
And each successive after other quails,
Still wond'ring whence so many kings should rise.
And doubting lest his hand or eye-sight fails,
(In these confounded) on a fourth he flies,
And him unhorses too: whom had he sped,
He then all kings in him had vanquished.

For Henry had divided (as it were)
The person of himself into four parts;
To be less known, and yet known ev'ry where,
The more to animate his people's hearts:
Who cheered by his presence, would not spare
To execute their best and worthiest parts.
By which, two special things effected are;
His safety, and his subjects' better care.

And never worthy prince a day did quit
With greater hazard, and with more renown,
Than thou did'st, mighty Henry, in this fight;
Which only made thee owner of thine own:
Thou never prov'dst the tenure of thy right
(How thou did'st hold thy easy gotten crown)
Till now: and now thou show'st thy self chief lord,
By that especial right of kings, the sword.

And dear it cost, and much good blood is shed,
To purchase thee a saving victory:
Great Stafford [16], thy high-constable, lies dead,
With Shorley, Clifton, Gawsell, Calverly,
And many more—whose brave deaths witnessed
Their noble valour and fidelity:
And many more had left their dearest blood
Behind that day, had Hotspur longer stood.

But he, as Douglas with his fury led,
Rushing into the thickest woods of spears,
And brakes of swords, still laying at the head,
(The life of th' army) whilst he nothing fears,
Or spares his own; comes all environed
With multitude of pow'r, that overbears
His manly worth: who yields not in his fall;
But fighting dies, and dying kills withal.

What ark, what trophy, what magnificence
Of glory, Hotspur, had'st thou purchas'd here;
Could but thy cause as fair as thy pretence,
Be made unto thy country to appear!
Had it been her protection and defence,
(Not thy ambition) made thee sell so dear
Thyself this day; she must have here made good
An everlasting statue for thy blood.

Which thus mis-spent, thy army presently
(As if they could not stand when thou wer't down)
Dispers'd in rout, betook them all to fly:
And Douglas, faint with wounds, and overthrown,
Was taken; who yet won the enemy,
Which took him, (by his noble valour shown,
In that day's mighty work) and was preserv'd
With all the grace and honour he deserv'd.

[16] Edmond earl of Stafford, constable of England.

Worc'ster [17] (who had escap'd unhappily
His death in battle) on a scaffold dies,
The next day after, in the company
Of other chiefest of that enterprise.
And so the tempest of this mutiny
Became allay'd; and those great jeopardies
Blown over in this sort, the coasts well clear'd,
But for one threatning cloud that yet appear'd.

Northumberland recover'd, still outstands;
The principal of this great family
And faction: having Berwick in his hands,
With other holds: strong by confed'racy
With Scotland; mighty by his own command,
And likely now his utmost pow'r to try,
T' avenge him on the ruin of his blood,
And join with Wales, which yet unlapsted stood.

Which moy'd the king, (who had too much endur'd
In this day's work, to hazard new again)
By all the aptest means could be procur'd,
To lay to draw him in by any train,
And write he did, and vow'd, and him assur'd
(Upon his princely word) to entertain
With former grace, if he would but submit,
And come to yield th' obedience that was fit.

The earl being now by this defeat dismay'd,
(And fearing his confederates would fail,
With fortune, and betray, rather than aid
Those who are down; *being for their own avail*)
Relying on his sov'reign's oath, obey'd;
Which with his tender griefs did much prevail:
And in he came, and had no detriment,
But (for a show) some short imprisonment.

The parli'ment that afterward ensu'd,
Restor'd him t' all his dignities and lands.
And now none but the Welsh seem'd to seclude
The king, from having wholly in his hands
All peace within: and them he had pursu'd,
Whilst this brave army, with those ready hands,
Were yet on foot; could he but have got pay
To hold them, and his charge of war defray.

But that he could not gain, though all the ways
That might be wrought, he labours to procure
Means to effect the same. But those delays,
And long protraction, which he must endure
By way of parli'ment, so much betrays
The opportunity, that might secure
His undertaking; as th' occasion lost,
Drave both the state and him to greater cost.

For now the rebel [18], thus forborn, grows strong,
Both in his reputation and success:
For having with his pow'r held out so long,
Many adventure with more forwardness
To yield him aid, and to support his wrong.
And foreign princes (in his business
Whom he solicits) now will lend their hand
To hold him up, seeing himself can stand.

[17] Thomas Percy, earl of Worcester, with sir Richard Vernon, and the baron of Kinderton, were taken in the battle, and beheaded.

[18] The French king sends aid to Owen Glendour, with one hundred and forty ships, which landed at Milford Haven, an. reg. 6.

And thus he prospers: whilst the king here spent
Much time to levy treasure [19], to maintain
His charge abroad: which, with that discontent,
That murmur, those denials, he doth gain;
As that he finds it ev'n as turbulent
To war for it, as with it, all his reign;
Though he had those enforcements of expense,
Both for offence, retainments, and defence.

For here beside these troubles in the land,
His large dominions hold abroad require
A plentiful, and a prepared hand,
To guard them; where so mighty men [20] aspire
T' assail, distract, and trouble his command,
With hopes and promises, with sword and fire.
And then as deep imports his coasts to clear,
Which by his neighbours much infested were:

The Flemings, Britains, with the French and all,
Attempt incursions, and work much despite.
Orleans for Guien: and here the count St. Paul [21]
For Calais labours, and the isle of Wight:
Wherein though neither had success at all;
Yet Cler'mont overcame, and won by fight
Important holds in Gascony the while,
And did the English much distress and spoil.

All which require provisions to withstand;
And all are succour'd with great providence.
A navy, to secure the seas, is mann'd;
And forces sent to Calais [22], for defence.
And wherein other parts defective stand,
They are supply'd with careful diligence:
So that his subjects could not but well know,
That what they granted, he did sure bestow.

Nor did he spare himself, nor his; but (bent
All-wholly unto active worthiness)
The prince of Wales unto his province sent,
Where he was sure he should not take his ease:
His second son is with the earl of Kent,
Employ'd as governor to keep the seas.
A third [23], though very young, likewise sent forth
With Westmerland, attends unto the north.

Thus were they bred, who after were to be
Men amongst men. Here, with these grave adjoints,
(These learned masters) they were taught to see
Themselves, to read the world, and keep their points.
Thus were they entred in the first degree
(And accidence) of action; which acquaints
Them with the rules of worth and nobleness;
Which in true concord they learn'd well t' express.

And whilst h' attends the state thus carefully,
The earl of March's children are convey'd
Out of the tow'r of Windsor secretly;
Being pris'ners there not for their merit laid,
But for their blood; and to the end whereby
This chain of nature might be interlaid
Between the father and his high intents,
To hold him back, to save these innocents.

For which attempt, (though it were frustrated
By their recov'ry, who were got again)
Aumarle (now duke of York) is challenged
By his own sister [24], to have laid that train;
Who late her lord (with others) ruined,
In secretly betraying them, t' obtain
His grace and peace—which yet contents him not:
For who hath grace and peace by treason *got*?

So much did love t' her executed lord
Predominate in this fair lady's heart,
As in that region it would not afford
Nature a place to rest in any part
Of her affections; but that she abhorr'd
Her proper blood, and left to do the part
Of sisterhood, to do that of a wife;
T' avenge a husband's death, by brother's life.

Upon which accusation, presently
The duke committed is, without much stir
Or vulgar noise: for that it tenderly
Did touch the secret'st wounds of Lancaster:
When straight another new conspiracy [25].
(As if it were a certain successor,
Ally'd to this) engender'd in the north,
Is by the archbishop Scroope with pow'r brought forth.

And with fair zeal and piety approv'd,
To be for th' universal benefit
And succour of the people; who (soon mov'd
By such persuaders as are held upright,
And for their zeal and charity belov'd)
Use not t' examine if the cause be right,
But leap into the toil, and are undone
By following them that they rely'd upon.

[19] An. reg. 6. With much ado, the laity granted two fifteenths, upon condition that the lord Furnival should receive all the money, and see it to be spent in the king's wars.

[20] The duke of Orleans, with an army of six thousand men, entred into Guienne, and besieged Vergi the space of three months, and returned without obtaining it. Anno reg. 5. The count Clermont, son to the duke of Bourbon, with monsieur de la Bret, won divers castles in Gascony. The same time the count St. Paul invadeth the isle of Wight with sixteen hundred men.

[21] Anno regni 6. The count St. Paul besiegeth the castle of Mark, within three miles of Calais. The Britains, under the conduct of the lord of Cassils, spoiled and burnt the town of Plimouth.

[22] The king sends four thousand men to Calais, and three thousand to the seas, under the conduct of his second son, Thomas of Lancaster, afterwards duke of Clarence.

[23] John, after duke of Bedford, sent with Ralph Nevil, earl of Westmorland, into the north.

[24] The lady Spencer, sister to Edward duke of York, late wife to Thomas lord Spencer, (executed at Bristol, an. reg. 1.) accused her brother to be the chief author of conveying away the earl of March's sons out of the tower of Windsor.

[25] Henry Piercy, earl of Northumberland, again conspires against the king; with Richard Scroope, archbishop of York; Thomas Mowbray, earl marshal; Thomas lord Bardolph, and others. They assembled the citizens of York, with the country adjoining, to take their part, for the commodity of the realm.

Here new aspersions, with new obloquies,
Are laid on old deserts; and future ill
On present sufferings brutted to arise,
That further grievances [26] engender will.
And then conclussion, rapine, pillories,
Their catalogue of accusations fill:
Which to redress, they do presume to make
Religion to avow the part they take.

And ev'n as Canterbury did produce
A pardon, to advance him to the crown;
The like now York [27] pronounces, to induce
His faction for the pulling of him downe
Whilst th' ignorant, deceiv'd by this abuse,
Makes others' ends to be as if their own.
But what would these have done against the crimes,
Oppressions, riots, wastes of other times?

Since now they had a monarch, and a man,
Rais'd by his worth, and by their own consent,
To govern them; and works the best he can,
T' advance the crown, and give the state content;
Commits not all to others care, nor ran
An idle course, or on his minions spent.
"But thus the horse at first bites at the bit,
That after is content to play with it."

Grown to a mighty pow'r (attending now
Northumberland, with his prepared aid)
The bishop (by a parle) is, with a show
Of combination, cunningly betray'd
By Westmorland [28]; whose wit did overthrow
(Without a sword) all these great fears, and stay'd
The mightiest danger that did ever yet
Thy crown and state, disturbed Henry, threat.

For which this rev'rend priest [29] with Mowbray dies;
Who both drawn on with passion of despite,
To undertake this fatal enterprise,
(The one his brother's bloodshed to requite;
The other for his father's injuries)
Did wrong themselves, and did not others right.
"For who through th' eyes of their affections look,
And not of judgment, thus are overtook."

Whereof when news came to Northumberland [30],
(Who seldom other than of misery
Seems born to hear; being ever behind hand
With Fortune, and his opportunity)
To Scotland flies; where given to understand
Of some entrapment by conspiracy,

Gets into Wales; whence he adventured
T' attempt another day, and lost his head.

Whereby once more those parts are quieted;
When as the king [31] (who never had his brow
Seen free from sweat, nor heart from trouble rid)
Was, with suspicion that his son grew now
Too popular, and forward, so much fell
By wicked instruments, (who well knew how
To gain by princes fears) as he thereby
Fell in his grief to great extremity.

Which when that virtuous prince (who born to be
The model of a glorious monarch) heard,
With humble protestations did so free
His father's fears, and his own honour clear'd,
As that he plainly made the world to see,
How base detraction and deceit appear'd;
And that a heart so nobly built, could not
Contain (within) a thought that wore a blot.

Wherewith the king betakes him to some peace;
Yet to a peace much like a sick man's sleep,
(Whose unrelenting pains do never cease,
But always watch upon his weakness keep)
That never any sabbath of release
Could free his travels, and afflictions deep:
But still his cares held working all his life,
Till Death concludes a final end with strife.

Whose herald, Sickness, being employ'd before,
With full commission to denounce his end;
And pain and grief enforcing more and more,
Besieg'd the hold that could not long defend;
Consuming so all that resisting store
Of those provisions Nature deign'd to lend,
As that the walls (worn thin) permit the mind
To look out thorough, and his frailty find.

For now (as if those vapours vanish'd were,
Which heat of boiling blood and health did breed,
To cloud the judgment) things do plain appear
In their own colours, as they are indeed;
When as th' illightened soul discovers clear
Th' abusive shows of sense, and notes with heed
How poor a thing is pride; "When all, as slaves,
Differ but in their fetters, not their graves."

And lying on his last, afflicted bed,
Pale Death and Conscience both before him stand;
Th' one holding out a book, wherein he read
In bloody lines the deeds of his own hand:
The other shows a glass, which figured
An ugly form of foul corrupted sand;
Both bringing horrour in the high'st degree,
With *what* he was, and *what* he soon should be.

Which seeing, (all trembling and confus'd with fear,
He lay awhile amaz'd with this affright:
At last commands some that attending were,
To fetch the crown, and set it in his sight:
On which with fixed eye, and heavy cheer,
Casting a look—"O God," saith he, "what right

[26] They divulge grievous articles against the king.

[27] The archbishop of York offers pardon to all that take their part against the king.

[28] The earl of Westmorland, with John duke of Lancaster, gathered an army against the conspirators; whose power being too great for them, the earl made semblance to join with the archbishop, for redress of such grievances as he pretended; and so circumvented, and disfurnished him of his forces, anno. reg. 6.

[29] The archbishop was brother to William Scroope, earl of Wiltshire, treasurer of England, before beheaded.

Thomas Mowbray, earl marshal, son to the duke of Norfolk, banished about the quarrel with Henry Bolingbroke.

[30] The earl of Northumberland, returning out of Wales, recovers new forces in Yorkshire; and is, with the lord Bardolph, overcome at Brainham Moor, and slain in the battle, anno regni 9.

[31] The king grows jealous of his son Henry, prince of Wales; who, with a better mind than fashion, came to his father, and cleared himself, anno regni 13.

I had to thee, I now in grief conceive:
Thee—which with blood I held! with horrour leave!"

And herewithal, the soul (rapt with the thought
Of mischiefs past) did so attentive weigh
These present terrours, whilst (as if forgot)
The dull oppressed body senseless lay;
That he as breathless quite, quite dead is thought:
When lo! the son comes in, and takes away
This fatal crown from thence; and out he goes,
As if impatient longer time to lose.

To whom (call'd back for this presumptuous deed)
The king, return'd from out his ecstasy,
Began—"O son, what need'st thou make such
To be before-hand with thy misery? [speed,
Thou shalt have time enough, if thou succeed,
To feel the storms that beat on dignity.
And if thou could'st but be (be any thing)
In liberty, then never be a king."

"Nay, father, since your fortune did attain
So high a stand; I mean not to descend,"
Replies the prince. "As if what you did gain,
I were of spirit unable to defend.
Time will appease them well, who now complain,
And ratify our int'rest in the end.
What wrong hath not continuance quite out-worn?
Years make that right, which never was so born."

"If so, God work his pleasure," said the king:
"Yet thou must needs contend with all thy might,
Such evidence of virtuous deeds to bring,
That well may prove our wrong to be our right.
And let the goodness of the managing
Rase out the blot of foul attaining quite;
That discontent may all advantage miss,
To wish it otherwise than now it is.

"And since my death my purpose doth prevent,
Touching this *holy war*, I took in hand,
(An action wherewithal my soul had meant
T' appease my God, and reconcile my land)
To thee is left to finish my intent;
Who, to be safe, must never idly stand:
But some great actions entertain, thou still,
To hold their minds, who else will practise ill.

"Thou hast not that advantage by my reign,
To riot it, as they whom long descent
Hath purchas'd love by custom: but with pain
Thou must contend to buy the world's content.
What their birth gave them thou hast yet to gain,
By thine own virtues and good government:
So that unless thy worth confirm the thing,
Thou never shalt be father to a king.

"Nor art thou born in those calm days, where rest
Hath brought asleep sluggish security:
But in tumultuous times, where minds address'd
To factions, are inur'd to mutiny;
A mischief, not by force to be suppress'd,
Where rigour still begets more enmity.
Hatred must be beguil'd with some new course,
Where states are stiff, and princes doubt their force."

This, and much more, affliction would have said,
Out of th' experience of a troublous reign,
(For which his high desires had dearly paid
The int'rest of an ever-toiling pain)
But that this all-subduing pow'r here stay'd
His falt'ring tongue [2]; and pain (t' enforce 't again)
Barr'd up the oppressed passages of breath,
To bring him quite under the state of death.

In whose possession I must leave him now;
And now into the ocean of new toils,
Into the stormy main (where tempests grow
Of greater ruins, and of greater spoils)
Set forth my course (to hasten on my vow)
O'er all the troublous deep of these turmoils.
And if I may but live t' attain the shore
Of my desired end, I wish no more.

THE

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Henry the Fifth cuts off his enemy,
The earl of Cambridge, that conspir'd his death.
Henry the Sixth, (marry'd unluckily)
His, and his country's glory ruineth.
Suffolk, that made the match, preferr'd too high;
Going t' exile, a pirate murthereth.
What means the duke of York observ'd, to gain
The world's good-will, seeking the crown t' attain.

Close smother'd lay the low depressed fire,
Whose after-issuing flames confounded all,
The whilst victorious Henry [1] did conspire
The wreck of France, that at his feet did fall:
Whilst joys of gotten spoils, and new desire
Of greater gain, to greater deeds did call
His conq'ring troops; that could no thoughts retain,
Save thoughts of glory, all that active reign.

Whom here, methinks, (as if he did appear
Out of the cloudy darkness of the night)
I do behold approach with martial cheer,
And with a dreadful (and yet lovely) sight:
Whose eye gives courage, and whose brow hath fear,
Both representing terrour and delight;
And stays my course, and off my purpose breaks;
And in upbraiding words thus fiercely speaks.

"Ungrateful times! that impiously neglect
That worth, that never times again shall show.
What! merits all our toil no more respect?
Or else stands Idleness asham'd to know
Those wondrous actions, that do so object
Blame to the wanton, sin unto the slow?
Can England see the best that she can boast
Lie thus ungrac'd, undeck'd, and almost lost?

[2] Anno dom. 1412, the king died in the 46th year of his age, when he had reigned 13 years 5 months, and left four sons: Henry, after him, king; the duke of Clarence, John duke of Bedford, and Humphrey duke of Glocester.

[1] Henry V. began his reign, March 20, 1412.

" Why do you seek for feigned Palladines,
(Out of the smoke of idle vanity)
Who may give glory to the true designs
Of Bourchier, Talbot, Nevile, Willoughby?
Why should not you strive to fill up your lines,
With wonders of your own, with verity?
T' inflame their offspring with the love of good,
And glorious true examples of their blood.

" What everlasting matter here is found,
Whence new immortal Iliads might proceed!
That those whose happy graces do abound
In blessed accents, here may have to feed
Good thoughts, on no imaginary ground
Of hungry shadows, which no profit breed;
Whence, music-like, instant delight may grow;
Yet when men all do know, they nothing know.

" And why dost thou, in lamentable verse,
Nothing but bloodshed, treason, sin, and shame,
The worst of times, th' extreme of ill rehearse;
To raise old stains, and to renew dead blame?
As if the minds of th' evil and perverse,
Were not far sooner trained from the same,
By good example of fair virtuous acts,
Than by the show of foul ungodly facts.

" Would God our times had had some sacred wight,
Whose words as happy as our swords had been,
To have prepar'd for us trophies aright
Of undecaying frames t' have rested in;
Triumphant arks of perdurable might:
O holy lines! that such advantage win
Upon the scythe of Time, in spite of years:
How blessed they, who gain what never wears!

" For what is it to do; if what we do
Shall perish near as soon as it is done?
What is that glory we attain unto
With all our toil, if lost as soon as won?
A small requital for so great ado,
Is this poor present breath, a smoke soon gone;
Or those dumb stones, erected for our sake:
Which formless heaps few stormy changes make.

" Tell great Eliza, (since her days are grac'd
With those bright ornaments to us deny'd)
That she repair what darkness hath defac'd,
And get our ruin'd deeds re-edify'd.
She! in whose all-directing eye is plac'd
A pow'r, the highest pow'rs of wit to guide;
She may command the work, and oversee
The holy frame, that might eternal be.

" For would she be content that Time should make
A ravinous prey upon her glorious reign;
That darkness and the night should overtake
So clear a brightness shining without stain?
Ah! no: she fosters some, no doubt, that wake
For her eternity, with pleasing pain
And if she for herself prepare this good,
Let her not so neglect those of her blood."

This that great monarch Henry seem'd to crave:
When (weighing what a holy motive here
Virtue propos'd, and fit for him to have,
Whom all times ought of duty hold most dear)
I sigh'd—and wish'd that some would take t' engrave,
With curious hand, so proud a work to rear,
(To grace the present, and to bless times past,)
That might for ever to our glory last!

So should our well-taught times have learn'd alike,
How fair shin'd virtue, and how foul vice stood;
When now myself am driven to mislike
Those deeds of worth I dare not vow for good:
I cannot moan who lose, nor praise who seek
By mighty actions here t' advance their blood.
I must say, who wrought most, least honour had;
However good the cause, the deeds were bad.

And only tell the worst of ev'ry reign;
And not the intermeddled good report.
I leave what glory virtue did attain
At th' ever-memorable Agincourt,
I leave to tell, what wit, what pow'r did gain,
Th' assieged Roan, Caen, Dreux; or in what sort;
How majesty with terrour did advance
Her conq'ring foot on all-subdued France.

All this I pass; and that magnan'mous king,
Mirror of virtue, miracle of worth;
Whose mighty actions, with wise managing,
Forc'd prouder boasting climes to serve the North:
The best of all the best the Earth can bring,
Scarce equals him in what his reign brought forth;
Being of a mind as forward to aspire,
As fit to govern what he did desire.

His comely body was a goodly seat,
Where Virtue dwelt most fair, as lodg'd most pure:
A body strong; where use of strength did get
A stronger state to do, and to endure.
His life he makes th' example to beget
Like spirit in those he did to good inure;
And gave to Worth such life and livelihood,
As if he greatness sought but to do good.

He, as the chief and all-directing head,
Did with his subjects as his members live;
And them to goodness forced not, but led;
Winning, not much to have, but much to give,
(Deeming the pow'r of his, his pow'r did spread)
As born to bless the world, and not to grieve:
Adorn'd with others' spoils, not subjects' store;
No king exacting less, none winning more.

He, after that corrupted faith had bred
An ill-inur'd obedience for command,
And languishing luxuriousness had spread
Wayward unaptness over all the land;
Those long unorder'd troops so marshalled,
Under such formal discipline to stand,
That ev'n his soul seem'd only to direct
So great a body, such exploits t' effect.

He brings abroad distracted discontent,
Dispers'd ill humours into actions high;
And to unite them all in one consent,
Plac'd the fair mark of glory in their eye;
That Malice had no leisure to dissent,
Nor Envy time to practise treachery.
The present actions do divert the thought
Of madness past, while minds were so well wrought.

Here now were pride, oppression, usury,
(The canker-eating mischiefs of the state)
Call'd forth to prey upon the enemy;
Whilst the home-burthen'd better lighten'd sat.
Exactors did not with a greedy eye
Examine states, or private riches rate.

The silent courts [2] warr'd not with busy words;
Nor wrested law gave the contentious swords.

Now nothing entertains th' attentive ear,
But stratagems, assaults, surprises, fights:
How to give laws to them that conquer'd were;
How to articulate with yielding wights.
The weak with mercy, and the proud with fear,
How to retain; to give deserts their rights;
Were now the arts—And nothing else was thought,
But how to win, and maintain what was got.

Nor here were any privately possess'd,
Or held alone imprison'd majesty;
Proudly debarring entrance from the rest,
As if the prey were theirs by victory.
Here no detractor wounds who merits best;
Nor shameless brow cheers on impiety.
Virtue, who all her toil with zeal had spent,
Not here all unrewarded sighing went.

But here, the equally respecting eye
Of Pow'r, looking alike on like deserts,
Blessing the good, made others' good thereby;
More mighty by the multitude of hearts.
The field of glory unto all doth lie
Open alike; honour to all imparts.
So that the only fashion in request,
Was, to be good, or good-like as the rest.

So much, O thou Example, dost effect,
(Being far a better master than Command [3])
That how to do, by doing dost direct,
And teachest others action by thy hand.
"Who follows not the course that kings elect?
When princes work, who then will idle stand?
And when that doing good is only thought
Worthy reward; who will be bad for nought?"

And had not th' earl of Cambridge [4], with vain speed,
Untimely practis'd for another's right,
With hope t' advance those of his proper seed,
(On whom the rule seem'd destined to light)
The land had seen none of her own to bleed,
During this reign, nor no aggrieved sight:
None the least blackness interclouded had
So fair a day, nor any eye look'd sad.

But now when France perceived from afar
The gath'ring tempest growing on from home,
Ready to fall, threatning their state to mar,
They labour all means to provide defence:
And practising how to prevent this war,
And shut out such calamities from thence;
Do foster here some discord lately grown,
To hold ambition busied with her own.

Finding those humours which they saw were fit
Soon to be wrought, and easy to be fed,
Swol'n full with envy, that the crown should sit
There were it did; (as if established)
And whom it touch'd in blood, to grieve at it;
They with such hopes and helps solicited,
That this great earl was drawn t' attempt the thing,
And practiseth how to depose the king.

For being of mighty means to do the deed,
And yet of mightier hopes than means to do;
And yet of spirit that did his hopes exceed;
And then of blood as great, to add thereto:
All these, with what the gold of France could breed,
(Being pow'rs enough a climbing mind to woo)
He so employ'd, that many he had won
Ev'n of the chief [5] the king relyed upon.

The well-known right of th' earl of March allur'd
A leaning love; whose cause he did pretend:
Whereby he knew that so himself procur'd
The crown for his own children in the end.
For the earl being (as he was assur'd)
Unapt for issue; it must needs descend
On those of his, being next of Clarence race,
As who by course of right should hold the place.

It was the time when as the forward prince
Had all prepar'd for his great enterprise [6];
And ready stand his troops to part from hence,
And all in stately form and order lies;
When open Fame gives out intelligence
Of these bad complots of his enemies.
Or else this time of purpose chosen is;
Though known before, yet let run on till this.

That this might yield the more to aggravate
Upon so foul a deed untimely sought,
Now at this point t' attempt to ruinate
So glorious a design so forward brought;
Whilst careful virtue seeks t' advance the state,
And for her everlasting honour sought:
That though the cause seem'd right, and title strong,
The time of doing it yet makes it wrong.

But straight an unlamented death he had.
And straight were joyfully the anchors weigh'd,
And all flock fast aboard with visage glad;
As if the sacrifice had now been paid
For their good speed, that made their stay so sad,
Loathing the least occasion that delay'd.
And now new thoughts, great hopes, calm seas, fair winds,
With present action entertain their minds.

No other cross, O Henry, saw thy days
But this, that touch'd thy now possessed hold;
Nor after long, till this man's son [7] assays
To get of thine the right that he controll'd;
For which contending long, his life he pays.
So that it fatal seem'd, the father should

[2] The courts of justice.

[3] .....Docet tolerare labores; non jubet.

[4] Richard earl of Cambridge, the second son to Edmund Langley, duke of York; married Anne, the daughter of Roger Mortimer, earl of March, descended from Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son to king Edward III. By whose right, Richard duke of York, son to this earl of Cambridge, afterwards claimed the crown.

[5] The earl of Cambridge conspiring the death of the king, was, with Henry Scroope, lord treasurer, and sir Thomas Grey, executed at Southampton, anno 3. regni.

[6] At Southampton.

[7] Richard duke of York, son to the earl of Cambridge, by Anne, daughter to the earl of March, made his claim in the 30th year of Henry VI.

Thy winning seek to stay; and then his son
Should be the cause to lose, when thou had'st won.

Yet now in this so happy a meanwhile,
And interlightning times thy virtues wrought,
That Discord had no leisure to defile
So fair attempts with a tumultuous thought:
And ev'n thyself thyself did'st so beguile
With such attention upon what was sought,
That time affords not now (with fear or hate)
Others to seek, thee to secure thy state.

Or else how easy had it been for thee,
All the pretendant race t' have laid full low?
If thou proceeded had'st with cruelty,
Not suff'ring any fatal branch to grow,
But unsuspicious magnanimity
Shames such effects of fear and force to show;
Busied in free and open actions, still
Being great—for being good, hates to be ill.

And yet such wrongs are held meet to be done,
And often for the state thought requisite;
As when the public good depends thereon,
When great injustice is esteem'd great right.
But yet, what good with doing ill is won?
Who hath of blood made such a benefit,
As hath not fear'd more after than before;
And made his peace the less, his plague the more?

Far otherwise dealt this undaunted king,
That cherished the offspring of his foes,
And his competitors to grace did bring;
And them his friends for arms and honours chose:
As if plain courses were the safest thing,
Where upright goodness sure and stedfast goes;
Free from that subtle mask'd impiety,
Which this depraved world calls *policy*.

Yet how hath Fate dispos'd of all this good?
What have these virtues after-times avail'd?
In what stead hath high-raised valour stood,
When this continuing cause of greatness fail'd?
Then when proud grown the irritated blood,
Enduring not itself, itself assail'd;
As though that Prowess had but learn'd to spill
Much blood abroad, to cut her throat with skill.

How doth th' Eternal, in the course of things,
Immix the causes both of good and ill?
That thus th' one effects of th' other brings;
As what seems made to bliss, is born to spill?
What! from the best of virtues, glory, springs
That which the world with misery doth fill?
Is th' end of happiness but wretchedness?
Hath sin his plague, and virtue no success?

Either that is not good the world holds good;
Or else is so confus'd with ill, that we
(Abused with th' appearing likelihood)
Run to offend, whilst we think good to be:
Or else the Heavens made man (in furious blood)
To torture man; allotting no course free
From mischief long. Sending fair days, that breed
But storms; to make more foul times that succeed.

Who would have thought that so great victories,
Such conquests, riches, land, and kingdom gain'd,
Could not but have establish'd in such wise
This powerful state, in state to have remain'd?
Who would have thought that mischief could devise
A way, so soon to lose what was attain'd?
As if pow'r were but show'd to grieve, not grace,
And to reduce us into far worse case.

With what contagion, France, did'st thou infect
This land, by thee made proud, to disagree
T' enrage them so, their own swords to direct
Upon themselves, that were made sharp in thee?
Why did'st thou teach them here at home t' erect
Trophies of their blood, which of thine should be?
Or was the date of thine affliction out;
And so (by course) was ours to come about?

But that untimely death of this great king,[8]
Whose nine years reign so mighty wonders wrought,
To thee thy hopes, to us despair did bring;
Not long to keep and govern what was got.
For those that had th' affairs in manging,
Although their country's good they greatly sought;
Yet so ill accidents unfitly fell,
That their designs could hardly prosper well.

An infant king[9] doth in the state succeed,
Scarce one year old, left unto others' guide:
Whose careful trust, though such as show'd indeed
They weigh'd their charge more than the world beside;
And did with duty, zeal, and love proceed;
Yet (for all what their travail could provide)
Could not woo Fortune to remain with us,
When this her minion was departed thus:

But by degrees, first this, then that regain'd,
The turning tide bears back with flowing chance
Unto the Dauphin, all we had attain'd;
And fills the late low-running hopes of France.
When Bedford (who our only hold maintain'd),
Death takes from us; their fortune to advance;
And then home strife, that on itself did fall,
Neglecting foreign care, did soon lose all.

Near threescore years are pass'd since Bolingbroke
Did first attain (God knows how just) the crown:
And now his race, for right possessors took,
Were held of all to hold nought but their own:
When Richard duke of York begins to look
Into their right, and makes his title known;
Wak'ning up sleeping Right, that lay as dead,
To witness how his race was injured.

His father's end, in him no fear could move
T' attempt the like, against the like of might;
Where long possession now of fear and love,
Seem'd to prescribe ev'n an innated right.
So that to prove his state, was to disprove
Time, law, consent, oath and allegiance quite:
And no way but the way of blood there was,
Through which (with all confusion) he must pass.

"And how much better for him had it been,
T' endure a wrong with peace, than with such toil
T' obtain a bloody right?—Since right is sin,
That is ill-sought, and purchased with spoil."
But this so wretched state are kingdoms in,
Where one man's cause shall all the rest embroil:

[8] Henry V. reigned nine years and ten months, and died in the 36th year of his age.

[9] Henry VI. scarce one year old when he began his reign, was committed to the charge of the two good dukes, Bedford and Gloucester, his uncles.

" And oft'n advance a tyrant to a crown,
Men run t' undo the state that is their own."

And yet that opportunity which led
Him to attempt, seem'd likewise him t' excuse:
A feeble-spirited king that govern'd,
Who ill could guide the sceptre he did use;
His enemies, that his worth maliced,
Who both the land and him did much abuse:
The people's love; and his apparent right,
May seem sufficient motives to incite.

Besides, the now ripe wrath (deferr'd till now)
Of that sure and unfailing Justicer,
That never suffers wrong so long to grow,
And to incorporate with right so far,
As it might come to seem the same in show,
(T' encourage those that evil-minded are
By such success) but that at last he will
Confound the branch, whose root was planted ill.

Else might the impious say, with grudging spite,
" Doth God permit the great to riot free,
And bless the mighty though they do unright,
As if he did unto their wrongs agree?
And only plague the weak and wretched wight,
For smallest faults, ev'n in the high'st degree?
When he, but using them for others' scourge,
Likewise of them at length the world doth purge.

" But could not yet for bloodshed satisfy
The now well-ruling of th' ill-gotten crown?
Must ev'n the good receive the penalty
Of former sins, that never were their own?
And must a just king's blood (with misery)
Pay for a bad, unjustly overthrown?
Well—then we see, Right in his course must go:
And meh, t' escape from blood must keep it so."

And sure this king that now the crown possess'd,
(Henry the Sixth) was one whose life was free
From that command of vice, whereto the rest
Of most these mighty sovereigns subjects be;
And number'd might have been among the best
Of other men, if not of that degree.
A right good man, but yet an evil king;
Unfit for what he had in managing.

Of humble spirit, of nature continent;
No thought t' increase he had; scarce keep his own:
For pard'ning apter than for punishment;
He chokes his pow'r, to have his bounty known.
Far from revenge; soon won; soon made content;
As fitter for a cloister than a crown:
Whose holy mind so much addicted is
On th' world to come, that he neglecteth this.

With such a weak-good, feeble-godly king,
Hath Richard duke of York his cause to try;
Who by th' experience of long managing
The wars of France with supreme dignity;
And by his own great worth, with furthering
The common good against the enemy;
Had wrought, that zeal and love attend his might,
And make his spirit equal to his right.

For now the duke of Bedford being dead,
He is ordain'd the regent [10] to succeed
In France, for five years: where he travailed
With ready hand, and with as careful heed,
To seek to turn back fortune, (that now fled)
And hold up falling pow'r in time of need:
And got and lost; and re-attains again,
That which again was lost for all his pain.

His time expir'd, he should for five years more
Have had his charge prolong'd: but Somerset [11],
That still had envy'd his command before,
That place and honour for himself did get:
Which adds that matter to th' already store
Of kindled hate, which such a fire doth set,
Unto the touch of a confounding flame,
As both their bloods could never quench the same.

And now the weakness of that feeble head
(That doth neglect all care, but his soul's care)
So easy means of practice ministred
Unto th' ambitious members, to prepare
Their own desires to what their humours led;
That all good actions coldly followed are,
And sev'ral-tending hopes do wholly bend
To other now than to the public end.

And to draw on more speedy misery,
The king unto a fatal match is led,
With Rayner's [12] daughter, king of Sicily;
Whom, with unlucky stars, he married.
For by the means of this affinity,
Was lost all that his father conquered;
Ev'n as if France had some Erynnis sent,
T' avenge their wrongs done by the insolent.

This marriage was the earl of Suffolk's [13] deed,
With great rewards won to effect the same;
Which made him that he took so little heed
Unto his country's good, or his own shame:
It being a match could stand us in no stead,
For strength, for wealth, for reputation, fame:
But cunningly contriv'd for others' gain;
And cost us more than Anjou, Mons, and Main.

And yet (as if he had accomplished
Some mighty benefit unto the land)
He got his travails to be regist'red
In parliament, for evermore to stand
A witness to approve all what he did;
To th' end that if hereafter it were scann'd,
Authority might yet be on his side,
As doing nought but what was ratify'd.

Imagining th' allowance of that place
Would make that good, the which he knew was
naught;
And so would his negotiation grace,
As none might think it was his private fault.
Wherein though wit dealt wary in this case,
Yet in the end itself it over-wrought:

[10] The duke of York made regent in France, after the death of the duke of Bedford.

[11] Edmund duke of Somerset, a great enemy of the duke of York.

[12] This Rayner was duke of Anjou, and only enjoyed the title of king of Sicily.

[13] William de la Pole, earl of Suffolk, after created duke of Suffolk, the chiefest instrument in this marriage; which was solemnized anno regni 23, between the king, and the lady Margaret, daughter to Rayner duke of Anjou; to whom was delivered up the duchy of Anjou, and the county of Main, upon the conclusion of this match.

Striving to hide, he open'd it the more;
His after-care show'd craft had gone before.

Dear did'st thou buy, O king, so fair a wife,
So rare a spirit, so high a mind the while;
Whose portion was destruction, dowry strife;
Whose bed was sorrow, whose embracing spoil:
Whose maintenance cost thee and thine their life;
And whose best comfort never was but toil.
What Paris brought this booty of desire,
To set our mighty Ilium here on fire?

I grieve I should be forc'd to say thus much,
To blame her, whom I yet must wonder at;
Whose so sweet beauty, wit, and worth were such,
As (though she fortune lost) she glory gat.
Yet doth my country's zeal so nearly touch,
That here my Muse it doth exasperate;
Although unwilling that my pen should give
Stain to that sex, by whom her fame doth live.

For sure those virtues well deserv'd a crown:
And had it not been ours, no doubt she might
Have been among the worthies of renown,
And now sat fair with fame, with glory bright.
But coming in the way where sin was grown
So foul and thick, it was her chance to light
Amidst the gross infection of those times;
And so came stain'd with black, disgraceful crimes.

For some the world must have, on whom to lay
The heavy burthen of reproach and blame;
Against whose deeds th' afflicted may inveigh,
As th' only authors whence destruction came:
When yet, perhaps, 't was not in them to stay
The current of that stream, nor help the same;
But living in the eye of action so,
Not hind'ring it, are thought to draw on woe.

So much unhappy do the mighty stand,
Who stand on other than their own defence,
When as destruction is so near at hand;
That if by weakness, folly, negligence,
They do not coming misery withstand,
They shall be deem'd the authors of th' offence;
And to call in that which they kept not out;
And curs'd, as they who brought those plagues about.

And so remain for ever regist'red
In that eternal book of infamy:
When yet how many other causes led
As well to that as their iniquity?
The worst complots oft lie close smothered:
And well-meant deeds fall out unluckily;
Whilst the aggriev'd stand not to weigh th' intent,
But ever judge according to th' event.

I say not this t' excuse thy sin, O queen,
Nor clear their faults who mighty actors are:
I cannot but affirm thy pride [14] hath been
A special means this commonwealth to mar;
And that thy wayward will was plainly seen
In vain ambition to presume too far:
And that by thee the only way was wrought,
The duke of Gloc'ster to his death was brought:

A man, though seeming in thy thought to sit
Between the light of thy desires and thee;
Yet did his taking thence plainly permit
Others to look to that they could not see
During his life, nor would adventure it;
When his remove quite made that passage free;
That by his fall thinking to stand alone,
Thou scarce could'st stand at all when he was gone.

For this duke (as protector) many years
Had rul'd the land, during the king's young age;
And now the self-same charge and title bears,
As if he still were in his pupilage:
Which such disgrace unto the queen appears,
That (all incens'd with an ambitious rage)
She doth conspire to have him made away,
As one that stay'd the current of her sway.

Thrust thereinto not only with her pride,
But by her father's counsel and consent;
Who griev'd likewise that any one beside
Should have the honour of the government:
And therefore he such deep advice apply'd,
As foreign craft and cunning could invent,
To circumvent an unsuspecting wight,
Before he should discern of their despite.

And many ready hands she straight doth find
To aid her deed, of such as could not brook
The length of one man's office in that kind;
Who all th' especial charges undertook,
Rul'd all himself; and never had the mind
T' impart a part with others, who would look
To have likewise some honour in their hands,
And griev'd at such engrossing of commands.

For had he not had such a greedy love [15]
To entertain his offices too long,
Envy had been unable to reprove
His acted life, unless she did him wrong.
But having liv'd so many years above,
He grieves now to descend, to be less strong;
And kills that fame that virtue did beget,
Chose to be held less good, than seen less great.

"For could the mighty but give bounds to pride,
And weigh back Fortune ere she pull them down;
Contented with enough, with honour satisfy'd;
Not striving how to make so much their own,
As to leave nothing for the rest beside;
Who seem by their high spreading overgrown,
Whilst they themselves remain in all men's sight,
The odious mark of hatred and despite:

"Then never should so many tragedies
Burthen our knowledge with their bloody end:
Nor their disgrac'd, confounded families,
From so high pride to so low shame descend;
But planted on that ground where safety lies,
Their branches should t' eternity extend.
But ever they who overlook so much,
Will oversee themselves, their state is such."

[14] The pride and haughtiness of this queen, Margaret, gave the first original to the mischiefs that followed, by the death of Humphrey duke of Glocester, protector.

[15] Nil tam utile, quàm brevem potestatem esse quæ magna sit.

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Severe he[16] was, and strictly did observe
Due form of justice towards every wight;
Unmoveable, and never won to swerve
For any cause, in what he thought was right:
Wherein although he did so well deserve,
In the licentious yet it bred despite;
" So that ev'n Virtue seems an actor too,
To ruin those Fortune prepares t' undo."

Now such being forward, who (the queen well knew)
Hated his might, and glad to innovate;
Unto so great and strong a party grew,
As it was easy to subvert a state:
And only hope of alteration drew
Many to yield, that had no cause to hate.
" For ev'n with goodness men grow discontent,
Where states are ripe to fall, and virtue spent."

And taking all the rule into her hand,
(Under the shadow of that feeble king)
The duke sh' excludes from office and command;
And in the reach of enmity doth bring,
From that respected height where he did stand,
(When Malice scarce durst mutter any thing)
And now the worst of him comes all reveal'd,
Which former fear, or rigour kept conceal'd.

Now is he taxed that he rather sought
His private profit than the public good;
And many things presumptuously had wrought,
Other than with our laws and customs stood:
As one that would into the land have brought
The civil form, in cases touching blood:
And such poor crimes—that show'd their spite was sound;
But yet bewray'd their matter wanted ground.

Yet serv'd they well the turn, and did effect
That which is easy wrought in such a case;
Where what suborned justice shall object,
Is to the purpose, and must pass with grace;
And what the wretched bring, of no effect;
Whose heinous faults his matter must deface.
" For where pow'r hath decreed to find th' offence,
The cause is better still than the defence."

A parliament at Berry summoned,
Dispatch'd the deed more speedily than well.
For thither came the duke[17] without all dread,
Or ought imagining of what befell:
Where now the matter is so followed,
That he convented is, ere he could tell
He was in danger, or had done offence;
And presently to prison sent from thence.

Which quick and sudden action gave no time
For men to weigh the justice of the deed;
Whilst looking only on the urged crime,
Unto the further drift they take no heed.
For these occasions taken in the prime
Of courses new, that old dislikes succeed,
Leave not behind that feeling touch of wrong.
" Satiety makes passions still less strong."

And yet they seem'd some mutiny to doubt,
For thus proceeding with a man of might;
Consid'ring he was popular and stout,
And resolute would stand upon his right:
And therefore did they cast this way about,
To have him closely murder'd out of sight;
That so his trouble, and his death hereby,
Might come together, and together die.

Reck'ning it better, since his end is meant,
And must be wrought, at once to rid it clear,
And put it to the fortune of th' event,
Than by long doing to be long in fear:
When in such courses of high punishment,
The deed and the attempt like danger bear.
And oft things done (perhaps) do less annoy,
Than may the doing handled with delay.

And so they had it straight accomplished.
For next day after his commitment, he
Is dead brought forth, being found so in his bed;
Which was by sudden sickness said to be,
That had upon his sorrows newly bred,
As by apparent tokens men might see.
" And thus, O Sickness, thou art oft bely'd,
When Death hath many ways to come beside."

Are these the deeds high foreign wits invent?
Is this that wisdom whereof they so boast?
Well;—then I would it never had been spent
Here amongst us, nor brought from out their coast.
Let their vile cunning, in their limits pent,
Remain amongst themselves that like it most:
And let the North (they count of colder blood)
Be held more gross, so it remain more good.

Let them have fairer cities, goodlier soils,
And sweeter fields for beauty to the eye,
So long as they have these ungodly wiles,
Such detestable, vile impiety.
And let us want their vines, their fruits the whiles,
So that we want not faith and honesty.
We care not for those pleasures; so we may
Have better hearts, and stronger hands than they.

Neptune, keep out from thy embraced isle
This foul contagion of iniquity;
Drown all corruptions, coming to defile
Our fair proceedings, order'd formally.
Keep us mere English: let not craft beguile
Honour and justice, with strange subtilty:
Let us not think how that our good can frame,
Which ruin'd hath the authours of the same.

But by this impious means, that worthy man
Is brought unto this lamentable end:
And now that current with main fury ran
(The stop remov'd that did the course defend)
Unto the full of mischief, that began
T' an universal ruin to extend;
That isthmus failing, which the land did keep
From the entire possession of the deep.

[16] The virtues of Humphrey duke of Glocester.

[17] The duke of Glocester coming to this parliament from the castle of the Vlez in Wiltshire, was arrested by John lord Beaumont, high constable, the dukes of Buckingham and Somerset, with others; who appointed certain of the king's household to attend upon him: but he died before he was brought to his answer; some say of sorrow, others of a palsy, or an imposthume, an. reg. 25. The duke of Suffolk was a principal instrument in this business.

And now the king alone all open lay,
No under-prop of blood to stay him by:
None but himself stands weakly in the way,
'Twixt York and the affected sov'reignty.
Gone is that bar, that would have been the stay,
T' have kept him back from mounting up so high.
" But see, (ah!) see: what state stand these men in,
That cannot live *without*, nor *with* their kin?"

The queen hath yet by this her full desire;
And now she with her minion Suffolk reigns:
Now she hath all authority entire,
And all affairs unto herself retains.
And only Suffolk [18] is advanced higher;
He is the man rewarded for his pains;
He, that did in her stead most chiefly stand,
And more advanc'd her than he did the land.

Which when they saw who better did expect,
Then they began their errour to descry,
And well perceive that only the defect
Was in their judgment, passion-drawn away;
Found formal rigour fitter to direct,
Than pride and insolent inconstancy.
" Better severity that 's right and just,
Than impotent affections led with lust."

And thereupon in sorrow thus complain:
" What wondrous inconvenience do they feel,
Where as such imbecility doth reign,
As so neglects the care of commonweal?
Wherever one or other doth obtain,
So high a grace thus absolute to deal;
The whilst th' aggrieved subject suffers still
The pride of some predominating will.

" And ever one remov'd, a worse succeeds:
So that the best that we can hope, is war,
Tumults and stirs, that this disliking breeds;
The sword must mend, what insolence doth mar.
For what rebellions, and what bloody deeds
Have ever follow'd where such courses are?
What oft *removes*? what death of counsellors?
What murder? what exile of officers?

" Witness the Spencers, Gavestone, and Vere;
The mighty minions of our feeblest kings;
Who ever subjects to their subjects were,
And only the procurers of these things.
When worthy monarchs, that hold honour dear,
Master themselves and theirs; whichever brings
That universal reverence and respect;
For who weighs him, that doth himself neglect?

" And yet our case is like to be far worse;
Having a king, though not so bent to ill,
Yet so neglecting good, that giving force,
By giving leave doth ill good order kill;
Suffering a violent woman take her course,
To manage all according to her will:
Which how she doth begin, how deeds express,
And what will be the end, ourselves may guess.

Which after follow'd now as they did dread:
Which now the shameful loss of France [19] much grieves,
Which, unto Suffolk is attributed,
As who in all men's sight most hateful lives;
And is accus'd, that he [20] (with lucre led)
Betrays the state, and secret knowledge gives
Of our designs: and all that we did hold,
By his corruption is or lost or sold.

And as he deals abroad, so likewise here
He robs at home the treasury no less;
Here, where he all authorities doth bear,
And makes a *monopoly* of offices.
He is enrich'd; he 's rais'd, and placed near;
And only he gives counsel to oppress.
Thus men object; whilst many, up in arms,
Offer to be revenged of these harms.

The queen perceiving in what case she stood,
To lose her minion, or engage her state;
(After with long contention in her blood,
Love and ambition did the cause debate)
She yields to pride; and rather thought it good
To sacrifice her love unto their hate [21],
Than to adventure else the loss of all;
Which by maintaining him was like to fall.

Yet seeking at the first to temporize,
She tries if that some short imprisonment
Would calm their heat. When that would not suffice,
Then to exile him she must needs consent;
Hoping that time would salve it in such wise,
As yet at length they might become content,
And she again might have him home at last,
When this first fury of their rage was past.

But as he to his judged exile [22] went,
Hard on the shore he comes encountered
By some, that so far off his honour sent,
As put his back-return quite out of dread:
For there he had his rightful punishment,
Though wrongly done; and there he lost his head.
Part of his blood hath Neptune, part the sand;
As who had mischief wrought by sea and land.

[18] De la Pole is created duke of Suffolk, an. reg. 26, and is banished and murthered the next year after.

[19] The dutchy of Normandy was lost in the year 1449, after it had been held thirty years, conquered by Henry V. an. reg. 27.

[20] Articles objected against de la Pole, duke of Suffolk.

[21] At the parliament at Leicester, the lower house besought the king, that such persons as assented to the rendering of Anjou and Main, might be duly punished: of which fact they accused as principals the duke of Suffolk, the lord Say, treasurer of England, with others. Whereupon the king, to appease the commons, sequestered them from their offices and rooms; and after banished the duke for five years.

[22] As the duke was sailing into France, he was encountered with a ship of war appertaining to the duke of Exeter, who took him, and brought him back to Dover; where his head was striken off, and his body left on the sands, anno regni 27.

Whose death when swift-wing'd Fame at full conveyd
To this disturbed queen, misdoubting nought;
Despite and sorrow such affliction laid
Upon her soul, as wondrous passions wrought.
"And art thou Suffolk, thus," said she, "betray'd?
And have my favours thy destruction brought?
Is this their gain whom highness favoureth;
Who chief preferr'd, stand as preferr'd to death?

"O fatal grace! without which, men complain,
And with it perish—what prevails, that we
Must wear the crown, and other men must reign;
And cannot stand to be, that which we be?
Must our own subjects limit and constrain
Our favours, whereas they themselves decree?
Must we our love at their appointment place?
Do we command, and they direct our grace?

"Must they our pow'r thus from our will divide?
And have we might, but must not use our might?
Poor majesty, which other men must guide;
Whose discontent can never look aright.
For evermore we see, those who abide
Gracious in ours, are odious in their sight,
Who would all-mast'ring majesty defeat
Of her best grace; that is, to make men great.

"But well;—we see, although the king be head,
The state will be the heart. This sov'reignty
Is but in place, not pow'r; and governed
By th' equal sceptre of necessity.
And we have seen more princes ruined
By their immod'rate fav'ring privately,
Than by severity in general:
For best he 's lik'd, that is alike to all."

Thus storms this lady, all disquieted;
When as far greater tumults[23] now burst out;
Which close and cunningly were practised,
By such as sought great hopes to bring about.
For up in arms in Kent were gathered
A mighty, insolent, rebellious rout,
Under a dang'rous head; who to deter
The state the more, himself nam'd Mortimer.

The duke of York, that did not idle stand,
(But seeks to work on all advantages)
Had likewise in this course a secret hand,
And hearten'd on their chiefest 'complices;
To try how here the people of the land
Would (if occasion serv'd) be in readiness
To aid that line, if one should come indeed
To move his right, and in due course proceed:

Knowing himself to be the only one
That must attempt the thing, if any should;
And therefore lets the rebel now run on,
With that false name, t' effect the best he could;
To make a way for him to work upon,
Who but on certain ground adventure would.
For if the traitor sped, the gain were his;
If not, yet he stands safe, and blameless is.

T' attempt with others' dangers, not his own,
He counts it wisdom if it could be wrought;
And t' have the humour of the people known,
Was now that which was chiefly to be sought.
For with the best he knew himself was grown
In such account, as made him take no thought;
Having observ'd in those, he meant to prove,
Their wit, their wealth, their carriage, and their love.

With whom, and with his own alliances,
He first begins to open (in some wise)
The right he had; yet with such doubtfulness,
As rather sorrow than his drift descries:
Complaining of his country's wretchedness,
In what a miserable case it lies;
And how much it imports them to provide
For their defence, against this woman's pride.

Then with the discontented he doth deal,
In sounding theirs, not utt'ring his intent;
As being advis'd not so much to reveal,
Whereby they might be made again content:
But when they grieved for the commonweal,
He doth persuade them to be patient,
And to endure,—there was no other course:
Yet so persuades, as makes their malice worse.

And then with such as with the time did run,
In most upright opinion he doth stand;
As one that never cross'd what they begun,
But seem'd to like that which they took in hand:
Seeking all causes of offence to shun,
Praises the rule, and blames the unruly land;
Works so with gifts and kindly offices,
That ev'n of them he serves his turn no less.

Then as for those who were his followers,
(Being all choice men for virtues, or deserts)
He so with grace and benefits prefers,
That he becomes the monarch of their hearts.
He gets the learned for his counsellors,
And cherishes all men of rarest parts:
"To whom good done doth an impression strike
Of joy and love, in all that are alike."

And now by means of th' intermitted war,
Many most valiant men impov'rished,
Only by him fed and relieved are;
Only respected, grac'd, and honoured.
Which let him in unto their hearts so far,
As they by him were wholly to be led.
"He only treads the sure and perfect path
To greatness, who love and opinion hath."

And to have one some certain province his,
As the main body that must work the feat;
Yorkshire he chose, the place wherein he is
By title, livings, and possessions great.
No country he prefers so much as this;
Here hath his bounty her abiding seat;
Here is his justice and relieving hand,
Ready to all that in distress do stand.

What with his tenants, servants, followers, friends,
And their alliances and amities;
All that shire universally attends
His hand, held up to any enterprise.
And thus far Virtue with her pow'r extends;
The rest, touching th' event, in Fortune lies.
With which accomplements so mighty grown,
Forward he tends with hope t' attain a crown.

[23] The commons of Kent assembled themselves in great number; and had to their captain Jack Cade, who named himself Mortimer, cousin to the duke of York; with purpose to redress the abuses of the government.

THE

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The bad success of Cade's rebellion.
York's open practice, and conspiracy:
His coming in; and his submission.
Th' effect of printing, and artillery.
Bourdeaux revolts; craves our protection.
Talbot, defending ours, dies gloriously.
The French wars end—and York begins again;
And at St. Alban's Somerset is slain.

The furious train of that tumultuous rout [1],
Whom close sub-aiding pow'r, and good success,
Had made unwisely proud, and fondly stout,
Thrust headlong on, oppression to oppress;
And now to fulness grown, boldly give out,
That they the public wrongs meant to redress.
"Formless themselves, reforming do pretend;
As if confusion could disorder mend."

And on they march with their false-named head,
Of base and vulgar birth, though noble feign'd;
Who puff'd with vain desires, to London led
His rash, abused troops, with shadows train'd.
When as the king thereof ascertained,
Supposing some small pow'r would have restrain'd
Disorder'd rage; sends with a simple crew,
Sir Humphrey Stafford, whom they overthrew.

Which so increas'd th' opinion of their might,
That much it gave to do, and much it wrought;
Confirm'd their rage, drew on the vulgar wight,
Call'd forth the tim'rous, fresh partakers brought.
For many, though most glad their wrongs to right,
Yet durst not venture their estates for nought:
But seeing the cause had such advantage got,
Occasion makes them stir, that else would not.

So much he errs that scorns, or else neglects
The small beginnings of arising broils;
And censures others, not his own defects,
And with a self-conceit himself beguiles:
Thinking small force will compass great effects,
And spares at first to buy more costly toils:
"When true-observing Providence, in war,
Still makes her foes far stronger than they are."

Yet this good fortune all their fortune marr'd;
"Which fools by helping ever doth suppress:"
For wareless insolence (whilst undebarr'd
Of bounding awe) runs on to such excess,
That following lust, and spoil, and blood so hard,
Sees not how they procure their own distress.
The better, loathing courses so impure,
Rather will like their wounds than such a cure.

For whilst this wild, unreined multitude
(Led with an unforeseeing, greedy mind,
Of an imagin'd good, that did delude
Their ignorance, in their desires made blind)
Ransack the city, and (with hands embru'd)
Run to all outrage in th' extremest kind;
Heaping up wrath and horrour more and more,
They add fresh guilt to mischiefs done before.

And yet seeing all this sorting to no end,
But to their own; no promis'd aid t' appear;
No such partakers as they did attend,
Nor such successes as imagin'd were;
Good men resolv'd the present to defend;
Justice against them, with a brow severe;
Themselves fear'd of themselves; tir'd with excess,
"Found mischief was no fit way to redress."

And as they stand in desp'rate comberment,
Environ'd round with horrour, blood, and shame;
Cross'd of their course, despairing of th' event,
A pardon (that smooth bait for baseness) came;
Which as a snare to catch the impotent, [same:
Being once pronounc'd, they straight embrace the
And as huge snowy mountains melt with heat,
So they dissolv'd with hope, and home they get;

Leaving their captain [2] to discharge alone
The shot of blood, consumed in their heat;
Too small a sacrifice for mischiefs done,
Was one man's breath, which thousands did defeat.
"Unrighteous Death, why art thou but all one
Unto the small offender and the great?
Why art thou not more than thou art, to those
That thousands spoil, and thousands lives do lose?"

This fury passing with so quick an end,
Disclos'd not those that on th' advantage lay;
Who seeing the course to such disorder tend,
Withdrew their foot, asham'd to take that way;
Or else prevented whilst they did attend
Some mightier force, or for occasion's stay:
But what they meant, ill fortune must not tell;
Mischief being oft made good by speeding well.

Put by from this, the duke of York [3] designs
Another course to bring his hopes about;
And with those friends affinity combines
In surest bonds, his thoughts he poureth out;

[1] The commons of Kent, with their leader, Jack Cade, divulge their many grievances: amongst which, that the king was driven to live only on his commons, and other men to enjoy the revenues of the crown; which caused poverty in his majesty, and the great payments of the people, now late granted to the king in parliament. Also they desire, that the king would remove all the false progeny and affinity of the late duke of Suffolk, which be openly known; and them to punish: and to take about his person the true lords of his royal blood; to wit, the mighty prince, the duke of York, late exiled by the traitorous motion of the false duke of Suffolk, and his affinity, &c. Also they crave, that they who contrived the death of the high and mighty prince, Humphrey duke of Glocester, might have punishment.

[2] Anno regni 29.

[3] The duke of York, who at this time was in Ireland, (sent thither to appease a rebellion; which

And closely feels and closely undermines
The faith of whom he had both hope and doubt;
Meaning in more apparent, open course,
To try his right, his fortune, and his force.

Love and alliance had most firmly join'd
Unto his part that mighty family,
The far distended stock of Nevil's kind;
Great by their many-issu'd progeny;
But greater by their worth, that clearly shin'd,
And gave fair light to their nobility;
So that each corner of the land became
Enrich'd with some great worthy of that name.

But greatest in renown doth Warwick sit;
That brave king-maker, Warwick, so far grown
In grace with Fortune, that he governs it,
And monarchs makes; and made, again puts down.
What revolutions his first-moving wit
Here brought about, are more than too well known;
The fatal kindle-fire of those hot days;
Whose worth I may, whose work I cannot praise.

With him, with Richard earl of Salisbury,
Courtney and Brooke, and other his dear friends,
He intimates his mind; and openly
The present bad proceedings discommends;
Laments the state, the people's misery.
And (that which such a pitier seldom mends)
Oppression, that sharp two-edged sword,
That others wounds, and wounds likewise his lord.

"My lords," saith he, "how things are carry'd here,
In this corrupted state, you plainly see;
What burden our abused shoulders bear,
Charg'd with the weight of imbecility:
And in what base account all we appear,
That stand without their grace that all must be;
And who they be, and how their course succeeds,
Our shame reports, and time bewrays their deeds.

"Anjou and Main, (the maim that foul appears;
Th' eternal scar of our dismember'd land)
Guien, all lost; that did three hundred years
Remain subjected under our command.
From whence methinks there sounds unto our ears
The voice of those dear ghosts, whose living hand
Got it with sweat, and kept it with their blood,
To do us (thankless us) their offspring good:

"And seem to cry, 'What! can you thus behold
Their hateful feet upon our graves should tread?
Your fathers' graves; who gloriously did hold
That which your shame hath left recovered?
Redeem our tombs, O spirits too too cold;
Pull back these tow'rs our arms have honoured:
These tow'rs are yours: these forts we built for you:
These walls do bear our names, and are your due.'

"Thus well they may upbraid our wretchlessness,
Whilst we (as if at league with infamy)
Riot away for nought whole provinces;
Give up as nothing worth all Normandy;
Traffic important holds, sell fortresses
So long, that nought is left but misery,
Poor Calais, and these water-walls about,
That basely pound us in from breaking out.

"And (which is worse) I fear we shall in th' end
(Thrown from the glory of invading war)
Be forc'd our proper limits to defend;
Wherever men are not the same they are;
The hope of conquest doth their spirits extend
Beyond the usual pow'rs of valour far.
For more is he that ventureth for more,
Than who fights but for what he had before.

"Put to your hands, therefore, to rescue now
Th' endanger'd state (dear lords) from this disgrace;
And let us in our honour labour how
To bring this scorned land in better case.
No doubt but God our action will allow,
That knows my right, and how they rule the place,
Whose weakness calls up our unwillingness,
As op'ning ev'n the door to our redress.

"Though I protest, it is not for a crown
My soul is mov'd; (yet if it be my right,
I have no reason to refuse mine own)
But only these indignities to right.
And what if God (whose judgments are unknown)
Hath me ordain'd the man; that by my might
My country shall be bless'd? If so it be;
By helping me, you raise yourselves with me."

Those in whom zeal and amity had bred
A fore impression of the right he had,
These stirring words so much encouraged,
That (with desire of innovation mad)
They seem'd to run afore, not to be led,
And to his fire do quicker fuel add:
For where such humours are prepar'd before,
The op'ning them makes them abound the more.

Then counsel take they, fitting their desire:
(For nought that fits not their desire is weigh'd)
The duke[4] is straight advised to retire
Into the bounds of Wales, to levy aid:
Which, under smooth pretence, he doth require;
T' amove such persons as the state betray'd;
And to redress th' oppression of the land;
The charm which weakness seldom doth withstand,

he effected in such sort, as got him and his lineage exceeding love and liking with that people ever after) returning home, and pretending great injuries to be offered him, both whilst he was in the king's service, and likewise upon his landing in North Wales; combines himself with Richard Nevil, earl of Salisbury, second son to Ralph, earl of Westmorland, (whose daughter he had married) and with Richard Nevil (the son) earl of Warwick, with other his especial friends; with whom he consults for the reformation of the government, after he had complained of the great disorders therein: laying the blame, for the loss of Normandy, upon the duke of Somerset; whom, upon his returning thence, he caused to be arrested and committed.

[4] The duke of York raiseth an army in the Marches of Wales, under pretext to remove divers counsellors about the king; and to revenge the manifest injuries done to the commonwealth: and withal he publisheth a declaration of his loyalty, and the wrongs done him by his adversaries; offer-

Ten thousand straight caught with this bait of
Are towards greater look'd-for forces led; [breath,
Whose pow'r the king by all means travaileth,
In their arising to have ruined:
But their preventing head so compasseth,
That all ambushments warily are fled;
Refusing ought to hazard by the way,
Keeping his greatness for a greater day.

And to the city straight directs his course;
The city, seat of kings, and king's chief grace!
Where having found his entertainment worse
By far than he expected in that place;
Much disappointed, draws from thence his force,
And towards better trust marcheth apace;
And down in Kent, (fatal for discontents)
Near to thy banks, fair Thames, doth pitch his tents.

And there, intrench'd, plants his artillery;
Artillery, th' infernal instrument[5]
New brought from Hell, to scourge mortality
With hideous roaring and astonishment.
Engine of horrour! fram'd to terrify
And tear the Earth, and strongest tow'rs to rent:
Torment of thunder! made to mock the skies,
As more of pow'r in our calamities.

If that first fire subtle Prometheus brought,
Stol'n out of Heav'n, did so afflict mankind,
That ever since plagu'd with a curious thought
Of stirring search, could never quiet find;
What hath he done, who now by stealth hath got
Lightning and thunder both, in wondrous kind?
What plague deserves so proud an enterprise?
Tell, Muse; and how it came; and in what wise.

It was the time when fair Europa[6] sat
With many goodly diadems address'd,
And all her parts (in flourishing estate)
Lay beautiful, in order, at their rest.
No swolling member, unproportionate,
Grown out of form, sought to disturb the rest:
The less subsisting by the greaters's might;
The greater by the lesser kept upright.

No noise of tumult ever wak'd them all;
Only perhaps some private jar within,
For titles, or for confines, might befall;
Which ended, soon made better love begin;
But no eruption did in general
Break down their rest with universal sin:
No public shock disjointed this fair frame,
Till Nemesis from out the Orient came;

Fierce Nemesis, mother of Fate and Change!
Sword-bearer of th' eternal Providence!
(That had so long with such afflictions strange
Confounded Asia's proud magnificence,
And brought foul impious Barbarism to range
On all the glory of her excellence)
Turns her stern look at last unto the West,
As griev'd to see on Earth such happy rest.

And for Pandora calleth presently;
Pandora, Jove's fair gift, that first deceiv'd
Poor Epimetheus imbecility,
That thought he had a wondrous boon receiv'd;
By means whereof curious Mortality
Was of all former quiet quite bereav'd:
To whom being come, deck'd with all qualities,
The wrathful goddess breaks out in this wise:

" Dost thou not see in what secure estate
Those flourishing fair western parts remain?
As if they had made covenant with Fate,
To be exempted free from others' pain;
At one with their desires, friends with debate;
In peace with pride, content with their own gain;
Their bounds contain their minds, their minds ap-
To have their bounds with plenty beautify'd. [ply'd

" Devotion (mother of Obedience)
Bears such a hand on their credulity,
That it abates the spirit of eminence,
And busies them with humble piety.
For see what works, what infinite expen se,
What monuments of zeal they edify!
As if they would (so that no stop were found)
Fill all with temples, make all holy ground.

" But we must cool this all-believing zeal,
That hath enjoy'd so fair a turn so long;
And other revolutions must reveal,
Other desires, other designs among:
Dislike of this first by degrees shall steal
Upon the souls of men, persuaded wrong;
And that abused pow'r[7] which thus hath wrought,
Shall give herself the sword to cut her throat.

" Go therefore thou, with all thy stirring train
Of swelling sciences, the gifts of grief;
Go loose the links of that soul-binding chain,
Enlarge this uninquisitive belief:
Call up men's spirits, that simpleness retain;
Enter their hearts, and knowledge make the thief,
To open all the doors, to let in light;
That all may all things see, but what is right.

" Opinion arm against opinion grown;
Make new-born contradiction still to rise,
As if Thebes' founder (Cadmus) tongues had sown
Instead of teeth, for greater mutinies.
Bring new-defended faith against faith known;
Weary the soul with contrarieties;

ing to take his oath upon the blessed sacrament, to have been ever true liege-man to the king, and so ever to continue. Which declaration was written from his castle of Ludlow, January 9, anno reg. 30. Feb. 16, the king, with the duke of Somerset, and other lords, set forward towards the Marches; but the duke of York took other ways, and made up towards London.

[5] The use of guns, and great ordnance, began about this time, or not long before.

[6] This principal part of Europe, which contained the most flourishing state of Christendom, was at this time in the hands of many several princes and commonwealths, which quietly governed the same: for being so many, and none over-great, they were less attemptive to disturb others, and more careful to keep their own, with a mutual correspondence of amity. As Italy had then many more principalities and commonwealths than it hath. Spain was divided into many kingdoms. France consisted of divers free princes. Both the Germanies, of many more governments.

[7] The church.

Till all religion become retrograde,
And that fair 'tire the mask of sin be made.

" And better to effect a speedy end,
Let there be found two fatal instruments;
The one to publish, th' other to defend
Impious contention, and proud discontents:
Make, that instamped characters may send
Abroad to thousands, thousand mon's intent;
And in a moment may dispatch much more,
Than could a world of pens perform before.

" Whereby all quarrels, titles, secreeies,
May unto all be presently made known;
Factions prepar'd, parties allur'd to rise;
Sedition under fair pretensions sown;
Whereby the vulgar may become so wise,
That (with a self-presumption over-grown)
They may of deepest mysteries debate,
Control their betters, censure acts of state.

" And then when this dispersed mischief shall
Have brought confusion in each mystery,
Call'd up contempt of states in general,
Ripen'd the humour of impiety;
Then have they th' other engine, wherewithal
They may torment their self-wrought misery,
And scourge each other in so strange a wise,
As time or tyrants never could devise.

" For by this stratagem they shall confound
All th' ancient form and discipline of war;
Alter their camps, alter their fights, their ground;
Daunt mighty spirits, prowess and manhood mar:
For basest cowards from a-far shall wound
The most courageous, forc'd to fight a-far;
Valour wrapt up in smoke, (as in the night)
Shall perish without witness, without sight.

" But first, before this general disease
Break forth into so great extremity,
Prepare it by degrees: first kill this ease;
Spoil this proportion; mar this harmony:
Make greater states upon the lesser seize [8];
Join many kingdoms to one sov'reignty:
Raise a few great, that may (with greater pow'r)
Slaughter each other, and mankind devour.

" And first begin with factions to divide
The fairest land; that from her thrusts the rest,
As if she car'd not for the world beside:
A world within herself, with wonders bless'd!
Raise such a strife as time shall not decide,
Till the dear blood of most of all her best
Be poured forth; and all her people toss'd
With unkind tumults, and almost all lost.

" Let her be made the sable stage, whereon
Shall first be acted bloody tragedies;
That all her neighbour-states gazing thereon,
May make their profit by her miseries:
And those whom she before had march'd upon,
(Having by this both time and mean to rise)
Made martial by her arms, should grow so great,
As (save their own) no force shall them defeat.

" Then when their pow'r, unable to sustain
And bear itself, upon itself shall fall,
She may (recover'd of her wounds again)
Sit and behold their parts as tragical,
For there must come a time, that shall obtain
Truce for distress; when make-peace Hymen shall
Bring the conjoined adverse pow'rs to bed,
And set the crown (made one) upon one head.

" Out of which blessed union shall arise
A sacred branch, (with grace and glory bless'd)
Whose virtue shall her land so patronize,
As all our pow'r shall not her days molest:
For she (fair she) the minion of the skies,
Shall purchase (of the high'st) to her's such rest,
(Standing between the wrath of Heav'n and them)
As no distress shall touch her diadem;

" And from the rocks of safety shall descry
The wondrous wreeks that wrath lays ruined:
All round about her blood and misery;
Powers betray'd, princes slain, kings massacred;
States all confus'd, brought to calamity,
And all the face of kingdoms altered:
Yet she the same inviolable stands,
Dear to her own, wonder to other lands.

" But let not her defence discourage thee,
For never one but she shall have this grace,
From all disturbs to be so long kept free,
And with such glory to discharge that place.
And therefore, if by such a pow'r thou be
Stopt of thy course; reckon it no disgrace;
Sith she alone (b'ing privileg'd from high)
Hath this large patent of her dignity."

This charge the goddess gave—when ready straight
The subtle messenger, accompany'd
With all her crew of arts that on her wait,
Hastes to effect what she was counselled:
And out she pours of her immense conceit,
Upon such searching spirits as travailed
In penetrating hidden secrecies;
Who soon these means of misery devise.

And boldly breaking with rebellious mind
Into their mother's close-lock'd treasury,
They minerals combustible do find,
Which (in stopt concaves placed cunningly)
They fire: and fire imprison'd against kind,
Tears out a way, thrusts out his enemy;
Barking with such a horrour, as if wroth
With man, that wrongs himself and nature both.

And this beginning had this cursed frame,
Which York [9] now planted hath against his king;
Presuming by his pow'r, and by the same,
His purpose unto good effect to bring;
When divers of the gravest council came,
Sent from the king, to understand what thing
Had thrust him into these proceedings bad;
And what he sought, and what intent he had.

[8] The many states of Christendom reduced to a

[9] The duke of York being not admitted into the city, passed over Kingston Bridge, and so into Kent; and on Brent-Heath, near Dartford, pitched his field. The king makes after, and embatteled upon Black-Heath: from whence he sends the bishops of Winchester and Ely, with the earls of Salisbury and

Who with words mildly-sharp, gently-severe,
Wrought on those wounds that must be touch'd with
Applying rather salves of hope than fear, [lieed:
Lest corrosives should desperate mischiefs breed.
"And what, my lord," said they "should move you
In this unseemly manner to proceed? [there,
Whose worth b'ing such as all the land admires,
Hath fairer ways than these to your desires.

"Will you, whose means, whose many friends, whose
Can work the world in peace unto your will, [grace
Take such a course as shall your blood deface,
And make, (by handling bad) a good cause ill?
How many hearts hazard you in this case,
That in all quiet plots would aid you still?
Having in court a party far more strong
Than you conceive, press'd to redress your wrong.

"Fie! fie! forsake this hateful course, my lord;
Down with these arms, that will but wound your
cause.
What peace may do, hazard not with the sword:
Lay down the force that from your force withdraws;
And yield: and we will mediate such accord,
As shall dispense with rigour and the laws;
And interpose this solemn faith of our
Betwixt your fault and the offended pow'r."

Which engines of protests, and proffers kind,
Urg'd out of seeming grief and shows of love,
So shook the whole foundation [10] of his mind,
As they did all his resolution move;
And present seem'd unto their course inclin'd,
So that the king would Somerset [11] remove;
The man, whose most intolerable pride
Trod down his worth, and all good men's beside.

Which they there vow'd should presently be done.
For what will not peace-lovers willing grant,
Where dangerous events depend thereon,
And men unfurnish'd, and the state in want?
And if with words the conquest will be won,
The cost is small: and who holds breath so scant,
As then to spare, though with indignity?
"Better descend, than end in majesty."

And hereupon the duke dissolves his force,
Submits him to the king on public vow;
The rather too, presuming on his course,
For that his son, the earl of March, was now
With mightier pow'r abroad; which would enforce
His peace; which else the king would not allow.
For seeing not all of him in him he hath,
His death would but give life to greater wrath.

Yet coming to the king, in former place
(His foe) the duke of Somerset he finds;
Whom openly, reproaching to his face,
He charg'd with treason in the highest kinds.
The duke returns like speeches of disgrace;
And fi'ry words bewray'd their flaming minds:

But yet the trial was for them defer'd,
Till fitter time allow'd it to be heard.

At Westminster a council summoned,
Deliberates what course the cause should end
Of th' apprehended duke of York; whose head
Doth now on others' doubtful breath depend.
Law fiercely urg'd his act, and found him dead:
Friends fail'd to speak, where they could not defend:
Only the king himself for mercy stood;
As prodigal of life, niggard of blood.

And as if angry with the laws of death, [far?
"Ah! why should you," said he, "urge things so
You, that inur'd with mercenary breath,
And hired tongue, so peremptory are;
Braving on him whom sorrow prostrateth:
As if you did with poor affliction war,
And prey on frailty folly hath betray'd:
Bringing the laws to wound, never to aid.

"Dispense sometime with stern severity;
Make not the laws still traps to apprehend:
Win grace upon the bad with clemency;
Mercy may mend, whom malice made offend.
Death gives no thanks, but checks authority;
And life doth only majesty commend.
Revenge dies not; rigour begets new wrath:
And blood hath never glory; mercy hath.

"And for my part, (and my part should be chief)
I am most willing to restore his state;
And rather had I win him with relief,
Than lose him with despite, and get more hate.
Pity draws love: bloodshed is Nature's grief:
Compassion follows the unfortunate:
And losing him, in him I lose my pow'r.
We rule who live—the dead are none of our.

"And should our rigour lessen then the same,
Which we with greater glory should retain?
No; let him live—his life must give us fame;
The child of mercy newly born again.
As often burials are physicians' shame;
So many deaths argue a king's hard reign.
Why should we say, the law must have her rigour?
The law kills him; but quits not us of rigour?

"You, to get more preferment by your wit,
Others to gain the spoils of misery,
Labour with all your pow'r to follow it;
Showing us fears, to draw on cruelty.
You urge th' offence, not tell us what is fit;
Abusing wrong-informed majesty;
As if our pow'r were only but to slay;
And that to save were a most dang'rous way."

Thus out of pity spake that holy King;
Whom mild affections led to hope the best:
When Somerset began to urge the thing
With words of bolter temper, thus express'd:
"Dear sov'reign lord, the cause in managing
Is more than yours: 't imports the pub'lic rest.
We all have part; it toucheth all our goods:
And life's ill spar'd, that's spar'd to cost more blood.

"Compassion here is cruelty, my lord:
Pity will cut our throats, for saving so.
What benefit enjoy we by the sword,
If mischief shall escape to draw on mo?
Why should we give what law cannot afford;
To b' accessaries to our proper wo?

[10] And finding the Kentish men not to answer his expectation, and the king's forces far more than his; he willingly condescends to conditions of peace.

[11] Edmund duke of Somerset, of the house of Lancaster, descended from John of Gaunt, was the especial man against whom he pretended his quarrell.

Wisdom must judge 'twixt men apt to amend,
And minds incurable, born to offend.

" It is no private cause, I do protest,
That moves me thus to prosecute this deed:
Would God his blood and mine had well releas'd
The dangers that his pride is like to breed.
Although at me he seems to have address'd
His spite; 't is not the end he hath decreed.
I am not he alone he doth pursue;
But thorough me, he means to shoot at you.

" For thus these great reformers of a state,
Aspiring to attain the government,
Still take advantage of the people's hate,
Whoever hate such as are eminent.
(For who can great affairs negotiate,
And all a wayward multitude content?)
And then these people-minions, they must fall
To work out us, to work themselves int' all.

" But note, my lord, first *who* is in your hand;
Then *how* he hath offended; *what*'s his end.
It is the man, whose race would seem to stand
Before your right, and doth a right pretend:
Who (traitor-like) hath rais'd a mighty band,
With colour, your proceedings to amend:
Which if it should have happen'd to succeed,
You had not now sat to adjudge his deed.

" If oftentimes the person, not the offence,
Have been sufficient cause of death to some,
Where public safety puts in evidence
Of mischief, likely by their life to come;
Shall he, whose fortune and his insolence
Have both deserv'd to die, escape that doom;
When you shall save your land, your crown thereby;
And since you cannot live, unless he die?"

Thus spake th' aggrieved duke, that gravely saw
Th' incompatible pow'rs of princes' minds;
And what affliction his escape might draw
Unto the state, and people of all kinds:
And yet the humble yielding, and the awe
Which York [12] there show'd, so good opinion finds,
That (with the rumour of his son's great strength,
And French affairs) he there came quit at length.

For ev'n the fear t' exasperate the heat [might
Of th' earl of March, whose forward youth and
Well follow'd, seem'd a proud revenge to threat,
If any shame should on his father light;
And then desire in Gascoign to reget
The glory lost, which home-broils hinder might,
Advantaged the duke, and sav'd his head,
Which questionless had else been hazarded.

For now had Bourdeaux [13] offer'd (upon aid)
Present revolt, if we would send with speed:
Which fair advantage to have then delay'd
Upon such hopes, had been a shameful deed.
And therefore this all other courses stay'd,
And outwardly these inward hates agreed,
Giving an intermause to pride and spite;
Which breath'd but to break out with greater might.

Whilst dreadful Talbot, terrour late of France,
Against the genius of our fortune strove,
The down-thrown glory of our state t' advance;
Where France far more than France he now doth
For friends, opinion, and succeeding chance, [prove;
(Which wrought the weak to yield, the strong to love)
Were not the same that he had found before
In happier times, when less would have done more.

For both the Britain [14] and Burgonian now
Came alter'd with our luck, and won with theirs
Those bridges, and the gates that did allow
So easy passage unto our affairs;
Judging it safer to endeavour how
To link with strength, than lean unto despairs.
" And who wants friends to back what he begins,
In lands far off gets not, although he wins."

Which too well prov'd this fatal enterprise,
The last that lost us all we had to lose;
Where though advantag'd by some mutinies,
And petty lords that in our cause arose;
Yet those great fail'd, whose ready, quick supplies,
Ever at hand, cheer'd us, and quell'd our foes.
Succours from far come seldom to our mind:
" For who holds league with Neptune and the wind?"

Yet worthy Talbot [15], thou did'st so employ
The broken remnants of disscatter'd pow'r,
That they might see it was our destiny,
Not want of spirit, that lost us what was our:
Thy dying hand sold them the victory
With so dear wounds, as made the conquest sowre;
So much it cost to spoil who were undone,
And such ado to win when they had won.

For as a fierce, courageous mastiff fares,
That having once sure fasten'd on his foe,
Lies tugging on that hold; never forbears,
What force soever force him to forego:
The more he feels his wounds, the more he dares;
As if his death were sweet, in dying so:
So held his hold this lord, whilst he held breath;
And scarce, but with much blood, lets go in death.

For though he saw prepar'd against his side,
Both unlike fortune, and unequal force,
Born with the swelling current of their pride
Down the main stream of a most happy course;
Yet stands he stiff, undash'd, unterrify'd;
His mind the same, although his fortune worse:
Vintue in greatest dangers b'ing best shown;
And though oppress'd, yet never overthrown.

For rescuing of besieg'd Chatillion,
(Where having first constrain'd the French to fly,
And following hard on their confusion)
Comes (lo!) encounter'd with a strong supply
Of fresh-arriving pow'rs, that back thrust on
Those flying troops, another chance to try;

[12] The duke was suffered to go to his castle at Wigmore.

[13] The city of Bourdeaux send their ambassadors, offering to revolt from the French part, if aid might be sent unto them: whereupon John lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, was employed with a power of three thousand men, and surprised the city of Bourdeaux.

[14] The dukes of Britany and Burgundy were great means, in times past, for the conquering of France.

[15] The earl of Shrewsbury, accompanied with his son, sir John Talbot, lord Lisle by the right of his wife; with the lords Molins, Harsington, and Camels; sir John Howard, sir John Vernon, and others, recovered divers towns in Gascony; amongst other, the town and castle of Chastillon in Perigent, which the French soon after besieged.

Who double-arm'd, (with shame and fury) strain
To wreak their foil, and win their fame again.

Which see'ng, th' undaunted Talbot (with more
Of spir't to will, than hands of pow'r to do) [might
Preparing t' entertain a glorious fight,
Cheers up his weary'd soldiers thereunto. [sight,
"Courage," saith he—"Those braving troops in
Are but the same that now you did undo.
And what if there be come some more than they?
They come to bring more glory to the day.

"Which day must either thrust us out of all,
Or all with greater glory back restore.
This day your valiant worth adventure shall,
For what our land shall never fight for more:
If now we fail, with us is like to fall
All that renown which we have got before.
This is the last—If we discharge the same,
The same shall last to our eternal fame.

"Never had worthy men for any fact
A more fair, glorious theatre than we;
Whereon true magnanimity might act
Brave deeds, which better witnessed could be.
For lo! from yonder turrets yet unsack'd,
Your valiant fellows stand, your worth to see;
T' avouch your valour, if you live to gain;
And if we die, that we dy'd not in vain.

"And ev'n our foes (whose proud and pow'rful might
Would seem to swallow up our dignity)
Shall not keep back the glory of our right;
Which their confounded blood shall testify:
For in their wounds our gory swords shall write
The monuments of our eternity.
For vile is honour, and a title vain,
The which true worth and danger do not gain.

"For they shall see, when we (in careless sort)
Shall throw ourselves on their despised spears;
'T is not despair that doth us so transport,
But ev'n true fortitude that nothing fears;
Sith we may well retire us in some sort:
But shame on him that such a foul thought bears.
For be they more, let Fortune take their part;
We'll tug her too, and scratch her ere we part."

This said, a fresh infus'd desire of fame
Enters their warmed blood, with such a will,
That they deem'd long they were not at the game;
And though they march'd apace, thought they stood still,
And that their ling'ring foes too slowly came
To join with them, spending much time but ill.
"Such force had words fierce humours up to call,
Sent from the mouth of such a general."

Who yet his forces weighing, (with their fire)
Turns him about in private to his son [16],
(A worthy son, and worthy such a sire)
And telleth him what ground he stood upon,
Advising him in secret to retire;
Consid'ring how his youth but now begun,
Would make it unto him at all no stain;
His death small fame, his flight no shame could gain.

To whom th' aggrieved son, (as if disgrac'd)
"Ah! father, have you then selected me
To be the man, whom you would have displac'd
Out of the roll of immortality?
What have I done this day, that hath defac'd
My worth; that my hands work despis'd should be?
God shield I should bear home a coward's name:
He long enough hath liv'd, who dies with fame."

At which the father, touch'd with sorrowing joy,
Turn'd him about, (shaking his head) and says,
"O my dear son, worthy a better day,
To enter thy first youth in hard assays!"
And now had wrath, impatient of delay,
Begun the fight, and further speeches stays.
Fury thrusts on; striving whose sword should be
First warmed in the wounds of th' enemy.

Hotly these small (but mighty-minded) bands
(As if ambitious now of death) do strain
Against innumerable armed hands,
And gloriously a wondrous fight maintain;
Rushing on all whatever strength withstands,
Whetting their wrath on blood, and on disdain;
And so far thrust, that hard 't were to descry,
Whether they more desire to kill, or die.

Frank of their own, greedy of others' blood,
No stroke they give but wounds, no wound but kills:
Near to their hate, close to their work they stood;
Hit where they would, their hand obeys their wills;
Scorning the blow from far that doth no good,
Loathing the crack, unless some blood it spills:
No wounds could let out life that wrath held in,
Till others' wounds reveng'd did first begin.

So much true resolution wrought in those
Who had made covenant with death before,
That their small number (scorning so great foes)
Made France most happy, that there were no more;
And Fortune doubt to whom she might dispose
That weary day; or unto whom restore
The glory of a conquest dearly bought,
Which scarce the conqueror could think well got.

For as with equal rage, and equal might,
Two adverse winds combat, with billows proud,
And neither yield: (seas, skies maintain like fight,
Wave against wave oppos'd, and cloud to cloud:)
So war both sides with obstinate despite,
With like revenge; and neither party bow'd:
Fronting each other with confounding blows,
No wound one sword unto the other owes.

Whilst Talbot (whose fresh ardour having got
A marvellous advantage of his years)
Carries his unfelt age as if forgot,
Whirling about where any need appears.
His hand, his eye, his wits all present, wrought
The function of the glorious part he bears:
Now urging here, now cheering there, he flies;
Unlocks the thickest troops, where most he lies.

In midst of wrath, of wounds, of blood, and death,
There is he most, where as he may do best;
And there the closest ranks he severeth,
Drives back the stoutest pow'rs that forward press'd:
There makes his sword his way—There laboureth
Th' infatigable hand that never ceas'd;
Scorning unto his mortal wounds to yield,
Till Death became best master of the field.

[16] The lord Lisle was advised by his father to retire him out of the battle.

Then like a sturdy oak, that having long
Against the wars of fiercest winds made head;
When (with some forc'd tempestuous rage more strong)
His down-born top comes over-mastered,
All the near bord'ring trees (he stood among)
Crush'd with his weighty fall, lie ruined:
So lay his spoils, all round about him slain[17],
T' adorn his death, that could not die in vain.

On th' other part, his most all-daring son[18]
(Although the inexperience of his years
Made him less skill'd in what was to be done;
And yet did carry him beyond all fears)
Into the main battalion, thrusting on
Near to the king, amidst the chiefest peers,
With thousand wounds became at length oppress'd;
As if he scorn'd to die, but with the best.

Who thus both having gain'd a glorious end,
Soon ended that great day; that set so red,
As all the purple plains that wide extend,
A sad tempestuous season witnessed.
So much ado had toiling France to rend
From us the right so long inherited;
And so hard went we from what we possess'd,
As with it went the blood we loved best.

Which blood not lost, but fast laid up with heed
In everlasting fame, is there held dear,
To seal the memory of this day's deed;
Th' eternal evidence of what we were:
To which our fathers, we, and who succeed,
Do owe a sigh, for that it touch'd us near[19].
Nor must we sin so much, as to neglect
The holy thought of such a dear respect.

Yet happy-hapless day, bless'd ill-lost breath,
Both for our better fortune, and your own!
For what foul wounds, what spoil, what shameful death,
Had by this forward resolution grown;
If at St. Albans, Wakefield, Barnet-Heath,
It should unto your infamy been shown?
Bless'd you, that did not teach how great a fault
Ev'n virtue is in actions that are naught.

Yet would this sad day's loss had now been all
That this day lost: then should we not much plain,
If hereby we had com'n but there to fall,
And that day ended, ended had our pain.
Then small the loss of France, of Guien small:
Nothing the shame to be turn'd home again,
Compar'd with other shames—But now France lost,
Sheds us more blood than all her winning cost.

For losing war abroad, at home lost peace;
B'ing with our unsupporting selves close pent;
And no designs for pride, (that did increase)
But our own throats, and our own punishment:
The working spirit ceas'd not, though work did cease,
Having fit time to practise discontent,
And stir up such as could not long lie still;
"Who not employ'd to good, must needs do ill."

And now this grief of our received shame,
Gave fit occasion for ambitious care,
To draw the chief reproach of all the same
On such as obvious unto hatred are,
Th' especial men of state: who all the blame
Of whatsoever Fortune doth must bear.
For still in vulgar ears delight it breeds,
To have the hated authors of misdeeds.

And therefore easily great Somerset[20]
(Whom Envy long had singled out before)
With all the volley of disgraces met,
As th' only mark that Fortune plac'd therefore:
On whose ill-wrought opinion Spite did whet
The edge of Wrath, to make it pierce the more:
And Grief was glad t' have gotten now on whom
To lay the fault of what must light on some.

Whereon th' again out-breaking York begins
To build new models of his old desire:
And see'ng the booty fortune for him wins,
Upon the ground of this enkindled ire,
He takes th' advantages of others' sins
To aid his own, and help him to aspire.
For doubting peace should better scan deeds past,
He thinks not safe to have his sword out last.

Especially since ev'ry man (now press'd
To innovation) do with rancour swell;
A stirring humour gen'rally possess'd
Those peace-spilt times, weary of being well:
The weak with wrongs, the happy tir'd with rest;
And many mad, for what they could not tell.
The world, ev'n great with change, thought it went wrong,
To stay beyond the bearing-time so long.

And therefore now these lords confedered
(Being much increas'd in number and in spite)
So shap'd their course, that gath'ring to a head,
They grew to be of formidable might:
Th' abused world so hastily is led,
(Some for revenge, some wealth, some for delight)
That York (from small-beginning troops) soon draws
A world of men to venture in his cause.

[17] The death of John lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury; who had served in the wars of France most valiantly for the space of thirty years.

[18] The death of the lord Lisle, son to this worthy earl of Shrewsbury.

[19] 1453, 31. reg. 32. Thus was the dutchy of Aquitain lost; which had remained in the possession of the crown of England by the space almost of three hundred years. The right whereof came by the marriage of king Henry II. with Eleanor, daughter to William duke of Aquitain. In this dutchy are four archbishops, twenty-four bishops, fifty earldoms, two hundred and two baronies, and above one thousand captainships and bailiwicks.

[20] York procures the hatred of the people against the duke of Somerset; and so wrought, (in a time of the king's sickness) that he caused him to be arrested in the queen's great chamber, and sent to the tower of London; accusing him to have been the occasion of the loss of France: but the king being recovered, he was again set at liberty, anno reg. 32. The duke of York perceiving his accusations not to prevail against the duke of Somerset, resolves to obtain his purpose by open war; and so being in Wales, accompanied with his special friends, assembled an army, and marched towards London.

Like as proud Severn from a private head,
With humble streams at first doth gently glide,
Till other rivers have contributed
The springing riches of their store beside;
Wherewith at length (high-swelling) she doth spread
Her broad-distended waters laid so wide,
That coping to the sea, she seems from far,
Not to have tribute brought, but rather war;

Ev'n so is York now grown; and now is bent
T' encounter with the best, and for the best:
Whose near approach the king hastes to prevent[21],
With hope (far off) to have his pow'r suppress'd;
Fearing the city, lest some insolent
And mutinous, should hearten on the rest
To take his part. But be so forward set,
That at St. Alban's both the armies met.

Whereto their haste far fewer hands did bring,
Than else their better leisure would have done;
And yet too many for so foul a thing;
Sith who did best, hath but dishonour won.
For whilst some offer peace, sent from the king,
Warwick's too forward hand hath war begun;
A war, that doth the face of war deform;
Which still is foul, but foulest wanting form.

And never valiant leaders (so well known
For brave-performed actions done before)
Did blemish their discretion and renown
In any weak-effected service more;
Bringing such pow'rs into so strait a town,
As to some city-tumult or uproar:
Which slaughter (and no battle) might be thought,
Sith that side us'd their swords, and this their throat.

But this on th' errour of the king is laid,
And upon Somerset's desire t' obtain
The day with peace; for which they longer stay'd
Than wisdom would, advent'ring for the main:
Whose force in narrow streets once over-laid,
Never recover'd head; but ev'n there slain
The duke and all the greatest leaders are,
The king himself b'ing taken prisoner.

Yet not a pris'ner to the outward eye,
For that he must seem grac'd with his lost day;
All things b'ing done for his commodity,
Against such men as did the state betray.
For with such apt-deceiving clemency,
And seeming order, York did so allay [stealth
That touch of wrong, as made him make great
In weaker minds, with show of commonwealth.

Long-look'd-for pow'r thus got into his hand,
The former face of court doth new appear;
And all th' especial charges of command[22]
To his partakers distributed were.
Himself is made protector of the land;
A title found, which covertly did bear
All-working pow'r under another style;
And yet the sov'reign part doth act the while.

The king held only but an empty name,
Left with his life; whereof the proof was such,
As sharpest pride could not transpierce the same;
Nor all-desiring greediness durst touch:
Impiety had not enlarg'd their shame
As yet so wide, as to attempt so much.
Mischief was not full ripe for such foul deeds;
Left for th' unbounded malice that succeeds.

THE

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The king's repriz'd—York and his side retires;
And making head again, is put to flight:
Returns into the land, his right requires:
Having regain'd the king, confirms his right;
And whilst his rash improvidence aspires,
Is slain at Wakefield by queen Marg'ret's might;
Who (at St. Alban's) back her lord regains:
Is forc'd from thence—and March the crown attains.

DISORDINATE authority[1], thus gain'd,
Knew not at first, or durst not to proceed
With an out-breaking course; but stood restrain'd
Within the compass of respective heed:
Distrust of friends, and pow'r of foes, detain
That mounting will from making too much speed;
For though he held the pow'r he long'd to win,
Yet had not all the keys to let him in.

[21] King Henry sets forward from London with twenty thousand men of war, to encounter with the duke of York; attended with Humphrey duke of Buckingham, and Humphrey his son, earl of Stafford, Edmund duke of Somerset, Henry Piercy earl of Northumberland, James Butler, earl of Wiltshire and Ormond; Jasper earl of Pembroke, the son of Owen Tudor, half-brother to the king; Thomas Courtney, earl of Devonshire, John lord Clifford, the lords Sudley, Barnes, Ross, and others.

The duke of York, with the lords, pitched their battle without the town, in a place called Key-field: and the king's power (to their great disadvantage) took up the town; where being assailed, and wanting room to use their power, were miserably overthrown and slaughtered. On the king's side were slain, Edmund duke of Somerset; who left behind him three sons, Edmund, Henry, and John. Here was also slain, the earl of Northumberland, the earl of Stafford, the lord Clifford, sir Robert Vere, with divers others, to the number of five thousand; and on the lords' part, but six hundred. And this was the first battle at St. Alban's, May 23, an. reg. 33. The duke of York, with other lords, came to the king where he was, and craved grace and forgiveness on their knees, of that that they had done in his presence; intending nothing but for the good of him, and his kingdom: with whom they removed to London; concluding there to hold a parliament the 9th of July following.

[22] Richard earl of Salisbury made lord chancellor, and the earl of Warwick governor of Calais.

[1] The duke of York, in respect that king Henry, for his holiness of life, and clemency, was highly

The queen abroad, with a revenging hand
(Arm'd with her own disgrace, and others' spite,
Gath'ring th' oppressed party of the land)
Held over him the threatning sword of might;
That forc'd him in the terms of awe to stand,
(Who else had burst-up right, to come t' his right)
And kept him so confus'd, that he knew not
To make use of the means which he had got.

For either by his fearing to restrain
The person of the king; or by neglect
Of guarding him with a sufficient train;
The watchful queen with cunning doth effect
A practice, that recovers him again,
(As one that with best care could him protect:)
And he 's convey'd to Coventry, to those
Who well knew how of majesty dispose.

Though this weak king had blunted thus before
The edge of pow'r with so dull clemency,
And left him nothing else was gracious, more
Than ev'n the title of his sov'reignty;
Yet is that title of so precious store,
As it makes golden, leaden majesty:
And where, or howsoever it doth sit,
Is sure t' have the world attend on it.

Whether it be, that form and eminence,
Adorn'd with pomp and state, begets this awe;
Or whether an in-bred obedience
To right and pow'r, doth our affections draw:
Or whether sacred kings work reverence,
And make that nature now, which was first law;
We know not—but the head will draw the parts;
And good kings, with our bodies, have our hearts.

For lo! no sooner was his person join'd
With this distracted body of his friends,
But straight the duke, and all that faction, find,
They lost the only engine for their ends:
Authority with majesty combin'd[2]
Stands bent upon them now, and pow'rful sends
Them summons to appear; who lately held
That pow'r themselves, and could not be compell'd.

esteemed of the commons, durst not attempt any violent course against his person; but only labours to strengthen his own party; which he could not do, but by the oppression and displacing of many worthy men, with committing other violences, whereunto necessity enforced him, for the preferment of his friends: which raised a greater party against him than that he had made.

[2] The queen, with her party, having recovered the king, and withdrawing him far from London, (where they found the duke of York was too much favoured by the citizens) grew to be very strong, by means that so many lords, and much people, oppressed and discontented with these proceedings of their enemies, resorted daily unto them. Whereupon the king summoned the duke and his adherents, to appear before him at Coventry: but they (finding their present strength not sufficient to make good their answer) retired themselves into several parts. The duke of York withdraws him to Wigmore, in Wales; the earl of Salisbury into the north, the earl of Warwick to Calais.

Wherewith confus'd, as either not prepar'd
For all events; or see'ng the times not fit;
Or men's affections failing in regard;
Or their own forces, not of pow'r as yet:
They all retire them home; and neither dar'd
T' appear, or to stand out to answer it.
This unfore-thought-on accident confounds
All their designs, and frustrates all their grounds.

As usually it fares with those that plot
These machines of ambition, and high pride;
Who (in their chiefest counsels over-shot)
For all things, save what serve the turn, provide;
Whilst that which most imports, rests most forgot,
Or weigh'd not, or contemn'd, or undescry'd;
That something may be ever over-gone,
Where courses shall be cross'd, and men undone.

York into Wales, Warwick to Calais hies;
Some to the north, others to other parts;
As if they ran both from their dignities,
And also from themselves, and their own hearts:
"(The mind decay'd, in public jeopardies,
To th' ill at hand only itself converts)"
That none would think York's hopes, b'ing so near dry,
Could ever flow again, and swell so high.

And yet, for all this ebbing chance, remains
The spring that feeds that hope, (which leaves men
Whom no affliction so entire restrains, [last:)
But that it may remount as in times past.
Though he had lost his place, his pow'r, his pains;
Yet held his love, his friends, his title fast:
The whole frame of that fortune could not fail;
As that which hung by more than by one nail.

Else might we think, what errour had it been,
These parts thus sever'd not t' have quite destroy'd?
But that they saw it not the way to win.
Some more dependances there were beside;
Which age and fate keeps us from looking in,
That their true counsels come not right descry'd:
Which our presumptuous wits must not condemn;
They b'ing not ignorant, but we of them.

For here we look upon another crown,
Another image of nobility,
(Which civil discord had not yet brought down
Unto a lower range of dignity;)
Upon a pow'r as yet not overflown
With th' ocean of all-drowning sov'reignty.
These lords who thus against their king draw swords,
Taught kings to come how to be more than lords.

Which well this queen observ'd; and therefore sought
To draw them in, and ruin them with peace[3],
Whom force (she saw) more dangerous had wrought,
And did their pow'r and malice but increase.
And therefore to the city having got,
A council was convok'd, all jars to cease:
Where come these lords at length; but yet so strong,
As if to do, rather than suffer wrong.

[3] Divers grave persons were sent to the duke of York, to mediate a reconciliation: and a great council was called at London, an. reg. 36, to agree all differences. Whither came the earl of Salisbury, with five hundred men; the duke of York,

Here Scottish border-broils, and fears of France,
Urg'd with the present time's necessity,
Brought forth a subtle-shadow'd countenance
Of quiet peace, resembling amity;
Wrapt in a strong and curious ordinance
Of many articles, bound solemnly:
As if those Gordian knots could be so ty'd,
As no impatient sword could them divide:

Especially, whereas the self-same ends
Concur not in a point of like respect;
But that each party covertly intends
Thereby their own designments to effect:
Which peace with more endang'ring wounds offends,
Than war can do; that stands upon suspect,
And never can be ty'd with other chain,
Than intermutual benefit and gain.

As well by this concluded act is seen;
Which had no pow'r to hold in minds out-bent,
But quickly was dissolv'd and cancell'd clean,
Either by Warwick's fortune or intent.
However urg'd, the servants of the queen[4]
Assaulted his, as he from council went;
Where his own person eagerly pursu'd,
Hardly (by boat) escap'd the multitude.

Which deed, most heinous made, and urg'd as his,
The queen (who soon th' advantage apprehends)
Thought forthwith t' have committed him on this;
But he prevents, flies northward to his friends;
Shows them his danger, and what hope there is
In her, that all their overthrows intends:
"And that these drifts th' effects of this peace are;
Which gives more deadly-wounding blows than war."

Struck with his heat, began th' other's fire,
(Kindled with danger and disdain) t' inflame;
Which having well prepar'd to his desire,
He leaves the further growing of the same,
And unto Calais (to his strong retire)
With speed betakes him, to prevent the fame
Of his impos'd offence; lest, in disgrace,
He might be dispossessed of that place.

York straight advis'd the earl of Sal'sbury
T' address him to the king: and thereupon,
With other grievances, to signify
Th' injurious act committed on his son;
And there to urge the breach of th' amity,
By these sinister plots to be begun:
But he so strongly goes, as men might guess,
He purpos'd not to crave, but make redress.

Whom the lord Audley[5] hasting to restrain,
(Sent with ten thousand men well furnished)
Encounter'd on Blore-Heath; where he is slain,
And all his pow'r and force discomfited:
Which chance so open'd, and let out again,
The hopes of York, (whom peace had fettered)
That he resolves whatever should befal,
To set up 's rest, to venture now for all.

Fury unty'd, and broken out of bands,
Runs desp'rate presently to either head:
Faction and War (that never wanted hands
For blood and mischief) soon were furnished.
Affection finds a side; and out it stands;
Not by the cause, but by her int'rest led:
And many urging war, most forward are;
"Not that 't is just, but only that 't is war."

Whereby the duke is grown t' a mighty head
In Shropshire, with his Welsh and northern aid:
To whom came Warwick, having ordered
His charge at Calais; and with him convey'd
Many brave leaders, that adventured
Their fortunes on the side that he had laid:
Whereof, as chief, Trollop and Blount excell'd;
But Trollop[6] fail'd his friends; Blount faithful held.

The king (provok'd these mischiefs to prevent,
Follow'd with Somerset and Exeter)
Strongly appointed, all his forces bent,
Their malice to correct, or to deter:
And drawing near, a rev'rend prelate sent[7]
To proffer pardon, if they would refer
Their cause to peace; as b'ing a cleaner course
Unto their ends, than this foul barb'rous force.

"For what a war," said he, "is here begun,
Where ev'n the victory is held accurst?
And who-so wins, it will be so ill won,
That though he have the best, he speeds the worst.
For here your making is to be undone;
Seeking t' obtain the state, you lose it first,
Both sides b'ing one, the blood consum'd all one;
To make it yours, you work to have it none.

"Leave then with this, though this be yet a stain
T' attempt this sin, to be so near a fall.
The doubtful dye of war cast at the main,
Is such, as one bad chance may lose you all.
A certain sin seeks an uncertain gain;
Which got, yourselves ev'n wail and pity shall.
No way but peace leads out from blood and fears,
To free yourselves, the land, and us from tears."

Whereto the discontended part replies,
"That they hereto by others' wrongs enforc'd,
Had no way else but these extremities,
And worst means of redress, t' avoid the worst.
For since that peace did but their spoils devise,
And held them out from grace, (as men divorc'd

with four hundred; and was lodged at his house at Baynard's-Castle. The dukes of Exeter and Somerset, with eight hundred men, lodged without Temple-Bar. The earl of Northumberland, the lords Egremont and Clifford, with fifteen hundred, and lodged without the city. The earl of Warwick, from Calais, with six hundred men all in his livery. The lord mayor kept continual watch with two thousand men in armour, during the treaty. Wherein, by the great travail and exhortation of the archbishop of Canterbury, with other grave prelates, a reconciliation was concluded, and celebrated with a solemn procession.

[4] The earl of Warwick is set upon by the queen's servants.

[5] James Tuchet, lord Audley, slain at Blore-Heath, and his army discomfited by the earl of Salisbury, with the loss of two thousand four hundred men, an. reg. 38.

[6] Sir Andrew Trollop afterward fled to the king. John Blount remained with the lords.

[7] The king being at Worcester, sends the bishop of Salisbury to the lords, to induce them to peace, and to offer pardon.

From th' honours that their fortunes did afford)
Better die with the sword, than by the sword.

"For if pacts, vows, or oaths, could have done ought,
There had enough been done; but to no end,
Save to their ruin, who had ever sought
T' avoid these broils, as grieving to contend:
Smoth'ring disgraces, draw'ng to parts remote,
As exil'd men; where now they were t' attend
His grace, with all respect and reverence;
Not with the sword of malice, but defence.

Whereby they show'd, that words were not to win:
But yet the pardon[8] works so feelingly,
That to the king that very night came in
Sir Andrew Trollop, with some company;
Contented to redeem his sin with sin,
Disloyalty with infidelity;
And by this means became discover'd quite
All th' orders of th' intended next day's fight.

Which so much wrought upon their weaken'd fears,
That presently their camp brake up, ere day;
And ev'ry man with all his speed prepares,
According to their course to shift their way.
York[9], with his youngest son, t'wards Ireland bears;
Warwick to Calais, where his safety lay;
To that sure harbour of conspiracy,
Envy's retreat, Rebellion's nursery.

Which fatal place[10] seems that with either hand
Is made t' offend. For France sh' afflicts with th'
And with the other did infest this land; [one;
As if ordained to do good to none;
But as a gate to both our ills did stand,
To let out plagues on us, and int' her own.
A part without us, that small good hath been,
But to keep less entire the whole within.

And there, as in their all and best support,
Is Warwick got, with March and Sal'sbury,
When all the gates of England, ev'ry port
And shore close shut, debars their re-entry;
Look'd out from all, and all left in that sort,
As no means seems can aid their misery.
This wound, giv'n without blow, weakens them more
Than all their loss of blood had done before.

For now again upon them frowningly
Stands Pow'r with Fortune, trampling on their states,
And brands them with the marks of infamy,
Rebellions, treasons, and assassinates;
Attaints their blood in all posterity;
Ransacks their lands, spoils their confederates;
And lays so hideous colours on their crimes,
As would have terrify'd more limb'rous times;

But here could do no good—for why, this age
B'ing in a course of motion, would not rest
Until the revolution of their rage
Came to that point whereto it was address'd.
Misfortune, crosses, ruin could not 'swage
T' at heat o' hope, or of revenge at least.

"The world once set a-work, cannot soon cease;
Nor ever is the same it is in peace."

For other motions, other int'rests here,
The acting spirits up and awake do keep:
"Faith, friendship, honour, is more sure, more dear,
And more itself than when it is asleep."
Worth will stand out, and doth no shadows fear:
Disgraces make impressions far more deep;
When ease, ere it will stir, or break her rest,
Lies still, bears all, content to be oppress'd.

York, and his side, could not while life remain'd,
Though thus dispers'd, but work and interdeal;
Nor any sword at home could keep restrain'd
Th' out-breaking pow'rs of this innated zeal.
This humour had so large a passage gain'd
On th' inward body of the commonweal,
That 'twas impossible to stop by force
This current of affection's violent course.

Yet they at home (disorder to keep forth)
Did all what pow'r could do, or wit invent:
Plac'd in th' avoided rooms men of great worth;
Young Somerset[11] with strength to Calais sent;
Northumberland and Clifford to the north,
Whereof they only had the government:
Defend all landings, bar all passages,
Strive to redress the public grievances.

And to this end summon a parli'ment[12]:
Wherein when as the godly king would not
Unto th' attainder of the lords consent,
The queen in grief (and in her passions hot)
Breaks out in speech lovingly violent.
"And what," saith she, "my lord, have you forgot
To rule, and be a king? Why will you thus
Be mild to them, and cruel unto us?

"What good have you procur'd by clemency,
But giv'n to wild presumption much more head?
And now what cure, what other remedy
Can to our desp'rate wounds be ministred?
Men are not good, but for necessity;
Nor orderly are ever born, but bred.
Sad want and poverty makes men industrious;
But law must make them good, and fear obsequious.

"My lord, he governs well, that's well obey'd;
And temp'rate rigour ever safely sits.
For as to him who Cotis[13] did upbraid,
And call'd his rigour madness, raging fits:
'Content thee, thou unskilful man,' he said;
'My madness keeps my subjects in their wits.'
So to like course, my lord, y' are forc'd to fall;
Or else you must in th' end undo us all.

[8] The bishop of Salisbury offered pardon to all such as would submit themselves.

[9] The duke of York, with his youngest son, the earl of Rutland, withdrew him into Ireland, where he was exceedingly beloved.

[10] The inconveniences of Calais at that time.

[11] Henry the young duke of Somerset was, anno 37, made captain of Calais; and a privy-seal sent to the earl of Warwick to discharge him of that place: who, in respect he was made captain there by parliament, would not obey the privy-seal.

[12] The parliament at Coventry.

[13] Cotis, a tyrant of Thrace.

"Look but, I pray, on this dear part of you!
This branch sprung from your blood, your own aspect!
Look on this child; and think what shall ensue
To this fair hope of ours, by your neglect!
Though you respect not us, wrong not his due;
That must his right, left you, from you expect;
The right of the renowned Lancasters,
His father's father's, and great grandfather's."

Then turns t' her son: "O son! dost thou not see?
He is not mov'd, nor touch'd, nor weighs our tears!
What shall I do? What hope is left for me;
When he wants will to help, and thou want'st years?
Could yet these hands of thine but partners be
In these my labours to keep out our fears,
How well were I? That now alone must toil,
And turn, and toss; and yet undone the while.

"I know if thou could'st help, thy mother thus
Should not beyond her strength endure so much;
Nor these proud rebels, that would ruin us,
'Scape with their heinous treasons without touch:
I know thou would'st conceive how dangerous
Mercy were unto those, whose hopes were such;
And not preserve whom law hath overthrown,
Saving their livelihood, to lose our own.

"But sith thou can'st not, nor I able am,
Thou must no more expect of me, dear son;
Nor yet in time to come thy mother blame,
If thou by others' weakness be undone.
The world, with me, must testify the same,
That I have done my best, what could be done;
And have not fail'd, with hazard of my life,
The duty of a mother and a wife.

"But well—I see which way the world will go.
And let it go"—and so turns her about,
Full with stout grief, and with disdainful woe;
Which now her words shut up, her looks out-let
The cast of her side-bended eye, did show
Both sorrow and reproof; see'ng so great doubt,
And no pow'r to redress, but stand and vex,
Imprison'd in the fetters of her sex.

Yet so much wrought these moving arguments,
(Drawn from that blood where Nature urg'd her right)
As his all-downward tending zeal relents,
And downward to his state declines his sight;
And so to their attainders he consents,
Provided he, th' their submission, might
Out of his princely pow'r, in his own name,
Without a parliament[14], revoke the same.

Whilst Somerset[15] with main endeavour lay
To get his giv'n (but ungot) government,
The stout Calisians (bent another way)
Fiercely repel him, frustrate his intent:
Yet takes he Guines, landing at Whitsand-Bay,
Whereas the swords he brought would not consent
To wound his foes—the fight no rancour hath:
Malice was friends; and war was without wrath.

Though he their hands, yet Warwick had their hearts;
To whom both men and shipping they betray'd;
Whilst England's (though debarred) shore imparts
To him her other-where intended aid.
For the lord Rivers[16] passing to those parts,
T' have fresh supplies unto the duke convey'd;
At Sandwich, with his son accompany'd,
Staying for wind, was taken in his bed.

Whose shipping and provisions Warwick[17] takes
For Ireland, with his chieftain to confer;
And within thirty days this voyage makes,
And back returns ere known to have been there:
So that the Heav'ns, the sea, the wind partakes
With him, as if they of his faction were;
Or that his spir't and valour were combin'd
With destiny, t' effect what he design'd.

Which working, though without, and on the shore,
Reach'd yet unto the centre of the land;
Search'd all those humours that were bred before;
Shakes the whole frame whereon the state did stand:
"Affection, pity, fortune, fear b'ing more
Far off and absent, than they are at hand.
Pity becomes a traitor with th' oppress'd;
And many have been rais'd, by b'ing suppress'd."

For they had left, although themselves were gone,
Opinion and their memory behind;
Which so prevails, that nought could here be done,
But straight was known as soon as once design'd.
Court, council-chamber, closet, all were won,
To be revealers of the prince's mind:
So false is Faction, and so smooth a liar,
As that it never had a side entire.

Whereby th' exil'd had leisure to prevent,
And circumvent whatever was devis'd;
Which made that Falconbridge[18] to Sandwich bent,
That fortress and the governor suppris'd;
Who presently from thence to Calais sent,
Had his unguilty blood there sacrific'd:
And Falconbridge returning back, relates
Th' affection here, and zeal of all estates.

Drawn with which news, and with a spir't that dar'd
T' attempt on any likelihood of support;
They take th' advantage of so great regard:
Their landing here secur'd them in such sort
By Falconbridge: the fatal bridge prepar'd
To be the way of blood, and to transport
Returning fury to make greater wounds,
Than ever England saw within her bounds.

[14] At this parliament at Coventry, in the year 1459, in the thirty-eighth year of king Henry VI. is Richard duke of York, with his son Edward, and all his posterity, and partakers, attainted, to the ninth degree; their goods and possessions escheated; their tenants spoiled of their goods; the town of Ludlow, pertaining to the duke of York, ransacked; and the duchess of York spoiled of her goods.

[15] Henry duke of Somerset, with the lords Audley and Dudley, attempted the town of Calais, but were repulsed; his people yielding the same to the earl of Warwick, and himself hardly escaped.

[16] The lord Rivers, and his son sir Anth. Woodvil, were taken by John Dinham at Sandwich; whither they were sent to guard the coast and supply the duke of Somerset.

[17] The earl of Warwick sailed into Ireland, to confer with the duke of York.

[18] The lord Falconbridge sent to Sandwich, took the town, and sir Simon Montfort, governor there

And but with fifteen hundred men do land,
Upon a land with many millions stor'd;
So much did high-presuming courage stand
On th' aid home-disobedience would afford.
Nor were their hopes deceiv'd—for such a hand
Had innovation ready for the sword,
As ere they near unto the city drew,
Their pow'r beyond all former greatness grew.

Muse, what may we imagine was the cause
That Fury works thus universally?
What humour, what affection is it, draws
Sides of such pow'r to this nobility?
Was it their conscience, to redress the laws;
Or malice to a wrong-plac'd sov'reignty,
That caus'd them (more than wealth or life) desire
Destruction, ruin, bloodshed, sword, and fire?

Or was the pow'r of lords (thus interplac'd
Betwixt the height of princes, and the state)
Th' occasion that the people so embrac'd
Their actions, and attend on this debate?
Or had their greatness, with their worth, embas'd
The touch of royalty to so low rate,
As their opinion could such tumults move?
Thou pow'r and virtue, you contagious prove.

And Periander's levell'd ears of corn
Show what is fittest for the public rest;
And that the highest minions which adorn
A commonweal, (and do become it best)
Are Zeal and Justice, Law and Customs, born
Of high descent; that never do infest
The land with false suggestions, claims, affrights,
To make men lose their own for others' rights.

But now against this disproportion bends
The feeble king[17] all his best industry;
And from abroad, Skales, Lovel, Kendal sends,
To hold the city in fidelity;
The city, which before (for other ends)
Was wrought to leave the part of royalty:
Where though the king's command was of no pow'r;
Yet work these lords so, that they took the Tow'r.

And from thence labour to bring in again
The outlet will of disobediency;
Send terrour, threats, entreaties, but in vain.
Warwick and March[20] are with all jollity
And grace receiv'd. The city's[21] love did gain
The best part of a crown: for whose defence,
And entertaining still, stays Sal'sbury[22],
Whilst March and Warwick other fortunes try;

Conducting their fresh troops against their king,
(Who leaves a woman to supply his stead:)
And near Northampton[23] both embattelling,
Made now the very heart of England bleed:
Where what strange resolutions both sides bring,
And with what deadly rancour they proceed,
Witness the blood there shed, and foully shed;
That cannot but with sighs be registred.

There Buckingham, Talbot, and Egremont,
Beaumont and Lucy[24]; parts of Lancaster,
(Parts most important, and of chief account)
In this unhappy day extinguish'd are.
There the lord Grey[25] (whose faith did not amount
Unto the trust committed to his care)
Betrays his king, born to be strangly toss'd;
And late again attain'd, again is lost.

Again is lost this outside of a king[26],
Ordain'd for others' uses, not his own;
Who to the part that had him could but bring
A feeble body only, and a crown;
But yet was held to be the dearest thing
Both sides did labour for so much, to crown
Their cause with the apparency of might; [right:
From whom, and by whom they must make their

When he himself (as if he nought esteem'd
The highest crown on Earth) continues one;
Weak to the world: which his religion deem'd
Like to the breath of man; vain, and soon gone!
Whilst the stout queen, by speedy flight, redeem'd
The safety of herself, and of her son:
And with her Somerset[27] to Durham fled;
Her pow'rs suppress'd, her heart unvanquished.

So much for absent York is acted here,
Attending English hopes on th' Irish coast:
Which when, unlookt for, they related were,
Ambition (still on horseback) comes in post,
And seems with greater glory to appear;
As made the more by b'ing so long time lost:
And to the parli'ment with state is led,
Which his associates had forc-summoned.

And com'n into the chamber of the peers,
He sets himself down in the chair of state;
Where such an unexpected face appears
Of an amazed court, that gazing sat
With a dumb silence, (seeming, that it fears
The thing it went about t' effectuate)
As if the place, the cause, the conscience gave
Bars to the words their forced course should have.

[17] The king (from Coventry) sends the lord Skales, the lord Lovel, the earl of Kendal, to London, with others, to keep the city in obedience.

[20] The earls of March, Warwick, and Salisbury, landing at Sandwich, were met by the archbishop of Canterbury; who, with his cross borne before him, accompanied them to London, an. reg. 38.

[21] The affection which the city of London bare to the duke of York, was an especial mean for the raising of that line to the crown.

[23] The battle of Northampton.

[24] The duke of Buckingham, the earl of Shrewsbury, the lord Egremont, John viscount Beaumont, sir William Lucy, slain.

[25] The lord Edmund Grey of Ruthen, who led the van-guard of king Henry, withdrew himself, and took part with the lords.

[26] The king is conveyed to London; the Tower yielded up to the lords, and the lord Skales (who kept it) murthered.

'Tis strange those times which brought such hands for blood,
Had not bred tongues to make good any side;
And that no prostituted conscience stood,
Any injustice to have justify'd;
(As men of the forlorn hope, only good
In desperatest acts to be employ'd)
And that none in th' assembly there was found,
That would t' ambitious descant give a ground:

That ev'n himself (forc'd of necessity)
Must be the orator of his own cause.
For having view'd them all, and could espy
None proff'ring once to speak; (all in a pause)
On this friend looks with an inviting eye,
And then on that, (as if he woo'd applause)
Holding the cloth of state still in his hand;
The sign which he would have them understand.

But see'ng none move; with an imperial port
Gath'ring his spir'ts, he rises from his seat;
Doth with such pow'r of words his cause support,
As seems all others' causes to defeat.
"And sure, who works his greatness in that sort,
Must have more pow'rs than those that are born great.
Such revolutions are not wrought, but when
Those spir'ts do work, which must be more than men."

He argues first his right, so long withheld
By th' usurpation of the Lancasters;
"The right of a direct line, always held
The sacred course of blood; our ancestors,
Our laws, our rev'rent customs have upheld
With holy hands. Whence when disorder errs,
What horrours, what confusion do we see;
Until it be reduc'd where it should be?

"And how it prospers with this wretched land,
Witness the universal misery,
Wherein (as if accurs'd) the realm doth stand;
Depriv'd of state, wealth, honour, dignity:
The church, and commons, underneath the hand
Of violence, extortion, robbery.
No face of order, no respect of laws:
And thus complains of what himself is cause;

"Accusing others' insolence, that they
Exhausted the revenues of the crown;
So that the king was forc'd only to prey
Upon his subjects, poor and wretched grown:
And that they now sought Ireland to betray,
And Calais to the French; which he had known
By th' interdicted notes of their own hand,
Who were the only traitors of the land;

"And yet procur'd th' attainders most unjust
Of others' guiltless and unspotted blood,
Who evermore had labour'd in their trust,
And faithful service for their country's good;
And who with extreme violence were thrust
Quite out of all, spoil'd of their livelihood,
Expos'd to all the miseries of life;
Which they endur'd, to put off blood and strife.

"But since," saith he, "their malice hath no end,
But t' end us all, and to undo the land;
(For which the hateful French gladly attend,
And at this instant have their swords in hand)
And that th' God of heav'n doth seem to bend
Unto our cause, whereto the best men stand;
And that this blood of mine so long time sought,
Reserv'd, seems for something to be wrought:

"It rests within your judgments to upright
Or else to ruin utterly the land:
For this be sure, I must pursue my right
Whilst I have breath, or I and mine can stand.
Think whether this poor state, bring in this plight,
Stands not in need of some up-raising hand;
Or whether 't is not time we should have rest,
And this confusion and our wounds redress'd."

This said, he turns aside, and out he goes;
Leaves them to counsel what was to be done:
Where though the most part gather'd were of those
Who with no opposition sure would run;
Yet some, more temp'rate, offer'd to propose
That which was fit to be consider'd on:
Who, though they knew his claim was fair in sight,
Yet thought it now lack'd the right face of right:

Since for the space of threescore years, the crown
Had been in act possess'd, in three descents;
Confirm'd by all the nobles of renown[28],
The people's suffrages, oaths, parli'ments;
So many acts of state, both of our own,
And of all other foreign governments:
"That wrong, by order, may grow right by this;
Sith right th' observor but of order is.

"And then consid'ring first how Bolingbroke,
Landing in Yorkshire but with threescore men,
By the consent of all the kingdom, took
The crown upon him, held for lawful then:
His uncle York, and all the peers betook
Themselves to him, as to their sov'reign; when
King Richard's wrongs, and his propinquity,
Did seem to make no distance in their eye.

"Nor was without example in those days;
Wherein (as in all ages) states do take
The side of public peace, to counterpaise
The weight of wrong, which time may rightful make.
No elderhood Rufus and Henry[29] stays
Th' imperial crown of England t' undertake:
And John before his nephew Arthur speeds;
Whom, though depriv'd, Henry his son succeeds.

"Edward the Third made sov'reign of the state
Upon his father's deprivation was.
All which, though seeming wrongs, yet fairly sat
In their succeeders, and for right did pass."
And if they could so work, t' accommodate
And calm the peers, and please the populace;
They wish'd the crown might where it stood remain,
Succeeding inconvenience to restrain.

Thus th' ancient fathers of the law advise,
Grave baron Thorpe, and learned Fortescue;
Who though they could not fashion otherwise
Those strong-bent humours, which aversive grew;
Yet seem'd to qualify th' extremities,
And some respect more to their sov'reign drew;
That, during life, it was by all agreed
He should be king, and York should him succeed.

[28] Non confirmatur tractu temporis, quod de jure ab initio non subsistit.

[29] William Rufus and Henry I. preferred before their elder brother

Which presently enacted, was (beside)
Proclaim'd throughout with all solemnities,
And intermutually there ratify'd
With protestations, vows, and oaths likewise;
Built up with all the strength of form, t' abide
Whatever oppositions could arise;
And might have seem'd sure and authentical,
Had all this body of the state been all.

But Trent, thou kept'st a part; Thames had not all;
The north divided honour with the south;
And like pow'r held like greatness several:
Where other right spake with another mouth;
Another heir another prince they call,
Whom natural succession follow'doth;
The branch of kings, the true son of the crown;
To whom no father can but leave his own.

The king, as husband to the crown, doth by
The wife's infe'ffment hold; and only here
Enjoys the same for life by courtesy;
Without pow'r to dispose it otherwhere,
After his death, but as th' authority,
Order, and custom of succession bear:
And therefore Henry's act cannot undo
The right of him whom it belongs unto.

And this unnatural intrusion here
Of that attainted blood, out of all course,
Effected with confusion and with fear,
Must be reduc'd to other terms of force.
These insolencies justice cannot bear:
The sword (whereto they only had recourse)
Must cut this knot so intricately ty'd,
Whose vain contrived ends are plain descry'd.

Thus they give out—and out the sword in hand
Is drawn for blood, to justify the same;
And by a side with many a worthy mann'd:
Great Somerset, Exeter, Buckingham,
With Clifford, Courtney, and Northumberland,
(Lords of as mighty courage, as of name)
Which all against York's forced courses bend;
Who having done, yet had not made an end:

But to another work is forc'd to go,
The last turmoil lab'ring ambition had;
Where pride and over-weening led him so,
(For fortunes past) as made the issue sad.
For whether safer counsel would or no,
His yet unfurnish'd troops he desp'rate led,
From Sandall-Castle unto Wakefield Green,
Against far mightier forces of the queen.

Where round enclos'd by ambusliments fore-laid [30],
Hard-working for his life, (but all in vain)
With number and confusion over-laid,
Himself and valiant Sal'sbury are slain;
With whom the most, and dearest blood decay'd
Of his courageous and advent'rous train:
So short a life had those long hopes of his,
Born not to wear the crown he wrought for thus;

But in the rise of his out-springing lust,
Now in the last of hope receiv'd this fall;
Now that his working pow'rs so far had thrust,
That his desires had but this step to all.
When, so near home, he seem'd past all distrust,
This unexpected wreck doth him befall:
This successor th' inheritor foregoes;
The play-game made of fortune, and his foes.

Whose young son, Rutland, (made the sacrifice
For others' sins, ere he knew how to sin)
Brought only but to see this exercise
Of blood and wounds, ends ere he did begin:
Whose tears, whose moan, whose lamentable cries,
Could neither mercy nor compassion win.
The branch of such a tree, though tender now,
Was not thought fit should any longer grow.

Which turning chance t' a long ungraced side,
Brings back their almost quelled hopes again;
And thrust them on to use the present tide
And flow of this occasion, to regain
Th' enthralled monarch, and to undecide
The late concluded act they held for vain;
And moves their armies, new refresh'd with spoil,
For more confusion, and for more turmoil:

Victoriously proceeding unwithstood,
Till at St. Alban's Warwick's forc'd t' a stand [31].
Whereas (to make his own undoing good)
The king is brought against himself to band:
His pow'r and crown is set against his blood;
Forc'd on the side not of himself to stand.
Divided king! in what a case thou art,
To have thy hand thus bent against thy heart!

And here this famous fatal place again
Is made the stage of blood—again these streets,
Embru'd with slaughter, cover'd with the slain,
Witness what desp'rate wrath with rancour meets.
But Fortune now is in another vein,
Another side her turning favour greets;
The king here lately lost, is now here won [32];
Still sure t' undo the side that he was on.

Warwick [33], with other genius than his own,
Had here to do: which made him see the face
Of sad misfortune in the self-same town,
Where prosp'rous winning lately gave him grace:
And Marg'ret here, this martial Amazon,
Was with the spir't of her self in place;
Whose labours fortune ev'n to pity stir,
And b'ing a woman, could but give it her.

The reputation and encouragement
Of Wakefield glory waken'd them to this:
And this seems now the full accomplishment
Of all their travail, all their combrances.
For what can more disturb this government,
When York extinct, and Warwick conquer'd is?
Directing Sal'sb'ry left without a head,
What rests there now that all's not finished?

[30] The battle of Wakefield, where the duke of York is slain; the earl of Salisbury taken, and beheaded at York; Edmund earl of Rutland, youngest son to the duke of York, murthered after

[31] The second battle at St. Albans.

[32] The king is again recovered by the queen.

[33] The earl of Warwick, with the duke of Norfolk, put to flight; and sir John [illegible] slain.

Thus for the sick preserving Nature strives
Against corruption and the loathsome grave,
When out of Death's cold hand she back reprieves
Th' almost confounded spir'ts she fain would save;
And them cheers up, illightens, and revives,
Making faint sickness words of health to have,
With looks of life, as if the worst were past;
When straight comes dissolution, and his last.

So fares it with this late revived queen;
Whose victories thus fortunately won,
Have but as only light'ning motions been
Before th ruin that ensu'd thereon.
For now another springing pow'r is seen,
Whereto (as to the new-arising Sun)
All turn their faces, leaving those low rays
Of setting fortune, which no climber weighs.

Now is young March more than a duke of York:
For youth, love, grace, and courage, make him more;
All which for Fortune's favour now do work,
Who graceth freshest actors evermore;
Making the first attempt the chiefest work
Of any man's designs that strives therefore.
"The after-seasons are not so well bless'd;
For those first spir'ts make their first actions best."

Now as the Lybian lion, when with pain
The weary hunter hath pursu'd his prey
From rocks to brakes, from thickets to the plain,
And at the point thereon his hands to lay
Hard by his hopes, his eye upon his gain,
Out-rushing from his den, rapts all away;
So comes young March their ends to disappoint,
Who now were grown so near unto the point.

The love of these important southern parts,
Of Essex, Surrey, Middlesex, and Kent,
The queen had wholly lost; as they whose hearts
Grew ill affected to her government,
Upon th' uncivil and presumptuous parts,
Play'd by the northern troops grown insolent;
Whom though she could not govern otherwise,
Yet th' ill that 's wrought for her, upon her lies.

"So wretched is this execrable war,
This civil sword—wherein though all we see
Be foul, and all things miserable are,
Yet most distressfull is the victory;
Which is not only th' extreme ruiner
Of others, but her own calamity:
Where who obtains, what he would cannot do:
Their pow'r hath part, who help him thereunto."

The city [31], whose good-will they most desire,
(Yet thereunto durst not commit their state)
Sends them not those provisions they require;
Which seem'd restrained by the people's hate:
Yet March's help far off, and near this fire
(To win them time) lord'd them to mediate

A reconcilement: which well entertain'd,
Was fairly now grown on, and nearly gain'd:

When with a thousand tongues swift-wing'd Fame
And tells of March's gallant victories; [comes,
Who what withstands subdues; all overcomes;
Making his way through fiercest enemies:
As having now to cast in greater sums
The reck'ning of his hopes, that mainly rise.
His father's death gives more life unto wrath;
And vexed valour greater courage hath.

And now, as for his last, his lab'ring worth
Works on the coast which on fair Severn lies;
Whereto his father (passing to the north)
Sent him to levy other fresh supplies:
But hearing now what Wakefield had brought forth,
Imploring aid against these injuries,
Obtains from Gloc'ster, Worc'ster, Shrewsbury,
Important pow'rs to work his remedy.

Which he against Pembroke and Ormond [34] bends;
Whom Marg'ret (now upon her victory)
With all speed possible from Wakefield sends,
With hope to have surpris'd him suddenly.
Wherein though she all means, all wit extends,
To th' utmost reach of wary policy;
Yet nothing her avails—no plots succeed,
T' avert those mischiefs which the Heav'ns decreed.

For near the Cross [35] ally'd unto his name,
He cross'd those mighty forces of his foes,
And with a spir't ordain'd for deeds of fame
Their eager-fighting army overthrows;
Making all clear behind from whence he came,
Bearing down wholly what before him rose,
Like to an all-confounding torrent seems;
And was made more by Warwick's mighty streams.

With th' inundation of which greatness, he [36]
(Having no bounds of pow'r to keep him back)
March'd to the city: at whose entrance free,
No signs of joy, nor no applauding lack.
Whose near approach when this sad queen did see,
(T' avoid these rocks of her near threat'ning wreck)
With her griev'd troops northward she hence departs,
And leaves to youth and fortune these south parts.

[31] The queen, after the battle of St. Alban's, sent to the mayor of London for certain provisions: who, willing to furnish her therewithal, the commons of the city stayed the same, and would not permit the carts to pass. Whereupon the lord mayor sent to excuse himself, and to appease the displeasure of the queen.

[34] Jasper earl of Pembroke, and James Butler, earl of Ormond and Wiltshire.

[35] The battle of Mortimer's Cross, where Owen Tudor, father to the earl of Pembroke, who had married king Henry's mother, was taken and beheaded.

[36] The earl of Warwick, after his overthrow at St. Alban's, retires with all the forces he could make, and joins with the young duke of York; who coming to London, and received with all joy, a great council was presently called of the lords spiritual and temporal; where king Henry was adjudged insufficient for the government of the realm, and to be deprived of all regal authority; and the duke of York elected for king, and after proclaimed by the name of Edward IV. March 4, 1460, at the age of eighteen. And so Henry VI. after he had reigned thirty-eight years, eight months, was deposed.

Glory with admiration ent'ring now,
Open'd that easy door to his intent,
As that there needs not long time to allow
The right he had unto the government;
Nor Henry's injuries to disavow,
Against his oath, and th' act of parliament.
" For here the speedi'st way he takes t' accord
Diff'rence in law, that pleads it with the sword."

Gather'd to see his muster'd companies,
Stood all the flocking troops of London streets,
When Falconbridge (with gentle feeling) tries
How strong the pulse of their affection beats;
And reck'ning up the grievous miseries,
And desolation which the country threats, [king;
Ask'd them, " whom they would have to be their
To lead those troops, and state in form to bring?"

Whereto, with such an universal shout,
" The earl of March," the multitude replies,
As the rebounding echo straight throughout
(From tow'r to tow'r reverberated) flies
To th' ears of those great lords, who sat about
The consultation for this enterprise.
Whose care is say'd, which most they stood upon;
For what they counsel how to do, is done.

And nothing now, but to confirm him king,
Remains (which must not long remain) to do:
The present heat doth straight dispatch the thing,
With all those solemn rites that 'long thereto:
So that what York, with all his travailing,
Force and intrusion, could not get unto;
Is now thus freely laid upon his son,
Who must make fair what foully was begun.

Whose end attain'd, had it here made an end
Of foul destruction, and had stay'd the blood
Which Towton, Exham, Tewksbury did spend
With desp'rate hands, and deeper wounds withstood;
And that none other crown brought to contend
With that of his, had made his seem less good;
How had this long-afflicted land been bless'd!
Our sighs had ended, and my Muse had rest.

Which now (but little past half her long way)
Stands trembling at the horrours that succeed;
Weary with these embroilments, fain would stay
Her further course, unwilling to proceed:
And fain to see that glorious holiday
Of union which this discord re-agreed,
Knows not as yet what to resolve upon,
Whether to leave off here, or else go on.

THE

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Edward pow'r against king Henry led,
And hath at Towton-field the victory:
From whence king Henry into Scotland fled,
Where he attempts his state's recovery:
Steals into England; is discovered;
Brought pris'ner to the Tow'r disgracefully.
And Edward, whilst great Warwick doth assay
A match in France, marries the lady Grey.

Or yet, sad Verse—though those bright stars from whence
Thou had'st thy light, are set for evermore;
And that these times do not like grace dispense
To our endeavours, as those did before:
Yet on—since she, whose beams do re-incense
This sacred fire, seems as reserv'd in store
To raise this work, and here to have my last,
Who had the first of all my labours past.

On, with her blessed favour, and relate
With what new bloodshed this new-chosen lord
Made his first entry to th' afflicted state;
Pass'd his first act of public with the sword;
Engor'd his new-worn crown; and how he gat
Possession of affliction, and restor'd
His right unto a royal misery,
Maintained with as bloody dignity.

Show how our great Pharsalian field was fought
At Towton[1] in the north; the greatest day
Of ruin that dissention ever brought
Unto this kingdom. Where two crowns did sway
The work of slaughter—two kings causes wrought
Destruction to one people, by the way
Of their affections, and their loyalties;
As if one for these ills could not suffice.

Where Lancaster, and that courageous side,
(That noble constant part) came furnished
With such a pow'r, as might have terrify'd
And over-run the Earth; had they been led
The way of glory, where they might have try'd
For th' empire of all Europe, as those did
The Macedonian led into the east;
Their number being double at the least.

And where brave York comes as completely mann'd
With courage, valour, and with equal might;
Prepar'd to try with a resolved hand
The metal of his crown, and of his right:
Attended with his fatal fire-brand
Of war, Warwick, that blazing star of fight!
The comet of destruction! that portends
Confusion and distress, what way he tends.

What rage, what madness, England, do we see?
That this brave people, in such multitude
Run to confound themselves! and all to be
Thus mad for *lords*, and for mere servitude!
What might have been, if (Roman like, and free)
These gallant spirits had nobler ends pursu'd,

[1] Edward being proclaimed and acknowledged for king, presently sets forward towards the north, to encounter with king Henry VI. who, in Yorkshire had assembled a puissant army of near sixty thousand men; and at a place called Towton, about four miles from York, both their powers met; where was fought the greatest battle our stories mention in all these civil wars: where both the armies consisted of above one hundred thousand men, and all of our own nation.

And strain'd to points of glory and renown,
For good of the republic, and their own?

But here no Cato with a senate stood
For commonwealth—nor here were any sought
T' emancipate the state for public good,
But only head-long for their faction wrought.
Here ev'ry man runs on to spend his blood,
To get but what he had already got.
For whether Pompey, or a Cæsar won,
Their state was ever sure to be all one.

And first, before these fatal armies met,
Had forward Warwick laid the passage free,
At Ferry-Briggs; where the lord Clifford [2] (set
With an advent'rous, gallant company,
To guard that strait, York's further march to let)
Began the scene to this great tragedy;
Made the first entrance on the stage of blood;
Which now set wide for wounds, all open stood.

When Edward to exhort his men began,
With words, whereto both spir't and majesty
His pers'nage gave: for that he was a man
(Besides a king) whose crown sat gracefully.
"Com'n is the day," said he, "wherein who can
Obtain the best, is best. This day must try
Who hath the wrong; and whence our ills have been:
And 't is our swords must make us honest men.

"For though our cause (by God and men allow'd)
Hath in it honour, right, and honesty;
Yet all as nothing is to be avow'd,
Unless withal we have the victory.
For justice is (we see) a virtue proud,
And cleaves to pow'r, and leaves weak misery:
And therefore seeing the case we now stand in,
We must resolve either to die or win.

"So that if any here doth find his heart
To fail him for this noble work, or stands
Irresolute this day; let him depart,
And leave his arms behind, for worthier hands.
I know enow will stay to do their part;
Here to redeem themselves, wives, children, lands,
And have the glory that thereby shall rise,
To free their country from these miseries."

But here what needed words to blow the fire,
In flame already, and enkindl'd so,
As when it was proclaim'd they might retire,
Who found unwillingness to undergo
That vent'rous work; they all did so conspire
To stand out fortune, that not one would go,
To bear away a hand from blood; not one
Defraud the field th' evil might be done?

Where Warwick [3] too (producing in their sight
An argument whereby he did conclude
There was no hope of safety, but by fight)
Doth sacrifice his horse to fortitude;
And thereby did the least conceit of flight,
Or any succour by escape exclude;
"Seeing in the streight of a necessity,
The means to win, is t' have no means to fly."

[2] The lord Clifford slain at Ferry-Briggs.

[3] The earl of Warwick, before the battle began, with his own hands killed his horse.

It was upon the twilight of that day,
That peaceful day when the *religious* bear
The olive branches as they go to pray,
(And we, in lieu, the blooming *palm* use here)
When both the armies, ready in array
For th' early sacrifice of blood, appear
Prepar'd for mischief, ere they had full light
To see to do it, and to do it right.

Th' advantage of the time, and of the wind,
(Which both with York seem as retain'd in pay)
Brave Falconbridge [4] takes hold on, and assign'd
The archers their flight-shafts to shoot away:
Which th' adverse side (with sleet and dimness blind,
Mistaken in the distance of the way)
Answer with their sheaf arrows, that came short
Of their intended aim, and did no hurt.

But gather'd by th' on-marching enemy,
Returned were like clouds of steel: which pour
Destruction down, and did new-night the sky,
As if the day had fail'd to keep his hour.
Whereat the ranged horse break out, deny
Obedience to the riders, scorn their pow'r,
Disrank the troops, set all in disarray,
To make th' assailant owner of the day.

Thus thou peculiar engine of our land!
(Weapon of conquest! master of the field!)
Renowned bow! (that mad'st this crown command
The tow'rs of France, and all their pow'rs to yield)
Art made at home to have th' especial hand
In our dissentions, by thy work upheld:
Thou first did'st conquer us; then rais'd our skill
To vanquish others; here ourselves to spill.

And now how com'st thou to be out of date,
And all-neglected leav'st us, and art gone;
And with thee th' ancient strength, the manly state
Of valour and of worth, that glory won?
Or else stay'st thou till new-priz'd shot abate [5]
(That never shall affect what thou hast done)
And only but attend'st some blessed reign,
When thou and virtue shall be grac'd again.

But this short tempest drave Northumberland
(Who led the van-guard of king Henry's side)
With eager heat join battle out of hand,
And this disorder with their swords to bide.
Where twice five hours these furious armies stand,
And Fortune's balance weigh'd on neither side;
Nor either did but equal bloodshed gain,
Till Henry's [5] chiefest leaders all were slain.

[4] William Nevil, lord Falconbridge, after created earl of Kent.

[5] In this battle of Towton, on king Henry's side were slain, Henry Piercy earl of Northumberland; the earls of Shrewsbury and Devonshire; John lord Clifford; the lords Beaumont, Nevil, Willoughby, Wells, Roos, Grey, Dacres, Fitz-Hugh, Molineux, Buckingham: knights, the two base sons of Henry Holland, duke of Exeter; Richard Piercy, Gervase Clifton, Andrew Trollop, &c.

The whole number slain were accounted by some thirty-three thousand, by others thirty-five thousand and ninety-one.

Then lo those spir'ts, which from these heads derive
Their motions, gave off working; and in haste
Turn all their backs to death, and mainly strive
Who from themselves shall run away most fast.
The after-fliers on the former drive;
And they again by the pursuers chas'd,
Make bridges of their fellows backs, to pass
The brooks and rivers whereas danger was.

Witness, O clear-stream'd Cock! within whose banks
So many thousand crawling helpless lay,
With wounds and weariness; who in their ranks
Had valiantly behav'd themselves that day;
And might have had more honour and more thanks,
By standing to their work, and by their stay.
"But men at once life seem to love and loath,
Running to *lose* it, and to *save* it both."

Unhappy Henry, from a little hill,
Plac'd not far off, (whence he might view the fight)
Had all th' entire full prospect of this ill,
With all the scatter'd slaughter, in his sight:
Saw how the victor rag'd, and spoil'd at will,
And left not off when all was in his might:
Saw with how great ado himself was won;
And with what store of blood kings are undone.

"We are not worth so much, nor I nor he,
As hath been spent for us by you this day,
Dear people;" said he—"Therefore, O! agree;
And leave off mischief, and your malice stay!
Stay, Edward, stay!—They must a people be,
When we shall not be kings—and it is they,
Who make us with their miseries—spare them,
For whom thou thus dost seek a diadem.

"For me, I could be pleas'd t' have nought to do
With Fortune; and content myself were ill,
So England might be well: and that t' undo
Me might suffice the sword, without more ill.
And yet perhaps these men, that cleave unto
The parts of princes with such eager will,
Have likewise their own ends of gain or hate
In these our strifes, and nourish this debate."

Thus stood he (drawing lines of his discourse)
In contemplation; when, more needfully,
It did import him to devise a course,
How he might shift for his recovery:
And had been taken, had not some by force
Rescu'd and drawn him off more speedily,
And brought him unto York [6] in all main post;
Where he first told his queen the day was lost.

Who, as compos'd of that firm temp'rature,
Which could not bend to base complaints, nor wail
As weakness doth, (fore-knowing how t' endure)
Fail'd not herself, though Fortune did her fail;
But rather casts about how to procure
Means to reserve her part, and to prevail
Of that poor time left her to save her own;
As one though overcome, not overthrown.

Now when she had of fatal Lancaster
Seen all the pillars crush'd and ruined,
That under-set it; all that follow'd her
Of those heroic personages dead,
Save only Somerset and Exetor,
(Who from this last destruction hardly fled)
And saw all lost, and nothing in her might,
But only that which must be sav'd by flight:

Now when there was no North left of their own,
To draw unto; no side to gather head;
No people to be rais'd t' an empty crown,
Nor yet the ground their own whereon they tread;
When yet your faith, (worthy of all renown)
Constant Northumbrians, firm continued!
And though you could not render succours fit
Unto your sov'reign, you would save him yet;

And be (as few men in this world are) true
Unto affliction, and to misery;
And would not basely purchase and renew
Your peace and safety by disloyalty;
But wrought, that though the victor did pursue
With greedy care, and eager industry,
To have surpris'd him; yet was all in vain,
Till he recover'd Berwick with his train.

Where now he was at some more vacancy
To understand, and see himself undone;
Which in this sudden-coming misery,
He had no leisure to consider on.
And now surveys he that poor company,
Attending on himself, his wife, and son;
Sees how that all the state which serv'd his crown,
Was shut within the walls of one small town:

Beholds there what a poor distressed thing,
A king without a people, was!—and whence
The glory of that mightiness doth spring,
That over-spreads (with such a reverence)
This under-world! Whence comes this furnishing,
And all this splendour of magnificence!
He sees, what chair soever monarch sat
Upon on Earth, the people was the state.

And yet although he did contain no more
Than what he saw; yet saw a piece so small
Could not contain him. What he was before,
Made him uncapable of any wall,
To yield him succour now—he must have more
Than only this small hold, or none at all.
And therefore this, (seeing it avail'd him not,
Nor could he keep) he renders to the Scot [7];

As th' earnest to confirm and ratify
The league between them two, newly begun.
Whereof to make more sure, and faster tye,
He promis'd too th' alliance of his son;
And all that might secure their amity,
With willingness on either side was done.
And here they practise all they can devise,
To turn revenge upon their enemies.

Thus, England, did'st thou see the mightiest king
Thou ever had'st, (in pow'r and majesty
Of state, and of dominions; governing
A most magnificent nobility;
With an advent'rous people, flourishing
In all the glories of felicity)
Chas'd from his kingdom; forc'd to seek redress
In parts remote, distress'd and succourless.

[6] Queen Margaret, with her son, were in the city of York, expecting the event of this battle.

[7] Henry VI. delivers the town of Berwick to the king of Scots.

Now Bolingbroke, these miseries here shown,
Do much unload thy sin; make thy ill good:
For if thou didst by wrong attain the crown,
'T was without cries; it cost but little blood.
But York by his attempt hath overthrown
All the best glory wherein England stood;
And did his state by her undoing win;
And was, though white without, yet red within.

And thus he hath it—and is now to deal
For th' entertaining and continuance
Of men's affections; and to seek to heal
Those foul corruptions, which the maintenance
Of so long wars bred in the commonweal.
He must remunerate, prefer, advance
His chiefest friends; and prosecute with might
The adverse part; do wrong, to do men right.

Whilst martial Marg'ret, with her hopeful son,
Is travelling in France, to purchase aid;
And plots, and toils, and nothing leaves undone;
Though all in vain.—For being thus over-laid
By Fortune, and the time; all that is done,
Is out of season. For she must have stay'd
Till that first heat of men's affections (which
They bear new kings) were laid, and not so much.

When they should find that they had gain'd no more,
Than th' ass by changing of his masters did;
(Who still must labour as he us'd before)
And those expectancies came frustrated,
Which they had set upon th' imagin'd score
Of their accounts: and had considered,
How that it did but little benefit
The doves, to change the falcon for the kite.

And yet, brave queen[8], for three years of his reign,
Thou gav'st him little breathing-time of rest;
But still his miseries did'st entertain
With new attempts, and new assaults address'd.
And at thy now return from France again,
(Supply'd with forces) once more gathered'st
An army for the field, and brought'st to war
The scatter'd parts of broken Lancaster.

And once again at Exham led'st them on,
With Scots and French, t' another bloody day;
And there beheld'st thyself again undone,
With all that rest, whereon thy fortunes lay.
Where Somerset (late to king Edward gone,
And got his pardon) having 'scap'd away,
With noble Piercy came, to bring their blood
Unto thy side, whereto they first had stood.

Where the lord Molines, Ross, and Hungerford,
With many more of noble families,
Extinguish'd were—and many that day's sword
Cut off their names in their posterities.

Where fled again their luckless, follow'd lord;
And is so near pursu'd by th' enemies,
As th' ensign of his crown was seiz'd upon,
For him who had before his kingdom won;

And shortly after too his person gat.
For he now weary'd with his long exile,
And miseries abroad; grew passionate
With longing to return t' his native soil.
And seeing he could not do the same in state,
He seeks, disguiz'd in fashion, to beguile
The world a time, and steal the liberty
And sight of his dear country privately.

As if there were for a pursued king
A covert left on Earth, wherein to hide;
When Pow'r and Jealousy are travelling,
And lay to catch affliction on each side:
"Misfortune serves, we see, for ev'ry thing."
And soon he comes[9], God knows, to be descry'd;
And Edward hath the booty he desir'd;
For whose establishment all things conspir'd.

Yet long it was not ere a fire began
To take in th' inward'st closet, where he laid
The treasure of his chiefest trust; and ran
From thence through all its state, before it stay'd.
For being a king, who his whole fortunes wan
With other hands, must many leave unpaid;
And could not fill up that vast greediness
Of expectation, which is bottomless.

Though he did all the best that in him lay,
(As a most active prince) to satisfy
The int'rest of their travails, and defray
The bands contracted 'twixt his sov'reignty
And the republic: seeking to allay[10]
All grievances; recorder Equity,
Reform the bars, that Justice did abuse;
Lay easy on the state, as new kings use.

As he, who having found great treasury,
The first year offers with most grateful cheer
A sheep of gold to Juno's deity;
And next of silver, for the second year;
The third of brass: and then negleotively,
Nothing at all—so those respects, which were
Born of a present feeling, mov'd him most;
But soon were with their times and motives lost.

And what his bounty could not recompense,
He pays with honours, and with dignities.
And (more to angle the benevolence,
And catch the love of men with courtesies)
He oft would make his dignity dispense
With his too low familiarities;
Descending from his sphere of majesty
Beneath himself very submissively.

[8] Queen Margaret, furnished with a great power of Scots and French, to the number of twenty thousand, with her husband, entered into Northumberland, took the castle of Bamborough, and after came forward to the bishopric of Durham: where Henry Beaufort, duke of Somerset, who had lately been reconciled to King Edward IV. joined with them; and also brought thither with him sir Ralph Piercy, a man of great courage and worth: who were taken in the battle of Exham, and executed, an. 3, Ed. IV. 1464.

[9] King Henry was taken in Lancashire, and brought to London, with his legs bound to the stirrups; having in his company only Dr. Manning, dean of Windsor, with another divine; who were taken with him, and committed to the Tower.

[10] King Edward IV. sat on the King's Bench, in open court, three days together, in Michaelmas term, anno 2 of his reign, to understand how his laws were executed.

And when he had dispos'd in some good train
His home affairs; he counsels how t' advance
His foreign correspondence, with the chain
Of some alliance that might countenance
His greatness, and his quiet entertain. [France;
Which was thought fittest with some match of
To hold that kingdom from sub-aiding such,
Who else could not subsist, nor hope so much.

Nor was it now a time to have contrast
With any foreign, mighty potentate;
But keep the outer doors of each side fast,
Having so much to do within his state.
And thereupon was Warwick [1] (by whose cast
All must be wrought) employ'd to mediate
A present marriage, to be had between
Him and the sister of the young French queen.

Which was not long, nor hard to bring to pass,
Where like respects met in a point alike.
So that the same as ov'n concluded was,
And all as done—lady and friends all like:
When Love, the lord of kings, (by whom must pass
This act of our affections) took dislike
That he was not made privy thereunto,
And therefore in his wrath would all undo.

For whilst this youthful prince, at his disport
In Grafton woods, retir'd from public care,
Attending how his suit in France did sort,
(Whereon his cogitations only were)
He 'comes at home surpris'd in other sort:
A nearer fire inflam'd his passions here;
An English beauty, with more worth endu'd
Than France could yield, his royal heart subdu'd.

A woful widow, whom his quarrel had
(As it had many mo) made desolate,
Came to his court in mournful habit clad,
To sue for justice to relieve her state.
And ent'ring as a suppliant all sad,
With graceful sorrow, and a comely gate,
She pass'd the presence; where all eyes were cast
On her more stately presence as she pass'd.

Her looks not let abroad, (but carefully
Kept in, restrain'd) held their reservedness:
Observing none but her own dignity,
And his, to whom she did herself address.
And drawing near his royal majesty,
A blush of reverence, not bashfulness,
Lighten'd her lovely cheeks, and down she kneels;
Gives her petition for the wrongs she feels.

And in deliv'ring it, lifts up her eyes,
(The moving'st mediators she could bring)
And straight withdraws them in submissive wise;
Not fixing them directly on the king:

Who, mov'd with her sweet fashion, bad her rise,
With gentle language full of comforting;
Read her request—but thought not what he read.
The lines he view'd her eyes had figured.

Then paus'd awhile, and mus'd; as if he weigh'd
The substance of her suit. The which (God wot)
Was not the thing he mus'd. And having stay'd,
Seem'd to read on again; but yet reads not.
And still a stealing side-cast look convey'd
On her sweet face: as if he had forgot
To be elsewhere than where he did behold;
And thought not what he did, but what he would.

But lest his sudden passion might have there
More witnesses than he could wish to have;
He took up his desires, which posting were
Beyond their stages; and this answer gave:
"Madam, we will ourself take time to hear
Your cause at large. Wherein we will you have
No other ref'rence but repair to us;
Who will accommodate this business."

She that expected present remedy,
(Hearing this dilatory answer) thought
The king found scruple in the equity
Of her request; and thereupon he sought
To put her to delays of court; whereby
She might be tir'd, and in the end get nought.
And that which her opinion made more strong,
Was that he studied and was mute so long.

Which forc'd from her these words: "My lord,
Let not my being a Lancastrian bred,
Without mine own election, disafford
Me right, or make my cause disfigured;
Since I am now the subject of your sword;
Which God hath (with your right) established,
To do us right. And let not what we were,
Be now the cause to hurt us as we are."

"Lady, mistake me not—never did I
Make war with women, nor us'd women's war,
Revenge; but prosecuted honestly
My right, not men. My quarrels ended are
With my obtaining of the victory.
And (lady) know, your cause moves me thus far,
As you shall find," said he, "I do desire,
To do you greater right than you require."

With this they part; both with their thoughts full charg'd;
She for her suit in hand, and he for her;
Wherein he spends that night; and quite discharg'd
All other cogitations, to confer
First, how he might have her estate enlarg'd:
Then in what sort her service to prefer
Unto his new-expected wife and queen:
Then how to mask his love from being seen.

For yet lust was not grown to that degree,
To have no limits; but that shame kept in
The greatest greatness, from this being free
To hold their wantonness to be no sin.
For though kings cannot over-master'd be,
They will be overlook'd, and seen within:
And though they could their weaknesses make [mute

[1] The earl of Warwick was sent into France, to treat of a marriage between king Edward and the lady Bona, daughter to Louis duke of Savoy, and sister to the lady Charlotte, queen of France: which was there agreed upon; and monsieur Damp, Martin, with others, appointed to be sent into England, for the full accomplishing thereof. But in the mean time, May 1, the king married the lady Elizabeth Grey, daughter to the dutchess of Bedford, late wife to sir John Grey, slain at St. Albans, in king

Sometimes he thinks it better to provide
A place retir'd, and have her from the court;
And then with what pretensions he might hide
His private coming, and his oft resort:
Then by his queen if it should be espy'd,
How he might clear with her, and stop report.
And thus consumes the night—and if he slept,
He slept those thoughts that with these passions kept.

The morning being com'n (and glad he was
That it was com'n) after so long a night
He thought would have no morning, (time did pass
So slow, and his desires ran on so light)
A messenger with speed dispatched was,
Of special trust, this lady to invite
To come t' his presence; though before the time
That ladies rise; who rarely rise betime.

Yet soon she hastes; and yet that soon seem'd long,
To him whose longing went so swift apace;
And frets that such attiring should belong
To that which yields itself sufficient grace:
Consid'ring how these ornaments may wrong
The set of beauty; which we see doth grace
Th' attire it wears, and is not grac'd thereby,
As being that only which doth take the eye.

But now being com'n, that quarrel of delay
Straight ended was—her presence satisfies
All, what expectance had laid out for stay:
And he beheld more sweetness in her eyes,
And saw her more than she was yesterday.
A cheerliness did with her hopes arise,
That lamped clearer than it did before,
And made her spir't and his affections more.

When those who were about him presently
Voided the room, and left him to confer
Alone with his fair suitor privately,
(As they who to his courses conscious were:)
And he began—"Madam, the remedy
Which you in your petition sue for here,
Shall be allow'd to th' utmost that you crave,
With th' expedition you would wish to have.

"And here I have another suit to you;
Which if you please to grant, we both shall now
Rest equally content"—Wherewith there grew
That sudden alteration in her brow,
As all were over-cast; and so withdrew
That freedom from her looks, (lest they should 'low
More than her heart might mean) as they reflect
A narrower and a careft ller aspect.

That when he saw this barrier of dislike
Thus inter-set, to keep his forwardness
Back from presumptive pressing; it did strike
That rev'rence, as it stay'd him to express
His further will. And she replies: "'T is like
When kings to subjects sue, they mean no less
Than to command: nor must they be withstood,
For that good kings will seek but what is good.

"And in that fair respect, your majesty,
According to your will, both must and may
Command my servide; who most rev'rently
Your royal pleasure your shall obey."
With which word *pleasure*, (though it doubtfully
In that hard fastness of condition lay,
Under the lock of goodness) he was cast
In hope, he might obtain the same at last.

And thus rejoins—"My pleasure only shall
Be, madam, for your good. Please it but you
To make it so. And here to tell you all,
I love you; and therein I tell you true.
What honour may by King's affections fall,
Must light upon your fortunes, as your due.
And though France shall a wife for fashion bring;
You must be th' only mistress of the king."

Straight might you see, how scorn, and fear, and shame,
(All intermix'd in one aspect) return
The message of her thoughts, before words came.
And first within her brow in state sat Scorn;
Shame in her cheeks: where also Fear became
An inmate too; and both appear by turn.
Blushes did paleness, paleness blushes chase;
As scorning, fearing, shaming such disgrace.

She scorns to be addeem'd so worthless base,
As to be mov'd to such an infamy.
She shames to think that ought within her face
Should breed th' opinion of immodesty.
She fears the fatal danger of the place;
Her loneness, and the pow'r of majesty:
And so confus'd in fear, in shame, in scorn,
This answer to his motion doth return:

"My sov'reign lord, it grieves me that you deem,
Because I in this sort for justice sue,
I would the same with mine own wrong redeem,
And by dishonour re-obtain my due.
No—I would hate that right which should but seem
To be beholden to a wanton view,
Or motive of my person, not my cause;
That craves but *right from justice and your laws.*

"And know, great monarch, that I more do weigh
My distaff with mine honour, than I do
The mightiest sceptre king did ever sway
Upon the Earth, or nations bow'd unto.
I owe subjection; which I humbly pay
With all the outward service I can do:
But, sov'reign, in the region of my heart
I reign sole queen—no king can force a part."

Here fear a little interpos'd a touch,
To warn her violence to temporise
With pow'r and state. And she concludes her speech
With craving pardon in more humble wise;
Yet in proud humble wise: which show'd how much
She did her honour above greatness prize.
And so being full of what she did conceive,
Desires to be dismiss'd, and takes her leave.

Here, Mary Pembroke, (by whose gen'rous brow,
And noble graces, I delineate
These shapes of others' virtues) could I show
In what a desp'rate and confus'd estate
She left this disappointed king: and how
Love and Ambition in their glory sat,
And tyranniz'd on his divided heart,
Warring each other with a pow'rful part:

How first Love underneath his colours brought
The strength of all her graceful worthiness;
And sets them in th' advantage of his thought,
Upon the side of youth and wantonness:
Then how Ambition, that for glory wrought,
Comes with his state, his crown and pow'rfulness,
And plants her on the side of Providence,
To beat unfit affections off from thence:

But I must over-go these passages,
And hasten on my way to overtake
Mine ends, in sad and gravor bus'nesses;
Whereof I shall to you relation make.
And yet my zeal here forc'd me thus t' express
Elizabeth, for our Eliza's sake;
Who grac'd the Muses, (which her times became):
"For they who give them comfort, must have fame."

And I must tell you now, when this great fight
Of counter-passions had been throughly try'd,
How in the end the victory did light
Upon Love's forces, as the stronger side;
And beat down those respects of benefit,
Of honour, greatness, strength, and all beside;
And never granted rest unto his strife,
Till marriage rites had her confirm'd his wife.

Which that place where he saw her first, saw done,
Ere he remov'd his foot—"For Love is still
In haste; and (as a lord that rules alone)
Admits no counsellor in good nor ill.
For he and kings gladly give ear to none,
But such as smooth their ways, and sooth their will.
And who will not desire to give his voice,
(Be what it will) to praise a prince's choice?

"Which was (indeed) in virtue, beauty, grace,
And (all but fortune) worthy of his bed;
And in that too, had he but liv'd the space,
T' have seen her plenteous issue fully bred;
That they might have collated strength and grace,
On her weak side: which (scorn'd and malic'd)
Lay open undefenc'd, apt to b' undone
By proud usurping pow'r, when he was gone."

But now when fame of this home-chosen match
Arriv'd in France, (for there it did arrive,
Ere they could here attend to make dispatch
T' impart the same to Warwick, or contrive
Some colour that in any sort might fetch
Him fairly off, and no dishonour give)
It so much stirr'd the humours in those parts,
As marr'd the whole complexion of their hearts.

The French king scorns such an indignity:
Warwick disdains employment in this case.
The queen enrag'd, with extreme vehemency
Storms at her sister's and her own disgrace.
The lady Bona takes most tenderly,
To be so mock'd with hope of such a place:
And all blame Warwick, and his fraud condemn;
Whilst he himself deceiv'd, suffers with them:

And could not, by all means might be devis'd,
Untaste them of this violent disgust;
But that they still held something lay disguis'd,
Under this treaty. So that now he must
Bring home his reputation cauteris'd
With the idle mark of serving others' lust
In frivolous employments; or be sent
Out of the way, to colour some intent.

"Which, to himself, made him with grief inveigh
Against distemper'd kings; who often are
Ill warrants for their own affairs; and weigh
Their lusts more than their dignity by far:
And what a misery they have, that sway
Their great designs; what danger, and what care;
And often must be fore'd (being at their backs)
To crack their reputation, or their necks.

"How their high favours like as fig-trees are,
That grow upon the sides of rocks; where they
Who reach their fruit, adventure must so far,
As t' hazard their deep downfall and decay.
Their grace not fix'd; but as a blazing star,
Burns out the present matter, and away:
And how the world could too well witness bear,
That both their loves and hates like dang'rous were."

Thus he complains, and makes his home-retire;
All disappointed of his purposes.
For hoping by this match to hold entire
That lady, with her great alliances;
And have the king more firm to his desire,
By managing of both their bus'nesses:
He by this match (thus made without his mean)
Comes barr'd from all those tying int'rests clean.

For well he knew that all his service past
Was past; and would not be a future tie,
To hold him in, unless that he could cast
To introduce some mere necessity
Of his employment, that were like to last,
And shut out all other concurrency:
Without which nor his greatness, nor his wits,
Could ward him from the king's unconstant fits.

Which more perplex'd him, and in nearer sort,
Than what France might by his embassage guess,
Or England deem. But being arriv'd at court,
He draws a traverse 'twixt his grievances:
Looks like the time—his eye made not report
Of what he felt within. Nor was he less
Than usually he was in ev'ry part;
Wore a clear face upon a cloudy heart.

Congratulates the queen—Commends the king
For his rare choice. Protesting her to be
Far beyond all the world beside could bring
To fit his liking: and that he did see
The lady Bona was a peevish thing,
Sullen and proud; and would in no degree
Have pleas'd his humour, or in any sort
Have satisfy'd the ladies of this court,

And after having finish'd all the rite
Of compliment and intervisiting,
He humbly craves dismission, that he might
Retire a while, t' attend the managing
And setting of his country bus'ness right,
Whereby the better to attend the king.
From whom he parts: and never seem'd more dear,
More grac'd; nor yet himself of freer cheer.

First Warwick-castle (that had seldom known
The master there) he visits; and from thence
Goes t' other goodly manors of his own:
Where seen with joy, with love, with reverence;
(King of himself) he finds that there is shown
The use of life, the true magnificence,
T' enjoy his greatness: which at court in vain
Men toil for, and yet never do attain.

Which his religious confessor (who best
Could cast, with what a violent access
This fever of ambition did molest
His still-sick mind) takes hold on, to address
(Upon th' advantage of this little rest)
Some lenitives, t' allay the sickness,
Of this disease; which (as a malady,
Seiz'd in the spirits) hath seldom remedy.

And thus sets on him—"See, my lord, how here
Th' eternal providence of God hath brought
You to the shore of safety, (out of fear)
From all the waves of misery, that wrought
To overwhelm you; and hath set you clear,
Where you would be; with having (which you sought
Through all these hazards of distress) a king
Of your own making and establishing.

"And now, my lord, I trust you will sit down,
And rest you after all this passed thrall,
And be yourself, a prince within your own,
Without advent'ring any more at all
Your state in others' bottoms; having known
The dangers that on mighty actors fall;
Since in the foot of your accounts, your gains
Come short to make ev'n reck'ning with your pains.

"Enjoy now what you wrought for in this sort,
(If great men's ends be to enjoy their ends)
And know, the happi'st pow'r, the greatest port,
Is only that which on itself depends.
Here have you state enough, to be a court
Unto yourself! here! where the world attends
On you, (not you on it) observed sole:
You elsewhere but in part, are here the whole.

"The advantages of princes are, we see,
But things conceiv'd imaginarily:
For ev'ry state of fortune, in degree,
Some image hath of principality;
Which they enjoy more natural and free,
Than can great pow'rs, chain'd with observancy,
And with the fetters of respect still ty'd;
B'ing easier far to follow, than to guide.

"And what are courts, but camps of misery?
That do besiege men's states, and still are press'd
T' assail, prevent, complot, and fortify;
In hope t' attain, in fear to be suppress'd.
Where all with shows and with apparency,
Men seem as if for stratagems address'd:
Where Fortune, as the wolf, doth still prefer
The foulest of the train that follows her.

"And where fair hopes are laid, as ambushments,
To intercept your life, and to betray
Your liberty to such entanglements,
As you shall never more get clear away:
Where both th' engagement of your own intents,
And other reck'nings and accounts, shall lay
Such weights upon you, as you shall not part,
Unless you break your credit, or your heart.

"Besides, as exiles ever from your homes,
You live perpetual in disturbancy;
Contending, thrusting, shuffling for your rooms
Of ease or honour, with impatiency;
Building your fortunes upon others' tombs,
For other than your own posterity.
You see, courts few advance; many undo:
And those they do advance, they ruin too.

"And therefore now, my lord, since you are here,
Where you may have your rest with dignity;
Work that you may continue so: and clear
Yourself from out these straights of misery.
Hold your estate and life as things more dear,
Than to be thrown at an uncertainty.
'T is time that you and England have a calm;
And time the olive stood above the palm."

Thus the good father, with an humble thought,
(Bred in a cellulary low retire)
According to his quiet humour, sought
T' avert him from his turbulent desire;
When the great earl began—"Father, I note
What you with zeal advise, with love require;
And I must thank you for this care you have,
And for those good advertisements you gave.

"And truly, father, could I but get free,
(Without b'ing rent) and hold my dignity;
That sheepcot, which in yonder vale you see,
(Beset with groves, and those sweet springs hard by)
I rather would my palace wish to be,
Than any roof of proudest majesty.
But that I cannot do—I have my part:
And I must live in one house with my heart.

"I know that I am fix'd unto a sphere,
That is ordain'd to move—It is the place
My fate appoints me; and the region where
I must, whatever happens, there embrace.
Disturbance, travail, labour, hope, and fear,
Are of that clime, engender'd in that place.
And action best (I see) becomes the best:
The stars that have most glory, have no rest.

"Besides, it were a coward's part to fly
Now from my hold, that have held out so well;
It b'ing the station of my life, where I
Am set to serve, and stand as centinel:
And must of force make good the place, or die,
When Fate and Fortune (those great states) compel.
And then we lords in such case ever are,
As Peace can cut our throats as well as War:

"And hath her griefs, and her incumbrances:
And doth with idle rest deform us more
Than any magha can, or sorceress,
With basely wasting all the martial store
Of heat and spir't, (which graceth manliness)
And makes us still false images adore:
Besides profusion of our faculties,
In gross dull glutt'ny, vap'rous gormandise.

"And therefore since I am the man I am,
I must not give a foot, lest I give all.
Nor is this bird within my breast so tame,
As to be fed at hand, and mock'd withal:
I rather would my state were out of frame,
Than my renown should come to get a fall.
No! no! th' ungrateful boy shall never think,
That I, who him enlarg'd to pow'r, will shrink.

"What is our life without our dignity?
Which oft we see comes less by living long.
Whoever was there worth the memory,
And eminent indeed, but still dy'd young?
As if Worth had agreed with Destiny, [wrong.
That Time, which rights them, should not do them
Besides, old age doth give (by too long space)
Our souls as many wrinkles as our face.

"And as for my inheritance and state,
(Whatever happen) I will so provide
That law shall, with what strength it hath, collate
The same on mine, and those to mine ally'd:
Although I know she serves the present state,
And can undo again what she hath ty'd.
But that we leave to him, who points out heirs;
And howsoever yet the world is theirs.

"Where they must work it out; as born to run
Those fortunes, which as mighty families
(As ever they could be) before have done.
Nor shall they gain by mine indignities,
Who may without my courses be undone.
And whose makes his state and life his ties
To do unworthily, is born a slave;
And let him with that brand go to his grave."

Here would the rev'rend father have reply'd,
"That it were far more magnanimity,
T' endure, than to resist—That we are ty'd
As well to bear the inconveniency
And strains of kings and states; as to abide
Untimely rains, tempests, sterility,
And other ills of nature that befall;
Which we of force must be content withal:"

But that a speedy messenger was sent,
To show the duke of Clarence was hard by,
And thereupon Warwick breaks off, and went
(With all his train attending formally)
To entertain him with fit compliment;
As glad of such an opportunity
To work upon, for those high purposes
He had conceiv'd in discontentedness.

A

FUNERAL POEM,

UPON THE DEATH OF THE LATE NOBLE EARL OF DEVONSHIRE.

Now that the hand of Death hath laid thee there,
Where neither greatness, pomp, nor grace we see,
Nor any diff'rences of earth; and where
No veil is drawn betwixt thy self and thee.
Now, Devonshire, that thou art but a name,
And all the rest of thee besides is gone;
When men conceive thee not but by the fame
Of what thy virtue and thy worth have done:
Now shall my verse, which thou in life did'st grace,
(And which was no disgrace for thee to do)
Not leave thee in the grave, that ugly place,
That few regard, or have respect unto:
Where all attendance and observance ends;
Where all the sunshine of our favour sets;
Where what was ill no countenance defends,
And what was good th' unthankful world forgets.
Here shalt thou have the service of my pen;
(The tongue of my best thoughts) and in this case
I cannot be suppos'd to flatter, when
I speak behind thy back, not to thy face.
Men never soothe the dead, but where they do
Find living ties to hold them thereunto.
And I stand clear from any other chain [breath:
Than of my love; which, free-born, draws free
The benefit thou gav'st me, to sustain
My humble life, I lose it by thy death.
Nor was it such, as it could lay on me
Any exaction of respect so strong,
As t' enforce m' observance beyond thee;
Or make my conscience differ from my tongue:
"For I have learnt, it is the property
For free men to speak truth, for slaves to lie."

And therefore I sincerely will report,
First how thy parts were fair convey'd within;
How that brave mind was built, and in what sort
All thy contexture of thy heart hath been:
Which was so nobly fram'd, so well compos'd,
As Virtue never had a fairer seat,
Nor could be better lodg'd, nor more repos'd,
Than in that goodly frame; where all things sweet,
And all things quiet, held a peaceful rest;
Where passion did no sudden tumults raise,
That might disturb her—Nor was ever breast
Contain'd so much, and made so little noise:
That by thy silent modesty is found,
The empti'st vessels make the greatest sound.
For thou so well discern'd'st thyself, had'st read
Man and his breath so well, as made thee force
The less to speak; as b'ing ordain'd to spread
Thy self in action, rather than discourse.
Though thou had'st made a general survey
Of all the best of men's best knowledges,
And knew as much as ever learning knew;
Yet did it make thee trust thyself the less,
And less presume—And yet when being mov'd
In private talk to speak; thou did'st bewray
How fully fraught thou wert within; and prov'd,
That thou did'st know whatever wit could say.
Which show'd, thou had'st not books as many have,
For ostentation, but for use: and that
Thy bount'ous memory was such, as gave
A large revenue of the good it gat.
Witness so many volumes, whereto thou
Hast set thy notes under thy learned hand,
And mark'd them with that print, as will show how
The point of thy conceiving thoughts did stand;
That none would think, if all thy life had been
Turn'd into leisure, thou could'st have attain'd
So much of time, to have perus'd and seen
So many volumes that so much contain'd.
Which furniture may not be deem'd least rare,
Amongst those ornaments that sweetly dight
Thy solitary Wansted[1]; where thy care
Had gather'd all what heart or eyes delight,
And whereas many others have, we see,
All things within their houses worth the sight;
Except themselves, that furniture of thee,
And of thy presence, gave the best delight.
With such a season, such a temp'rature,
Wert thou composed, as made sweetness one;
And held the tenour of thy life still sure,
In consort with thyself, in perfect tone.
And never man had heart more truly sery'd
Under the regiment of his own care,
And was more at command, and more observ'd
The colours of that modesty he bare,
Than that of thine; in whom men never found
That any show, or speech obscene, could tell
Of any vein thou had'st that was unsound,
Or motion of thy pow'rs that turn'd not well.
And this was thy provision laid within:
Thus wert thou to thyself, and now remains;
What to the world thou outwardly hast been,
What the dimension of that side contains;
Which likewise was so goodly and so large,
As shows that thou wert born t' adorn the days
Wherein thou liv'dst; and also to discharge
Those parts which England's and thy fame should raise.

[1] The library at Wanstead.

Although in peace thou seem'd'st to be all peace,
Yet b'ing in war, thou wer't all war: and there,
As in thy sphere, thy spir'ts did never cease
To move with indefatigable care;
And nothing seem'd more to arride thy heart,
Nor more enlarge thee into jollity,
Than when thou saw'st thy self in armour girt,
Or any act of arms like to be nigh.
The Belgic war first try'd thy martial spir't, [found;
And what thou wert, and what thou would'st be
And mark'd thee there according to thy nier't,
With honour's stamp, a deep and noble wound.
And that same place that rent from mortal men
Immortal Sidney, glory of the field!
And glory of the Muses! and their pen
(Who equal bear the *caduce* and the *shield!*)
Had likewise been my lust; had not the fate
Of England then reserv'd thy worthy blood,
Unto the preservation of a state
That much concern'd her honour and her good;
And thence return'd thee to enjoy the bliss
Of grace and favour in Eliza's sight,
(That miracle of women!) who by this
Made thee beheld according to thy right:
Which fair and happy blessing thou might'st well
Have far more rais'd, had not thine enemy
(Retired privacy) made thee to sell
Thy greatness for thy quiet, and deny
To meet fair Fortune when she came to thee.
For never man did his preferment fly,
And had it in that eminent degree,
As thou; as if it sought thy modesty.
For that which many (whom ambition toils
And tortures with their hopes) hardly attain
With all their thrusts, and should'ring plots, and [wiles,
Was easily made thine without thy pain.
And without any private malicing,
Or public grievance, every good man joy'd
That virtue could come clear to any thing,
And fair deserts to be so fairly paid.
Those benefits that were bestow'd on thee,
Were not like Fortune's favours: they could see
Eliza's clear-ey'd judgment is renown'd
For making choice of thy ability.
But it will everlastingly rebound
Unto the glory and benignity
Of Britain's mighty monarch, that thou wer't
By him advanced for thy great desert:
It b'ing the fairer work of majesty,
With favour to reward, than to employ.
Although thy services were such, as they
Might ask their grace themselves; yet do we see,
That to success desert hath not a way,
But under princes that most gracious be:
For, without thy great valour we had lost
The dearest purchase ever England made;
And made with such profuse, exceeding cost
Of blood and charge, to keep and to invade;
As commutation paid a dearer price
For such a piece of earth: and yet well paid,
And well adventur'd for with great advice;
And happily to our dominions laid:
Without which, out-let England, thou had'st been
From all the rest of th' Earth shut out, and pent
Unto thy self, and forc'd to keep within;
Environ'd round with others' government,
Where now by this, thy large imperial crown
Stands boundless in the west, and hath a way
For noble times, left to make all thine own
That lies beyond it, and force all t' obey.

And this important piece like t' have been rent
From off thy state, did then so tickle stand,
As that no jointure of the government
But shook: no ligament, no band
Of order and obedience, but were then
Loose and in tott'ring, whom the charge
Thereof was laid on Montjoy; and that other men,
Chok'd by example, sought to put it off.
And he, out of his native modesty,
(As b'ing no undertaker) labours too
To have avoided that which his ability,
And England's genius, would have him to do:
Alleging how it was a charge unfit
For him to undergo; see'ing such a one
As had more pow'r and means t' accomplish it,
Than he could have, had there so little done.
Whose ill success, (consid'ring his great worth
Was such, as could that mischief be withstood,
It had been wrought) did in itself bring forth
Discouragement, that he should do less good.
The state reply'd, it was not look'd he should
Restore it wholly to itself again;
But only now (if possible) he could
In any fash'on but the same retain,
So that it did not fall asunder quite,
B'ing thus dishiver'd in a desp'rate plight.
With courage on he goes; doth execute
With counsel; and returns with victory.
But in what noble fash'on he did suit
This action! with what wit and industry!
Is not to be disgrac'd in this small card:
It asks a spacious map of more regard.
Here is no room to tell, with what strange speed
And secresy he used, to prevent
The enemies designs; nor with what heed
He march'd before report: where what he meant,
Fame never knew herself, till it was done;
His drifts and rumour seldom b'ing all one.
Nor will this place conveniency afford,
To show how he (when dismal Winter storms)
Keeps peace, and makes Mars sheath his sword,
Foils him abroad, and noble acts performs.
Nor how by mast'ring difficulties so,
In times unusual, and by passage hard,
He bravely came to disappoint his foe;
And many times surpris'd him unprepar'd.
Yet let me touch one point of this great act,
That famous siege, the master-work of all;
Where no distress nor difficulties lack'd
T' afflict his weary, tired camp withal:
That when enclos'd by pow'rful enemies
On either side, with feeble troops he lay
Intrench'd in mire, in cold, in miseries;
Kept waking with alarums night and day.
There were who did advise him to withdraw
His army, to some place of safe defence,
From the apparent peril; which they saw
Was to confound them, or to force them thence.
"For now the Spaniard hath possess'd three ports,
The most important of this isle," say they;
"And sooner fresh suppliments Spain transports
To them, than England can to us convey:
The rebel is in heart, and now is join'd
With some of them already, and doth stand
Here over us, with chiefest strength combin'd
Of all the desp'rate forces of the land:
And how upon these disadvantages,
Your doubtful troops will fight, your *honour* guess."
Th' undaunted Montjoy hereto answers this:

" My worthy friends, the charge of this great state
And kingdom to my faith committed is,
And I must all I can ingeniate
To answer for the same, and render it
Upon as fair a reck'ning as I may:
But if from hence I shall once stir my feet,
The kingdom is undone, and lost this day.
All will fly thither, where they find is Heart;
And Fear shall have none stand to take his part.
" And how shall we answer our country then,
At our return; nay, answer our own fame?
Which howsoever we have done like men,
Will be imbranded with the mark of blame.
And since we here are come unto the point,
For which we toil'd so much, and stay'd so long;
Let us not now our travails disappoint
Of th' honour which doth thereunto belong.
We cannot spend our blood more worthily,
Than in so fair a cause—And if we fall,
We fall with glory: and our worth thereby
Shall be renowned, and held dear of all.
And for my part, I count the field to be
The honourablest bed to die upon;
And here your eyes this day shall either see
My body laid, or else this action done.
The Lord, the chief and sov'reign general
Of hosts, makes weak to stand, the strong to fall."
With which brave resolution he so warm'd
Their shaking courage, as they all in one
Set to that noble work; which they perform'd
As gallantly as ever men have done:
Of which 't is better nothing now to say,
Than say too little. For there rests behind
A trophy t' be erected, that will stay
To all posterities, and keep in mind
That glorious act, which did a kingdom save,
Kept the crown whole, and made the peace we have.
And now I will omit to show, therefore,
His management of public bus'nesses;
Which oft are under Fortune's conduct, more
Than ours: and tell his private carriages,
Which on his own discretion did rely,
Wherewith his spir't was furnish'd happily.
Mild, affable, and easy of access
He was; but with a due reservedness:
So that the passage to his favours lay
Not common to all comers; nor yet was
So narrow, but it gave a gentle way
To such as fitly might, or ought to pass.
Nor sold he smoke; nor took he up to day
Commodities of men's attendances,
And of their hopes; to pay them with delay,
And entertain them with fair promises.
But as a man that lov'd no great commerce
With bus'ness and with noise, he ever flies
That maze of many ways, which might disperse
Him into other men's uncertainties:
And with a quiet calm sincerity,
E' effects his undertakings really.
His tongue and heart did not turn backs; but went
One way, and kept one course with what he meant.
He us'd no mark at all, but ever ware
His honest inclination open-ho'd:
The friendships that he vow'd most constant were,
And with great judgment and discretion plac'd.
And Devonshire, thy faith hath her reward;
Thy noblest friends do not forsake thee now,
After thy death; but bear a kind regard
Unto thine honour in the grave; and show
That worthiness which merits to remain
Among th' examples of integrity;
Whereby themselves no doubt shall also gain
A like regard unto their memory.
Now, mutt'ring Envy, what can'st thou produce,
To darken the bright lustre of such parts?
Cast thy pure stone exempt from all abuse.
Say, what defects could weigh down those deserts:
Summon detraction, to object the worst
That may be told, and utter all it can:
It cannot find a blemish to b' enforc'd
Against him, other than he was a man;
And built of flesh and blood, and did live here
Within the region of infirmity;
Where all perfections never did appear
To meet in any one so really,
But that his frailty ever did bewray
Unto the world that he was set in clay.
And Gratitude and Charity, I know,
Will keep no note, nor memory will have
Of ought, but of his worthy virtues now,
Which still will live; the rest lies in his grave.
Seeing only such stand ever base and low,
That strike the dead, or mutter under-hand:
And as dogs bark at those they do not know,
So they at such they do not understand.
The worthier sort, who know we do not live
With perfect men, will never be s' unkind;
They will the right to the deceased give,
Knowing themselves must likewise leave behind
Those that will censure them. And they know how
The lion being dead, ev'n hares insult:
And will not urge an imperfection now,
When as he hath no party to consult,
Nor tongue nor advocate to show his mind:
They rather will lament the loss they find,
By such a noble member of that worth,
And know how rare the world such men brings forth.
But let it now sufficient be, that I
The last scene of his act of life bewray,
Which gives th' applause to all, doth glorify
The work—for it is the ev'ning crowns the day.
This action of our death especially
Shows all a man. Here only he is found.
With what munition he did fortify
His heart; how good his furniture hath been.
And this did he perform in gallant wise:
In this did he confirm his worthiness.
For on the morrow after the surprise
That sickness made on him with fierce access,
He told his faithful friend, whom he held dear,
(And whose great worth was worthy so to be)
" How that he knew those hot diseases were
Of that contagious force, as he did see
That men were over-tumbl'd suddenly;
And therefore did desire to set a course
And order t' his affairs as speedily,
As might be, ere his sickness should grow worse.
And as for death," said he, " I do not wey;
I am resolv'd and ready in this case.
It cannot come t' affright me any way,
Let it look never with so grim a face:
And I will meet it smiling; for I know
How vain a thing all this world's glory is."
And herein did he keep his word—Did show
Indeed, as he had promised in this.
For sickness never heard him groan at all,
Nor with a sigh consent to show his pain;
Which howsoever b'ing tyrannical,
He sweetly made it look; and did retain

A lovely countenance of his being well,
And so would ever make his tongue to tell.
Although the fervour of extremity,
Which often doth throw those defences down,
Which, in our health wall in infirmity,
Might open lay more than we would have known;
Yet did no idle word in him bewray
Any one piece of Nature ill set in;
Those lightnesses that any thing will say,
Could say no ill of what they knew within.
Such a sure lock of silent modesty
Was set in life upon that noble heart,
As if no anguish nor extremity
Could open it, t' impair that worthy part.
For having dedicated still the same
Unto devotion, and to sacred skill;
That furnish perfect held; that blessed flame
Continu'd to the last in fervour still.
And when his spir't and tongue no longer could
Do any certain services beside,
Ev'n at the point of parting they unfold,
With fervent zeal, how only he rely'd
Upon the merits of the precious death
Of his Redeemer; and with rapt desires
Th' appeals to grace, his soul delivereth
Unto the hand of mercy, and expires.
Thus did that worthy, who most virtuously
And mildly liv'd, most sweet and mildly die.
And thus, great patron of my Muse, have I
Paid thee my vows, and fairly clear'd th' accounts,
Which in my love I owe thy memory.
And let me say, that herein there amounts
Something unto thy fortune, that thou hast
This monument of thee perhaps may last.
Which doth not t' ev'ry mighty man befall:
For lo! how many when they die, die all.
And this doth argue too thy great deserts:
For honour never brought unworthiness
Further than to the grave: and there it parts,
And leaves men's greatness to forgetfulness.
And we do see that nettles, thistles, brakes,
(The poorest works of Nature) tread upon
The proudest frames that man's invention makes,
To hold his memory when he is gone.
But Devonshire, thou hast another tomb,
Made by thy virtues in a safer room.

A PANEGYRIC CONGRATULATORY,

DELIVERED TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY, AT BURLEIGH-HARRINGTON, IN RUTLANDSHIRE.

Lo here the glory of a greater day,
Than England ever heretofore could see
In all her days! when she did most display
The ensigns of her pow'r; or when as she
Did spread herself the most, and most did sway
Her state abroad; yet could she never be
Thus bless'd at home, nor ever come to grow
To be entire in her full orb till now.

And now she is, and now in peace; therefore
Shake hands with union, O thou mighty state!
Now thou art all Great Britain, and no more;
No Scot, no English now, nor no debate:
No borders, but the ocean and the shore;
No wall of Adrian serves to separate
Our mutual love, nor our obedience;
B'ing subjects all to one imperial prince.

What heretofore could never yet be wrought
By all the swords of pow'r, by blood, by fire,
By ruin and destruction: 'here's brought to pass
With peace, with love, with joy, desire:
Our former blessed union hath begot
A greater union that is more entire,
And makes us more ourselves; sets us at one
With Nature, that ordain'd us to be one.

Glory of men! this hast thou brought to us,
And yet hast brought us more than this by far:
Religion comes with thee, peace, righteousness,
Judgment, and justice; which more glorious are
Than all thy kingdoms: and art more by this
Than lord and sov'reign; more than emperor
Over the hearts of men, that let thee in
To more than all the pow'rs on Earth can win.

God makes thee king of our estates; but we
Do make thee king of our affection,
King of our love: a passion born more free,
And most unsubject to dominion.
And know, that England, which in that degree
Can love with such a true devotion
Those that are less than kings; to thee must bring
More love, who art so much more than a king.

And king of this great nation, populous,
Stout, valiant, pow'rful both by sea and land;
Attemptive, able, worthy, generous,
Which joyfully embraces thy command:
A people tractable, obsequious,
Apt to be fashion'd by thy glorious hand
To any form of honour, t' any way
Of high attempts, thy virtues shall assay.

A people so inur'd to peace; so wrought
To a successive course of quietness,
As they 've forgot (and O b' it still forgot!)
The nature of their ancient stubbornness:
Time alter'd hath the form, the means, and brought
The state to that proportion'd evenness,
As 't is not like again 't will ever come
(Being us'd abroad) to draw the sword at home.

This people, this great state, these hearts adore
Thy sceptre now; and now turn all to thee,
Touch'd with a pow'rful zeal, and if not more:
(And yet O more how could there ever be,
Than unto her, whom yet we do deplore
Amidst our joy!) and give us leave, if we
Rejoice and mourn; that cannot, without wrong,
So soon forget her we enjoy'd so long.

Which likewise makes for thee, that yet we hold
True after death; and bring not this respect
To a new prince, for hating of the old;
Or from desire of change, or from neglect:
Whereby, O mighty sov'reign, thou art told,
What thou and thine are likely to expect
From such a faith, that doth not haste to run
Before their time to an arising sun.

And let my humble Muse, whom she did grace,
Beg this one grace for her that now lies dead;
That no vile tongue may spot her with disgrace,
Nor that her fame become disfigured:
O let her rest in peace, that rul'd in peace!
Let not her honour be disquieted
Now after death; but let the grave enclose
All but her good, and that it cannot close.

It adds much to thy glory and our grace,
That this continued current of our love
Runs thus to thee all with so swift a pace;
And that from peace to peace we do remove,
Not as in motion but from out our place,
But in one course; and do not seem to move,
But in more joy than ever heretofore;
And well we may, since thou wilt make us more.

Our love, we see, concurs with God's great love,
Who only made thy way, thy passage plain;
Levell'd the world for thee; did all remove
That might the show but of a let retain:
Unbarr'd the North; humbl'd the South; did move
The hearts of all, the right to entertain;
Held other states embroil'd, whose envy might
Have foster'd factions to impugn thy right:

And all for thee, that we the more might praise
The glory of his pow'r, and rev'rence thine;
Whom he hath rais'd to glorify our days,
And make this empire of the north to shine,
Against all th' impious workings, all th' assays
Or vile dis-natur'd vipers; whose design
Was to embroil the state, t' obscure the light,
And that clear brightness of thy sacred right.

To whose reproach, since th' issue and success
Doth a sufficient mark of shame return,
Let no pen else blazon their ugliness:
Be it enough, that God and men do scorn
Their projects, censures, vain pretendences.
Let not our children, that are yet unborn,
Find there were any offer'd to contest,
Or make a doubt to have our kingdom bless'd.

Bury that question in th' eternal grave
Of darkness, never to be seen again.
Suffice we have thee whom we ought to have,
And t' whom all good men know did appertain
Th' inheritance thy sacred birth-right gave;
That needed n' other suffrages t' ordain
What only was thy due, nor no decree
To be made known, since none was known but thee.

Witness the joy, the universal cheer,
The speed, the ease, the will, the forwardness,
Of all this great and spacious state; how dear
It held thy title and thy worthiness.
Haste could not post so speedy any where,
But Fame seem'd there before in readiness,
To tell our hopes, and to proclaim thy name;
O greater than our hopes! more than thy fame!

What a return of comfort dost thou bring,
Now at this fresh returning of our blood;
Thus meeting with the op'ning of the spring,
To make our spirits likewise to imbud!
What a new season of encouraging
Begins t' enlength the days dispos'd to good!
What apprehension of recovery
Of greater strength, of more ability!

The pulse of England never more did beat
So strong as now—Nor ever were our hearts
Let out to hopes so spacious and so great,
As now they are—Nor ever in all parts
Did we thus feel so comfortable heat,
As now the glory of thy worth imparts:
The whole complexion of the commonwealth,
Could'st thou but see from Dover to the Mount,
From Totnes to the Orcades; what joy,
What cheer, what triumphs, and what dear account
Is held of thy renown this blessed day!
A day, which we and ours must over count
Our solemn festival, as well we may.
And though men thus court kings still which are new;
Yet do they more, when they find more is due.

They fear the humours of a future prince,
Who either lost a good, or felt a bad:
But thou hast cheer'd us of this fear long since;
We know thee more than by report we had.
We have an everlasting evidence
Under thy hand; that now we need not dread
Thou wilt be otherwise in thy designs,
Than there thou art in those judicial lines.

It is the greatest glory upon Earth
To be a king; but yet much more to give
The institution with the happy birth
Unto a king, and teach him how to live.
We have by thee far more than thine own worth,
That doth encourage, strengthen, and relieve
Our hopes in the succession of thy blood,
That like to thee, they likewise will be good.

We have an earnest, that doth even tie
Thy sceptre to thy word, and binds thy crown
(That else no hand can bind) to ratify
What thy religious hand hath there set down;
Wherein thy all-commanding sov'reignty
Stands subject to thy pen and thy renown.
There we behold thee king of thine own heart;
And see what we must be, and what thou art.

There, great exemplar! prototype of kings!
We find the good shall dwell within thy court:
Plain Zeal and Truth, free from base flatterings,
Shall there be entertain'd, and have resort:
Honest Discretion, that no cunning brings;
But counsels that lie right, and that import,
Is there receiv'd with those whose care attends
Thee and the state more than their private ends.

There grace and favour shall not be dispos'd,
But by proportion, even and upright.
There are no mighty mountains interpos'd
Between thy beams and us, t' imbar thy light.
There majesty lives not as if enclos'd,
Or made a prey t' a private benefit.
The hand of pow'r deals there her own reward,
And thereby reaps the whole of men's regard.

There is no way to get up to respect,
But only by the way of worthiness;
All passages that may seem indirect,
Are stopt up now; and there is no access
By gross corruption: bribes cannot effect
For th' undeserving any offices.
Th' ascent is clean; and he that doth ascend,
Must have his means as clean as is his end.

The deeds of worth, and laudable deserts,
Shall not now pass thorough the straight report
Of an embasing tongue, that but imparts
What with his ends and humours shall comport.
The prince himself now hears, sees, knows what parts
Honour and virtue acts, and in what sort;
And thereto gives his grace accordingly.

Nor shall we now have use for flattery;
For he knows falsehood far more subtle is
Than truth, baseness than liberty,
Fear than love, t' invent these flourishes:
And adulation now is spent so nigh,
As that it hath no colours to express
That which it would, that now we must be fain
T' unlearn that art, and labour to be plain.

For where there is no ear to be abus'd,
None will be found that dare t' inform a wrong:
The insolent depraver stands confus'd;
The impious atheist seems to want a tongue.
Transform'd into the fashion that is us'd,
All strive t' appear like those they live among:
And all will seem compos'd by that same square,
By which they see the best and greatest are.

Such pow'r hath thy example and respect,
As that without a sword, without debate,
Without a noise, (or feeling, in effect)
Thou wilt dispose, change, form, accommodate,
Thy kingdom, people, rule, and all effect,
Without the least convulsion of the state;
That this great passage and mutation will
Not seem a change, but only of our ill.

We shall continue and remain all one,
In law, in justice, and in magistrate:
Thou wilt not alter the foundation
Thy ancesters have laid of this estate,
Nor grieve thy land with innovation,
Nor take from us more than thou wilt collate;
Knowing that course is best to be observ'd,
Whereby a state hath longest been preserv'd.

A king of England now most graciously
Remits the injuries that have been done
T' a king of Scots, and makes his clemency
To check them more than his correction:
Th' anointed blood that stain'd most shamefully
This ill-seduced state, he looks thereon
With eye of grief, not wrath, t' avenge the same,
Since th' authors are extinct that caus'd that shame.

Thus mighty rivers quietly do glide,
And do not by their rage their pow'rs profess,
But by their mighty workings; when in pride
Small torrents roar more loud, and work much less.
Peace greatness best becomes. Calm pow'r doth
With a far more imperious stateliness, [guide
Than all the swords of violence can do,
And easier gains those ends she tends unto.

Then, England, thou hast reason thus to cheer;
Reason to joy and triumph in this wise;
When thou shalt gain so much, and have no fear,
To lose ought else but thy deformities;
When thus thou shalt have health, and be set clear
From all thy great infectious maladies,
By such a hand that best knows how to cure,
And where most lie those griefs thou dost endure.

When thou shalt see there is another grace,
Than to be rich; another dignity,
Than money; other means for place,
Than gold—wealth shall not now make honesty.
When thou shalt see the estimation base,
Of that which most afflicts all misery;
Without the which else could'st thou never see
Our ways laid right, nor men themselves to be.

By which improvement we shall gain much more
Than by Peru; or all discoveries:
For this way to embase, is to enstore
The treasure of the land, and make it rise.
This is the only key t' unlock the door,
To let out plenty, that it may suffice:
For more than all this isle, for more increase
Of subjects than by thee, there can increase.

This shall make room and place enough for all,
Which otherwise would not suffice a few:
And by proportion geometrical,
Shall so dispose to all what shall be due,
As that without corruption, wrangling, brawl,
Intrusion, wrestling, and by means undue;
Desert shall have her charge, and but one charge,
As having but one body to discharge.

Whereby the all-incheering majesty
Shall come to shine at full in all her parts,
And spread her beams of comfort equally,
As being all alike to like deserts.
For thus to check, embase, and vilify
Th' esteem of wealth, will fashion so our hearts
To worthy ends, as that we shall by much
More labour to be good than to be rich.

This will make peace with Law; restore the Bar
T' her ancient silence; where contention now
Makes so confus'd a noise—This will debar
The fost'ring of debate; and overthrow
That ugly monster, that foul ravener,
Extortion, which so hideously did grow,
By making prey upon our misery,
And wasting it again as wickedly.

The strange examples of impov'rishments,
Of sacrilege, exaction, and of waste,
Shall not be made, nor held as presidents
For times to come; but end with th' ages past.
When as the state shall yield more supplements
(B'ing well employ'd) than kings can well exhaust;
This golden meadow lying ready still
Then to be mow'd, when their occasions will.

Favour, like pity, in the hearts of men
Have the first touches ever violent;
But soon again it comes to languish, when
The motive of that humour shall be spent:
But b'ing still fed with that which first hath been
The cause thereof, it holds still permanent,
And is kept in by course, by form, by kind;
And time begets more ties, that still more bind.

The broken frame of this disjointed state
B'ing by the bliss of thy great grandfather
(Henry the Seventh) restor'd to an estate
More sound than ever, and more stedfaster,
Owes all it hath to him; and in that rate
Stands bound to thee, that art his successor:
For without him it had not been begun;
And without thee we had been now undone.

He of a private man became a king;
Having endur'd the weight of tyranny, [thing
Mourn'd with the world, complain'd, and knew the
That good men wish for in their misery
Under ill kings; saw what it was to bring
Order and form, to the recovery
Of an unruly state: conceiv'd what cure
Would kill the cause of this distemp'rature.

Thou, born a king, hast in thy state endur'd
The sowre affronts of private discontent,
With subjects' broils; and ever been inur'd
To this great mystery of government:
Whereby thy princely wisdom hath allur'd
A state to peace, left to thee turbulent,
And brought us an addition to the frame
Of this great work, squar'd fitly to the same.

And both you (by th' all-working providence,
That fashions out of dangers, toils, debates,
Those whom it hath ordained to commence
The first and great establishments of states)
Came when your aid, your pow'r's experience
(Which out of judgment best accommodates
These joints of rule) was more than most desir'd,
And when the times of need the most requir'd.

And as he laid the model of this frame,
By which was built so strong a work of state,
As all the pow'rs of changes in the same,
All that excess of a disordinate
And lustful prince, nor all that after came;
Nor child, nor stranger, nor yet women's fate,
Could once disjoint the compliments, whereby
It held together in just symmetry.

So thou likewise art come, as fore-ordain'd
To reinforce the same more really,
Which oftentimes hath but been entertain'd
By th' only style and name of majesty;
And by no other counsels oft attain'd
Those ends of her enjoy'd tranquillity,
Than by this form, and by th' encumbrances
Of neighbour-states, that gave it a success.

That had'st thou had no title, (as thou hast
The only right; and none hath else a right)
We yet must now have been enforc'd t' have cast
Ourselves into thy arms, to set all right;
And to avert confusion, bloodshed, waste,
That otherwise upon us needs must light.
None but a king, and no king else beside,
Could now have sav'd this state from b'ing destroy'd.

Thus hath the hundred years brought back again
The sacred blood lent to adorn the north,
And here return'd it with a greater gain,
And greater glory than we sent it forth.
Thus doth th' all-working Providence retain,
And keep for great effects the seed of worth,
And so doth point the stops of time thereby,
In periods of uncertain certainty.

Marg'ret of Richmond, glorious grandmother
Unto that other precious Margaret,
From whence th' Almighty worker did transfer
This branch of peace, as from a root well set)
Thou mother, author, plotter, counsellor
Of union! that did'st both conceive, beget,
And bring forth happiness to this great state,
To make it thus entirely fortunate:

O could'st thou now but view this fair success,
This great effect of thy religious work,
And see therein how God hath pleas'd to bless
Thy charitable counsels; and to work
Still greater good out of the blessedness
Of this conjoined Lancaster and York:
Which all conjoin'd within; and those shut out,
Whom nature and their birth had set without!

How much hast thou bound all posterities
In this great work to reverence thy name!
And with thee that religious, faithful, wise,
And learned Morton! who contriv'd the same,
And first advis'd, and did so well advise,
As that the good success that thereof came,
Show'd well, that holy hands, clean thoughts, clear hearts,
Are only fit to act such glorious parts.

But, Muse, these dear remembrances must be
In their convenient places registred,
When thou shalt bring stern Discord to agree,
And bloody War into a quiet bed.
Which work must now be finished by thee,
That long hath lain undone; as destined
Unto the glory of these days: for which
Thy vows and verse have laboured so much.

Thou ever hast opposed all thy might
Against contention, fury, pride, and wrong;
Persuading still to hold the course of right;
And peace hath been the burden of thy song.
And now thyself shalt have the benefit
Of quietness, which thou hast wanted long;
And now shalt have calm peace, and union
With thine own wars; and now thou must go on.

Only the joy of this so dear a thing
Made me look back unto the cause, whence came
This so great good, this blessing of a king;
When our estate so much requir'd the same:
When we had need of pow'r for th' well-ord'ring
Of our affairs: need of a spir't to frame
The world to good, to grace and worthiness,
Out of this humour of luxuriousness:

And bring us back unto ourselves again,
Unto our ancient native modesty,
From out these foreign sins we entertain,
These loathsome surfeits, ugly gluttony;
From this unmanly, and this idle vein
Of wanton and superfluous bravery;
The wreck of gentry, spoil of nobleness;
And square us by thy temp'rate soberness.

When abstinence is fashion'd by the time,
It is no rare thing to be abstinent:
But then it is, when th' age (full fraught with crime)
Lies prostrate unto all misgovernment.
And who is not licentious in the prime
And heat of youth, nor then incontinent
When out of might he may, he never will;
No pow'r can tempt him to that taste of ill.

Then what are we t' expect from such a hand,
That doth this stern of fair example guide?
Who will not now shame to have no command
Over his lusts? who would be seen t' abide
Unfaithful to his vows; t' infringe the band
Of a most sacred knot which God hath ty'd?
Who would now seem to be dishonoured
With th' unclean touch of an unlawful bed?

What a great check will this chaste court be now
To wanton courts debauch'd with luxury;
Where we no other mistresses shall know,
But her to whom we owe our loyalty?
Chaste mother of our princes, whence do grow
Those righteous issues, which shall glorify
And comfort many nations with their worth,
To her perpetual crane that brought them forth.

We shall not fear to have our wives distain'd,
Nor yet our daughters violated here
By an imperial lust, that b'ing unrein'd,
Will hardly be resisted any where.
He will not be betray'd with ease, nor train'd
With idle rest, in soft delights to wear
His time of life; but knows whereto he tends;
How worthy minds are made for worthy ends.

And that this mighty work of Union, now
Begun with glory, must with grace run on,
And be so clos'd, as all the joints may grow
Together firm in due proportion:
A work of pow'r and judgment, that must show
All parts of wisdom and discretion,
That man can show; that no cloud may impair
This day of hope, whose morning shows so fair.

He hath a mighty burden to sustain
Whose fortune doth succeed a gracious prince;
Or where men's expectations entertain
Hopes of more good, and more beneficence:
But yet he undergoes a greater pain,
A more laborious work; who must commence
The great foundation of a government,
And lay the frame of order and content.

Especially where men's desires do run
A greedy course of eminency, gain,
And private hopes; weighing not what is done
For the republic, so themselves may gain.
Their ends; and where few care who be undone,
So they be made: whilst all do entertain
The present motions that this passage brings,
With th' infancy of change, under new kings.

So that the weight of all seems to rely
Wholly upon thine own discretion;
Thy judgment now must only rectify
This frame of pow'r thy glory stands upon:
From thee must come, that thy posterity
May joy this peace, and hold this union.
For whilst all work for their own benefit,
Thy only work must keep us all upright.

For did not now thy full maturity
Of years and wisdom, that discern what shows,
What art and colours may deceive the eye,
Secure our trust that that clear judgment knows
Upon what grounds depend thy majesty;
And whence the glory of thy greatness grows;
We might distrust, lest that a side might part
Thee from thyself, and so surprise thy heart.

Since thou 'rt but one, and that against thy breast
Are laid all th' engines both of skill and wit;
And all th' assaults of cunning are address'd,
With stratagems of art, to enter it;
To make a prey of grace, and to invest
Their pow'rs within thy love; that they might sit,
And stir that way which their affection tends,
Respecting but themselves and their own ends.

And see'ng how difficult a thing it is
To rule; and what strength is requir'd to stand
Against all th' interplay of respondences
Of combinations, set to keep the hand
And eye of Pow'r from out the provinces,
That Avarice may draw to her command;
Which, to keep hers, she others vows to spare,
That they again to her might use like care.

But God that rais'd thee up to act this part,
Hath giv'n thee all those pow'rs of worthiness,
Fit for so great a work; and fram'd thy heart
Discernible of all apparencies;
Taught thee to know the world, and this great art
Of ord'ring man: *knowledge of knowledges!*
That from thee men might reckon how this state
Became restor'd, and was made fortunate.

That thou the first with us in name, might'st be
The first in course, to fashion us a-new;
Wherein the times hath offer'd that to thee,
Which seldom t' other princes could accrue.
Thou hast th' advantage only to be free,
T' employ thy favours where they shall be due;
And to dispose they grace in general,
And like to Jove, to be alike to all.

Thy fortune hath indebted thee to none,
But t' all thy people universally;
And not to them, but for their love alone,
Which they account is placed worthily.
Nor wilt thou now frustrate their hopes, whereon
They rest; nor they fail in their loyalty:
Since no prince comes deceived in his trust,
But he that first deceives, and proves unjust.

Then since we are in this so fair a way
Of restoration, greatness, and command;
Cursed be he that causes the least stay
In this fair work, or interrupts thy hand;
And cursed be that offers to betray
Thy graces, or thy goodness to withstand;
Let him be held abhorr'd, and all his race
Inherit but the portion of disgrace.

And he that shall by wicked offices
Be th' author of the least disturbancy,
Or seek t' avert thy godly purposes,
Be ever held the scorn of infamy.
And let men but consider their success,
Who princes' loves abus'd presumptuously;
They shall perceive their ends do still relate,
That sure God loves them not, whom men do hate.

And it is just, that they who make a prey
Of princes' favours, in the end again
Be made a prey to princes; and repay
The spoils of misery with greater gain:
Whose sacrifices ever do allay
The wrath of men conceiv'd in their disdain:
For that their hatred prosecuteth still
More than ill princes, those that make them ill.

But both thy judgment and estate doth free
Thee from these pow'rs of fear and flattery,
The conquerors of kings; by whom, we see,
Are wrought the acts of all impiety.
Thou art so set, as thou'st no cause to be
Jealous, or dreadful of disloyalty:
The pedestal whereon thy greatness stands,
Is built of all our hearts, and all our hands.

TO

SIR THOMAS EGERTON, KNIGHT:

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.

Well hath the powerful hand of majesty,
Thy worthiness, and England's hap beside,
Set thee in th' aidfull'st room of dignity;
As th' isthmus these two oceans to divide,
Of rigour and confus'd uncertainty;
To keep out th' intercourse of wrong and pride,
That they ingulf not up unsuccour'd right,
By th' extreme current of licentious might.

Now when we see the most combining band,
The strongest fast'ning of society,
Law, whereon all this frame of men doth stand,
Remain concussed with uncertainty;
And seem to foster, rather than withstand
Contention; and embrace obscurity,
Only t' afflict, and not to fashion us,
Making their cure far worse than the disease:

As if she had made covenant with wrong,
To part the prey made on our weaknesses;
And suffer'd falsehood to be arm'd as strong
Unto the combat, as is righteousness;
Or suited her, as if she did belong
Unto our passions; and did ev'n profess
Contention, as her only mystery,
Which she restrains not, but doth multiply.

Was she the same she 's now, in ages past?
Or was she less, when she was used less;
And grows as malice grows; and so comes cast
Just to the form of our unquietness?
Or made more slow, the more that strife runs fast;
Staying t' undo us, ere she will redress?
That th' ill she checks, seems suffer'd to be ill,
When it yields greater gain than goodness will.

Must there be still some discord mix'd among
The harmony of men; whose mood accords
Best with contention, turn'd t' a note of wrong?
That when war fails, peace must make war with words,
And b' arm'd unto destruction ev'n as strong,
As were in ages past our civil swords:
Making us deep, although unbleeding wounds;
That when as fury fails, wisdom confounds.

If it be wisdom, and not cunning, this
Which so embroils the state of truth with brawls,
And wraps it up, in strange confusedness;
As if it liv'd immur'd within the walls
Of hideous terms, fram'd out of barb'rousness
And foreign circumstances, the memorials
Of our subjection; and could never be
Deliver'd but by wrangling subtilty.

Whereas it dwells free in the open plain,
Unenvious, gentle, easy of access:
Certain unto itself; of equal vein;
One face, one colour, one assuredness.
It 's falsehood that is intricate and vain,
And needs these labyrinths of subtleness:
For where the cunning'st cov'rings most appear,
It argues still that all is not sincere.

Which thy clear-ey'd experience well descries,
Great keeper of the state of equity!
Refuge of mercy! upon whom relies
The succour of oppressed misery:
Altar of safeguard! Whereto affliction flies,
From th' eager pursuit of severity.
Haven of peace! That labour'st to withdraw
Justice from out the tempests of the law;

And set her in a calm and even way,
Plain, and directly leading to redress;
Barring these counter-courses of delay,
These wasting, dilatory processes.
Ranging into their right and proper ray,
Errours, demurs, essoigns, and traverses;
The heads of hydra, springing out of death,
That gives this monster Malice still new breath.

That what was made for the utility
And good of man, might not be turn'd t' his hurt,
To make him worser by his remedy,
And cast him down with what should him support.
Nor that the state of law might lose thereby
The due respect and rev'rence of her port;
And seem a trap to catch our ignorance,
And to entangle our intemperance.

Since her interpretations, and our deeds,
Unto a like infinity arise;
As being a science that by nature breeds
Contention, strife, and ambiguities.
For altercation controversy feeds,
And in her agitation multiplies:
The field of cavil lying all like wide,
Yields like advantage unto either side.

Which made the grave Castilian king devise
A prohibition, that no advocate
Should be convey'd to th' Indian colonies;
Lest their new setting, shaken with debate,
Might take but slender root, and so not rise
To any perfect growth of firm estate.
" For having not this skill *how to contend*,
Th' unnourish'd strife would quickly make an end."

So likewise did the Hungarian, when he saw
These great Italian bartolists, who were
Call'd in of purpose to explain the law,
T' embroil it more, and make it much less clear;
Caus'd them from out his kingdom to withdraw,
With this infestious skill, some other-where;
Whose learning rather let men further out,
And open'd wider passages of doubt.

Seeing ev'n injustice may be regulate;
And no proportion can there be betwixt
Our actions, which in endless motion are,
And th' ordinances, which are always fix'd:
Ten thousand laws more cannot reach so far,
But malice goes beyond, or lives immix'd
So close with goodness, as it ever will
Corrupt, disguise, or counterfeit it still.

And therefore did those glorious monarchs (who
Divide with God the style of majesty,
For being good; and had a care to do
The world right, and succour honesty)
Ordain this sanctuary, whereunto
Th' oppress'd might fly; the seat of equity,
Whereon thy virtues sit with fair renown,
The greatest grace and glory of the gown.

Which equity, being the soul of law,
The life of justice, and the spir't of right;
Dwells not in written lines; or lives in awe
Of books' deaf pow'rs, that have nor ears nor sight:
But out of well-weigh'd circumstance doth draw
The essence of a judgment requisite;
And is that Lesbian square, that building fit,
Plies to the work, nor forc'th the work to it.

Maintaining still an equal parallel
Just with th' occasions of humanity,
Making her judgment ever liable
To the respect of peace and amity;
When surely law, stern and unaffable,
Cares only but itself to satisfy;
And often innocencies scarce defends,
As that which on no circumstance depends.

But equity, that bears an even rein
Upon the present courses, holds in awe
By giving hand a little; and doth gain,
By a gentle relaxation of the law:
And yet inviolable doth maintain
The end whereto all constitutions draw,
Which is the welfare of society,
Consisting of an upright policy:

Which first b'ing by necessity compos'd,
Is by necessity maintain'd in best estate;
Where when as justice shall be ill dispos'd,
It sickens the whole body of the state.
For if there be a passage once disclos'd,
That wrong may enter at the self-same gate
Which serves for right, clad in a coat of law;
What violent distempers may it draw?

And therefore dost thou stand to keep the way,
And stop the course that malice seeks to run,
And by thy provident injunctions stay
This never-ending alteration;
Sending contention home, to th' end men may
There make their peace, whereas their strife begun;
And free these pester'd streets they vainly wear,
Whom both the state and theirs do need elsewhere.

Lest th' humour which doth thus predominate,
Convert unto itself all that it takes;
And that the law grow larger than debate,
And come t' exceed th' affairs it undertakes:
As if the only science of the state,
That took up all our wits, for gain it makes;
Not for the good that hereby may be wrought,
Which is not good if it be dearly bought.

What shall we think, when as ill causes shall
Enrich men more, and shall be more desir'd
Than good; as far more beneficial?
Who then defends the good? Who will be hir'd
To entertain a right, whose gain is small?
Unless the advocate that hath conspir'd
To plead a wrong, be likewise made to run
His client's chance, and with him be undone.

So did the wisest nations ever strive
To bind the hands of Justice up so hard;
That lest she falling to prove lucritive,
Might basely reach them out to take reward:
Ordaining her provisions fit to live,
Out of the public; as a public guard,
That all preserves, and all doth entertain;
Whose [illegible] glory, and not gain

That ev'n the sceptre, which might all command,
Seeing her s' impartial, equal, regular;
Was pleas'd to put itself into her hand,
Whereby they both grew more admired far.
And this is that great blessing of this land,
That both the prince and people use one bar;
The prince, whose cause (as not to be withstood)
Is never bad, but where himself is good.

This is that balance which committed is
To thy most even and religious hand,
Great minister of Justice! who by this
Shalt have thy name still gracious in this land.
This is that seal of pow'r which doth impress
Thy acts of right, which shall for ever stand!
This is that train of state, that pompously
Attends upon thy rev'rent dignity!

All glory else besides ends with our breath;
And men's respects scarce brings us to our grave:
But this of doing good, must out-live Death,
And have a right out of the right it gave.
Though th' act but few, th' example profiteth
Thousands, that shall thereby a blessing have.
The world's respect grows not but on deserts;
Pow'r may have knees, but Justice hath our hearts.

TO THE

LORD HENRY HOWARD,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRIVY COUNCIL.

Praise, if it be not choice, and laid aright,
Can yield no lustre where it is bestow'd;
Not any way can grace the giver's art,
(Though 't be a pleasing colour to delight)
For that no ground whereon it can be show'd,
Will bear it well, but virtue and desert.

And though I might commend your learning, wit,
And happy utt'rance; and commend them right,
As that which decks you much, and gives you grace,
Yet your clear judgment best deserveth it,
Which in your course hath carried you upright,
And made you to discern the truest face,

And best complexion of the things that breed
The reputation and the love of men;
And held you in the tract of honesty,
Which ever in the end we see succeed;
Though oft it may have interrupted been,
Both by the times, and men's iniquity.

For sure those actions which do fairly run
In the right line of honour, still are those
That get most clean and safest to their end;
And pass the best without confusion,
Either in those that act, or else dispose;
Having the scope made clear, whereto they tend.

When this by-path of cunning doth s' embroil,
And intricate the passage of affairs,
As that they seldom fairly can get out;
But cost, with less success, more care and toil;
Whilst doubt and the distrusted cause impairs
Their [illegible]

For though some hearts are blinded so, that they
Have divers doors whereby they may let out
Their wills abroad without disturbancy,
Int' any course, and into ev'ry way
Of humour, that affection turns about;
Yet have the best but one t' have passage by;

And that so surely warded with the guard
Of conscience and respect, as nothing must
Have course that way, but with the certain pass
Of a persuasive right; which being compar'd
With their conceit, must thereto answer just,
And so with due examination pass.

Which kind of men, rais'd of a better frame,
Are more religious, constant, and upright;
And bring the ablest hands for any 'fleet;
And best bear up the reputation, fame,
And good opinion that the action 's right,
When th' undertakers are without suspect.

But when the body of an enterprise
Shall go one way, the face another way;
As if it did but mock a weaker trust;
The motion being monstrous, cannot rise
To any good; but falls down to bewray,
That all pretences serve for things unjust:

Especially where th' action will allow
Apparency; or that it hath a course
Concentric, with the universal frame
Of men combin'd: whom it concerneth how
These motions run, and entertain their force;
Having their being resting on the same.

And be it that the vulgar are but gross;
Yet are they capable of truth, and see,
And sometimes guess the right; and do conceive
The nature of that text that needs a gloss,
And wholly never can deluded be:
All may a few; few cannot all deceive.

And these strange disproportions in the train
And course of things, do evermore proceed
From th' ill-set disposition of their minds;
Who in their actions cannot but retain
Th' encumber'd forms which do within them breed,
And which they cannot show but in their kinds.

Whereas the ways and counsels of the light
So sort with valour and with manliness,
As that they carry things assuredly,
Undazzling of their own or others' sight:
There being a blessing that doth give success
To worthiness, and unto constancy.

And though sometimes th' event may fall amiss,
Yet shall it still have honour for th' attempt;
When craft begins with fear, and ends with shame,
And in the whole design perplexed is:
Virtue, though luckless, yet shall 'scape contempt;
And though it hath not hap, it shall have fame.

TO

THE LADY MARGARET,

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and weilds of man survey?

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil?
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood: where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet,
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the *ill*-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best fac'd enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey, lesser pirates quails:
Justice, he sees, (as if seduced) still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of Pow'r, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
Charg'd with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near ally'd to Earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd: whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And hears

Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath prepar'd
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learn'd this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compar'd
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion, as your pow'rs can bear.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned
By that clear judgment, that hath carry'd you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inur'd to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here befalls,
You in the region of yourself remain:
Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests,
That hath secur'd within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;
Whilst all what Malice from without procures,
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge,
Than women use to do; yet you well know,
That wrong is better check'd by being contemn'd,
Than being pursu'd; leaving to him t' avenge,
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemn'd
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all th' aspects of misery
Predominate: whose strong effects are such,
As he must bear, being pow'rless to redress:
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

And how turmoil'd they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence;
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and ev'n deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death. That when ability expires,
Desire lives still—So much delight they have,
To carry toil and travel to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reck'nings of their glory. And you know,
This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepar'd, that fears no ill to come.
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,
The best of all whose days consumed are,
Either in war, or peace-conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tun'd mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind;
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forc'd
From that most sweet accord; but still agree,
Equal in fortunes in equality.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right,
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess:
You that have built you by your great deserts
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honour'd name,
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

TO

THE LADY LUCY,

COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Though Virtue be the same when low she stands
In th' humble shadows of obscurity,
As when she either sweats in martial bands,
Or sits in court clad with authority;
Yet, madam, doth the strictness of her room
Greatly detract from her ability.
For as in-wall'd within a living tomb,
Her hands and arms of action labour not;
Her thoughts, as if abortive from the womb,
Come never born, though happily begot.
But where she hath mounted in open sight
An eminent and spacious dwelling got;
Where she may stir at will, and use her might,
There is she more herself, and more her own;
There in the fair attire of honour dight,
She sits at ease, and makes her glory known.
Applause attends her hands; her deeds have grace:
Her worth, new-born, is straight as if full grown.
With such a godly and respected face
Doth Virtue look, that 's set to look from high;
And such a fair advantage by her place
Hath state and greatness to do worthily.
And therefore well did your high fortunes meet
With her, that gracing you comes grac'd thereby:
And well was let into a house so sweet,
So good, so fair: so fair, so good a guest!
Who now remains as blessed in her seat,
As you are with her residency bless'd.
And this fair course of knowledge, whereunto
Your studies (learned lady) are address'd,
Is th' only certain way that you can go
Unto true glory, to true happiness:
All passages on Earth besides, are so
Encumber'd with such vain disturbances,
As still we lose our rest in seeking it,
Being but deluded with appearances.
And no key had you else that was so fit
T' unlock that prison of your sex as this,
To let you out of weakness, and admit
Your pow'rs into the freedom of that bliss,
That set you there where you may over-see
This rolling world, and view it as it is;
And apprehend how th' outsides do agree
With th' inward; being of the things we deem
And hold in our ill-cast accounts, to be
Of highest value, and of best esteem:
Since all the good we have rests in the mind,
By whose proportions only we redeem
Our thoughts from out confusion, and do find
The measure of ourselves, and of our pow'rs:
And that all happiness remains confin'd

Within the kingdom of this breast of ours;
Without whose bounds, all that we look on lies
In others' jurisdictions, others' pow'rs,
Out of the circuit of our liberties.
All glory, honour, fame, applause, renown,
Are not belonging to our royalties,
But t' others' wills, wherein they 're only grown:
And that unless we find us all within,
We never can without us be our own;
Nor call it right our life that we live in;
But a possession held for others' use,
That seem to have most interest therein;
Which we do so dissever, part, traduce,
Let out to custom, fashion; and to show
As we enjoy but only the abuse,
And have no other deed at all to show.
How oft are we constrained to appear
With other countenance than that we owe;
And be ourselves far off, when we are near!
How oft are we forc'd on a cloudy heart
To set a shining face, and make it clear;
Seeming content to put ourselves apart,
To bear a part of others' weaknesses!
As if we only were compos'd by art,
Not Nature; and did all our deeds address
T' opinion, not t' a conscience, what is right;
As fram'd by example, not advisedness,
Into those forms that entertain our sight.
And though books, madam, cannot make this mind,
Which we must bring apt to be set aright;
Yet do they rectify it in that kind,
And touch it so, as that it turns that way
Where judgment lies. And though we cannot find
The certain place of truth; yet do they stay,
And entertain us near about the same;
And give the soul the best delight, that may
Enoheer it most, and most our spirits inflame
To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends.
And therefore, in a course that best became
The clearness of your heart, and best commends
Your worthy pow'rs; you run the rightest way
That is on Earth, that can true glory give;
By which, when all consumes, your fame shall live.

TO

THE LADY ANNE CLIFFORD.

Unto the tender youth of those fair eyes
The light of judgment can arise but new,
And young; the world appears t' a young conceit,
Whilst thorough the unacquainted faculties:
The late invested soul doth rawly view
Those objects which on that discretion wait.
Yet you that such a fair advantage have,
Both by your birth and happy pow'rs, t' outgo,
And be before your years, can fairly guess
What hue of life holds surest without stain;
Having your well-wrought heart full furnish'd so
With all the images of worthiness,
As there is left no room at all t' invest
Figures of other form, but sanctity.
Whilst yet those clean-created thoughts within
The garden of your innocencies rest;
Where are no motions of deformity,
Nor any door at all to let them in.
With so great care doth she that hath brought forth
That comely body, labour to adorn
That better part, the mansion of your mind,
With all the richest furniture of worth,
To make y' as highly good as highly born,
And set your virtues equal to your kind.
She tells you, how that honour only is
A goodly garment put on fair deserts;
Wherein the smallest stain is greatest seen,
And that it cannot grace unworthiness;
But more apparent shows defective parts,
How gay soever they are deck'd therein.
She tells you too, how that it bounded is,
And kept enclosed with so many eyes,
As that it cannot stray and break abroad
Into the private ways of carelessness;
Nor ever may descend to vulgarise,
Or be below the sphere of her abode.
But like to those supernal bodies set
Within their orbs, must keep the certain course
Of order; destin'd to their proper place,
Which only doth their note of glory get.
Th' irregular appearances enforce
A short respect, and perish without grace:
Being meteors seeming high, but yet low plac'd,
Blazing but while their dying matters last.
Nor can we take the just height of the mind,
But by that order which her course doth show,
And which such splendour to her actions gives;
And thereby men her eminency find,
And thereby only do attain to know
The region, and the orb wherein she lives.
For low in th' air of gross uncertainty,
Confusion only rolls, order sits high.
And therefore since the dearest things on Earth,
This honour, madam, hath his stately frame
From th' heavenly order, which begets respect;
And that your nature, virtue, happy birth,
Have therein highly interplac'd your name,
You may not run the least course of neglect.
For where not to observe, is to profane
Your dignity; how careful must you be,
To be yourself? and though you may to all
Shine fair aspects; yet must the virtuous gain
The best effects of your benignity.
Nor must your common graces cause to fall
The price of your esteem t' a lower rate,
Than doth beget the pitch of your estate.
Nor may you build on your sufficiency,
For in our strongest parts we are but weak;
Nor yet may over-much distrust the same,
Lest that you come to check it so thereby,
As silence may become worse than to speak:
Though silence woman never ill became.
And none we see were ever overthrown
By others' flattery, more than by their own.
For though we live amongst the tongues of praise,
And troops of smoothing people, that collaud
All that we do; yet 'tis within our hearts
Th' ambushment lies, that evermore betrays
Our judgments, when ourselves be come t' applaud
Our own ability, and our own parts.
So that we must not only fence this fort
Of ours against all others' fraud, but most
Against our own; whose danger is the most,
Because we lie the nearest to do hurt,
And soon'st deceive ourselves; and soon'st are lost
By our best pow'rs, that do us most transport,

Such are your holy bounds, who must convey
(If God so please) the honourable blood
Of Clifford, and of Russel; led aright
To many worthy stems, whose offspring may
Look back with comfort, to have had that good
To spring from such a branch that grew s' upright;
Since nothing cheers the heart of greatness more
Than th' ancestors' fair glory gone before.

TO

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

Non fert ullum ictum illæsa fœlicitas.

He who hath never war'd with misery,
Nor ever tugg'd with fortune and distress,
Hath had n' occasion, nor no field to try
The strength and forces of his worthiness.
Those parts of judgment which felicity
Keeps as conceal'd, affliction must express;
And only men show their abilities,
And what they are in their extremities.

The world had never taken so full note
Of what thou art, had'st thou not been undone;
And only thy affliction hath begot
More fame, than thy best fortunes could have done:
For ever by adversity are wrought
The greatest works of admiration;
And all the fair examples of renown,
Out of distress and misery are grown.

Mutius the fire, the tortures Regulus,
Did make the miracles of faith and zeal;
Exile renown'd and grac'd Rutilius:
Imprisonment and poison did reveal
The worth of Socrates. Fabritius'
Poverty did grace that commonweal,
More than all Sylla's riches got with strife;
And Cato's death did vie with Cæsar's life.

Not to b' unhappy is unhappiness,
And mis'ry not to have known misery:
For the best way unto discretion, is
The way that leads us by adversity.
And men are better show'd what is amiss,
By th' expert finger of calamity,
Than they can be with all that fortune brings,
Who never shows them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'st have endur'd,
With a repos'd cheer, wrong, and disgrace;
And with a heart and countenance assur'd,
Have look'd stern Death and horrour in the face!
How should we know thy soul had been secur'd,
In honest counsels, and in way unbase;
Had'st thou not stood to show us what thou wer't,
By thy affliction that descry'd thy heart!

It is not but the tempest that doth show
The seaman's cunning; but the field that tries
The captain's courage—And we come to know
Best what men are, in their worst jeopardies.
For lo! how many have we seen to grow
To high renown from lowest miseries,
Out of the hands of Death? And many a one
T' have been undone, had they not been undone?

He that endures for what his conscience knows
Not to be ill, doth from a patience high
Look only on the cause whereto he owes
Those sufferings, not on his misery:
The more h' endures, the more his glory grows:
Which never grows from imbecility:
Only the best-compos'd and worthiest hearts,
God sets to act the hard'st and constant'st parts.

THE

PASSION OF A DISTRESSED MAN;

WHO BEING IN A TEMPEST ON THE SEA, AND HAVING IN HIS BOAT TWO WOMEN, (OF WHOM HE LOVED THE ONE, THAT DISDAINED HIM; AND SCORNED THE OTHER, WHO AFFECTED HIM) WAS BY COMMANDMENT FROM NEPTUNE TO CAST OUT ONE OF THEM, TO APPEASE THE RAGE OF THE TEMPEST; BUT WHICH, WAS REFERRED TO HIS OWN CHOICE.

My unkind love, or she that loves me dear,
Neptune will have cast forth, to calm the seas:
One of these two, or all, must perish here;
And therefore now which shall I save of these?
Ah! do I make a question which to save,
When my desires share but one only part!
Whom should it be but she, to whom I have
Resign'd my life, and sacrific'd my heart?
She! she must live!—The tempests of whose brow
Confound me more than all these storms can do:
And but for whom I live—and therefore how
Can any life be life, 'less she live too?
For by that means I both may pacify
The rigour of these waves, and her hard heart:
Who must save him, who would not let her die;
Nor can she but reward so great desert.
She cannot, but in mercy needs must give
Comfort to him, by whom herself doth live.

PARS ALTERA.

But shall the blood of her that loves me thus
Be sacrific'd to her disdainfulness
That scorns my love? And shall I hope to win
Mercy from her, by being merciless?
Will not her safety being thus attain'd,
Raise her proud heart t' a higher set of scorn;
When she shall see my passions are distain'd
With blood; although it were to serve her turn?
Since th' act of ill, though it fall good to us,
Makes us yet hate the doer of the same.
And though my hands should have preserv'd her thus;
Yet being by cruel means, it is my shame,
Which she will but ascribe to my defects,
And th' imperfections of my passions; which
She knows the influence of her eyes effects,
And therein joys t' have vanquish'd me so much.
And when desert shall seem t' exact reward,
It breeds a loathing in the heart of grace,
That must work free out of her own regard,
And have no dues t' upbraid her to her face.

So shall I then have bent against my soul,
Both her disdain, and th' horrour of that deed,
Which ever must my cruelty control,
And check the wrong that never can succeed.
And though it be requir'd that one must go,
By message sent me from the pow'rs divine,
Yet will I not redeem my safety so;
Though life be in their hand, death is in mine:
And therefore since compassion cannot be
Cruel to either; Neptune, take all three.

RESUMPTIO.

But that were to be cruel to all three;
Rebel to Nature, and the gods arrest,
Whose ordinances must observed be:
Nor may our frailty with the Heav'ns contest.
Why then that must be done that's least unjust;
And my affections may not bear a part
With cruelty and wrong. But here I must
Be of a side, to go against my heart;
And her disdain, her due reward must have:
She must be cast away, that would not save.

MUSOPHILUS:

CONTAINING

A GENERAL DEFENCE OF LEARNING.

TO

THE RIGHT WORTHY AND JUDICIOUS FAVOURER OF VIRTUE,

MR. FULKE GREVILL.

I do not here upon this hum'rous stage
Bring my transformed verse apparelled
With others' passions, or with others' rage;
With loves, with wounds, with factions furnished:
But here present thee, only modelled
In this poor frame, the form of mine own heart:
Where, to revive myself, my Muse is led
With motions of her own, t' act her own part,
Striving to make her own contemned art
As fair t' herself as possibly she can;
Lest seeming of no force, of no desert,
She might repent the course that she began;
And, with these times of dissolution, fall
From goodness, virtue, glory, fame and all.

MUSOPHILUS.

PHILOCOSMUS.

Fond man, Musophilus, that thus dost spend
In an ungainful art thy dearest days,
Tiring thy wits, and toiling to no end,
But to attain that idle smoke of praise!
Now when this busy world cannot attend
Th' untimely music of neglected lays;
Other delights than these, other desires,
This wiser profit-seeking age requires.

MUSOPHILUS.

Friend Philocosmus, I confess indeed
I love this sacred art thou sett'st so light;
And though it never stand my life in stead,
It is enough it gives myself delight,
The whilst my unafflicted mind doth feed
On no unholy thoughts for benefit.

Be it, that my unseasonable song
Come out of time, that fault is in the time;
And I must not do virtue so much wrong.
As love her aught the worse for others' crime:
And yet I find some blessed spir'ts among,
That cherish me, and like and grace my rhime.

Again, that I do more in soul esteem,
Than all the gain of dust the world doth crave:
And if I may attain but to redeem
My name from dissolution and the grave;
I shall have done enough; and better deem
T' have liv'd to be, than to have dy'd to have.

Short-breath'd mortality would yet extend
That span of life so far forth as it may,
And rob her fate; seek to beguile her end
Of some few ling'ring days of after-stay;
That all this little all might not descend
Into the dark an universal prey:
And give our labours yet this poor delight,
That when our days do end, they are not done;
And though we die, we shall not perish quite,
But live two lives where other have but one.

PHILOCOSMUS.

Silly desires of self-abusing man,
Striving to gain th' inheritance of air,
That having done the uttermost he can,
Leaves yet perhaps but beggary t' his heir:
All that great purchase of the breath he wan,
Feeds not his race, or makes his house more fair.

And what art thou the better, thus to leave
A multitude of words to small effect;
Which other times may scorn, and so deceive
Thy promis'd name of what thou dost expect?
Besides some vip'rous critic may bereave
Th' opinion of thy worth for some defect;

And get more reputation of his wit,
By but controlling of some word or sense,
Than thou shalt honour for contriving it
With all thy travail, care, and diligence;
B'ing learning now enough to contradict,
And censure others with bold insolence.

Besides, so many so confus'dly sing,
Whose diverse discords have the music marr'd,
And in contempt that mystery doth bring,
That he must sing aloud that will be heard.
And the receiv'd opinion of the thing,
For some unhallow'd string that vilely jarr'd,

Hath so unseason'd now the ears of men,
That who doth touch the tenour of that vein,
Is held but vain; and his unreckon'd pen
The title but of levity doth gain.
A poor light gain, to recompense their toil,
That thought to get eternity the while!

And therefore leave the left and out-worn course
Of unregarded ways, and labour how
To fit the times with what is most in force;
Be new with men's affections that are new:
Strive not to run an idle counter-course,
Out from the scent of humours men allow.

For not discreetly to compose our parts
Unto the frame of men (which we must be)
Is to put off ourselves, and make our arts
Rebels to nature and society,
Whereby we come to bury our deserts
In th' obscure grave of singularity.

MUSOPHILUS.

Do not profane the work of doing well,
Seduced man, that can'st not look so high
From out that mist of Earth, as thou can'st tell
The ways of right which virtue doth descry;
That overlooks the base contemptibly,
And low-laid follies of mortality.

Nor mete out truth and right-deserving praise
By that wrong measure of confusion,
The vulgar foot; that never takes his ways
By reason, but by imitation;
Rolling on with the rest, and never weighs
The course which he should go, but what is gone.

Well were it with mankind, if what the most
Did like were best: but ignorance will live
By others' square, as by example lost.
And man to man must th' hand of errour give,
That none can fall alone at their own cost;
And all because men judge not, but believe.

For what poor bounds have they, whom but th' Earth bounds?
What is their end whereto their care attains;
When the thing got relieves not, but confounds;
Having but travail to succeed their pains?
What joy hath he of living, that propounds
Affliction but his end, and grief his gains?

Gath'ring, encroaching, wresting, joining to,
Destroying, building, decking, furnishing,
Repairing, alt'ring, and so much ado,
To his soul's toil, and body's travailing:
And all this doth he, little knowing who
Fortune ordains to have th' inheriting.

And his fair house rais'd high in Envy's eye,
Whose pillars rear'd (perhaps) on blood and wrong,
The spoils and pillage of iniquity,
Who can assure it to continue long?
If rage spar'd not the walls of piety,
Shall the profanest piles of sin keep strong?

How many proud aspiring palaces
Have we known made the prey of wrath and pride;
Levell'd with th' earth, left to forgetfulness;
Whilst titlers their pretended rights decide,
Or civil tumults, or an orderless
Order; pretending change of some strong side?

Then where is that proud title of thy name,
Written in ice of melting vanity?
Where is thine heir left to possess the same?
Perhaps not so well as in beggary.
Something may rise, to be beyond the shame
Of vile and unregarded poverty.

Which I confess; although I often strive
To clothe in the best habit of my skill,
In all the fairest colours I can give.
Yet for all that methinks she looks but ill;
I cannot brook that face, which (dead-alive)
Shows a quick body, but a bury'd will.

Yet oft we see the bars of this restraint
Holds goodness in, which loose wealth would let fly;
And fruitless riches, barrener than want,
Brings forth small worth from idle liberty:
Which when disorders shall again make scant,
It must refetch her state from poverty.

But yet in all this interchange of all,
Virtue, we see, with her fair grace stands fast:
For what high races hath there come to fall
With low disgrace, quite vanished and past,
Since Chaucer liv'd; who yet lives, and yet shall,
Though (which I grieve to say) but in his last?

Yet what a time hath he wrested from time,
And won upon the mighty waste of days,
Unto th' immortal honour of our clime,
That by his means came first adorn'd with bays?
Unto the sacred relics of whose time,
We yet are bound in zeal to offer praise.

And could our lines, begotten in this age,
Obtain but such a blessed hand of years,
And 'scape the fury of that threatning rage,
Which in confused clouds ghastly appears;
Who would not strain his travels to engage,
When such true glory should succeed his cares?

But whereas he came planted in the spring,
And had the sun before him of respect;
We, set in th' autumn, in the withering
And sullen season of a cold defect,
Must taste those sowre distastes the times do bring
Upon the fulness of a cloy'd neglect;

Although the stronger constitutions shall
Wear out th' infection of distemper'd days,
And come with glory to out-live this fall,
Recov'ring of another spring of praise;
Clear'd from th' oppressing humours wherewithal
The idle multitude surcharge their lays.

When as (perhaps) the words thou scornest now
May live, the speaking picture of the mind;
The extract of the soul, that labour'd how
To leave the image of her self behind;
Wherein posterity, that love to know,
The just proportion of our spir'ts may find.

For these lines are the veins, the arteries,
And undecaying life-strings of those hearts,
That still shall pant, and still shall exercise
The motion, spir't, and nature both imparts,
And shall with those alive so sympathize,
As nourish'd with their pow'rs, enjoy their parts.

O blessed letters! that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all.
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the dead-living unto council call:
By you th' unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel, and what doth us befall.

Soul of the world, Knowledge, without thee,
What hath the Earth that truly glorious is?
Why should our pride make such a stir to be,
To be forgot? What good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the world's delight?

And let th' unnatural and wayward race,
Born of one womb with us, but to our shame;
(That never read t' observe, but to disgrace)
Raise all the tempest of their pow'r, to blame;
That puff of folly never can deface
The work a happy genius took to frame.

Yet why should civil learning seek to wound,
And mangle her own members with despite?
Prodigious wits! that study to confound
The life of wit, to seem to know aright;
As if themselves had fortunately found
Some stand from off the Earth beyond our sight;
Whence overlooking all as from above,
Their grace is not to work, but to reprove.

But how came they plac'd in so high degree,
Above the reach and compass of the rest?
Who hath admitted them only to be
Free denizens of skill, to judge the best?
From whom the world as yet could never see
The warrant of their wit soundly express'd.

T' acquaint our times with that perfection
Of high conceit, which only they possess;
That we might have things exquisitely done,
Measur'd with all their strict observances:
Such would (I know) scorn a translation,
Or bring but others' labours to the press;
Yet oft these monster-breeding mountains will
Bring forth small mice of great-expected skill.

Presumption, ever fullest of defects,
Fails in the doing to perform her part;
And I have known proud words, and poor effects,
Of such indeed as do condemn this art:
But let them rest; it ever hath been known,
They others' virtues scorn, that doubt their own.

And for the divers disagreeing cords
Of inter-jangling ignorance, that fill
The dainty ears, and leave no room for words,
The worthier minds neglect, or pardon will:
Knowing the best he hath, he frankly 'fords,
And scorns to be a niggard of his skill.

And that the rather since this short-liv'd race
B'ing fatally the sons but of one day,
That now with all their pow'r ply 't apace,
To hold out with the greatest might they may,
Against confusion that hath all in chase,
To make of all an universal prey.

For now great Nature hath laid down at last
That mighty birth wherewith so long she went,
And over-went the times of ages past,
Here to lie in upon our soft content;
Where fruitful she hath multiply'd so fast,
That all she hath on these times seem'd t' have spent.

All that which might have many ages grac'd,
Is born in one, to make one cloy'd with all;
Where plenty hath impress'd a deep distaste
Of best and worst, and all in general;
That goodness seems goodness to have defac'd,
And virtue hath to virtue giv'n the fall.

For emulation, that proud ourse of wit,
Scorning to stay below, or come behind,
Labours upon that narrow top to sit
Of sole perfection in the highest kind.
Envy and wonder looking after it,
Thrust likewise on the self-same bliss to find:

And so long striving till they can no more,
Do stuff the place, or others' hopes shut out;
Who doubting to o'ertake those gone before,
Give up their care, and cast no more about;
And so in scorn leave all as fore-possess'd,
And will be none, where they may not be best.

Ev'n like some empty creek, that long hath lain
Left or neglected of the river by,
Whose searching sides pleas'd with a wand'ring vein,
Finding some little way that close did lie,
Steal in at first; then other streams again
Second the first, then more than all supply;

Till all the mighty main hath borne at last
The glory of his chiefest pow'r that way,
Plying this new-found pleasant room so fast,
Till all be full, and all be at a stay;
And then about, and back again doth cast,
Leaving that full to fall another way:

So fares this hum'rous world, that evermore
Rapt with the current of a present course,
Runs into that which lay contemn'd before;
Then glutted, leaves the same, and falls t' a worse.
Now zeal holds all, no life but to adore;
Then cold in spir't, and faith is of no force.

Straight all that holy was unhallow'd lies,
The scatter'd carcasses of ruin'd vows;
Then truth is false, and now hath blindness eyes;
Then zeal trusts all, now scarcely what it knows:
That evermore to foolish or to wise,
It fatal is to be seduc'd with shows.

Sacred Religion! mother of form and fear!
How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit deck'd!
What pompous vestures do we make thee wear,
What stately piles we prodigal erect!
How sweet perfum'd thou art; how shining clear!
How solemnly observ'd; with what respect!

Another time all plain, all quite thread-bare;
Thou must have all within, and nought without;
Sit poorly without light, disrob'd: no care
Of outward grace, t' amuse the poor devout;
Pow'rless, unfollow'd: scarcely men can spare
The necessary rites to set thee out.

Either truth, goodness, virtue are not still
The self-same which they are, and always one,
But alter to the project of our will;
Or we our actions make them wait upon,
Putting them in the liv'ry of our skill,
And cast them off again when we have done.

You, mighty lords, that with respected grace
Do at the stern of fair example stand,
And all the body of this populace
Guide with the turning of your hand;
Keep a right course; bear up from all disgrace;
Observe the point of glory to our land:

Hold up disgraced Knowledge from the ground;
Keep Virtue in request; give Worth her due:
Let not Neglect with barb'rous means confound
So fair a good, to bring in night a-new:
Be not, O be not accessary found
Unto her death, that must give life to you.

Where will you have your virtuous name safe laid
In gorgeous tombs, in sacred cells secure?
Do you not see those prostrate heaps betray'd
Your fathers' bones, and could not keep them sure?
And will you trust deceitful stones fair laid,
And think they will be to your honour truer?

No, no; unsparing Time will proudly send
A warrant unto Wrath, that with one frown
Will all these mock'ries of vain-glory rend,
And make them (as before) ungrac'd, unknown;
Poor idle honours, that can ill defend
Your memories, that cannot keep their own.

And whereto serve that wondrous trophy now
That on the goodly plain near Walton stands?
That huge dumb heap, that cannot tell us how,
Nor what, nor whence it is; nor with whose hands,
Nor for whose glory—it was set to show,
How much our pride mocks that of other lands.

Whereon when as the gazing passenger
Hath greedy look'd with admiration;
And fain would know his birth, and what he were;
How there erected; and how long agon:
Inquires and asks his fellow-traveller
What he hath heard, and his opinion:

And he knows nothing. Then he turns again,
And looks and sighs; and then admires afresh,
And in himself with sorrow doth complain
The misery of dark forgetfulness:
Angry with time that nothing should remain,
Our greatest wonders' wonder to express.

Then Ignorance, with fabulous discourse,
Robbing fair Art and Cunning of their right,
Tells how those stones were by the Devil's force
From Afric brought to Ireland in a night;
And thence to Britany, by magic course,
From giants' hands redeem'd by Merlin's slight:

And then near Ambri plac'd, in memory
Of all those noble Britons murther'd there,
By Hengist and his Saxon treachery,
Coming to parley in peace at unaware.
With this old legend then Credulity
Holds her content, and closes up her care.

But is Antiquity so great a liar?
Or do her younger sons her age abuse;
See'ng after-comers still so apt t' admire
The grave authority that she doth use,
That rev'rence and respect dares not require
Proof of her deeds, or once her words refuse?

Yet wrong they did us, to presume so far
Upon our easy credit and delight;
For once found false, they straight became to mar
Our faith, and their own reputation quite;
That now her truths hardly believed are; [right.
And though sh' avouch the right, she scarce hath

And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame,
That stands corrupted so with Time's despite,
And giv'st false evidence against their fame
That set thee there to testify their right;
And art become a traitor to their name,
That trusted thee with all the best they might;

Thou shalt stand still bely'd and slandered,
The only gazing-stock of ignorance,
And by thy guile the wise admonished,
Shall never more desire such hopes t' advance,
Nor trust their living glory with the dead
That cannot speak, but leave their fame to chance.

Consid'ring in how small a room do lie,
And yet lie safe, (as fresh as if alive)
All those great worthies of antiquity,
Which long fore-liv'd thee, and shall long survive;
Who stronger tombs found for eternity,
Than could the pow'rs of all the Earth contrive.

Where they remain these trifles to upbraid,
Out of the reach of spoil, and way of rage;
Though Time with all his pow'r of years hath laid
Long batt'ry, back'd with undermining age;
Yet they make head only with their own aid,
And war with his all-conqu'ring forces wage;
Pleading the Heav'ns' prescription to be free,
And t' have a grant t' endure as long as he.

PHILOCOSMUS.

Behold how ev'ry man, drawn with delight
Of what he doth, flatters him in his way;
Striving to make his course seem only right,
Doth his own rest and his own thoughts betray:
Imagination bringing bravely dight
Her pleasing images in best array,

With flatt'ring glasses that must show him fair,
And others' foul: his skill and wit the best,
Others seduc'd, deceiv'd and wrong in their:
His knowledge right, all ignorant the rest;
Not see'ng how these minions in the air
Present a face of things falsely express'd,
And that the glimm'ring of these errours shown,
Are but a light to let him see his own.

Alas, poor Fame! in what a narrow room,
As an encaged parrot, art thou pent
Here amongst us; where ev'n as good be dumb
As speak, and to be heard with no attent?
How can you promise of the time to come,
When as the present are so negligent?

Is this the walk of all your wide renown?
This little point, this scarce discerned isle?
Thrust from the world, with whom our speech un-
Made never any traffic of our style. [known,
And in this all, where all this care is shown,
T' enchant your fame to last so long a while:
And for that happier tongues have won so much,
Think you to make your barb'rous language such?

Poor narrow limits for so mighty pains,
That cannot promise any foreign vent!
And yet if here too all your wondrous veins
Were generally known, it might content.
But lo! how many reads not, or disdains
The labour of the chief and excellent?

How many thousands never heard the name
Of Sidney, or of Spencer; or their books?
And yet brave fellows, and presume of fame;
And seem to bear down all the world with looks:
What then shall they expect of meaner frame,
On whose endeavours few or none scarce looks?

Do you not see these pamphlets, libels, rhymes,
These strange confused tumults of the mind,
Are grown to be the sickness of these times,
The great disease inflicted on mankind?
Your virtues, by your follies made your crimes,
Have issue with your indiscretion join'd.

Schools, arts, professions, all in so great store,
Pass the proportion of the present state;
Where b'ing as great a number as before,
And fewer rooms them to accommodate;
It cannot be, but they must throng the more,
And kick and thrust, and shoulder with debate.

For when the greater wits cannot attain
Th' expected good which they account their right,
And yet perceive others to reap that gain
Of far inferior virtues in their sight;
They present, with the sharp of envy, strain
To wound them with reproaches and despite;
And for these cannot have as well as they,
They scorn their faith should deign to look that way.

Hence discontented sects and schisms arise;
Hence interwounding controversies spring,
That feed the simple, and offend the wise,
Who know the consequence of cavilling
Disgrace, that these to others do devise:
Contempt and scorn on all in th' end doth bring,
Like scolding wives, reck'ning each other's fault,
Make standers-by imagine both are naught.

For when to these rare dainties Time admits
All comers, all complexions, all that will;
Where none should be let in but choicest wits,
Whose mild discretion could comport with skill:
For when the place their humour neither fits,
Nor they the place; who can expect but ill?

For b'ing unapt for what they took in hand,
And for ought else whereto they shall b' address'd,
They ev'n become th' encumbrance of the land,
As out of rank, disord'ring all the rest:
This grace of theirs to seem to understand,
Mars all their grace, to do without their rest.

Men find that action is another thing,
Than what they in discoursing papers read:
The world's affairs require in managing
More arts than those wherein you clerks proceed;
Whilst tim'rous Knowledge stands considering,
Audacious Ignorance hath done the deed.
For who knows most, the more he knows to doubt;
The least discourse is commonly most stout.

This sweet-enchanting knowledge turns you clean
Out from the fields of natural delight,
And makes you hide, unwilling to be seen
In th' open concourse of a public sight:
This skill wherewith you have so cunning been,
Unsinews all your pow'rs, unmans you quite.

Public soci'ty, and commerce of men,
Require another grace, another port:
This eloquence, these rhymes, these phrases then,
Begot in shades, do serve us in no sort:
The unmaterial swelling of your pen
Touch not the spir't that action doth import.

A manly style fitted to manly ears,
Best 'grees with wit; not that which goes so gay,
And commonly the gaudy liv'ry wears
Of nice corruptions, which the times do sway;
And waits on th' humour of his pulse, that bears
His passions set to such a pleasing key.
Such dainties serve only for stomachs weak;
For men do foulest, when they finest speak.

Yet do I not dislike, that in some wise
Be sung the great heroical deserts
Of brave renowned spir'ts; whose exercise
Of worthy deeds may call up others' hearts,
And serve a model for posterities,
To fashion them fit for like glorious parts;
But so that all our spir'ts may tend hereto,
To make it not our grace to say, but do.

MUSOPHILUS.

Much thou hast said, and willingly I hear,
As one that am not so possess'd with love
Of what I do; but that I rather bear
An ear to learn, than a tongue to disprove:
I know men must, as carry'd in their sphere,
According to their proper motions move.
And that course likes them best, which they are on;
Yet truth hath certain bounds, but falsehood none.

I do confess our limits are but small,
Compar'd with all the whole vast Earth beside;
All which again rated to that great all,
Is likewise as a point, scarcely descry'd:
So that in these respects we may this call
A point but of a point, where we abide.

But if we shall descend from that high stand
Of overlooking contemplation,
And cast our thoughts but to, and not beyond
This spacious circuit which we tread upon;
We then may estimate our mighty land
A world within a world, standing alone.

Where if our fame confin'd cannot get out,
What shall we imagine it is pen'd,
That hath so great a world to walk about;
Whose bounds with her reports have both one end?
Why shall we not rather esteem her stout,
That further than her own scorn to extend?

Where b'ing so large a room both to do well,
And eke to hear th' applause of things well done;
That further if men shall our virtues tell,
We have more mouths, but not more merit won;
It doth not greater make that which is laud'ble,
The flame is bigger blown, the fire all one.

And for the few that only lend their ear,
That few is all the world; which with a few
Do ever live, and move, and work, and stir.
This is the heart doth feel, and only know
The rest of all that only bodies bear,
Roll up and down, and fill up but the row;

And serves as others' members, not their own,
The instruments of those that do direct.
Then what disgrace is this, not to be known
To those know not to give themselves respect?
And though they swell with pomp of folly blown,
They live ungrac'd, and die but in neglect.

And for my part, if only one allow
The care my lab'ring spirits take in this;
He is to me a the'tre large enow,
And his applause only sufficient is:
All my respect is bent but to his brow;
That is my all, and all I am is his.

And if some worthy spir'ts be pleased too,
It shall more comfort breed, but not more will.
But what if none? It cannot yet undo
The love I bear unto this holy skill.
This is the thing that I was born to do:
This is my scene; this part must I fulfil.

Let those that know not breath esteem of wind,
And set t' a vulgar air their servile song;
Rating their goodness by the praise they find,
Making their worth on others' fits belong;
As Virtue were the hireling of the mind,
And could not live if Fame had ne'er a tongue:

Hath that all-knowing pow'r, that holds within
The goodly prospective of all this frame,
(Where whatsoever is, or what hath been,
Reflects a certain image of the same)
No inward pleasures to delight her in,
But she must gad to seek an alms of Fame?

Must she, like to a wanton courtezan,
Open her breasts for show, to win her praise;
And blaze her fair bright beauty unto man,
As if she were enamour'd of his ways;
And knew not weakness, nor could rightly scan
To what defects his hum'rous breath obeys?

She that can tell how proud Ambition
Is but a beggar, and hath nought at all,
But what is giv'n of mere devotion: [thrall!
For which, how much it sweats! how much it 's
What toil it takes! and yet, when all is done,
Th' ends in expectation never fall.

Shall she join hands with such a servile mate,
And prostrate her fair body, to commit
Folly with earth; and to defile that state
Of clearness, for so gross a benefit?
Having reward dwelling within her gate,
And glory of her own to furnish it.

Herself a recompense sufficient
Unto herself, to give her own content.
Is 't not enough that she hath rais'd so high
Those that be her's; that they may sit and see
The Earth below them, and this all to lie
Under their view? taking the true degree
Of the just height of swoln mortality
Right as it is, not as it seems to be:

And undeceived with the paralax
Of a mistaking eye of passion, know
By these mask'd outsides what the inward lacks;
Meas'ring man by himself, not by his show:
Wond'ring not at their rich and golden backs,
That have poor minds, and little else to show.

Nor taking that for them, which well they see
Is not of them, but rather is their load:
The lies of fortune, wherewithal men be
Deemed within, when they be all abroad;
Whose ground, whose grass, whose earth, have cap and knee,
Which they suppose is on themselves bestow'd;

And think (like Isis' ass) all honours are
Giv'n unto them alone; the which are done
Unto the painted idol which they bear,
That only makes them to be gazed on.
For take away their pack, and show them bare,
And see what beast this honour rides upon.

Hath knowledge lent to her's the privy key,
To let them in unto the highest stage
Of causes, secrets, counsels; to survey
The wits of men, their heats, their colds, their rage;
That build, destroy, praise, hate, say and gain-say,
Believe and unbelieve, all in one age?

And shall we trust goodness, as it proceeds
From that unconstant mouth; which with one breath
Will make it bad again, unless it feeds
The present humour that it favoureth?
Shall we esteem, and reckon how it heeds
Our works, that his own vows unhalloweth?

Then whereto serves it to have been enlarg'd
With this free manumission of the mind,
If for all that we still continue charg'd
With those discover'd errours which we find?
As if our knowledge only were discharg'd,
Yet we ourselves stay'd in a servile kind.

That Virtue must be out of countenance,
If this gross spir't, or that weak shallow brain,
Or this nice wit, or that distemperance,
Neglect, distaste, uncomprehend, disdain:
When such sick eyes can never cast a glance,
But through the colours of their proper stain.

Though I must needs confess, the small respect
That these great seeming-best of men do give,
(Whose brow begets th' inferior sort's neglect)
Might move the wreak irresolute to grieve;
But stronger see how justly this defect
Hath overtook the times wherein we live.

That learning needs must run the common fate
Of all things else, thrust on by her own weight;
Comporting not herself in her estate,
Under this burthen of a self-conceit:
Our own dissentious hands op'ning the gate
Unto contempt, that on our quarrels wait,

Discover'd have our inward government;
And let in hard opinion to disgrace
The general, for some weak impotent,
That bear out their disease with a stol'n face;
Who (silly souls!) the more wit they have spent,
The less they show'd, not bett'ring their bad case.

And see how soon this rolling world can take
Advantage for her dissolution!
Fain to get loose from this withholding stake
Of civil science and discretion;
How glad it would run wild, that it might make
One formless form of one confusion!

Like tyrant Ottomans blindfolded state,
Which must know nothing more, but to obey:
For this seeks greedy ignorance t' abate
Our number, order, living, form and sway:
For this it practises to dissipate
Th' unshelter'd troops, till all be made away.

For since our fathers' sins pull'd first to ground
The pale of this dissever'd dignity,
And overthrew that holy rev'rend bound,
That parted learning and the laity,
And laid all flat in common; to confound
The honour and respect of piety.

It did so much invile the estimate
Of th' open'd and invulgar'd mysteries,
Which now reduc'd unto the basest rate,
Must wait upon the Norman subtleties;
Who being mounted up into their state,
Do best with wrangling rudeness sympathize.

And yet, though now set quite behind the train
Of vulgar sway, (and light of pow'r weigh'd light)
Yet would this giddy innovation fain
Down with it lower, to abase it quite:
And those poor remnants that do yet remain
The spoiled marks of their divided right,

They wholly would deface, to leave no face
Of reverend distinction and degree;
As if they weigh'd no diff'rence in this case,
Betwixt Religion's age and infancy:
Where th'one must creep, th'other stand with grace,
Lest turn'd t' a child, it overturned be.

Though to pull back th' on-running state of things,
(Gath'ring corruption, as it gathers days)
Unto the form of their first orderings,
Is the best means that dissolution stays;
And to go forward, backward right men brings,
T' observe the line from whence they took their ways.

Yet being once gone wide, and the right way
Not level to the time's condition;
To alter course may bring men more astray:
And leaving what was known, to light on none:
Since ev'ry change, the rev'rence doth decay
Of that which alway should continue one.

For this is that close-kept palladium,
Which once remov'd, brings ruin evermore:
This stir'd, makes men fore-settled, to become
Curious to know what was believ'd before:
Whilst Faith disputes, that used to be dumb;
And more men strive to talk, than to adore.

For never, head-strong Reformation will
Rest, till to th' extreme opposite it run,
And overrun the mean distrusted still;
As bing too near of kin to that men shun:
For good and bad, and all must be one ill,
When once there is another truth begun.

So hard it is an even hand to bear,
In temp'ring with such maladies as these;
Lest that our forward passions lanch too near,
And make the cure prove worse than the disease:
For with the worst we will not spare the best,
Because it grows with that which doth displease.

And faults are easier look'd in, than redress'd:
Men running with such eager violence,
At the first view of errours fresh in quest;
As they, to rid an inconvenience,
Stick not to raise a mischief in the stead,
Which after mocks their weak improvidence.

And therefore do make not your own sides bleed,
To prick at others: you that would amend,
By pulling down; and think you can proceed,
By going back unto the farther end:
Let stand that little covert left behind,
Whereon your succours and respects depend;

And bring not down the prizes of the mind,
With under-rating of yourselves so base:
You that the mightie's doors do crouching find,
To sell yourselves to buy a little grace;
Or wait whole months to out-bid simony,
For that which being got, is not your place.

For if it were, what needed you to buy
What was your due? Your thirsting shows your shift,
And little worth, that seeks injuriously
A worthier from his lawful room to lift.
We cannot say, that you were then preferr'd;
But that your money was, or some worse gift.

O scatt'ring gath'rers! that, without regard
Of times to come, will (to be made) undo;
As if you were the last of men, prepar'd
To bury in your graves all other too.
Dare you profane that holy portion,
Which never sacrilegious hand durst do?

Did form-establishing Devotion,
To maintain a respective reverence,
Extend her bountiful provision
With such a charitable providence,
For your deforming hands to dissipate,
And make God's due your impious expense!

No marvel then, though th' over pester'd state
Want room for goodness; if our little hold
Be lessen'd unto such a narrow rate,
That rev'rence cannot sit; sit as it should.
And yet what need we thus for rooms complain;
That shall not want void rooms, if this course hold?

And more than will be fill'd—For who will strain,
To get an empty title, to betray
His hopes; and travel for an honour vain,
And gain a port, without support or stay?
What need hath envy to malign their state,
That will themselves (so kind!) give it away?

This makes indeed our number pass the rate
Of our provisions; which, if dealt aright,
Would yield sufficient room t' accommodate,
More than we have in places requisite.
The ill-disposing only doth us set
In disarray, and out of order quite.

Whilst others gifts then of the mind shall get,
Under our colours, that which is our dues;
And to our travels, neither benefit,
Nor grace, nor honour, nor respect accrues:
The sickness of the state's soul (learning) then
The body's great distemp'rature ensues.

For if that learning's rooms to learned men
Were as their heritage distributed,
All this disorder'd thrust would cease. For when
The fit were call'd; th' unworthy frustrated:
These would be shamed to seek; those to be sought;
And, stay'ng their turn, were sure they should be sped.

Then would our drooping academies, brought
Again in heart, regain that rev'rend hand
Of lost opinion; and no more be thought
Th' unnecessary furnish of the land,
Nor (discouraged with their small esteem)
Confus'd, irresolute and wav'ring stand:

Caring not to become profound; but seem
Contented with a superficial skill,
Which for a slight reward enough they deem,
When th' one succeeds as well as th' other will:
See'ng shorter ways lead sooner to their end,
And others' longer travels thrive so ill.

Then would they only labour to extend
Their now unsearching spir't beyond these bounds
Of others' pow'rs, wherein they must be pen'd;
As if there were besides no other grounds:
And set their bold plus ultra far without
The pillars of those axioms age propounds.

Discov'ring daily more and more about,
In that immense and boundless ocean
Of Nature's riches, never yet found out,
Nor fore-clos'd with the wit of any man.
So far beyond the ordinary course,
That other unindustrious ages ran;

That these more curious times they might divorce
From the opinion they are link'd unto,
Of our disable and unactive force;
To show true knowledge can both speak and do:
Arm'd for the sharp which in these days they find,
With all provisions that belong thereto.

That their experience may not come behind
The time's conceit; but leading in their place,
May make men see the weapons of the mind
Are states' best strengths, and kingdoms' chiefest praise,
grace;
And rooms of charge, charg'd full with worth and
Makes Majesty appear with her full face;

Shining with all her beams, with all her rays;
Unscanted of her parts, unshadowed
In any darken'd point: which still bewrays
The wain of pow'r, when pow'r 's unfurnished,
And hath not all those entire compliments,
Wherewith the state should for her state be sped.

And though the fortune of some age consents
Unto a thousand errours grossly wrought,
Which flourish'd over with their fair events,
Have pass'd for current, and good courses thought;
The least whereof, in other times, again
Most dang'rous inconveniences have brought;

Whilst to the times, not to men's wits, pertain
The good successes of ill-manag'd deeds:
Though th' ignorant deceiv'd with colours vain,
Miss of the causes whence this luck proceeds.
Foreign defects giving home-faults the way,
Make ev'n that weakness sometimes well succeeds.

I grant, that some unletter'd practic may
(Leaving beyond the Alps faith and respect
To God and man) with impious cunning sway
The courses fore-begun with like effect,
And without stop maintain the turning on,
And have his errours deem'd without defect:

But when some pow'rful opposition
Shall, with a sound encountr'ing shock, disjoint
The fore-contrived frame; and thereupon
Th' experience of the present disappoint;
And other stirring spir'ts, and other hearts
Built huge for action, meeting in a point;

Shall drive the world to summon all their arts,
And all too little for so real might,
When no advantages of weaker parts
Shall bear out shallow counsels from the light;
And this sense-op'ning action (which doth hate
Unmanly craft) shall look to have her right.

Who then holds up the glory of the state;
(Which letter'd arms, and armed letters won)
Who shall be fittest to negotiate,
Contemn'd Justinian, or else Littleton?
When it shall not be held wisdom to be
Privately made, and publicly undone:
But sound designs, that judgment shall decree
Out of a true discern of the clear ways
That lie direct, with safe-going equity;
Embroiling not their own, and others' days.

Extending forth their providence beyond
The circuit of their own particular;
That ev'n th' ignorant may understand,
How that Deceit is but a caviller,
And true unto itself can never stand,
But still must with her own conclusions war.

Can Truth and Honesty, wherein consists
The right repose on Earth, the surest ground
Of trust; come weaker arm'd into the lists,
Than Fraud or Vice, that doth itself confound?
Or shall Presumption, that doth what it lists,
(Not what it ought) carry her courses sound?

Then what safe place out of confusion,
Hath plain proceeding Honesty to dwell?
What suit of grace hath Virtue to put on,
If Vice shall wear as good, and all as well?
If Wrong, if Craft, if Indiscretion,
Act as fair parts, with ends as laudable?

Which all this mighty volume of events,
The world, th' universal map of deeds,
Strongly controls; and proves from all descents;
That the directest courses best succeeds,
When Craft (wrapt still in many comberments)
With all her cunning thrives not, though it speeds.

For should not grave and learn'd Experience,
That looks with th' eyes of all the world beside,
And with all ages holds intelligence,
Go safer than Deceit without a guide?
Which in the by-paths of her diffidence,
Crossing the ways of right, still runs more wide.

Who will not grant, and therefore this observe,
No state stands sure, but on the grounds of right,
Of virtue, knowledge; judgment to preserve,
And all the pow'rs of learning requisite?
Though other shifts a present turn may serve,
Yet in the trial they will weigh too light.

And do not thou contemn this swelling tide,
And stream of words, that now doth rise so high
Above the usual banks, and spreads so wide
Over the borders of antiquity:
Which, I confess, comes ever amplify'd
With th' abounding humours that do multiply;

And is with that same hand of happiness
Enlarg'd, as vices are out of their bands:
Yet so as if let out but to redress,
And calm and sway th' affections it commands;
Which as it stirs, it doth again repress,
And brings in th' out-gone malice that withstands.

Pow'r above pow'rs! O heav'nly Eloquence!
That with the strong rein of commanding words
'Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence
Of men's affections, more than all their swords!
Shall we not offer to thy excellence,
The richest treasure that our wit affords?

Thou that can'st do much more with one poor pen,
Than all the pow'rs of princes can effect;
And draw, divert, dispose and fashion men,
Better than force or rigour can direct!
Should we this ornament of glory then,
As th' unmaterial fruits of shades, neglect?

Or should we careless come behind the rest
In pow'r of words, that go before in worth;
When as our accent's equal to the best,
Is able greater wonders to bring forth?
When all that ever hotter spir'ts express'd,
Comes better'd by the patience of the north.

And who (in time) knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue? To what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent,
T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds in th' yet unformed occident,
May come refin'd with th' accents that are ours?

Or who can tell for what great work in hand
The greatness of our style is now ordain'd?
What pow'rs it shall bring in, what spir'ts command?
What thoughts let out; what humours keep restrain'd?
What mischief it may pow'rfully withstand;
And what fair ends may thereby be attain'd?

And as for Poesy, (mother of this force!)
That breeds, brings forth, and nourishes this might;
Teaching it in a loose, yet measur'd course,
With comely motions how to go upright;
And fost'ring it with bountiful discourse,
Adorns it thus in fashions of delight.

What should I say?—Since it is well approv'd
The speech of Heav'n, with whom they have commerce;
That only seem out of themselves remov'd,
And do with more than human skills converse:
Those numbers wherewith Heav'n and Earth are mov'd,
Show weakness speaks in prose, but pow'r in verse.

Wherein thou likewise seemest to allow,
That th' acts of worthy men should be preserv'd,
As in the holiest tombs we can bestow
Upon their glory that have well deserv'd;
Wherein thou dost no other virtue show,
Than what most barb'rous countries have observ'd:
When all the happiest nations hitherto,
Did with no lesser glory speak, than do.

Now to what else thy malice shall object,
For schools, and arts, and their necessity;
When from my lord, whose judgment must direct
And form and fashion my ability,
I shall have got more strength; thou shalt expect,
Out of my better leisure, my reply.

SONNETS TO DELIA.

SONNET I.

Unto the boundless ocean of thy beauty
Runs this poor river, charg'd with streams of zeal,
Returning thee the tribute of my duty,
Which here my love, my youth, my plaints reveal.
Here I unclasp the book of my charg'd soul,
Where I have cast th' accounts of all my care:
Here have I summ'd my sighs; here I enroll
How they were spent for thee; look what they are.
Look on the dear expenses of my youth,
And see how just I reckon with thine eyes:
Examine well thy beauty with my truth;
And cross my cares, e'er greater sums arise.
Read it, sweet maid, though it be done but slightly;
Who can show all his love, doth love but lightly.

SONNET II.

Go, wailing Verse, the infants of my love;
Minerva-like, brought forth without a mother!
Present the image of the cares I prove;
Witness your father's grief exceeds all other.
Sigh out a story of her cruel deeds,
With interrupted accents of despair;
A monument that whosoever reads,
May justly praise, and blame my loveless fair.
Say her disdain hath dried up my blood,
And starved you, in succours still denying:
Press to her eyes, importune me some good;
Waken her sleeping pity with your crying:
Knock at her hard heart; beg till y' have mov'd her;
And tell th' unkind how dearly I have lov'd her.

SONNET III.

If it so hap, this offspring of my care,
These fatal anthems, lamentable songs,
Come to their view who like afflicted are;
Let them sigh for their own, and moan my wrongs,
But untouch'd hearts, with unaffected eye,
Approach not to behold my heaviness:
Clear-sighted, you soon note what is awry;
Whilst blinded souls mine errours never guess:
You blinded souls, whom youth and errour lead!
You out-cast eaglers, dazzled with your sun!
Do you, and none but you, my sorrows read;
You best can judge the wrongs that she hath done.
That she hath done!—the motive of my pain:
Who whilst I love, doth kill me with disdain.

SONNET IV.

These plaintive verse, the posts of my desire,
Which haste for succour to her slow regard,
Bear not report of any slender fire;
Forging a grief, to win a fame's reward.
Nor are my passions limn'd for outward hue,
For that no colours can depaint my sorrows:
Delia herself, and all the world may view [rows.
Best in my face, where cares have till'd deep fur-
No bays I seek to deck my mourning brow,
O clear-ey'd rector of the holy hill!
My humble accents bear the olive bough
Of intercession, but to move her will.
These lines I use, t' unburthen mine own heart;
My love affects no fame, nor steams of art.

SONNET V.

Whilst youth and errour led my wand'ring mind,
And set my thoughts in heedless ways to range,
All unawares a goddess chaste I find,
(Diana-like) to work my sudden change.
For her no sooner had mine eyes bewray'd,
But with disdain to see me in that place,
With fairest hand the sweet unkindest maid,
Cast water-cold disdain upon my face.
Which turn'd my sport into a heart's despair,
Which still is chas'd while I have any breath,
By mine own thoughts, set on me by my fair:
My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death.
Those that I foster'd of mine own accord,
Are made by her to murther thus their lord.

SONNET VI.

Fair is my love, and cruel as she 's fair; [sunny;
Her brow-shades frowns, although her eyes are
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despair;
And her disdains are gall, her favours honey.
A modest maid, deck'd with a blush of honour;
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love!
The wonder of all eyes that look upon her:
Sacred on Earth; design'd a saint above!
Chastity and beauty, which were deadly foes,
Live reconciled friends within her brow:
And had she pity to conjoin with those;
Then who had heard the plaints I utter now?
For had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
My Muse had slept, and none had known my mind.

SONNET VII.

For had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
Then had no finger pointed at my lightness;
The world had never known what I do find,
And clouds obscure had shaded still her brightness.
Then had no censor's eye these lines survey'd,
Nor graver brows have judg'd my Muse so vain:
No sun my blush and errour had bewray'd,
Nor yet the world have heard of such disdain.
Then had I walk'd with bold erected face;
No down-cast look had signify'd my miss:
But my degraded hopes, with such disgrace,
Did force me groan out griefs, and utter this.
For being full, should I not then have spoken,
My sense oppress'd had fail'd, and heart had broken.

SONNET VIII.

Thou, poor heart, sacrific'd unto the fairest,
Hast sent the incense of thy sighs to Heav'n;
And still against her frowns fresh vows repairest,
And made thy passions with her beauty even.
And you, mine eyes, the agents of my heart,
Told the dumb message of my hidden grief;
And oft with careful turns, with silent art,
Did treat the cruel fair to yield relief.
And, you, my verse, the advocates of love,
Have follow'd hard the process of my case;
And urg'd that title which doth plainly prove,
My faith should win, if justice might have place.
Yet though I see that nought we do can move;
'T is not disdain must make me cease to love.

SONNET IX.

If this be love, to draw a weary breath,
Paint on floods, till the shore cry to th' air;
With downward looks, still reading on the earth,
These sad memorials of my love's despair:
If this be love to war against my soul,
Lie down to wail, rise up to sigh and grieve;
The never-resting stone of care to roll;
Still to complain my griefs, whilst none relieve.
If this be love to clothe me with dark thoughts,
Haunting untrodden paths to wail apart;
My pleasure's horrour, music tragic notes;
Tears in mine eyes, and sorrow at my heart.
If this be love, to live a living death;
Then do I love, and draw this weary breath.

SONNET X.

Then do I love, and draw this weary breath
For her the cruel fair; within whose brow,
I written find the sentence of my death
In unkind letters, wrote she cares not how.
Thou pow'r that rul'st the confines of the night,
Laughter-lov'ng goddess, worldly pleasure's queen,
Intenerate that heart that sets so light;
Tho [illegible] love that ever yet was seen!
And [illegible] her leave to triumph in this wise,
Upon the prostrate spoil of that poor heart,
That serves a trophy to her conqu'ring eyes;
And must their glory to the world impart.
Once let her know sh' hath done enough to prove me;
And let her pity, if she cannot love me.

SONNET XI.

Tears, vows, and prayers, win the hardest heart:
Tears, vows, and prayers, have I spent in vain!
Tears cannot soften flint, nor vows convert;
Prayers prevail not with a quaint disdain.
I lose my tears, where I have lost my love;
I vow my faith, where faith is not regarded;
I pray in vain, a merciless to move:
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.
Yet though I cannot win her will with tears,
Though my soul's idol scorneth all my vows;
Though all my pray'rs be to so deaf ears,
No favour though the cruel fair allows;
Yet will I weep, vow, pray to cruel she:
Flint, frost, disdain, wears, melts, and yields we see.

SONNET XII.

My spotless love hovers with purest wings
About the temple of the proudest frame;
Where blaze those lights fairest of earthly things,
Which clear our clouded world with brightest flame.
M' ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
Affect no honour, but what she can give:
My hopes do rest in limits of her grace,
I weigh no comfort, unless she relieve.
For she that can my heart imparadise,
Holds in her fairest hand what dearest is;
My fortune's wheels the circle of her eyes,
Whose rolling grace deign once a turn of bliss.
All my life's sweet consists in her alone;
So much I love the most unloving one.

SONNET XIII.

Behold what hap Pigmalion had to frame,
And carve his proper grief upon a stone!
My heavy fortune is much like the same;
I work on flint, and that 's the cause I moan.
For hapless, lo! ev'n with mine own desires,
I figur'd on the table of mine heart,
The fairest form that all the world admires;
And so did perish by my proper art.
And still I toil, to change the marble breast
Of her, whose sweetest grace I do adore;
Yet cannot find her breathe unto my rest:
Hard is her heart; and woe is me therefore!
But happy he, that joy'd his stone and art:
Unhappy I, to love a stony heart.

SONNET XIV.

Those snary locks, are those same nets (my dear)
Wherewith my liberty thou did'st surprise;
Love was the flame that fired me so near,
The dart transpiercing were those crystal eyes:
Strong is the net, and fervent is the flame;
Deep is the wound, my sighs can well report:
Yet do I love, adore, and praise the same
That holds, that burns, that wounds me to the heart,
And list not seek to break, to quench, to heal
The bond, the flame, the wound that I feel:
By knife, by liquor, or by salve to deal:
So much I please to perish in my woe.
Yet lest long travels be above my strength,
Good Delia lose, quench, heal me now at length.

SONNET XV.

If that a loyal heart and faith unfeign'd,
If a sweet languish, with a chaste desire;
If hunger-starven thoughts, so long retain'd,
Fed but with smoke, and cherish'd but with fire:
And if a brow with care's characters painted,
Bewrays my love with broken words half-spoken,
To her that sits in my thought's temple sainted,
And lays to view my vulture-gnawn heart open:
If I have done due homage to her eyes,
And had my sighs still tending on her name;
If on her love my life and honour lies,
And she (th' unkindest maid) still scorns the same:
Let this suffice, that all the world may see
The fault is her's, though mine the hurt must be.

SONNET XVI.

Happy in sleep, waking content to languish;
Embracing clouds by night, in day-time mourn;
My joys but shadows, touch of truth my anguish:
Griefs ever springing, comforts never born.
And still expecting when she will relent;
Grown hoarse with crying mercy, mercy give:
So many vows and prayers having spent,
That weary of my life, I loath to live.
And yet the hydra of my cares renews
Still new-born sorrows of her fresh disdain;
And still my hopes the summer-winds pursues,
Finding no end nor period of my pain.
This is my state my griefs do touch so nearly;
And thus I live, because I love her dearly.

SONNET XVII.

Why should I sing in verse; why should I frame
These sad neglected notes for her dear sake?
Why should I offer up unto her name
The sweetest sacrifice my youth can make?
Why should I strive to make her live for ever,
That never deigns to give me joy to live?
Why should m' afflicted Muse so much endeavour
Such honour unto cruelty to give?
If her defects have purchas'd her this fame,
What should her virtues do, her smiles, her love?
If this her worst, how should her best inflame?
What passions would her milder favours move?
Favours (I think) would sense quite overcome,
And that makes happy lovers ever dumb.

SONNET XVIII.

Since the first look that led me to this errour,
To this thought's maze, to my confusion tending;
Still have I liv'd in grief, in hope, in terrour,
The circle of my sorrows never ending,
Yet cannot leave her love that holds me hateful;
Her eyes exact it, though her heart disdains me:
See what reward he hath that serves th' ungrateful!
So true and loyal love no favour gains me.
Still must I whet my young desires abated
Upon the flint of such a heart rebelling;
And all in vain, her pride is so innated,
She yields no place at all for pity's dwelling.
Oft have I told her that my soul did love her,
(And that with tears) yet all this will not move her

SONNET XIX.

Restore thy tresses to the golden oar;
Yield Citherea's son those arks of love:
Bequeath the Heav'ns the stars that I adore;
And to th' Orient do thy pearls remove.
Yield thy hands' pride unto the ivory white;
T' Arabian odours give thy breathing sweet:
Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright;
To Thetis give the honour of thy feet.
Let Venus have thy graces, her resign'd;
And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres;
But yet restore thy fierce and cruel mind
To Hyrcan tigers, and to ruthless bears.
Yield to the marble thy hard heart again;
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to pain.

SONNET XX.

What it is to breathe and live without life;
How to be pale with anguish, red with fear;
T' have peace abroad, and nought within but strife;
Wish to be present, and yet shun t' appear:
How to be bold far off, and bashful near:
How to think much, and have no words to speak;
To crave redress, yet hold affliction dear:
To have affection strong, a body weak.
Never to find, and evermore to seek:
And seek that which I dare not hope to find.
T' affect this life, and yet this life disleek;
Grateful t' another, to myself unkind.
This cruel knowledge of these contraries,
Delia, my heart hath learn'd out of those eyes.

SONNET XXI.

If beauty thus be clouded with a frown,
That pity shines no comfort to my bliss,
And vapours of disdain so over-grown,
That my life's light wholly endarken'd is:
Why should I more molest the world with cries;
The air with sighs, the earth below with tears?
Sith I live hateful to those ruthless eyes,
Vexing with untun'd moan her dainty ears.
If I have lov'd her dearer than my breath,
My breath that calls the Heav'ns to witness it;
And still must hold her dear till after death;
And that all this moves not her thoughts a whit:
Yet sure she cannot but must think a-part,
She doth me wrong, to grieve so true a heart.

SONNET XXII.

Come, Time, the anchor-hold of my desire,
My last resort, whereto my hopes appeal;
Cause once the date of her disdain t' expire:
Make her the sentence of her wrath repeal.
Rob her fair brow; break in on beauty's steal
Pow'r from those eyes, which pity cannot spare:
Deal with those dainty cheeks, as she doth deal
With this poor heart consumed with despair.
This heart! made now the prospective of care,
By loving her, the cruell'st fair that lives:
The cruell'st fair, that sees I pine for her;
And never mercy to thy merit gives.
Let her not still triumph over the prize
Of mine affections, taken by her eyes.

SONNET XXIII.

Time, cruel Time, come and subdue that brow,
Which conquers all but thee; and thee too stays,
As if she were exempt from scythe or bow,
From love or years unsubject to decays.
Or art thou grown in league with those fair eyes,
That they may help thee to consume our days?
Or dost thou spare her for her cruelties;
B'ing merciless, like thee, that no man weighs?
And yet thou see'st thy pow'r she disobeys;
Cares not for thee, but lets thee waste in vain;
And prodigal of hours and years, betrays
Beauty and youth t' opinion and disdain.
Yet spare her, Time; let her exempted be:
She may become more kind to thee, or me.

SONNET XXIV.

These sorrow'ng sighs, the smoke of mine annoy;
These tears which heat of sacred flame distils;
Are those due tributes, that my faith doth pay
Unto the tyrant, whose unkindness kills.
I sacrifice my youth and blooming years
At her proud feet, and she respects not it:
My flow'r untimely 's wither'd with my tears;
And winter woes, for spring of youth unfit.
She thinks a look may recompense my care,
And so with looks prolongs my long-look'd case:
As short that bliss, so is the comfort rare;
Yet must that bliss my hungry thoughts appease.
Thus she returns my hopes so fruitless ever;
Once let her love indeed, or else look never.

SONNET XXV.

False hope prolongs my ever certain grief;
Traitor to me, and faithful to my love!
A thousand times it promis'd me relief,
Yet never any true effect I prove.
Oft when I find in her no truth at all,
I banish her, and blame her treachery;
Yet soon again I must her back recal,
As one that dies without her company.
Thus often as I chase my hope from me,
Straightway she hastes her unto Delia's eyes;
Fed with some pleasing look there shall she be,
And so sent back, and thus my fortune lies.
Looks feed my hope; hope fosters me in vain:
Hopes are unsure, when certain is my pain.

SONNET XXVI.

Look in my griefs, and blame me not to mourn,
From care to care that leads a life so bad;
Th' orphan of Fortune, born to be her scorn,
Whose clouded brow do make my days so sad.
Long are their nights, whose cares do never sleep;
Long unto me their days, whom no sun ever joy'd:
Th' impression of her eyes do pierce so deep,
That I live both day and night annoy'd.
But as the sweetest root yields fruit so sour,
Her plaint from my complaint I may not part:
I love th' effect the cause b'ing of this pow'r;
I 'll praise her face, and blame her flinty heart:
Whilst we both make the world admire at us;
Her for disdain, and me for loving thus.

SONNET XXVII.

Reign in my thoughts, fair hand, sweet eye, rare voice;
Possess me whole, my heart's triumvirate:
Yet heavy heart, to make so hard a choice,
Of such as spoil thy poor afflicted state.
For whilst they strive which shall be lord of all,
All my poor life by them is trodden down;
They all erect their trophies on my fall,
And yield me nought that gives them their renown.
When back I look, I sigh my freedom past,
And wail the state wherein I present stand;
And see my fortune ever like to last,
Finding me rein'd with such a heavy hand.
What can I do but yield?—And yield I do,
And serve all three; and yet they spoil me too.

SONNET XXVIII.

ALLUDING TO THE SPARROW, PURSUED BY A HAWK, THAT FLEW INTO THE BOSOM OF ZENOCRATES.

Whilst by thy eyes pursu'd, my poor heart flew
Into the sacred refuge of thy breast;
Thy rigour in that sanctuary slew
That, which thy succ'ring mercy should have bless'd.
No privilege of faith could it protect,
Faith b'ing with blood, and five years witness sign'd,
Wherein no show gave cause of least suspect;
For well thou saw'st my love, and how I pin'd.
Yet no mild comfort would thy brow reveal,
No lightning looks which falling hopes erect;
What boots to laws of succour to appeal?
Ladies and tyrants never laws respect.
Then there I die, from whence my life should come;
And by that hand whom such deeds ill become.

SONNET XXIX.

Still in the trace of one perplexed thought,
My ceaseless cares continually run on;
Seeking in vain what I have ever sought,
One in my love, and her hard heart still one.
I who did never joy in other sun,
And have no stars but those that must fulfil
The work of rigour, fatally begun
Upon this heart, whom cruelty will kill.
Injurious Delia, yet I love thee still;
And will whilst I shall draw this breath of mine:
I 'll tell the world, that I deserv'd but ill,
And blame myself t' excuse that heart of thine.
See then who sins the greater of us twain;
I in my love, or thou in thy disdain.

SONNET XXX.

Oft do I marvel, whether Delia's eyes
Are eyes; or else two radiant stars that shine!
For how could Nature ever thus devise
Of earth (on Earth) a substance so divine?
Stars sure they are, whose motions rule desires;
And calm and tempest follow their aspects:
Their sweet appearing still such pow'r inspires,
That makes the world admire so strange effects.
Yet whether fix'd or wand'ring stars are they,
Whose influ'nce rule the orb of my poor heart?
Fix'd sure they are; but wandring make me stray
In endless errours, whence I cannot part.
Stars then, not eyes, move you with milder view,
Your sweet aspect on him that honours you.

SONNET XXXI.

The star of my mishap impos'd this pain,
To spend the April of my years in grief;
Finding my fortune ever in the wain,
With still fresh cares, supply'd with no relief.
Yet thee I blame not, though for thee 't is done:
But these weak wings presuming to aspire,
Which now are melted by thine eyes' bright sun,
That makes me fall from off my high desire.
And in my fall I cry for help with speed,
No pitying eye looks back upon my fears:
No succour find I now, when I most need,
My heats must drown in th' ocean of my tears:
Which still must bear the title of my wrong,
Caus'd by those cruel beams that were so strong.

SONNET XXXII.

And yet I cannot reprehend the flight,
Or blame th' attempt presuming so to soar;
The mounting venture for a high delight,
Did make the honour of the fall the more.
For who gets wealth, that puts not from the shore?
Danger hath honour; great designs their fame:
Glory doth follow; courage goes before.
And though th' event oft answers not the same,
Suffice that high attempts have never shame.
The mean observer, whom base safety keeps,
Lives without honour, dies without a name,
And in eternal darkness ever sleeps.
And therefore, Delia, 't is to me no blot,
To have attempted, though attain'd thee not.

SONNET XXXIII.

Raising my hopes on hills of high desire,
Thinking to scale the Heaven of her heart,
My slender means presum'd too high a part;
Her thunder of disdain forc'd me t' retire,
And threw me down to pain in all this fire;
Where lo I languish in so heavy smart,
Because th' attempt was far above my art:
Her pride brook'd not poor souls should so aspire.
Yet I protest, my high-desiring will
Was not to dispossess her of her right;
Her sov'reignty should have remained still;
I only sought the bliss to have her sight.
Her sight contented thus to see me spill,
Fram'd my desires fit for her eyes to kill.

SONNET XXXIV.

Why dost thou, Delia, credit so thy glass,
Gazing thy beauty deign'd thee by the skies:
And dost not rather look on him, (alas!) [eyes?
Whose state best shows the force of murd'ring
The broken tops of lofty trees declare
The fury of a mercy-wanting storm;
And of what force thy wounding graces are,
Upon myself thou best may'st find the form.
Then leave thy glass, and gaze thyself on me;
That mirrour shows what pow'r is in thy face:
To view your form too much, may danger be;
Narcissus chang'd t' a flower in such a case.
And you are chang'd, but not t' a hyacint:
I fear your eye hath turn'd your heart to flint.

SONNET XXXV.

I once may see when years shall wreck my wrong,
When golden hairs shall change to silver wire;
And those bright rays that kindle all this fire,
Shall fail in force, their working not so strong:
Then Beauty, (now the burthen of my song)
Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
Must yield up all to tyrant Time's desire;
Then fade those flow'rs that deck'd her pride so long.
When if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,
Which then presents her winter-wither'd hue;
Go you, my verse; go tell her what she was:
For what she was, she best shall find in you.
Your fi'ry heat lets not her glory pass,
But (phenix-like) shall make her live anew.

SONNET XXXVI.

Look, Delia, how w' esteem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush, and summer's honour!
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty, Time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to declines;
She then is scorn'd, that late adorn'd the fair:
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine!
No April can revive thy wither'd flow'rs,
Whose springing grace adorns the glory now:
Swift speedy Time, feather'd with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain;
But love now, whilst thou may'st be lov'd again.

SONNET XXXVII.

But love whilst that thou may'st be lov'd again,
Now whilst thy May hath fill'd thy lap with flow'rs;
Now whilst thy beauty bears without a stain;
Now use the summer smiles, ere winter low'rs,
And whilst thou spread'st unto the rising Sun,
The fairest flow'r that ever saw the light,
Now joy thy time before thy sweet be done;
And, Delia, think thy morning must have night;
And that thy brightness sets at length to west,
When thou wilt close up that which now thou show'st,
And think the same becomes thy fading best,
Which then shall most inveil, and shadow most.
Men do not weigh the stalk for that it was,
When once they find her flow'r, her glory pass.

SONNET XXXVIII.

When men shall find thy flow'r, thy glory pass,
And thou with careful brow sitting alone,
Received had'st this message from thy glass,
That tells the truth, and says that all is gone.
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou mad'st;
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining:
I that have lov'd thee thus before thou fad'st,
My faith shall wax; when thou art in thy waining.
The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter 's spent:
Then what my faith hath been, thyself shall see;
And that thou wast unkind, thou may'st repent.
Thou may'st repent that thou hast scorn'd my tears,
When winter snows upon thy sable hairs.

SONNET XXXIX.

When winter snows upon thy sable hairs,
And frost of age hath nipt thy beauties near;
When dark shall seem thy day that never clears,
And all lies wither'd that was held so dear:
Then take this picture which I here present thee,
Limned with a pencil not all unworthy:
Here see the gifts that God and Nature lent thee;
Here read thyself, and what I suffer'd for thee.
This may remain thy lasting monument,
Which happily posterity may cherish;
These colours with thy fading are not spent:
These may remain, when thou and I shall perish.
If they remain, then thou shalt live thereby;
They will remain, and so thou can'st not die.

SONNET XL.

Thou can'st not die, whilst any zeal abound
In feeling hearts, that can conceive these lines;
Though thou a Laura, hast no Petrach found,
In base attire yet clearly beauty shines.
And I (though born within a colder clime)
Do feel mine inward heat as great, (I know it:)
He never had more faith, although more rhyme;
I love as well, though he could better show it.
But I may add one feather to thy fame,
To help her flight throughout the fairest isle:
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then should'st thou live in an immortal style.
For though that Laura better limned be,
Suffice thou shalt be lov'd as well as she.

SONNET XLI.

Be not displeas'd, that these my papers should
Bewray unto the world how fair thou art;
Or that my wits have show'd the best they could,
(The chastest flame that ever warmed heart!)
Think not, sweet Delia, this shall be thy shame,
My Muse should sound thy praise with mournful warble;
How many live, the glory of whose name
Shall rest in ice, when thine is grav'd in marble?
Thou may'st in after-ages live esteem'd,
Unbury'd in these lines, reserv'd in pureness;
These shall entomb those eyes, that have redeem'd
Me from the vulgar, thee from all obscureness.
Although my careful accents never mov'd thee,
Yet count it no disgrace that I have lov'd thee.

SONNET XLII.

Delia, these eyes that so admire thine,
Have seen those walls which proud ambition rear'd
To check the world; how they entomb'd have li'n
Within themselves, and on them ploughs have car'd.
Yet never found that barb'rous hand attain'd
The spoil of fame deserv'd by virtuous men;
Whose glorious actions luckily had gain'd
The eternal annals of a happy pen.
And therefore grieve not if thy beauties die;
Though time do spoil thee of the fair'st veil,
That ever yet cover'd mortality;
And must enstar the needle and the rail.
That grace which doth more than enwoman thee,
Lives in my lines, and must eternal be.

SONNET XLIII.

Most fair and lovely maid! look from the shore,
See thy Leander striving in these waves!
Poor soul! quite spent, whose force can do no more!
Now send forth hope; for now calm pity saves.
And waft him to thee with those lovely eyes,
A happy convoy to a holy land:
Now show thy pow'r, and where thy virtue lies;
To save thine own, stretch out the fairest hand.
Stretch out the fairest hand, a pledge of peace;
That hand that darts so right, and never misses.
I shall forget old wrongs; my griefs shall cease:
And that which gave my wounds, I 'll give it kisses.
Once let the ocean of my cares find shore;
That thou be pleas'd, and I may sigh no more.

SONNET XLIV.

Read in my face a volume of despairs,
The wailing Iliads of my tragic woe;
Drawn with my blood, and painted with my cares,
Wrought by her hand that I have honour'd so.
Who whilst I burn, she sings at my soul's wrack,
Looking aloft from turret of her pride;
There my soul's tyrant joys her, in the sack
Of her own seat, whereof I made her guide.
There do these smokes that from affliction rise,
Serve as an incense to a cruel dame;
A sacrifice thrice-grateful to her eyes,
Because their power serves to exact the same.
Thus ruins she (to satisfy her will)
The temple where her name was honour'd still.

SONNET XLV.

My Delia hath the waters of mine eyes,
The ready hand-maids on her grace t' attend;
That never fail to ebb, but ever dries;
For to their flow she never grants an end.
The ocean never did attend more duly
Upon his sov'reign's course, the night's pale queen,
Nor paid the impost of his waves more truly,
Than mine unto her cruelty hath been.
Yet nought the rock of that hard heart can move,
Where beat their tears with zeal, and fury drives;
And yet I rather languish for her love,
Than I would joy the fairest she that lives.
And if I find such pleasure to complain,
What should I do then, if I should obtain?

SONNET XLVI.

How long shall I in mine affliction mourn?
A burden to myself, distress'd in mind!
When shall my interdicted hopes return
From out despair, wherein they live confin'd?
When shall her bubled brow, charg'd with disdain,
Reveal the treasure which her smiles impart?
When shall my faith the happiness attain
To break the ice that hath congeal'd her heart?
Unto herself, herself my love doth summon,
(If love in her hath any pow'r to move)
And let her tell me as she is a woman,
Whether my faith hath not deserv'd her love?
I know her heart cannot but judge with me,
Although her eyes my adversaries be.

SONNET XLVII.

Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green
Cheers for a time, but till the Sun doth shew;
And straight 't is gone, as it had never been.
Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish;
Short is the glory of the blushing rose:
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.
When thou, surcharg'd with burthen of thy years,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth;
And that in beauty's lease expir'd, appears
The date of age, the calends of our death:
But ah! no more; this must not be foretold:
For women grieve to think they must be old.

SONNET XLVIII.

I must not grieve my love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile;
Flowers have time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.
And sport, sweet maid, in season of these years,
And learn to gather flow'rs before they wither;
And where the sweetest blossoms first appears,
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.
Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise:
Pity and smiles do best become the fair;
Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

SONNET XLIX.

And whither, poor forsaken, wilt thou go,
To go from sorrow, and thine own distress?
When ev'ry place presents like face of woe,
And no remove can make thy sorrows less?
Yet go, forsaken; leave these woods, these plains:
Leave her and all, and all for her, that leaves
Thee and thy love forlorn, and both disdains;
And of both wrongful deems, and ill conceives.
Seek out some place; and see if any place
Can give the least release unto thy grief:
Convey thee from the thought of thy disgrace;
Steal from thyself, and be thy cares' own thief.
But yet what comforts shall I hereby gain?
Bearing the wound, I needs must feel the pain.

SONNET L.

Drawn with th' attractive virtue of her eyes,
My touch'd heart turns it to that happy coast;
My joyful North, where all my fortune lies,
The level of my hopes desired most:
There were my Delia fairer than the Sun,
Deck'd with her youth whereon the world doth smile;
Joys in that honour which her eyes have won,
Th' eternal wonder of our happy isle!
Flourish, fair Albion, glory of the North;
Neptune's best darling, held between his arms:
Divided from the world, as better worth;
Kept for himself, defended from all harms.
Still let disarmed peace deck her and thee;
And Muse-foe Mars abroad far foster'd be.

SONNET LI.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night;
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born:
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising Sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain;
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

SONNET LII.

Let others sing of knights and palladines,
In aged accents, and untimely words;
Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits records:
But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes;
Authentic shall my verse in time to come;
When yet th' unborn shall say, "Lo where she lies,
Whose beauty made him speak, that else was dumb."
These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age;
And these thy sacred virtues must protect,
Against the dark and time's consuming rage.
Though th' errour of my youth in them appear,
Suffice they show I liv'd and lov'd thee dear.

SONNET LIII.

As to the Roman that would free his land,
His errour was his honour and renown;
And more the fame of his mistaking hand,
Than if he had the tyrant overthrown.
So, Delia, hath mine errour made me known,
And my deceiv'd attempt deserv'd more fame,
Than if I had the victory mine own,
And thy hard heart had yielded up the same.
And so likewise renowned is thy blame,
Thy cruelty, thy glory. O strange case,
That errours should be grac'd, that merit shame;
And sin of frowns bring honour to the face!
Yet happy, Delia, that thou wast unkind; [mind.
Though happier far, if thou would'st change thy

SONNET LIV.

Like as the lute delights, or else dislikes,
As is his art that plays upon the same;
So sounds my Muse, according as she strikes
On my heart-strings high tun'd unto her fame.
Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,
Which here I yield in lamentable wise;
A wailing descant on the sweetest ground,
Whose due reports give honour to her eyes.
Else harsh my style, untunable my Muse;
Hoarse sounds the voice, that praiseth not her name:
If any pleasing relish here I use,
Then judge the world her beauty gives the same.
For no ground else could make the music such,
Nor other hand could give so true a touch.

SONNET LV.

None other fame mine unambitious Muse
Affected ever, but t' eternize thee:
All other honours do my hopes refuse,
Which meaner-priz'd and momentary be.
For God forbid I should my papers blot
With mercenary lines, with servile pen;
Praising virtues in them that have them not,
Basely attending on the hopes of men.
No, no; my verse respects not Thames, nor theatres;
Nor seeks it to be known unto the great:
But Avon, poor in fame, and poor in waters,
Shall have my song; where Delia hath her seat.
Avon shall be my Thames, and she my song;
No other prouder brooks shall hear my wrong.

SONNET LVI.

Unhappy pen, and ill-accepted lines,
That intimate in vain my chaste desire;
My chaste desire, which from dark sorrow shines,
Enkindl'd by her eyes' celestial fire.
Celestial fire, and unrespecting pow'rs!
Which pity not the wounds made by their might;
Show'd in these lines the work of careful hours,
The sacrifice here offer'd to her sight.
But since she weighs them not, this rests for me;
I 'll moan myself, and hide the wrong I have;
And so content me that her frowns should be
To m' infant style, the cradle and the grave.
What though my Muse no honour get thereby?
Each bird sings to herself, and so will I.

SONNET LVII.

Lo here the impost of a faith entire,
Which love doth pay, and her disdain extorts!
Behold the message of a chaste desire,
Which tells the world how much my grief imports!
These tributary passions, beauty's due,
I send those eyes the cabinets of love;
That cruelty herself might grieve to view
Th' affliction her unkind disdain doth move.
And how I live cast down from off all mirth,
Pensive alone, only but with despair:
My joys abortive perish in their birth;
My griefs long-liv'd, and care succeeding care.
This is my state; and Delia's heart is such:
I say no more—I fear I said too much.

AN ODE.

Now each creature joys the other,
Passing happy days and hours;
One bird reports unto another,
In the fall of silver show'rs;
Whilst the Earth, our common mother,
Hath her bosom deck'd with flo'rs.

Whilst the greatest torch of Heaven,
With bright rays warms Flora's lap;
Making nights and days both even,
Cheering plants with fresher sap;
My field of flowers quite bereaven,
Wants refresh of better hap.

Echo, daughter of the air,
(Babbling guest of rocks and hills)
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
And sounds the accents of my ills.
Each thing pities my despair,
Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she (O cruel maid!)
Doth me and my love despise;
My life's flourish is decay'd,
That depended on her eyes:
But her will must be obey'd;
And well he ends, for love who dies.

A PASTORAL.

O happy, golden age!
Not for that rivers ran
With streams of milk, and honey-dropp'd from trees;
Not that the Earth did gage
Unto the husbandman
Her voluntary fruits, free without fees.
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile
Th' eternal flow'ring spring,
Wherein liv'd ev'ry thing;
And whereon th' Heavens perpetually did smile:
Not for no ship had brought
From foreign shores, or wars or wares ill sought.

But only for that name,
That idle name of wind;
That idol of deceit, that empty sound
Call'd Honour; which became
The tyrant of the mind,
And so torments our nature without ground,
Was not yet vainly found:
Nor yet sad griefs imparts,
Amidst the sweet delights
Of joyful am'rous wights.
Nor were his hard laws known to free-born hearts;
But golden laws, like these
Which Nature wrote—*That 's lawful, which doth please.*

Then amongst flow'rs and springs,
Making delightful sport,
Sat lovers without conflict, without flame;
And nymphs and shepherds sings
Mixing in wanton sort
Whisp'rings with songs, then kisses with the same
Which from affection came.
The naked virgin then
Her roses fresh reveals,
Which now her veil conceals.
The tender apples in her bosom seen;
And oft in rivers clear,
The lovers with their loves consorting were.

Honour, thou first did'st close
The spring of all delight;
Denying water to the am'rous thirst,
Thou taught'st fair eyes to lose
The glory of the light:
Restrain'd from men, and on themselves revers'd.
Thou in a lawn did'st first
Those golden hairs incase,
Late spread unto the wind:
Thou mad'st loose grace unkind;
Gav'st bridle to their words, art to their pace.
O Honour, it is thou
That mak'st that stealth, which Love doth free allow.

It is thy work that brings
Our griefs and torments thus:
But thou fierce lord of nature and of love,
The qualifier of kings;
What dost thou here with us,
That are below thy pow'r, shut from above?
Go, and from us remove;
Trouble the mighties' sleep;
Let us neglected base
Live still without thy grace,
And th' use of th' ancient happy ages keep.
Let 's love—this life of ours
Can make no truce with Time that all devours.
Let 's love—the Sun doth set, and rise again;
But when as our short light
Comes once to set; it makes eternal night.

A DESCRIPTION OF BEAUTY.

TRANSLATED OUT OF MARINO.

O Beauty, (beams, nay, flame
Of that great lamp of light)
That shines awhile with fame,
But presently makes night!
Like winter's short liv'd bright,
Or summer's sudden gleams;
How much more dear, so much loss-lasting beams.

Wing'd Love away doth fly,
And with it Time doth bear;
And both take suddenly
The sweet, the fair, the dear.
A shining day and clear
Succeeds an obscene night;
And sorrow is the hue of sweet delight.

With what then dost thou swell,
O youth of new-born day!
Wherein doth thy pride dwell,
O Beauty made of clay!
Not with so swift a way
The headlong current flies,
As do the sparkling rays of two fair eyes.

Do not thyself betray
With wantonizing years;
O Beauty, traitors gay!
Thy melting life that wears,
Appearing, disappears;
And with thy flying days,
Ends all thy good of price, thy fair of praise.

Trust not, vain creditor,
Thy apt-deceived view,
In thy false counsellor,
That never tells thee true,
Thy form and flatter'd hue,
Which shall so soon transpass,
Is far more fair than is thy looking-glass.

Enjoy thy April now,
Whilst it doth freely shine;
This lightning flash and show,
With that clear spir't of thine,
Will suddenly decline:
And thou fair murth'ring eyes
Shall be Love's tombs, where now his cradle lies.

Old trembling age will come,
With wrinkl'd cheeks and stains,
With motion troublesome;
With skin and bloodless weaves,
That lively visage reaven,
And made deform'd and old,
Hates sight of glass it lov'd so to behold.

Thy gold and scarlet shall
Pale silver-colour be;
Thy row of pearls shall fall
Like wither'd leaves from tree;
And thou shalt shortly see
Thy face and hair to grow
All plough'd with furrows, over-swol'n with snow.

That which on Flora's breast,
All fresh and flourishing,
Aurora newly dress'd
Saw in her dawning spring;
Quite dry and languishing,
Depriv'd of honour quite,
Day-closing Hesperus beholds at night.

Fair is the lily; fair
The rose; of flow'rs the eye!
Both wither in the air,
Their beauteous colours die;
And so at length shall lie
Depriv'd of former grace,
The lilies of thy breasts, the roses of thy face.

What then will it avail,
O youth advised ill!
In lap of Beauty frail
To nurse a wayward will,
Like snake in sun-warm hill?
Pluck, pluck betime thy flow'r,
That springs, and parcheth in one short hour.

TO THE ANGEL SPIRIT OF THE

MOST EXCELLENT SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

To thee, pure spir't, to thee alone address'd
Is this joint-work, by double int'rest thine:
Thine by thine own, and what is done of mine
Inspir'd by thee, thy secret pow'r impress'd.
My Muse with thine itself dar'd to combine,
As mortal staff with that which is divine:
Let thy fair beams give lustre to the rest.

That Israel's king may deign his own transform'd
In substance no, but superficial tire;
And English guis'd in some sort may aspire,
To better grace thee what the vulgar form'd.
His sacred tunes age after age admire;
Nations grow great in pride and pure desire,
So to enjoy in holy rites perform'd.

O had that soul, which honour brought to rest
Too soon, not left, and reft the world of all
What man could show which we perfection call!
This precious piece had sorted with the best.
But, ah! wide-fester'd wounds (that never shall,
Nor must be clos'd) unto fresh bleeding fall.
Ah, Memory! what needs this new artist?

Yet blessed grief that sweetness can impart,
Since thou art bless'd—wrongly do I complain;
Whatever weights my heavy thoughts sustain,
Dear feels my soul for thee—I know my part.
Nor be my weakness to thy rites a stain;
Rites to aright, life, blood, would not refrain.
Assist me then, that life what thine did part.

Time may bring forth what time hath yet suppress'd,
In whom thy loss hath laid to utter waste
The wreck of time, untimely all defac'd,
Remaining as the tomb of life deceas'd:
Where in my heart the highest room thou hast:
There, truly there, thy earthly being is plac'd:
Triumph of death!—In earth bow more than bless'd!

Behold (O that thou were now to behold!)
This finish'd long perfection's part begun;
The rest but piec'd, as left by thee undone.
Pardon, bless'd soul, presumption over bold:
If love and zeal hath to this errour run,
'T is zealous love; love that hath never done,
Nor can enough, though justly here controll'd.

But since it hath no other scope to go,
Nor other purpose but to honour thee;
That thine may shine, where all the graces be:
And that my thoughts (like smallest streams that flow,
Pay to their sea their tributary fee)
Do strive, yet have no means to quit nor free
That mighty debt of infinites I owe.

To thy great worth, which time to times enroll,
Wonder of men! sole born! soul of thy kind!
Complete in all—but heav'nly was thy mind,
For wisdom, goodness, sweetness, fairest soul!
Too good to wish; too fair for Earth; refin'd
For Heav'n, where all true glory rests confin'd:
And where but there no life without control?

O when from this account, this cast-up sum,
This reck'ning made the audit of my woe!
Some time of race my swelling passions knowe;
How work my thoughts! My sense is stricken dumb,
That would thee more than words could ever show;
Which all fall short. Who knew thee best to know,
There lives no wit that may thy prayer become:

And rest fair monuments of thy fair fame,
Though not complete. Nor can we reach in thought,
What on that goodly piece Time would have wrought:
Had divers so spar'd that life (not life) to frame
The rest: alas, such loss! The world hath nought
Can equal it—nor (O) more grievous brought!
Yet what remains, must ever crown thy name.

Receive these hints; these obsequies receive;
(If any mark of thy secret spirit bear)
Made only thine, and no name else must wear.
I can no more, dear soul; I take my leave:
My sorrow strives to mount the highest sphere.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

JAMES MONTAGUE,

LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER; DEAN OF THE CHAPEL, AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY-COUNCIL.

Although you have, out of your proper store,
The best munition that may fortify
A noble heart; as no man may have more,
Against the batt'ries of mortality:
Yet, rev'rend lord, vouchsafe me leave to bring
One weapon more unto your furnishment,
That you th' assaults of this close vanquishing,
And secret wasting sickness may prevent:
For that myself have struggled with it too,
And know the worst of all that it can do.
And let me tell you this, you never could
Have found a gentler warring enemy,
And one that with more fair proceeding would
Encounter you without extremity;
Nor give more time to make resistances,
And to repair your breaches, than will this.
For whereas other sicknesses surprise
Our spir'ts at unawares, disweap'ning suddenly
All sense of understanding in such wise,
As that they lay us dead before we die,
Or fire us out of our inflamed fort,
With raving phrensies in a fearful sort:
This comes and steals us by degrees away;
And yet not that without our privity.
They rap us hence, as vultures do their prey,
Confounding us with tortures instantly.
This fairly kills, they fouly murther us,
Trip up our heels before we can discern.
This gives us time of treaty, to discuss
Our suff'ring, and the cause thereof to learn.
Besides, therewith we oftentimes have truce
For many months; sometimes for many years;
And are permitted to enjoy the use
Of study: and although our body wears,
Our wit remains; our speech, our memory
Fail not, or come before ourselves to die.
We part together, and we take our leave
Of friends, of kindred: we dispose our state,
And yield up fairly what we did receive,
And all our buss'nesses accommodate.
So that we cannot say we were thrust out,
But we depart from hence in quiet sort;
The foe with whom we have the battle fought,
Hath not subdued us, but got our fort.
And this disease is held most incident
To the best natures, and most innocent.
And therefore, rev'rend lord, there cannot be
A gentler passage, than there is hereby
Unto that port, wherein we shall be free
From all the storms of worldly misery.
And though it sh w us daily in our glass,
Our fading leaf discolor'd to a yellow hue;
And how it w ners as the sap doth pass,
And what we may expect is to ensue.
Yet this I know disquiets not your mind,
Who kn s the brittle metal of mankind;
And how a comforts virtue can beget,
And most the science of well-acted days:
Which all those monuments which you have set
On holy ground, to your perpetual praise,
(As things best set) must ever testify
And show the worth of noble Montague:
And so long as the walls of piety
Stand, so long shall stand the memory of you.
And Bath, and Wells, and Winchester shall show
Their fair repairs to all posterity;
And how much bless'd and fortunate they were,
That ever-gracious hand did plant you there.
Besides, you have not only built up walls,
But also (worthier edifices) men;
By whom you shall have the memorials,
And everlasting honour of the pen.
That whensoever you shall come to make
Your exit from this scene, wherein you have
Perform'd so noble parts; you then shall take
Your leave with honour, have a glorious grave!
"For when can men go better to their rest,
Than when they are esteem'd and loved best?"

A

DEFENCE OF RHYME;

AGAINST A PAMPHLET, ENTITLED

OBSERVATIONS IN THE ART OF ENGLISH POESY;

WHEREIN IS DEMONSTRATIVELY PROVED, THAT RHYME IS THE FITTEST HARMONY OF WORDS THAT COMPORTS WITH OUR LANGUAGE.

TO

ALL THE WORTHY LOVERS AND LEARNED PROFESSORS OF RHYME WITHIN HIS MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

WORTHY GENTLEMEN,

About a year since, upon the great reproach given the professors of rhyme, and the use hereof, I wrote a private letter, as a defence of my own undertakings in that kind, to a learned gentleman, a friend of mine, then in court. Which I did, rather to confirm myself in mine own courses, and to hold him from being won from us, than with any desire to publish the same to the world.

But now, seeing the times to promise a more regard to the present condition of our writings, in respect of our sovereign's[1] happy inclination this way; whereby we are rather to expect an encouragement to go on with what we do, than that any innovation should check us, with a show of what it would do in another kind, and yet do nothing but deprave: I have now given a greater body to the same argument; and here present it to your view, under the patronage of a noble

[1] King James I.

earl, who in blood and nature is interested to take our part in this cause, with others who cannot, I know, but hold dear the monuments that have been left unto the world in this manner of composition; and who, I trust, will take in good part this my defence, if not as it is my particular, yet in respect of the cause I undertake, which I here invoke you all to protect.

A DEFENCE OF RHYME.

TO

WILLIAM HERBERT,

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

THE general custom and use of rhyme in this kingdom, noble lord, having been so long (as if from a grant of Nature) held unquestionable, made me to imagine that it lay altogether out of the way of contradiction, and was become so natural, as we should never have had a thought to cast it off into reproach, or be made to think that it ill became our language: but, now I see, when there is opposition made to all things in the world by words, we must now at length likewise fall to contend for words themselves, and make a question whether they be right or not. For we are told how that our measures go wrong, all rhyming is gross, vulgar, barbarous: which, if it be so, we have lost much labour to no purpose; and for my own particular, I cannot but blame the fortune of the times, and my own genius, that cast me upon so wrong a course, drawn with the current of custom and an unexamined example. Having been first encouraged and framed thereunto by your most worthy and honourable mother, and received the first notion for the formal ordering of those compositions at Wilton, which I must ever acknowledge to have been my best school, and thereof always am to hold a feeling and grateful memory. Afterward drawn further on by the well-liking and approbation of my worthy lord, the fosterer of me and my Muse, I adventured to bestow all my whole powers therein, perceiving it agree so well, both with the complexion of the times, and my own constitution, as I found not wherein I might better employ me: but yet now, upon the great discovery of these new measures threatening to overthrow the whole state of rhyme in this kingdom, I must either stand out to defend, or else be forced to forsake myself, and give over all; and though irresolution and a self distrust be the most apparent faults of my nature, and that the least check of reprehension, if it favour of reason, will as easily shake my resolution as any man's living; yet, in this case I know not how I am grown more resolved, and before I sink, willing to examine what those powers of judgment are, that must bear me down, and beat me off from the station of my profession, which by the law of nature I am set to defend.

And the rather, for that this detractor (whose commendable rhyme, albeit now himself an enemy to rhyme, have given heretofore to the world the best notice of his worth) is a man of fair parts, and good reputation, and therefore the reproach forcibly cast from such a hand, may throw down more at once than the labours of many shall in long time build up again, especially upon the slippery foundation of opinion, and the world's inconstancy, which knows not well what it would have, and

> Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
> Quod quis deridet quam quod probat et veneratur.

And he who is thus become our unkind adversary, must pardon us if we be as jealous of our fame and reputation, as he is desirous of credit by his new old art, and must consider that we cannot, in a thing that concerns us so near, but have a feeling of the wrong done, wherein every rhymer in this universal island, as well as myself, stands interested; so that if his charity had equally drawn with his learning, he would have forborn to procure the envy of so powerful a number upon him, from whom he cannot but expect the return of a like measure of blame, and only have made way to his own grace, by the proof of his ability, without the disparaging of us, who would have been glad to have stood quietly by him, and perhaps commended his adventure, seeing that ever more of one science another may be born, and that these sallies, made out of the quarter of our set knowledges, are the gallant proffers only of attemptive spirits, and commendable, though they work no other effect than make a bravado: and I know it were indecens, et morosum nimis, alienæ industriæ modum ponere. We could well have allowed of his numbers, had he not disgraced our rhyme, which both custom and Nature doth most powerfully defend; custom that is before all law, nature that is above all art. Every language hath her proper number or measure fitted to use and delight, which, custom entertaining by the allowance of the ear, doth indenise and make natural. All verse is but a frame of words confined within certain measure, differing from the ordinary speech, and introduced, the better to express men's conceits, both for delight and memory; which frame of words, consisting of rythmus or metrum, number or measure, are disposed into divers fashions, according to the humour of the composer, and the set of the time: and these rhythmi, as Aristotle saith, are familiar amongst all nations, and è naturali et sponte fusa compositione. And they fall as naturally already in our language as ever art can make them, being such as the ear of itself doth marshal in their proper rooms, and they of themselves will not willingly be put out of rank, and that in such a verse as best comports with the nature of our language: and for our rhyme (which is an excellency added to this work of measure, and a harmony far happier than any proportion antiquity could ever show us) doth add more grace, and hath more of delight than ever bare numbers, howsoever they can be forced to run in our slow language, can possibly yield; which, whether it be derived of rhythmus, or of romance, which were songs the Bards and Druids above rhymes used, and therefore were

called romansi, as some Italians hold; or, howsoever, it is likewise number and harmony of words, consisting of an agreeing sound in the last syllables of several verses, giving both to the ear an echo of a delightful report, and to the memory a deeper impression of what is delivered therein; for as Greek and Latin verse consists of the number and quantity of syllables, so doth the English verse of measure and accent: and though it doth not strictly observe long and short syllables, yet it most religiously respects the accent; and as the short and the long make number, so the accute and grave accent yield harmony, and harmony is likewise number; so that the English verse then hath number, measure, and harmony, in the best proportion of music; which being more certain and more resounding, works that effect of motion with as happy success as either the Greek or Latin: and so natural a melody is it, and so universal, as it seems to be generally born with all the nations of the world, as an hereditary eloquence proper to all mankind. The universality argues the general power of it; for if the barbarian use it, then it shows that it sways the affection of the barbarian; if civil nations practise it, it proves that it works upon the hearts of civil nations; if all, then that it hath a power in nature on all. Georgieuez de Turcarum moribus, hath an example of the Turkish rhymes, just of the measure of our verse, of eleven syllables, in feminine rhyme; never begotten, I am persuaded, by any example in Europe, but born, no doubt, in Scythia, and brought over Caucasus and Mount Taurus. The Sclavonian and Arabian tongues acquaint a great part of Asia and Afric with it; the Moscovite, Polac, Hungarian, German, Italian, French, and Spaniard, use no other harmony of words; the Irish, Briton, Scot, Dane, Saxon, English, and all the inhabiters of this island, either have hither brought, or here found the same in use: and such a force hath it in nature, or so made by nature, as the Latin numbers, notwithstanding their excellency, seemed not sufficient to satisfy the ear of the world thereunto accustomed, without this harmonical cadence, which made the most learned of all nations labour, with exceeding travail, to bring those numbers likewise unto it; which many did, with that happiness, as neither their purity of tongue, nor their material contemplations, are thereby any way disgraced, but rather deserve to be reverenced of all grateful posterity, with the due regard of their worth. And for Schola Salerna, and those Carmina Proverbialia, who finds not therein more precepts for use, concerning diet, health, and conversation, than Cato, Theognes, or all the Greeks and Latins can show us in that kind of teaching; and that in so few words, both for delight to the ear, and the hold of the memory, as they are to be embraced of all modest readers, that study to know and not to deprave.

Methinks it is a strange imperfection, that men should thus overrun the estimation of good things with so violent a censure, as though it must please none else, because it likes not them; whereas, Oportet, arbitratores esse non contradictores eos qui rem judicaturi sunt, saith Aristotle, though he could not observe it himself. And mild charity tells us:

.....non ego paucis
Offendor maculis quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavet natura.——

For all men have their errours, and we must take the best of their powers, and leave the rest, as not appertaining unto us.

Ill customs are to be left, I grant it; but I see not how that can be taken for an ill custom, which nature hath thus ratified, all nations received, time so long confirmed, the effects such, as it performs those offices of motion for which it is employed; delighting the ear, stirring the heart, and satisfying the judgment in such sort, as I doubt whether ever single numbers will do in our climate, if they show no more work of wonder than yet we see: and if ever they prove to become any thing, it must be by the approbation of many ages that must give them their strength for any operation, or before the world will feel where the pulse, life, and energy lies, which now we are sure where to have in our rhymes, whose known frame hath those due stays for the mind, those encounters of touch, as makes the motion certain, though the variety be infinite. Nor will the general sort, for whom we write (the wise being above books) taste these laboured measures but as an orderly prose when we have all done. For this kind acquaintance and continual familiarity ever had betwixt our ear and this cadence, is grown to so intimate a friendship, as it will now hardly ever be brought to miss it. For be the verse never so good, never so full, it seems not to satisfy nor breed that delight, as when it is met and combined with a like sounding accent; which seems as the jointure, without which it hangs loose, and cannot subsist, but runs wildly on, like a tedious fancy, without a close: suffer the world to enjoy that which it knows, and what it likes; seeing whatsoever form of words doth move, delight and sway the affections of men, in what Scythian sort soever it be disposed or uttered, that is, true number, measure, eloquence, and the perfection of speech; which I said, hath as many shapes as there be tongues or nations in the world, nor can with all the tyrannical rules of idle rhetoric be governed otherwise than custom, and present observation will allow. And being now the trim and fashion of the times, to suit a man otherwise, cannot but give a touch of singularity, for when he hath done all, he hath but found other clothes to the same body, and peradventure not so fitting as the former. But could our adversary hereby set up the music of our times to a higher note of judgment and discretion, or could these new laws of words better our imperfections, it were a happy attempt; but when hereby we shall but, as it were, change prison, and put off these fetters to receive others, what have we gained? as good still to use rhyme and a little reason, as neither rhyme nor reason? For no doubt, as idle wits will write, in that kind, as do now in this; imitation will after, though it break her neck. Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim. And this multitude of idle writers can be no disgrace to the good, for the same fortune in one proportion or other is proper in a like season to all states in their turn; and the same unmeasurable confluence of scribblers happened, when measures were most in use among the Romans, as we find by this reprehension,

Mutavit mentem populus levis, et calet uno
Scribendi studio, pueri, patresque severi
Fronde comas vincti cœnant, et carmina dictant.

So that their plenty seems to have bred the same waste and contempt as ours doth now, though it had not power to disvalue what was worthy of posterity, nor keep back the reputation of excellencies, destined to continue for many ages. For seeing it is matter that satisfies the judicial, appear it in what habit it will, all these pretended proportions of words, howsoever placed, can be but words, and peradventure serve but to embroil our understanding, whilst seeking to please our ear, we enthral our judgment; to delight an exterior sense, we smooth up a weak confused sense, affecting sound to be unsound, and all to seem servum pecus, only to imitate the Greek and Latins, whose felicity, in this kind, might be something to themselves, to whom their own idiom was natural, but to us it can yield no other commodity than a sound. We admire them not for their smooth gliding words, nor their measures, but for their inventions; which treasure, if it were to be found in Welsh and Irish, we should hold those languages in the same estimation, and they may thank their sword that made their tongues so famous and universal as they are. For to say truth, their verse is many times but a confused deliverer of their excellent conceits, whose scattered limbs we are fain to look out and join together, to discern the image of what they represent unto us. And even the Lutines, who profess not to be so licentious as the Greeks, shows us many times examples, but of strange cruelty, in torturing and dismembering of words in the middle, or disjoining such as naturally should be married and march together, by setting them as far asunder as they could possibly stand; that sometimes, unless the kind reader, out of his own good nature, will stay them up by their measure, they will fall down into flat prose, and sometimes are no other indeed in their natural sound; and then again, when you find them disobedient to their own laws, you must hold it to be licentia poetica, and so dispensable. The striving to show their changeable measures in the variety of their odes, have been very painful, no doubt, unto them, and forced them thus to disturb the quiet stream of their words, which by a natural succession otherwise desire to follow in their due course.

But such affliction doth laboursome curiosity still lay upon our best delights (which ever must be made strange and variable) as if art were ordained to afflict nature, and that we could not go but in fetters. Every science, every profession, must be so wrapt up in unnecessary intrications, as if it were not for fashion, but to confound the understanding, which makes me much to distrust man, and fear that our presumption goes beyond our ability, and our curiosity is more than our judgment; labouring ever to seem to be more than we are, or laying greater burthens upon our minds than they are well able to bear, because we would not appear like other men.

And indeed I have wished there were not that multiplicity of rhymes as is used by many in sonnets, which yet we see in some so happily to succeed, and hath been so far from hindering their inventions, as it hath begot conceit beyond expectation, and comparable to the best inventions of the world; for sure in an eminent spirit whom nature hath fitted for that mystery, rhyme is no impediment to his conceit, but rather gives him wings to mount, and carries him not out of his course, but as it were beyond his power to a far happier flight. All excellencies being sold us at the hard price of labour, it follows, where we bestow most thereof, we buy the best success; and rhyme being far more laborious than loose measures (whatsoever is objected) must needs, meeting with wit and industry, breed greater and worthier effects in our language. So that if our labours have wrought out a manumission from bondage, and that we go at liberty, notwithstanding these ties, we are no longer the slaves of rhyme, but we make it a most excellent instrument to serve us. Nor is this certain limit observed in sonnets, any tyrannical bounding of the conceit, but rather a reducing it in girum, and a just form, neither too long for the shortest project, nor too short for the longest, being but only employed for a present passion. For the body of our imagination being as an unformed chaos, without fashion, without day, if by the divine power of the spirit it be wrought into an orb of order and form, is it not more pleasing to nature, that desires a certainty, and comports not with what is infinite? to have these closes, rather than not to know where to end, or how far to go, especially seeing our passions are often without measure: and we find the best of the Latins many times, either not concluding, or else otherwise in the end then they began. Besides, is it not most delightful to see much excellency ordered in a small room, or little gallantry disposed and made to fill up a space of like capacity, in such sort, that the one would not appear so beautiful in a larger circuit, nor the other do well in a less? which often we find to be so, according to the powers of nature, in the workman. And these limited proportions, and rests of stanzas, consisting of six, seven, or eight lines, are of that happiness, both for the disposition of the matter, the apt planting the sentence where it may best stand to hit the certain close of delight with the full body of a just period well carried, as such, as neither the Greeks or Latins ever attained unto. For their boundless running on often so confounds the reader, that having once lost himself, must either give off unsatisfied, or uncertainly cast back to retrieve the escaped sense, and to find way again into his matter.

Methinks we should not so soon yield up our consents captive to the authority of antiquity, unless we saw more reason; all our understandings are not to be built by the square of Greece and Italy. We are the children of nature as well as they, we are not so placed out of the way of judgment, but that the same sun of discretion shineth upon us; we have our portion of the same virtues as well as of the same vices, et Catilinam quocunque in populo videas, quocunque sub axe. Time and the turn of things bring about these faculties according to the present estimation; and, res temporibus non tempore rebus serviendum est. So that we must never rebel against use; quem penes arbitrium est, et vis et norma loquendi. It is not the observing of trochaics or iambics, that will make our writings the better: all their poesy, and all their philosophy, is nothing, unless we bring the discerning light of conceit

with us to apply it to use. It is not books, but only that great book of the world, and the all overspreading grace of Heaven that makes men truly judicial. Nor can it but touch of arrogant ignorance, to hold this or that nation barbarous, these or those times gross, considering how this manifold creature man, wheresoever he stand in the world, hath always some disposition of worth, entertains the order of society, affects that which is most in use, and is eminent in some one thing or other that fits his humour and the times. The Grecians held all other nations barbarous but themselves; yet Pyrrhus, when he saw the well ordered marching of the Romans, which made them see their presumptuous errour, could say it was no barbarous manner of proceeding. The Goths, Vandals, and Longobards, whose coming down like an inundation overwhelmed, as they say, all the glory of learning in Europe, have yet left us still their laws and customs, as the originals of most of the provincial constitutions of Christendom; which well considered with their other courses of government, may serve to clear them from this imputation of ignorance. And though the vanquished never speak well of the conqueror, yet even thorough the unsound coverings of malediction appear those monuments of truth, as argue well their worth, and proves them not without judgment, though without Greek and Latin.

Will not experience confute us, if we should say the state of China, which never heard of anapestics, trochies, and tribraes, were gross, barbarous, and uncivil? And is it not a most apparent ignorance, both of the succession of learning in Europe, and the general course of things, to say, that all lay pitifully deformed in those lack-learning times from the declining of the Roman empire, till the light of the Latin tongue was revived by Reweline, Erasmus, and Moore. When for three hundred years before them, about the coming down of Tamburlaine into Europe, Franciscus Petrarcha (who then no doubt likewise found whom to imitate) showed all the best notions of learning, in that degree of excellence, both in Latin, prose, and verse, and in the vulgar Italian, as all the wits of posterity have not yet over matched him in all kinds to this day; his great volumes written in moral philosophy, show his infinite reading, and most happy power of disposition; his twelve eclogues, his Africa, containing nine books of the last Punic war, with his three books of epistles in Latin verse, show all the transformations of wit and invention, that a spirit naturally born to the inheritance of poetry and judicial knowledge could express: all which, notwithstanding, wrought him not that glory and fame with his own nation, as did his poems in Italian, which they esteem above all, whatsoever wit could have invented in any other form than wherein it is; which questionless they will not change with this best measures Greeks or Latins can show them, howsoever our adversary imagines.

Nor could this very same innovation in verse, begun against them by C. Tolomæi, but die in the attempt and was buried as soon as it came born, succeed, as a prodigious and unnatural issue amongst them; nor could it ever induce Tasso, the wonder of Italy, to write that admirable poem of Jerusalem, comparable to the best of the ancients, in any other form than the accustomed verse.

And with Petrarch lived his scholar Boccacius, and near about the same time Johannes Ravenensis, and from these tanquam ex equo Trojano, seems to have issued all those famous Italian writers, Leonardus Aretinus, Laurentius Valla, Poggius, Blondus, and many others. Then Emanuel Chrysolarus, a Constantinopolitan gentleman, renowned for his learning and virtue, being employed by John Paleologus, emperor of the east, to implore the aid of Christian princes, for the succouring of perishing Greece; and understanding in the mean time, how Bajazeth was taken prisoner by Tamburlane, and his country freed from danger, staid still at Venice, and there taught the Greek tongue, discontinued before in these parts the space of seven hundred years.

Him followed Bessarion, George Trapezantius, Theodorus Gaza, and others, transporting philosophy, beaten by the Turk out of Greece, into Christendom. Hereupon came that mighty confluence of learning in these parts, which returning, as it were per post liminium, and here meeting then with the new invented stamp of printing, spread itself indeed in a more universal sort than the world ever heretofore had it.

When Pomponius Lætus, Æneas Sylvius, Angelus Politianus, Hermolaus Barbarus, Johannes Picus de Mirandula, the miracle and phœnix of the world, adorned Italy, and wakened other nations likewise with this desire of glory, long before it brought forth Rewelin, Erasmus, and Moore, worthy men, I confess, and the last a great ornament to this land, and a rhymer.

And yet long before all these, and likewise with these, was not our nation behind in her portion of spirit and worthiness, but concurrent with the best of all this lettered world; witness venerable Bede, that flourished about a thousand years since; Aldelmus Durotelmus, that lived in the year 739, of whom we find this commendation registered: Omnium poetarum sui temporis facile primus, tantæ eloquentiæ, majestatis et eruditionis homo fuit, ut nunquam satis admirari possim unde illi in tam barbara ac rudi ætate facundia acciverit, usque adeo omnibus numeris tersa, elegans et rotunda, versus edidit cum antiquitate de palma contendentes. Witness Josephus Devonius, who wrote De Bello Trojano, in so excellent a manner, and so near resembling antiquity, as printing his work beyond the seas, they have ascribed it to Cornelius Nepos, one of the ancients.

What should I name Walterus Mape, Gulielmus Nigellus, Gervasius Tilburiensis, Bracton, Bacon, Ockam, and an infinite catalogue of excellent men, most of them living about four hundred years since, and have left behind them monuments of most profound judgment and learning in all sciences. So that it is but the clouds gathered about our own judgment that makes us think all other ages wrapped up in mists, and the great distance betwixt us, that causes us to imagine men so far off to be so little in respect of ourselves.

We must not look upon the immense course of times past, as men overlook spacious and wide countries, from off high mountains, and are never the nearer to judge of the true nature of the soil, or the particular site and face of those territories they see. Nor must we think, viewing the super-

ficial figure of a region in a map, that we know straight the fashion and place as it is. Or reading an history, which is but a map of men, and doth no otherwise acquaint us with the true substance of circumstances, than a superficial card doth the seamen with a coast never seen (which always proves other to the eye than the imagination forecasts it) that presently we know all the world, and can distinctly judge of times, men, and manners, just as they were.

When the best measure of man is to be taken by his own foot, bearing ever the nearest proportion to himself, and is never so far different and unequal in his powers, that he hath all in perfection at one time, and nothing at another.

The distribution of gifts are universal, and all seasons have them in some sort. We must not think but that there were Scipios, Cæsars, Catos, and Pompeys, born elsewhere than at Rome; the rest of the world hath ever had them in the same degree of nature, though not of state; and it is our weakness that makes us mistake, or misconceive in these delineations of men the true figure of their worth; and our passion and belief is so apt to lead us beyond truth, that unless we try them by the just compass of humanity, and as they were men, we shall cast their figures in the air, when we should make their models upon Earth. It is not the contexture of words, but the effects of action that gives glory to the times: we find they had Mercurium in pectore, though not in lingua; and in all ages, though they were not Ciceronians, they knew the art of men, which only is, ars artium, the greatest gift of Heaven, and the chief grace and glory on Earth; they had the learning of government and ordering their state, eloquence enough to show their judgments, and, it seems, the best times followed Lycurgus's council: Literas ad usum saltem discebant, reliqua omnis disciplina orat, ut pulchre pararent, ut labores preferrent, &c. Had not unlearned Rome laid the better foundation, and built the stronger frame of an admirable state, eloquent Rome had confounded it utterly, which we saw ran the way of all confusion, the plain course of dissolution in her greatest skill; and though she had not power to undo herself, yet wrought she so, that she cast herself quite away from the glory of a commonwealth, and fell upon that form of state she ever most feared and abhorred of all other; and then scarce was there seen any shadow of policy under her first emperors, but the most horrible and gross confusion that could be conceived; notwithstanding it still endured, preserving not only a monarchy, locked up in her own limits, but therewithal held under her obedience so many nations, so far distant, so ill affected, so disorderly commanded and unjustly conquered, as it is not to be attributed to any other fate, but to the first frame of that commonwealth, which was so strongly jointed and with such infinite combinations interlinked, as one nail or other ever held up the majesty thereof.

There is but one learning, which omnes gentes habent scriptum in cordibus suis, one and the self same spirit that worketh in all. We have but one body of justice, one body of wisdom throughout the whole world, which is but apparelled according to the fashion of every nation.

Eloquence and gay words are not of the substance of wit; it is but the garnish of a nice time; the ornaments that do but deck the house of state, et imitatur publicos mores: hunger is as well satisfied with meat served in pewter as silver. Discretion is the best measure, the rightest foot in what pace soever it run. Erasmus, Reuchlin, and Moore, brought no more wisdom into the world, with all their new revived words, than we find was before; it bred not a profounder divine than Saint Thomas, a greater lawyer than Bartolus, a more acute logician than Scotus; nor are the effects of all this great amass of eloquence so admirable, or of that consequence, but that impexa illa antiquitas can yet compare with it.

Let us go no further, but look upon the wonderful architecture of this state of England, and see whether they were deformed times that could give it such a form. Where there is no one the least pillar of majesty, but was set with most profound judgment, and borne up with the just conveniency of prince and people. No court of justice, but laid by the rule and square of Nature, and the best of the best commonwealths that ever were in the world; so strong and substantial as it hath stood against all the storms of factions, both of belief and ambition, which so powerfully beat upon it, and all the tempestuous alterations of humorous times whatsoever; being continually, in all ages, furnished with spirits fit to maintain the majesty of her own greatness, and to march in an equal concurrency all other kingdoms round about her with whom it had to encounter.

But this innovation, like a viper, must ever make way into the world's opinion, thorough the bowels of her own breeding, and is always born with reproach in her mouth; the disgracing others is the best grace it can put on, to win reputation of wit, and yet it is never so wise as it would seem; nor doth the world ever get so much by it as it imagineth; which being so often deceived, and seeing it never performs so much as it promises, methinks men should never give more credit unto it: for, let us change never so often, we cannot change man, our imperfections must still run on with us, and therefore the wiser nations have taught men always to use, Moribus legibusque presentibus etiamsi deteriores sint. The Lacedemonians, when a musician, thinking to win himself credit by his new invention, and be before his fellows, had added one string more to his crowd, brake his fiddle, and banished him the city, holding the innovator, though in the least things, dangerous to a public society. It is but a fantastic giddiness to forsake the way of other men, especially were it lies tolerable: Ubi nunc est respublica, ibi simus potius quam dum illum veterem sequimur, simus in nulla.

But shall we not tend to perfection? Yes, and that ever best by going on in the course we are in, where we have advantage, being so far onward of him that is but now setting forth; for we shall never proceed, if we be ever beginning, nor arrive at any certain port, sailing with all winds that blow, non convalescit planta quæ sæpe transfertur, and therefore let us hold on in it course we have undertaken, and not still be wandering. Perfection is not the portion of man; and if it were, why may we not as well get to it this way as another? And suspect these great undertakers, lest they have conspired with envy to betray our proceedings, and put us by the honour of our at-

tempts, with casting us back upon another course, of purpose to overthrow the whole action of glory, when we lay the fairest for it, and were so near our hopes. I thank God, that I am none of these great scholars, if thus their high knowledges do but give them more eyes to look out into uncertainty and confusion, accounting myself rather beholding to my ignorance, that hath set me in so low an underroom of conceit with other men, and hath given me as much distrust as it hath done hope, daring not adventure to go alone, but plodding on the plain tract I find beaten by custom and the time, contenting me with what I see in use.

And surely, methinks these great wits should rather seek to adorn, than to disgrace the present, bring something to it, without taking from it what it hath; but it is ever the misfortune of learning, to be wounded by her own hand. Stimulos dat æmula virtus; and when there is not ability to match what is, malice will find out engines, either to disgrace or ruin it, with a perverse encounter of some new impression; and, which is the greatest misery, it must ever proceed from the powers of the best reputation, as if the greatest spirits were ordained to endanger the world, as the gross are to dishonour it; and that we were to expect, ab optimis periculum, à pessimis dedecus publicum. Emulation, the strongest pulse that beats in high minds, is oftentimes a wind, but of the worst effect; for whilst the soul comes disappointed of the object it wrought on, it presently forges another, and even cozens itself, and crosses all the world, rather than it will stay to be under her desires, failing out with all it hath, to flatter and make fair that which it would have.

So that it is the ill success of our longings, that with Xerxes makes us to whip the sea, and send a cartel of defiance to Mount Athos; and the fault laid upon others' weakness, is but a presumptuous opinion of our own strength, who must not seem to be mastered: but had our adversary taught us, by his own proceedings, this way of perfection, and therein framed us a poem of that excellency as should have put down all, and been the masterpiece of these times, we should all have admired him. But to deprave the present form of writing, and to bring us nothing but a few loose and uncharitable epigrams, and yet would make us believe those numbers were come to raise the glory of our language, giveth us cause to suspect the performance, and to examine whether this new art, constat sibi, or, aliquid sit dictum quod non sit dictum prius.

First, we must here imitate the Greeks and Latins, and yet we are here showed to disobey them, even in their own numbers and quantities; taught to produce what they make short, and make short what they produce; made believe to be showed measures in that form we have not seen, and no such matter; told that here is the perfect art of versifying, which in conclusion is yet confessed to be imperfect, as if our adversary, to be opposite to us, were become unfaithful to himself; and seeking to lead us out of the way of reputation, hath adventured to intricate and confound him in his own cours', running upon most uneven grounds, with imperfect rules, weak proofs, and unlawful laws, whereto the world, I am persuaded, is not so unreasonable as to subscribe, considering the unjust authority of the law-giver; for who hath constituted him to be the Radamanthus, thus to torture syllables, and adjudge them their perpetual doom, setting his theta, or mark of condemnation upon them, to endure the appointed sentence of his cruelty, as he shall dispose? as though there were that disobedience in our words, as they would not be ruled, or stand in order without so many intricate laws, which would argue a great perverseness amongst them, according to that, in pessima republica plurimæ leges; or, that they were so far gone from the quiet freedom of nature, that they must be brought back again by force: and now, in what case were this poor state of words, if, in like sort, another tyrant the next year should arise and abrogate these laws, and ordain others clean contrary, according to his humour, and say, that they were only right, the others unjust? what disturbance were there here, whom should we obey? were it not far better to hold us fast to our old custom, than to stand thus distracted with uncertain laws, wherein right shall have as many faces as it pleases passion to make it, that whersoever men's affections stand, it shall still look that way? what trifles doth our unconstant curiosity call up to contend for? what colours are there laid upon indifferent things, to make them seem other than they are; as if it were but only to entertain contestation amongst men; who standing according to the prospective of their own humour, seem to see the self same things to appear otherwise to them, than either they do to other, or are indeed in themselves, being but all one in nature. For what ado have we here, what strange precepts of art about the framing of iambic verse in our language, which, when all is done, reaches not by a foot, but falleth out to be the plain ancient verse, consisting of ten syllables, or five feet, which hath ever been used among us time out of mind? and for all this cunning and counterfeit name, neither can or will be any other in nature than it hath been ever heretofore; and this new diameter is but the half of this verse divided in two, and no other than the cæsura or breathing-place in the midst thereof, and therefore it had been as good to have put two lines in one, but only to make them seem diverse; nay, it had been much better for the true English reading and pronouncing thereof, without violating the accent, which now our adversary hath herein most unkindly done; for, being as we are to sound it, according to our English march, we must make a rest, and raise the last syllable, which falls out very unnatural in *desolate*, *funeral*, *Elizabeth*, *prodigal*, and in all the rest, saving the monosyllables. Then follows the English trochaic, which is said to be a simple verse, and so indeed it is, being without rhyme; having here no other grace, than that in sound it runs like the known measure of our former ancient verse, ending (as we term it, according to the French) in a feminine foot, saving that it is shorter by one syllable at the beginning, which is not much missed, by reason it falls full at the last.

Next comes the elegiac, being the fourth kind, and that likewise is no other than our accustomed measure of five feet; if there be any difference, it must be made in the reading, and therein we must stand bound to stay, where often we would not, and sometimes either break the accent, or the due course of the word. And now for the other four kinds of numbers, which are to be employed for odes, they are either of the same measure, or such

as have ever been familiarly used amongst us; so that of all these eight several kinds of new promised numbers, you see what we have; only what was our own before, and the same but apparelled in foreign titles, which had they come in their kind and natural attire of rhyme, we should never have suspected that they had affected to be other, or sought to degenerate into strange manners, which now we see was the cause why they were turned out of their proper habit, and brought in as aliens, only to induce men to admire them as far comers: but see the power of nature; it is not all the artificial coverings of wit, that can hide their native and original condition, which breaks out thorough the strongest bands of affectation, and will be itself, do singularity what it can. And as for those imagined quantities of syllables, which have been ever held free and indifferent in our language, who can enforce us to take knowledge of them, being in nullius verba jurati, and owing fealty to no foreign invention; especially in such a case, where there is no necessity in nature, or that it imports either the matter or form, whether it be so or otherwise. But every versifier that well observes his work, finds in our language, without all these unnecessary precepts, what number best fit the nature of her idiom, and the proper places destined to such accents, as she will not let into any other rooms, than in those for which they were born. As for example, you cannot make this fall into the right sound of a verse,

None thinks reward rendred worthy his worth,

unless you thus misplace the accent upon *rendred* and *worthy*, contrary to the nature of these words, which showeth that two feminine numbers, (or trochees, if so you will call them) will not succeed in the third and fourth place of the verse. And so likewise in this case,

Though death doth consume, yet virtue preserves,

it will not be a verse, though it hath the just syllables, without the same number in the second, and the altering of the fourth place, in this sort,

Though death doth ruine, virtue yet preserves.

Again, who knows not that we cannot kindly answer a feminine number with a masculine rhyme, or (if you will so term it) a trochei with a sponde, as *weakness* with *confess*, *nature* and *endure*, only for that thereby we shall wrong the accent, the chief lord and grave governor of numbers; also you cannot, in a verse of four feet, place a trochei in the first, without the like offence, as,

Yearly out of his watry cell.

for so you shall sound it, *yearlie*, which is unnatural: and other such like observations occur, which nature and a judicial ear of themselves teach us readily to avoid.

But now for whom hath our adversary taken all this pain, for the learned, or for the ignorant, or for himself to show his own skill? if for the learned, it is to no purpose; for every grammarian in this land hath learned his Prosodia, and already knows this art of numbers: if for the ignorant, it was vain; for if they become versifiers, we are like to have lean numbers instead of fat rhyme. And if Tully would have his orator skilled in all the knowledges appertaining to god and man, what should they have who would be a degree above orators? why then it was to show his own skill, and what himself had observed; so he might well have done, without doing wrong to the honour of the dead, wrong to the fame of the living, and wrong to England, in seeking to lay reproach upon her native ornaments, and to turn the fair stream and full course of her accents, into the shallow current of a loose uncertainty, clean out of the way of her known delight. And I thought it could never have proceeded from the pen of a scholar (who sees no profession free from the impure mouth of the scorner) to say the reproach of others' idle tongues is the curse of nature upon us, when it is rather her curse upon him that knows not how to use his tongue. What, doth he think himself is now gotten so far out of the way of contempt, that his numbers are gone beyond the reach of obloquy; and that how frivolous or idle soever they shall run, they shall be protected from disgrace, as though that light rhymes and right numbers did not weigh all alike in the grave opinion of the wise? and that it is not rhyme, but our idle arguments that hath brought down to so base a reckoning, the price and estimation of writing in this kind: when the few good things of this age, by coming together in one throng, and press with the many bad, are not discerned from them, but overlooked with them, and all taken to be alike; but when after-times shall make a quest of inquiry, to examine the best of this age, peradventure there will be found, in the now contending records of rhyme, matter not unfitting the gravest divine, and severest lawyer in this kingdom: but these things must have the date of antiquity to make them reverend and authentical, for ever in the collation of writers, men rather weigh their age than their merit[1], et legunt priscos cum reverentia, quando cœtaneos non possunt sine invidia. And let no writer in rhyme be any way discouraged in his endeavour by this brave alarum; but rather animated to bring up all the best of their powers, and charge withal the strength of nature and industry upon contempt, that the show of their real forces may turn back insolency into her own hold; for, be sure that innovation never works any overthrow, but upon the advantage of a careless idleness, and let this make us look the better to our feet, the better to our matter, better to our manners. Let the adversary that thought to hurt us, bring more profit and honour, by being against us, than if he had stood still on our side; for that (next to the awe of Heaven) the best rein, the strongest hand to make men keep their way, is, that which their enemy bears upon them: and let this be the benefit we make by being oppugned, and the means to redeem back the good opinion, vanity and idleness have suffered to be won from us, which nothing but substance and matter can effect: for,

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.

When we hear musie, we must be in tune ear, in the utter-room of sense; but when we entertain

[1] Simplicius longe posita miramur.

judgment, we retire into the cabinet and innermost withdrawing chamber of the soul: and it is but as music for the ear,

Verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis:

but it is a work of power for the soul.

Numerosque modosque ediscere vitæ.

The most judicial and worthy spirits of this land are not so delicate, or will owe so much to their ear, as to rest upon the outside of words, and be entertained with sound; seeing that both number, measure, and rhyme, is but as the ground or seat, whereupon is raised the work that commends it, and which may be easily at the first found out by any shallow conceit; as we see some fantastic to begin a fashion, which afterward gravity itself is fain to put on, because it will not be out of the wear of other men, and recti apud nos locum tenet error ubi publicus factus est. And power and strength that can plant itself any where, having built within this compass, and reared it of so high a respect, we now embrace it as the fittest dwelling for our invention, and have thereon bestowed all the substance of our understanding to furnish it as it is; and therefore here I stand forth, only to make good the place we have thus taken up, and to defend the sacred monuments erected therein, which contain the honour of the dead, the fame of the living, the glory of peace, and the best power of our speech, and wherein so many honourable spirits have sacrificed to memory their dearest passions, showing by what divine influence they have been moved, and under what stars they lived.

But yet notwithstanding all this which I have here delivered in the defence of rhyme, I am not so far in love with mine own mystery, or will seem so froward, as to be against the reformation, and the better settling these measures of ours; wherein there be many things, I could wish were more certain and better ordered, though myself dare not take upon me to be a teacher therein, having so much need to learn of others. And I must confess, that to mine own ear, those continual cadences of couplets used in long and continued poems, are very tiresome and unpleasing, by reason that still methinks they run on with a sound of one nature, and a kind of certainty which stuffs the delight rather than entertains it. But yet notwithstanding, I must not out of my own daintiness condemn this kind of writing, which peradventure to another may seem most delightful; and many worthy compositions we see to have passed with commendation in that kind. Besides, methinks sometimes to beguile the ear with a running out and passing over the rhyme, as no bound to stay us in the line where the violence of the matter will break through, is rather graceful than otherwise. Wherein I find my Homer-Lucan, as if he gloried to seem to have no bounds; as if he were confined within his measures, to be in my conceit most happy; for so thereby, they who care not for verse or rhyme, may pass it over without taking any notice thereof, and please themselves with a well-measured prose. And I must confess my adversary hath wrought this much upon me, that I think a tragedy would indeed best comport with a blank verse, and dispense with rhyme, saving in the chorus, or where a sentence shall require a couplet: and to avoid this overglutting the ear with that always certain and full encounter of rhyme, I essayed in some of my epistles to alter the usual place of meeting, and to set it further off by one verse to try how I could disuse my own ear, and to ease it of this continual burthen, which indeed seems to surcharge it a little too much, but as yet I cannot come to please myself therein; this alternate or cross rhyme holding still the best place in my affection.

Besides in me this change of number in a poem of one nature fits not so well, as to mix uncertainly feminine rhymes with masculine, which, ever since I was warned of that deformity by my kind friend and countryman, Mr. Hugh Samford, I have always so avoided it, as there are not above two couplets in that kind in all my poem of the Civil Wars; and I would willingly if I could, have altered it in the rest, holding feminine rhymes to be fittest for ditties, and either to be set certain, or else by themselves: but in these things, I say, I dare not take upon me to teach that they ought to be so, in respect myself holds them to be so, or that I think it right; for indeed there is no right in these things that are continually in a wandering motion, carried with the violence of our uncertain likings, being but only the time that gives them their power. For if this right, or truth, should be no other thing than what we make it, we shall shape it in a thousand figures, seeing this excellent painter-man can so well lay the colours which himself grinds in his own affections, as that he will make them serve for any shadow, and any counterfeit. But the greatest hinderer of our proceedings, and the reformation of our errours, is this self-love, whereunto we versifiers are ever noted to be especially subject; a disease of all other the most dangerous and incurable, being once seated in the spirits, for which there is no cure, but only by a spiritual remedy; multos puto, ad sapientiam potuisse pervenire, nisi putassent se pervenisse: and this opinion of our sufficiency makes so great a crack in our judgment, as it will hardly ever hold any thing of worth, cœcus amor sui, and though it would seem to see all without it, yet certainly it discerns but little within. For there is not the simplest writer that will ever tell himself he doth ill, but as if he were the parasite only to sooth his own doings, persuades him that his lines cannot but please others, which so much delight himself:

Suffenus est quisque sibi—neque idem unquam.
Æque est beatus, ac poema cum scribit,
Tam gaudet in se tamque se ipse miratur.

And the more to show that he is so, we shall see him evermore in all places, and to all persons, repeating his own compositions: and,

Quem vero arripuit, tenet occiditque legendo.

Next to this deformity stands our affectation, wherein we always bewray ourselves to be both unkind and unnatural to our own native language, in disguising or forging strange or unusual words, as if it were to make our verse seem another kind of speech out of the course of our usual practice, displacing our words, or investing new, openly upon a singularity; when our own accustomed phrase, set in the due place, would express us more

familiarly and to better delight, than all this idle affectation of antiquity or novelty can ever do. And I cannot but wonder at the strange presumption of some men, that dare so audaciously to introduce any whatsoever foreign words, be they never so strange; and of themselves as it were, without a parliament, without any consent or allowance, stablish them as free-denizens in our language. But this is but a character of that perpetual revolution which we see to be in all things that never remain the same, and we must herein be content to submit ourselves to the law of time, which in a few years will make all that for which we now contend, *nothing*.

THE

COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

" Out from the horrour of infernal deeps,
My poor afflicted ghost comes here to plain it,
Attended with my shame that never sleeps,
The spot wherewith my kind and youth did stain it;
My body found a grave where to contain it:
A sheet could hide my face, but not my sin,
For fame finds never tomb t' inclose it in.

" And which is worse, my soul is now denied
Her transport to the sweet Elysian rest,
The joyful bliss for ghosts repurified,
The ever-springing gardens of the bless'd:
Charon denies me waftage with the rest,
And says, my soul can never pass the river,
Till lovers sighs on Earth shall it deliver.

" So shall I never pass; for how should I
Procure this sacrifice amongst the living?
Time hath long since worn out the memory
Both of my life, and lives unjust depriving,
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reviving.
Rosamond hath little left her but her name,
And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the same.

" No Muse suggests the pity of my case,
Each pen doth overpass my just complaint,
Whilst others are preferr'd, though far more base;
Shore's wife is grac'd, and passes for a saint;
Her legend justifies her foul attaint:
Her well-told tale did such compassion find,
That she is pass'd, and I am left behind.

" Which seen with grief, my miserable ghost,
(Whilome invested in so fair a veil,
Which, whilst it liv'd, was honour'd of the most;
And being dead, gives matter to bewail)
Comes to solicit thee (whilst others fail)
To take this task, and in thy woful song
To form my case, and register my wrong.

" Although I know thy just lamenting Muse,
Toil'd in the affaction of thine own distress;
In others' cares hath little time to use,
And therefore may'st esteem of mine the less;
Yet as thy hopes attend happy redress:
The joys depending on a woman's grace,
So move thy mind, a woful woman's case.

" Delia may hap to deign to read our story,
And offer up her sighs amongst the rest,
Whose merit would suffice for both our glory,
Whereby thou might'st be grac'd and I be bless'd,
That indulgence would profit me the best:
Such pow'r she hath by whom thy youth is led,
To joy the living, and to bless the dead.

" So I (through beauty) made the woful'st wight,
By beauty might have comfort after death;
That dying fairest, by the fairest might
Find life above on Earth, and rest beneath:
She that can bless us with one happy breath,
Give comfort to thy Muse to do her best,
That thereby thou may'st joy, and I may rest."

Thus said, forthwith mov'd with a tender care
And pity (which myself could never find)
What she desir'd my Muse deign'd to declare,
And therefore will'd her boldly tell her mind:
And I (more willing) took this charge assign'd,
Because her griefs were worthy to be known,
And telling hers, might apt forget mine own.

" Then write," quoth she, " the ruin of my youth,
Report the downfall of my slipp'ry state;
Of all my life reveal the simple truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late;
Examplify my frailty, tell how fate
Keeps in eternal dark our fortunes hidden,
And e'er they come to know them 't is forbidden.

" For whilst the sunshine of my fortune lasted,
I joy'd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heat
That ever yet imperious beauty tasted;
I had what glory ever flesh could get;
But this fair morning had a shameful set;
Disgrace dark'd honour, sin did cloud my brow,
As note the sequel, and I 'll tell thee how.

" The blood I stain'd was good, and of the best;
My birth had honour, and my beauty fame;
Nature and fortune join'd to make me bless'd,
Had I had grace t' have known to use the same.
My education show'd from whence it came,
And all concurr'd to make me happy first,
That so great hope might make me more accurs'd.

" Happy liv'd I, whilst parents' eye did guide
The indiscretion of my feeble ways;
And country home kept me from being ey'd,
Where best, unknown, I spent my sweetest days,
Till that my friends mine honour sought to raise
To higher place, which greater credit yields,
Deeming such beauty was unfit for fields.

" From country then to court I was prefer'd
From calm to storms, from shore into the deeps;
There, where I perish'd, where my youth first err'd,
There, where I lost the flower which honour keeps,
There, where the worser thrives, the better weeps:
Ah me! (poor wench) on this unhappy shelf,
I grounded me, and cast away myself.

" There, where as frail and tender beauty stands,
With all assaulting powers environed;
Having but prayers and weak feeble hands,
To hold their honour's fort unvanquished;
There where to stand, and be unconquered,
Is to b' above the nature of our kind,
That cannot long, for pity, be unkind.

"For thither com'd, when years had arm'd my youth,
With rarest proof of beauty ever seen:
When my reviving eye had learnt the truth,
That it had power to make the winter green,
And flour affections, whereas none had been;
Soon could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
And make the world do homage to mine eyes.

"For age I saw (though years with cold conceit
Congeal'd their thoughts against a warm desire)
Yet sigh their want, and look at such a bait:
I saw how youth was wax before the fire;
I saw by stealth, I fram'd my look a lyre,
Yet well perceiv'd how fortune made me then
The envy of my sex, and wonder unto men.

"Look how a comet, at the first appearing,
Draws all men's eyes with wonder to behold it;
Or as the saddest tale, at sudden hearing,
Takes silent, list'ning unto him that told it;
So did my speech, when rubies did unfold it;
So did the blazing of my blush appear,
T' amaze the world that holds such sighs so dear.

"Ah, Beauty! syren, fair enchanting good,
Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes;
Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,
More than the words or wisdom of the wise;
Still harmony, whose dinpason lies
Within a brow; the key which passions move
To ravish sense, and play a world in love.

"What might I then not do, whose power is such?
What cannot women do that know their power?
What women know it not (I fear too much)
How bliss or bale lies in their laugh or lour?
Whilst they enjoy their happy blooming flower,
Whilst Nature decks them in their best attires
Of youth and beauty, which the world admires.

"Such one was I, my beauty was mine own;
No borrow'd blush, which bankrupt beauties seek,
That new-found shame, a sin to us unknown;
Th' adulterate beauty of a falsed cheek,
Vile stain to honour, and to women eke;
Seeing that time our fading must detect,
Thus with defect to cover our defect.

"Impiety of times, chastity's abator,
Falsehood, wherein thyself thyself deniest;
Treason to counterfeit the seal of Nature,
The stamp of Heaven, impressed by the highest;
Disgrace unto the world, to whom thou liest:
Idol unto thyself, shame to the wise,
And all that honour thee idolatrize.

"Far was that sin from us, whose age was pure,
When simple beauty was accounted best;
The time when women had no other lure
But modesty, pure cheeks, a virtuous breast,
This was the pomp wherewith my youth was bless'd:
These were the weapons which mine honour won,
In all the conflicts which mine eyes begun;

"Which were not small, I wrought on no mean object,
A crown was at my feet, sceptres obey'd me;
Whom fortune made my king, love made my subject,
Who did command the land, most humbly pray'd me,
Henry the Second, that so highly weigh'd me;
Found well (by proof) the privilege of beauty,
That it had power to countermand all duty.

"For after all his victories in France,
And all the triumphs of his honour won;
Unmatch'd by sword, was vanquish'd by a glance,
And hotter wars within his breast begun:
Wars, whom whole legions of desires drew on;
Against all which, my chastity contends
With force of honour, which my shame defends.

"No armour might be found that could defend
Transpiercing rays of crystal pointed eyes;
No stratagem, no reason could amend,
No, not his age; (yet old men should be wise)
But shows deceive, outward appearance lies.
Let none for seeming so think saints of others;
For all are men, and all have suck'd their mothers.

"Who would have thought a monarch would have
Obey'd his hand-maid of so mean estate; [ever
Vulture ambition feeding on his liver,
Age having worn his pleasures out of date?
But hap comes never, or it comes too late:
For such a dainty which his youth found not,
Unto his feeble age did chance a lot.

"Ah, fortune! never absolutely good,
For that some cross still counter-checks our luck;
As here behold th' incompatible blood
Of age and youth, was that whereon we stuck,
Whose loathing we from Nature's breasts do suck;
As opposite to what our blood requires,
For equal age doth equal like desires.

"But mighty men in highest honour sitting,
Nought but applause and pleasure can behold:
Sooth'd in their liking, careless what is fitting,
May not be suffer'd once to think they 're old:
Not trusting what they see, but what is told.
Miserable fortune to forget so far
The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

"Yet must I need excuse so great defect,
For, drinking of the Lethe of mine eyes,
He 's forc'd to forget himself, and all respect
Of majesty, whereon his state relies:
And now of loves and pleasures must devise.
For thus reviv'd again, he serves and su'th,
And seeks all means to undermine my youth.

"Which never by assault he could recover,
So well encamp'd in strength of chaste desires:
My clean-arm'd thoughts repell'd an unchaste lover,
The crown that could command what it requires,
I lesser priz'd than chastity's attires.
Th' unstain'd veil, which innocents adorns,
Th' ungather'd rose, defended with the thorns.

"And safe mine honour stood, till that in truth,
One of my sex, of place and nature bad,
Was set in ambush to entrap my youth.
One in the habit of like frailty clad,
One who the liv'ry of like weakness had.
A seeming matron, yet a sinful monster,
As by her words the chaster sort may construe.

"She set upon me with the smoothest speech
That court and age could cunningly devise:
Th' one authentic, made her fit to teach,
The other learn'd her how to subtilize.
Both were enough to circumvent the wise.

A document that well might teach the sage,
That there 's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

" ' Daughter,' said she, ' behold thy happy chance,
That hast the lot cast down into thy lap,
Whereby thou may'st thy honour great advance,
Whilst thou, unhappy, wilt not see thy hap:
Such fond respect thy youth doth so inwrap,
T' oppose thyself against thine own good fortune,
That points thee out, and seems thee to importune.

" ' Dost thou not see how that thy king (thy Jove)
Lightens forth glory on thy dark estate:
And showers down gold and treasure from above,
Whilst thou dost shut thy lap against thy fate?
Fie, fondling, fie! thou wilt repent too late
The errour of thy youth; that canst not see
What is thy fortune that doth follow thee.'

" ' Thou must not think thy flower can always flourish,
And that thy beauty will be still admir'd;
But that those rays which all these flames do nourish,
Cancell'd with time, will have their date expir'd,
And men will scorn what now is so desir'd.
Our frailties' doom is written in the flowers,
Which flourish now, and fade e'er many hours.

" ' Read in my face the ruins of my youth,
The wreck of years upon my aged brow;
I have been fair (I must confess the truth)
And stood upon as nice respects as thou;
I lost my time, and I repent it now.
But were I to begin my youth again,
I would redeem the time I spent in vain.

" ' But thou hast years and privilege to use them,
Thy privilege doth bear beauty's great seal;
Besides, the law of Nature doth excuse them,
To whom thy youth may have a just appeal.
Esteem not fame more than thou dost thy weal.
Fame (whereof the world seems to make such choice)
Is but an echo, and an idle voice.

" ' Then why should this respect of honour bound
In th' imaginary lists of reputation?
Titles which cold severity hath found us,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation;
Melancholy's opinion, custom's relation;
Pleasure's plague, beauty's scourge, Hell to the fair,
To leave the sweet for castles in the air.

" ' Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceiv'd,
Honour, a thing without us, not our own;
Whereof we see how many are bereav'd,
Which should have reap'd the glory they had sown;
And many have it, yet unworthy, known.
So breathes his blast this many-headed beast,
Whereof the wisest have esteemed least.

" ' The subtle city-women, better learn'd,
Esteem them chaste enough that best seem so:
Who though they sport, it shall not be discern'd,
Their face betrays not what their bodies do;
'T is wary walking that does safeliest go.
With show of virtue, as the cunning knows,
Babes are beguil'd with sweets, and men with shows.

" ' Then use thy talent, youth shall be thy warrant,
And let not honour from thy sports detract:
Thou must not fondly think thyself transparent,
That those who see thy face can judge thy fact.
Let her have shame that cannot closely act.
And seem the chaste, which is the chiefest art,
For what we seem each see, none knows our heart.

" ' What, dost thou stand on this, that he is old?
Thy beauty hath the more to work upon.
Thy pleasure's want shall be supply'd with gold.
Cold age dotes most when heat of youth is gone:
Enticing words prevail with such a one.
Allurings shows most deep impression strikes,
For age is prone to credit what it likes.

" Here interrupt, she leaves me in a doubt,
When lo! began the combat in my blood,
Seeing my youth environ'd round about,
The ground uncertain where my reasons stood;
Small my defence to make my party good,
Against such powers which were so surely laid,
To overthrow a poor unskilful maid.

" Treason was in my bones, myself conspiring
To sell myself to lust, my soul to sin:
Pure blushing shame was even in retiring,
Leaving the sacred hold it gloried in.
Honour lay prostrate for my flesh to win;
When cleaner thoughts my weakness gan upbray
Against myself, and shame did force me shy;

" ' Ah! Rosamond, what doth thy flesh prepare?
Destruction to thy days, death to thy fame;
Wilt thou betray that honour held with care,
T' entomb with black reproach a spotted name?
Leaving thy blush, the colours of thy shame?
Opening thy feet to sin, thy soul to lust,
Graceless to lay thy glory in the dust?

" ' Nay, first let the Earth gape wide to swallow thee,
And shut thee up in bosom with her dead,
Ere serpent tempt thee taste forbidden tree,
Or feel the warmth of an unlawful bed,
Suffering thyself by lust to be misled;
So to disgrace thyself and grieve thine heirs,
That Clifford's race should scorn thee one of theirs.

" ' Never wish longer to enjoy the air,
Than that thou breath'st the breath of chastity:
Longer than thou preserv'st thy soul as fair
As is thy face, free from impurity.
Thy face, that makes th' admir'd in every eye,
Where Nature's care such rarities enroll,
Which us'd amiss, may serve to damn thy soul.

" ' But what! he is my king, and may constrain
Whether I yield or not, I live defamed.
The world will think authority did gain me,
I shall be judg'd his love, and so be shamed,
We see the fair condemn'd, that never gamed.
And if I yield, 't is honourable shame,
If not, I live disgrac'd, yet thought the same.

" ' What way is left thee then (unhappy maid!)
Whereby thy spotless foot may wander out
This dreadful danger, which thou seest is laid,
Wherein thy shame doth compass thee about?
Thy simple years cannot resolve this doubt.
Thy youth can never guide thy foot so even,
But (in despite) some scandal will be given.'

" Thus stood I ballanc'd equally precise,
Till my frail flesh did weigh me down to sin;
Till world and pleasure made me partialize,
And glitt'ring pomp my vanity did win,
When to excuse my fault my lusts begin,
And impious thoughts alleg'd this wanton clause,
That though I sinn'd, my sin had honest cause.

" So well the golden balls cast down before me,
Could entertain my course, hinder my way:
Whereat my wretchless youth stooping to store me,
Lost me the goal, the glory, and the day.
Pleasure had set my well-school'd thoughts to play,
And bid me use the virtue of mine eyes,
For sweetly it fits the fair to wantonize.

" Thus wrought to sin, soon was I train'd from court,
T' a solitary grange, there to attend
The time the king should thither make resort,
Where he love's long desired work should end.
Thither he daily messages doth send,
With costly jewels (orators of love)
Which (ah! too well men know) do women move.

" The day before the night of my defeature,
He greets me with a casket richly wrought;
So rare, that Art did seem to strive with Nature,
T' express the cunning workman's curious thought;
The mystery whereof I prying sought,
And found engraven on the lid above,
Amymone, how she with Neptune strove.

" Amymone, old Danaus' fairest daughter,
As she was fetching water all alone
At Lerna whereas Neptune came and caught her,
From whom she striv'd and struggled to be gone,
Bathing the air with cries and pitious moan;
But all in vain, with him she 's forc'd to go,
'T is shame that men should use poor maidens so.

" There might I see described how she lay,
At those proud feet, not satisfy'd with prayer:
Wailing her heavy hap, cursing the day,
In act so pitious to express despair.
And by how much more griev'd, so much more fair.
Her tears upon her cheeks (poor careful girl!)
Did seem against the Sun crystal and pearl:

" Whose pure clear streams (which so fair appears)
Wrought hotter flames (O miracle of love) than
That kindles fire in water, heat in tears,
And make neglected beauty mightier prove,
Teaching afflicted eyes affect to move;
To show that nothing ill becomes the fair,
But cruelty, which yields unto no prayer.

" This having view'd, and therewithi' something
Figur'd I find within the other squares,
Transformed to; Jove's dearly lov'd;
In her affliction how she strangely fares.
Strangely distress'd (O beauty, born to cares!)
Turn'd to a heifer, kept with jealous eyes,
Always in danger of her hateful spies.

" These precedents presented to my view,
Wherein the presage of my fall was shown,
Might have forewarn'd me well what would ensue,
And others' harms have made me shun mine own;
But fate is not prevented, though foreknown:
For that must hap, decreed by heavenly powers,
Who work our fall, yet make the fault still ours.

" Witness the world, wherein is nothing rifer,
Than miseries unken'd before they come:
Who can the characters of chance decipher,
Written in clouds of our concealed doom?
Which though perhaps have been reveal'd to some,
Yet that so doubtful (as success did prove them)
That men must know they have the Heav'ns above them.

" I saw the sin wherein my foot was entring;
I saw how that dishonour did attend it;
I saw the shame whereon my flesh was vent'ring,
Yet had I not the power for to defend it;
So weak is sense, when errour hath condemn'd it.
We see what 's good, and thereto we consent;
But yet we choose the worst, and soon repent.

" And now I come to tell the worst of illness;
Now draws the date of mine affliction near.
Now when the dark had wrapt up all in stillness,
And dreadful black had dispossess'd the clear,
Com'd was the Night (mother of Sleep and Fear)
Who with her sable mantle friendly covers
The sweet stoll'n sport of joyful meeting lovers.

" When, lo! I joy'd my lover, not my love,
And felt the hand of lust most undesir'd;
Enforc'd th' unproved bitter sweet to prove,
Which yields no natural pleasure when 't is hir'd;
Love 's not constrain'd, nor yet of due requir'd:
Judge they who are unfortunately wed,
What 't is to come unto a loathed bed.

" But soon his age receiv'd his short contenting,
And sleep seal'd up his languishing desires;
When he turns to his rest, I to repenting,
Into myself my waking thought retires;
My nakedness had prov'd my senses liars.
Now open'd were mine eyes to look therein,
For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

" Now did I find myself unparadis'd,
From those pure fields of my so clean beginning:
Now I perceiv'd how ill I was advis'd,
My flesh gan loath the new-felt touch of sinning;
Shame leaves us by degrees, not at first winning:
For nature checks a new offence with loathing;
But use of sin doth make it seem as nothing.

" And use of sin did work in me a boldness,
And love in him incorporates such zeal,
That jealousy increas'd with age's coldness;
Fearing to loose the joy of all his weal;
Or doubting time his stealth might else reveal,
He 's driven to devise some subtile way,
How he might safeliest keep so rich a prey.

" A stately palace he forthwith did build,
Whose intricate innumerable ways;
With such confused errours, so beguil'd
Th' unguided entrors with uncertain strays,
And doubtful turnings kept them in delays;
With bootless labour leading them about,
Able to find no way, nor in, nor out.

" Within the closed bosom of which frame,
That serv'd a centre to that goodly round,
Were lodgings, with a garden to the same,
With sweetest flowers that e'er adorn'd the ground,
And all the pleasures that delight hath found

T' entertain the sense of wanton eyes,
Fuel of love, from whence lust's flames arise.

" Here I enclos'd, from all the world asunder,
The minotaur of Shame kept for disgrace;
The monster of Fortune, and the world's wonder,
Liv'd cloist'red in so desolate a case:
None but the king might come into the place,
With certain maids that did attend my need,
And he himself came guided by a thread.

" O Jealousy! daughter of Envy and Love,
Most wayward issue of a gentle sire;
Foster'd with fears, thy father's joys t' improve;
Mirth-marring monster, born a subtle liar;
Hateful unto thyself, flying thine own desire;
Feeding upon suspect, that doth renew thee;
Happy were lovers if they never knew thee.

" Thou hast a thousand gates thou enterest by,
Condemning trembling passions to our heart:
Hunder'd-ey'd Argus, ever waking spy,
Pale hag, infernal fury, pleasure's smart,
Envious observer, prying in every part;
Suspicious, fearful, gazing still about thee;
O would to God that love could be without thee.

" Thou did'st deprive (through false suggesting fear)
Him of content, and me of liberty,
The only good that women hold so dear,
And turn'st my freedom to captivity,
First made a prisoner ere an enemy:
Enjoin'd the ransom of my body's shame,
Which though I paid, could not redeem the same.

" What greater torment ever could have been,
Than to enforce the fair to live retir'd?
For what is beauty if it be not seen?
Or what is 't to be seen, if not admir'd?
And though admir'd, unless in love desir'd?
Never were checks of roses, locks of amber,
Ordain'd to live imprison'd in a chamber.

" Nature created beauty for the view,
(Like as the fire for heat, the Sun for light:)
The fair do hold this privilege as due,
By ancient chanter, to live most in sight,
And she that is debarr'd it, hath not right:
In vain our friends from this do us dehort,
For beauty will be where is most resort.

" Witness the fairest streets that Thames doth visit,
The wondrous concourse of the glitt'ring fair;
For what rare woman, deck'd with beauty, is it,
That thither covets not to make repair?
The solitary country may not stay her.
Here is the centre of all beauties best,
Excepting Delia, left t' adorn the west.

" Here doth the curious, with judicial eyes,
Contemplate beauty gloriously attir'd:
And herein all our chiefest glory lies,
To live where we are prais'd and most desir'd.
O! how we joy to see ourselves admir'd,
Whilst niggardly our favours we discover;
We love to be belov'd, yet scorn the lover.

" Yet would to God my foot had never mov'd
From country safety, from the fields of rest;
To know the danger to be highly lov'd,
And live in pomp to brave among the best:
Happy for me, better had I been bless'd,
If I unluckily had never stray'd,
But liv'd at home a happy country maid.

" Whose unaffected innocency thinks
No guileful fraud, as doth the courtly liver!
She 's deck'd with truth; the river, where she drinks,
Doth serve her for her glass; her counsel-giver
She loves sincerely, and is loved ever.
Her days are peace, and so she ends her breath,
(True life that knows not what 's to die till death.)

" So should I never have been regist'red,
In the black book of the unfortunate;
Nor had my name, enrol'd with maids misled,
Which bought their pleasures at so high a rate:
Nor had I taught (through my unhappy fate)
This lesson (which myself learnt with expense)
How most it hurts, that most delights the sense.

" Shame follows sin, disgrace is duly given;
Impiety will out, never so closely done:
No walls can hide us from the eye of Heaven;
For shame must end what wickedness begun;
Forth breaks reproach when we least think thereon;
And this is ever proper unto courts,
That nothing can be done, but Fame reports.

" Fame doth explore what lies most secret hidden,
Ent'ring the closet of the palace-dweller;
Abroad revealing what is most forbidden:
Of truth and falsehood both an equal teller,
'T is not a guard can serve for to expell her:
The sword of justice cannot cut her wings,
Nor stop her mouth from uttering secret things.

" And this our stealth she could not long conceal,
From her whom such a forfeit most concern'd,
The wronged queen, who could so closely deal,
That she the whole of all our practice learn'd,
And watch'd a time when least it was discern'd,
In absence of the king, to wreak her wrong,
With such revenge as she desired long.

" The labyrinth she enter'd by that thread,
That serv'd a conduct to my absent lord;
Left there by chance, reserv'd for such a deed,
Where she surpris'd me whom she so abhor'd:
Enrag'd with madness, scarce she speaks a word,
But flies with eager fury to my face,
Offering me most unwomanly disgrace.

" Look how a tigress that hath lost her whelp,
Runs fiercely ranging through the woods astray;
And seeing herself depriv'd of hope or help,
Furiously assaults what 's in her way,
To satisfy her wrath (not for a prey);
So fell she on me in outrageous wise,
As could disdain and jealousy devise.

" And after all her vile reproaches us'd,
She forc'd me take the poison she had brought,
To end the life that had her so abus'd,
And free her fears, and ease her jealous thought;
No cruelty her wrath could leave unwrought;
No spiteful act that to revenge is common;
(No beast being fiercer than a jealous woman.)

" ' Here take,' said she, ' thou impudent unclean,
Base graceless strumpet, take this next your heart;
Your love-sick heart, that overcharg'd hath been
With pleasure's surfeit, must be purg'd with art;
This potion hath a power that will convert

To nought those humours that oppress you so;
And, girl, I 'll see you take it ere I go.

" 'What! stand you now amaz'd; retire you back?
Tremble you, minion? come, dispatch with speed;
There is no help, your champion now we lack,
And all these tears you shed will nothing steed;
Those dainty fingers needs must do the deed:
Take it, or I will drench you else by force,
And trifle not, lest that I use you worse.'

" Having this bloody doom from hellish breath,
My wofull eyes on every side I cast;
Rigour about me, in my hand my death,
Presenting me the horrour of my last;
All hope of pity and of comfort past.
No means, no power, no forces to contend,
My trembling hands must give myself my end.

" Those hands that beauty's ministers had been,
They must give death, that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gave consent to sin,
Must now receive destruction in thereat;
That body which my lust did violate,
Must sacrifice itself t' appease the wrong.
(So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.)

" And she no sooner saw I had it taken,
But forth she rushes (proud with victory)
And leaves m' alone, of all the world forsaken,
Except of Death, which she had left with me.
(Death and myself alone together be.)
To whom she did her full revenge refer.
Oh, poor weak conquest both for him and her!

" Then straight my conscience summons up my sin
T' appear before me in a hideous face;
Now doth the terrour of my soul begin,
When ev'ry corner of that hateful place
Dictates mine errour, and reveals disgrace;
Whilst I remain oppress'd in every part,
Death in my body, horrour at my heart.

" Down on my bed my loathsome self I cast,
The bed that likewise gives in evidence
Against my soul, and tells I was unchaste,
Tells I was wanton, tells I follow'd sense,
And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence,
Must here the right of Heaven needs satisfy,
And where I wanton lay, must wretched die.

" Here I began to wail my hard mishap,
My sudden, strange, unlook'd-for misery,
Accusing them that did my youth entrap,
To give me such a fall of infamy.
' And poor distressed Rosamond,' said I,
' Is this thy glory got, to die forlorn
In deserts where no ear can hear thee mourn?

" ' Nor any eye of pity to behold
The wofull end of thy sad tragedy;
But that thy wrongs unseen, thy tale untold,
Must here in secret silence bury'd lie,
And with thee, thine excuse together die?
Thy sin reveal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy shame alive, but dead what thy death did.

" ' Yet breathe out to these walls the breath of moan,
Tell th' air thy plaints, since men thou canst not tell.
And though thou perish desolate alone,
Tell yet thyself, what thyself knows too well:
Utter thy grief, wherewith thy soul doth swell.
And let thy heart pity thy heart's remorse,
And be thyself the mourner and the corse.

" ' Condole thee here, clad all in black despair,
With silence only, and a dying bed;
Thou that of late, so flourishing, so fair,
Did'st glorious live, admir'd and honoured:
And now from friends, from succour hither led,
Art made a spoil to lust, to wrath, to death,
And in disgrace, forc'd here to yield thy breath.

" ' Did Nature (for this good) ingeniate,
To show in thee the glory of her best;
Framing thine eye the star of thy ill fate,
Making thy face the foe to spoil the rest?
O beauty! thou an enemy profess'd
To chastity, and us that love thee most,
Without thee, how w' are loath'd, and with thee lost!

" ' You, you that proud with liberty and beauty,
(And well may you be proud that you be so)
Glitter in court, lov'd and observ'd of duty;
Would God I might to you but ere I go
Speak what I feel, to warn you by my woe,
To keep your feet in cleanly paths of shame,
That not enticing may divert the same.

" ' Seeing how 'gainst your tender weakness still,
The strength of wit, and gold, and all is bent;
And all th' assaults that ever might or skill
Can give against a chaste and clean intent;
Ah! let not greatness work you to consent.
The spot is foul, though by a monarch made,
Kings cannot privilege what God forbade.

" ' Lock up therefore the treasure of your love,
Under the surest keys of fear and shame:
And let no powers have power chaste thoughts to move
To make a lawless entry on your fame.
Open to those the comfort of your flame,
Whose equal love shall march with equal pace,
In those pure ways that lead to no disgrace.

" ' For see how many discontented beds,
Our own aspiring or our parents' pride
Have caus'd, whilst that ambition vainly weds
Wealth and not love, honour and nought beside:
Whilst marry'd but to titles, we abide
As wedded widows, wanting what we have,
When shadows cannot give us what we crave.

" ' Or whilst we spend the freshest of our time,
The sweets of youth inplotting in the air;
Alas! how oft we fall, hoping to climb;
Or whither as unprofitably fair,
Whilst those decays which are without repair,
Make us neglected, scorned, and reprov'd.
(And O, what are we, if we be not lov'd?)

" ' Fasten therefore upon occasions fit,
Lest this, or that, or like disgrace as mine,
Do overtake your youth, or ruin it,
And cloud with infamy your beauty's shine:
Seeing how many seek to undermine
The treasury that 's unpossess'd of any;
And hard 't is kept that is desir'd of many.

" ' And fly (O fly!) these bed-brokers unclean,
(The monsters of our sex) that make a prey
Of their own kind, by an unkindly mean;
And e'en (like vipers) eating out a way
Through th' womb of their own shame, accursed they

Live by the death of fame, the gain of sin,
The filth of lust, uncleanness wallows in.

" ' As if 't were not enough that we (poor we)
Have weakness, beauty, gold, and men, our foes,
But we must have some of ourselves to be
Traitors unto ourselves, to join with those;
Such as our feeble forces do disclose,
And still betray our cause, our shame, our youth,
To lust, to folly, and to mens' untruth.

" ' Hateful confounders both of blood and laws,
Vile orators of shame, that plead delight;
Ungracious agents in a wicked cause,
Factors for darkness, messengers of night,
Serpents of guile, devils that do unite
The wanton taste of that forbidden tree,
Whose fruit once pluck'd, will show how foul we be.

" ' You in the habit of a grave aspect,
(In credit by the trust of years) can show
The cunning ways of lust, and can direct
The fair and wily wantons how to go,
Having (your loathsome selves) your youth spent so:
And in uncleanness ever have been fed,
By the revenue of a wanton bed:

" ' By you have been the innocent betray'd,
The blushing fearful bolden'd unto sin,
The wife made subtile, subtile made the maid,
The husband scorn'd, dishonoured the kin;
Parents disgrac'd, children infamous been:
Confus'd our race, and falsify'd our blood,
Whilst fathers' sons possess wrong fathers' good.'

" This, and much more, I would have utter'd then,
A testament to be recorded still,
Sign'd with my blood, subscrib'd with conscience' pen,
To warn the fair and beautiful from ill;
Though I could wish (by the example of my will)
I had not left this note unto the fair,
But dy'd intestate to have had no heir.

" But now the poison, spread through all my veins,
Gan dispossess my living senses quite;
And nought-respecting Death (the last of pains)
Plac'd his pale colours (th' ensign of his might)
Upon his new-got spoil before his right:
Thence chas'd my soul, setting my day ere noon,
When I least thought my joys could end so soon.

" And as convey'd to untimely funerals,
My scarce cold corse not suffer'd longer stay:
Behold! the king (by chance) returning, falls
T' encounter with the same upon the way,
As he repair'd to see his dearest joy;
Not thinking such a meeting could have been,
To see his love, and seeing been unseen!

" Judge those whom chance deprives of sweetest treasure,
What 't is to lose a thing we hold so dear!
The best delight wherein our soul takes pleasure;
The sweet of life, that penetrates so near:
What passions feels that heart, inforc'd to bear
The deep impression of so strange a sight,
That overwhelms us, or confounds us quite?

" Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body stirs;
Words had no passage, tears no issue found,
For sorrow shut up words, wrath kept in tears;
Confus'd effects each other do confound;
Oppress'd with grief, his passions had no bound.
Striving to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dumb.

" At length extremity breaks out a way,
Through which, th' imprison'd voice with tears attended,
Wails out a sound that sorrows do bewray;
With arms across, and eyes to Heaven bended,
Vapouring out sighs that to the skies ascended;
Sighs (the poor ease calamity affords)
Which serve for speech, when sorrow wanteth words.

" ' O Heavens!' quoth he, ' why do mine eyes behold
The hateful rays of this unhappy Sun?
Why have I light to see my sins control'd,
With blood of mine own shame thus wildly done?
How can my sight endure to look thereon?
Why doth not black eternal darkness hide
That from mine eyes, my heart cannot abide?

" ' What saw my life wherein my soul might joy?
What had my days, whom troubles still afflicted,
But only this, to counterpoise annoy?
This joy, this hope, which death hath interdicted;
This sweet, whose loss hath all distress inflicted;
This, that did season all my sour of life,
Vex'd still at home with broils, abroad in strife.

" ' Vex'd still at home with broils, abroad in strife,
Dissention in my blood, jars in my bed;
Distrust at board, suspecting still my life,
Spending the night in horrour, days in dread;
(Such life hath tyrants, and this life I led.)
These miseries go mask'd in glittering shows,
Which wise men see, the vulgar little knows.'

" Thus, as these passions do him overwhelm,
He draws him near my body to behold it;
And as the vine married unto the elm,
With strict embraces, so doth he infold it:
And as he in his careful arms doth hold it,
Viewing the face that even death commends,
On senseless lips, millions of kisses spends.

" ' Pitiful mouth!' saith he, ' that living gav'st
The sweetest comfort that my soul could wish:
O be it lawful now, that dead thou hav'st,
This sorrowing farewell of a dying kiss.
And you fair eyes, containers of my bliss,
Motives of love, born to be matched never,
Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleep for ever.

" ' Ah! how methinks I see Death dallying seeks
To entertain itself in Love's sweet place;
Decayed roses of discolour'd cheeks,
Do yet retain dear notes of former grace!
And ugly Death sits fair within her face;
Sweet remnants resting of vermilion red,
That Death itself doubts whether she be dead.

" ' Wonder of beauty, oh! receive these plaints,
These obsequies, the last that I shall make thee:
For lo, my soul that now already faints,
(That lov'd thee living, dead will not forsake thee)
Hastens her speedy course to overtake thee.
I 'll meet my death, and free myself thereby,
For, ah! what can he do that cannot die?

" Yet, ere I die, thus much my soul doth vow,
Revenge shall sweeten death with ease of mind:
And I will cause posterity shall know,
How fair thou wert above all woman-kind,
And after-ages monuments shall find,
Showing thy beauty's title, not thy name,
Rose of the world, that sweeten'd so the same."

" This said, though more desirous yet to say,
(For sorrow is unwilling to give over)
He doth repress what grief should else bewray,
Lest he too much his passions should discover,
And yet respect scarce bridles such a lover,
So far transported, that he knows not whither,
For love and majesty dwell ill together.

" Then were my funerals not long deferred,
But done with all the rites pomp could devise,
At Godstow, where my body was interred,
And richly tomb'd in honourable wise,
Where yet as now scarce any note descries
Unto these times, the memory of me,
Marble and brass so little lasting be.

" For those walls, which the credulous devout
And ape-believing ignorant did found;
With willing zeal, that never paus'd in doubt,
That time their works should ever so confound,
Lie like confused heaps as under ground.
And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,
The wiser ages do account as folly.

" And were it not thy favourable lines
Re-edify'd the wreck of my decays,
And that thy accents willingly assigns
Some further date, and give me longer days,
Few in this age had known my beauty's praise.
But thus renew'd, my fame redeems some time,
Till other ages shall neglect thy rhyme.

" Then when confusion in her course shall bring
Sad desolation on the times to come:
When mirthless Thames shall have no swan to sing,
All music silent, and the Muses dumb;
And yet even then it must be known to some,
That once they flourish'd, though not cherish'd so,
And Thames had swans as well as ever Po.

" But here an end, I may no longer stay,
I must return t' attend at Stygian flood:
Yet, ere I go, this one word more I pray,
Tell Delia, now her sigh may do me good,
And will her note the frailty of our blood.
And if I pass unto those happy banks,
Then she must have her praise, thy pen her thanks."

So vanish'd she, and left me to return
To prosecute the terrour of my woes:
Eternal matter for my Muse to mourn,
But yet the world hath heard too much of those,
My youth such errours must no more disclose.
I 'll hide the rest, and grieve for what hath been,
Who made me known, must make me live unseen.

A LETTER

FROM

OCTAVIA TO MARCUS ANTONIUS.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MOST-VIRTUOUS LADY,

THE LADY MARGARET,

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

ALTHOUGH the meaner sort (whose thoughts are
As in another region, far below [plac'd,
The sphere of greatness) cannot rightly taste
What touch it hath, nor right her passions know:
Yet have I here adventur'd to bestow
Words upon grief, as my griefs comprehend,
And made this great afflicted lady show,
Out of my feelings, what she might have penn'd:
And here the same, I bring forth to attend
Upon thy reverend name, to live with thee
Most virtuous lady, that vouchsaf'st to lend
Ear to my notes, and comfort unto me,
That one day may thine own fair virtues spread,
Being secretary now but to the dead.

THE ARGUMENT.

Upon the second agreement (the first being broken through jealousy of a disproportion of eminency) between the triumviri Octavius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, and Lepidus; Octavia, the sister of Octavius Cæsar, was married to Antonius, as a link to combine that which never yet, the greatest strength of Nature, or any power of nearest respect, could long hold together; who, made but the instrument of others' ends, and delivered up as an ostage, to serve the opportunity of advantages, met not with that integrity she brought; but as highly preferred to affliction, encountered with all the grievances that beat upon the misery of greatness, exposed to stand betwixt the diverse tending humours of unquiet parties: for Antony having yet upon him the fetters of Egypt, laid on by the power of a most incomparable beauty, could admit no new laws into the state of his affection, or dispose of himself, being not himself; but as having his heart turned eastward, whither the point of his desires are directed, touched with the strongest allurements that ambition and a licentious sovereignty could draw a man unto, could not truly descend to the private love of a civil matred matron, whose entertainment, bounded with modesty and the nature of her education, knew not to clothe her affections in any other colours than the plain habit of truth, wherein she ever suited all her actions, and used all her best ornaments of honesty, to win the good liking of him that held her, but as a curtain, drawn between him and Octavius, to shadow his other purposes withal, which the sharp sight of an equally jealous ambition would soon

pierce into, and as easily look through and over blood and nature, as he to abuse it; and therefore, to prevent his aspiring, he arms his forces, either to reduce Antony to the rank of his estate, or else to disrank him out of state and all. When Octavia, by the employment of Antony, (as being not yet ready to put his fortune to her trial) throws herself, great with child, and as big with sorrow, into the travail of a most laboursome reconciliation: taking her journey from the furthest part of Greece to find Octavius, with whom her cares and tears were so good agents, that they affected their commission beyond all expectation, and for that time quite disarmed their wrath, which yet long could not hold so. For Antonius falling into the relapse of his former disease, watching his opportunity, got over again into Egypt, where he so forgot himself, that he quite put off his own nature, and wholly became a prey to his pleasures, as if he had wound himself out of the respect of his country, blood, and alliance, which gave to Octavia the cause of much affliction, and to me the argument of this letter.

A LETTER, &c.

To thee (yet dear) though most disloyal lord,
Whom impious love keeps in a barbarous land,
Thy wronged wife Octavia sendeth word
Of the unkind wounds received by thy hand;
Great Antony, O! let thine eyes afford
But to permit thy heart to understand
The hurt thou dost, and do but read her tears,
That still is thine, though thou wilt not be hers.

Although, perhaps, these my complaints may come
Whilst thou in th' arms of that incestuous queen,
The stain of Egypt, and the shame of Rome,
Shalt dallying sit, and blush to have them seen,
Whilst proud disdainful she, guessing from whom
The message came, and what the cause hath been,
Will scorning say, "Faith, this comes from your dear,
Now, sir, you must be shent for staying here."

From her indeed it comes, delicious dame,
(Thou royal concubine and queen of lust)
Whose arms yet pure, whose breasts are void of blame,
And whose most lawful flame proves thine unjust:
'T is she that sends the message of thy shame,
And his untruth that hath betray'd thy trust;
Pardon, dear lord, from her these sorrows are,
Whose bed brings neither infamy nor war.

And therefore hear her words, that too too much
Hath heard the wrongs committed by thy shame;
Although at first my truth in thee was such,
As it held out against the strongest fame;
My heart would never let in once a touch
Of least belief, till all confirm'd the same;
That I was almost last that would believe,
Because I knew me first that most must grieve.

How oft have poor abused I took part
With falsehood, only for to make thee true?
How oft have I argued against my heart,
Not suffering it to know that which it knew?
And for I would not have thee what thou art,
I made myself unto myself untrue:
So much my love labour'd against my sin,
To shut out fear, which yet kept fear within.

For I could never think the aspiring mind
Of worthy and victorious Antony,
Could be by such a syren so declin'd,
As to be train'd a prey to luxury;
I could not think my lord would be so unkind,
As to despise his children, Rome, and me;
But O! how soon are they deceiv'd that trust,
And more their shame, that will be so unjust.

But now that certain fame hath open laid
Thy new relapse, and strange revolt from me;
Truth hath quite beaten all my hopes away,
And made the passage of my sorrows free;
For now, poor heart, there's nothing in the way
Remains to stand betwixt despair and thee;
All is thrown down, there comes no succours new,
It is most true, my lord is most untrue.

And now I may with shame enough pull in
The colours I advanced in his grace;
For that subduing power that him did win,
Hath lost me too the honour of my face:
Yet why should I, bearing no part of sin,
Bear such a mighty part of his disgrace?
Yes, though it be not mine, it is of mine;
And his renown being 'clips'd, mine cannot shine.

Which makes me, as I do, hide from the eye
Of the misjudging vulgar, that will deem,
That sure there was in me some reason why
Which made thee thus my bed to disesteem:
So that, alas! poor undeserving I
A cause of thy unclean deserts shall seem,
Though lust takes never joy in what is due,
But still leaves known delights to seek out new.

And yet my brother Cæsar laboured
To have me leave thy house, and live more free;
But God forbid Octavia should be led,
To leave to live in thine, though left by thee;
The pledges here of thy forsaken bed
Are still the objects that remember me,
What Antony was once, although false now,
And is my lord, though he neglect his vow.

These walls that here do keep me ought of sight,
Shall keep me all unspotted unto thee,
And testify that I will do thee right,
I'll never stain thy house, though thou shame me:
The now sad chamber of my once delight
Shall be the temple of my piety,
Sacred unto the faith I reverence,
Where I will pay my tears for thy offence.

Although my youth, thy absence, and this wrong
Might draw my blood to forfeit unto shame,
Nor need I frustrate my delights so long,
That have such means to carry so the same,
Since that the face of greatness is so strong,
As it dissolves suspect, and bears out blame,
Having all secret helps that long thereto,
That seldom wants there ought but will to do.

Which yet to do, ere lust this heart shall frame,
Earth swallow me alive, Hell wrap me hence:
Shall I, because despis'd, contemn my shame,
And add disgrace to others' impudence?
What can my power, but give more power to fame?
Greatness must make it great incontinence:
Chambers are false, the bed and all will tell,
No door keeps in their shame that do not well.

Hath greatness ought peculiar else alone,
But to stand fair and bright above the base?
What doth divide the cottage from the throne,
If vice shall lay both level with disgrace?
For if uncleanness make them but all one,
What privilege hath honour by his place?
What though our sins go brave and better clad,
They are as those in rags, as base, as bad.

I know not how, but wrongfully I know
Hath undiscerning custom plac'd our kind
Under desert, and set us far below
The reputation to our sex assign'd:
Charging our wrong reputed weakness, how
We are unconstant, fickle, false, unkind:
And though our life with thousand proofs shows no,
Yet since strength says it, weakness must be so.

Unequal partage, to b' allowed no share
Of power to do of life's best benefit;
But stand, as if we interdicted were
Of virtue, action, liberty, and might:
Must you have all, and not vouchsafe to spare
Our weakness any int'rest of delight?
Is there no portion left for us at all,
But sufferance, sorrow, ignorance, and thrall?

Thrice happy you, in whom it is no fault,
To know, to speak, to do, and to be wise:
Whose words have credit, and whose deeds, though naught,
Must yet be made to seem far otherwise:
You can be only heard, whilst we are taught
To hold our peace, and not to exercise
The powers of our best parts, because your parts
Have with our freedom robb'd us of our hearts.

We, in this prison of ourselves confin'd,
Must here shut up with our own passions live
Turn'd in upon us, and deny'd to find
The vent of outward means that might relieve:
That they alone must take up all our mind:
And no room left us, but to think and grieve.
Yet oft our narrow'd thoughts look more direct
Than your loose wisdoms, born with wild neglect.

For should we too (as God forbid we should)
Carry no better hand on our desires
Than your strength doth, what int'rest could
Our wronged patience pay you for your hires?
What mixture of strange generations would
Succeed the fortunes of uncertain sires?
What foul confusion in your blood and race,
To your immortal shame and our disgrace?

What, are there bars for us, no bounds for you?
Must levity stand sure, though firmness fall?
And are you privileg'd to be untrue,
And we no grant to be dispens'd withal?
Must we inviolable keep your due,
Both to your love and to your falsehood thrall?
Whilst you have stretch'd your lust upon your will,
As if your strength were licens'd to do ill.

Oh! if you be more strong, then be more just,
Clear this suspicion, make not th' world to doubt,
Whether in strong or weak be better trust,
If frailty or else valour be more stout:
And if we have shut in our hearts from lust,
Let not your bad example let them out,
Think that there is like feeling in our blood,
If you will have us good, be you then good.

Is it that love doth take no true delight
In what it hath, but still in what it would,
Which draws you on to do us this unright,
Whilst fear in us of loosing what we hold,
Keeps us in still to you, that set us light,
So that, what you unties, doth us infold?
Then Love, 't is thou that dost confound us so,
To make our truth, th' occasion of our woe.

Distressed womankind, that either must,
For loving loose your loves, or get neglect:
Whilst wantons are more car'd for than the just,
And falsehood cherish'd, faith without respect:
Better she fares in whom is lesser trust,
And more is lov'd that is in more suspect.
Which (pardon me) shows no great strength of mind
To be most theirs, that use you most unkind.

Yet well it fits, for that sin ever must
Be tortur'd with the rack of his own frame;
For he that holds no faith, shall find no trust,
But sowing wrong, is sure to reap the same:
How can he look to have his measure just,
That fills deceit, and reckons not of shame,
And be'ng not pleas'd with what he hath in lot,
Shall ever pine for that which he hath not?

Yet if thou could'st not love, thou might'st have seem'd,
Though to have seem'd had likewise been unjust:
Yet so much are lean shows of us esteem'd,
That oft they feed, though not suffice our trust:
Because our nature grieveth to be deem'd
To be so wrong'd, although we be, and must;
And it 's some ease yet to be kindly us'd
In outward show, though secretly abus'd.

But woe to her that both in show despis'd,
And in effect disgrac'd, and left forlorn,
For whom no comforts are to be devis'd,
Nor no new hopes can evermore be born:
O Antony, could it not have suffic'd
That I was thine, but must be made her scorn,
That envies all her blood, and doth divide
Thee from thyself, only to serve her pride?

What fault have I committed that should make
So great dislike of me and of my love?
Or doth thy fault but an occasion take
For to dislike what most doth it reprove?
Because the conscience gladly would mistake
Her own misdeeds, which she would fain remove;
And they that are unwilling to amend,
Will take offence, because they will offend.

Or having run beyond all pardon quite,
They fly and join with sin, as wholly his,
Making it now their side, their part, their right,
And to turn back, would show t' have done amiss:
For now they think, not to be opposite
To what upbraids their fault, were wickedness:
So much doth folly thrust them into blame,
That ev'n to leave off shame, they count it shame.

Which do not thou, dear lord, for I do not
Pursue thy fault, but sue for thy return
Back to thyself, whom thou hast both forgot
With me, poor me, that doth not spite, but mourn;
And if thou could'st as well amend thy blot
As I forgive, these plaints had been forborne:
And thou should'st be the same unto my heart,
Which once thou wert, not that which now thou art.

Though deep doth sit the hard recovering smart
Of that last wound (which God grant be the last)
And more doth touch that tender feeling part
Of my sad soul, than all th' unkindness past:
And, Antony, I appeal to thine own heart, [hast)
(If th' heart which once was thine, thou yet still
To judge if ever woman that did live
Had juster cause, than wretched I, to grieve?

For coming unto Athens, as I did,
Weary and weak with toil, and all distress'd,
After I had with sorrow compassed
A hard consent, to grant me that request:
And how my travel was considered,
And all my care and cost, thyself knows best,
That would'st not move one foot from lust for me;
That had left all was dear to come to thee.

For first, what great ado had I to win
My offended brother Cæsar's backward will?
And pray'd, and wept, and cry'd to stay the sin
Of civil rancour, rising 'twixt you still:
For in what case shall wretched I be in,
Set betwixt both, to share with both your ill?
"My blood," said I, "with either of you goes,
Whoever win, I shall be sure to loose."

For what shame should such mighty persons get,
For two weak women's cause to disagree?
Nay, what shall I that shall be deem'd to set
Th' enkindled fire, seeming inflam'd for me?
O, if I be the motive of this heat,
Let these unguilty hands the quenchers be,
And let me trudge to mediate an accord,
The agent 'twixt my brother and my lord.

With prayers, vows, and tears, with urging hard,
I wrung from him a slender grant at last,
And with the rich provisions I prepar'd
For thy (intended) Parthian war made haste,
Weighing not how my poor weak body far'd,
But all the tedious difficulties past,
And came to Athens; whence I Niger sent,
To show thee of my coming and intent.

Whereof when he had made relation,
I was commanded to approach no near:
Then sent I back, to know what should be done
With th' horse, and men, and money I had there:
Whereat, perhaps, when some remorse begun
To touch thy soul, to think yet what we were,
Th' enchantress straight step'd 'twixt thy heart and thee,
And intercepts all thoughts that came of me.

She arms her tears, the engines of deceit,
And all her battery to oppose my love,
And bring thy coming grace to a retreat,
The power of all her subtilety to prove:
Now pale and faint she languishes, and straight
Seems in a sound, unable more to move:
Whilst her instructed fellows ply thine ears
With forged passions, mix'd with feigned tears.

"Hard-hearted lord," say they, "how can'st thou
This mighty queen, a creature so divine, [see
Lie thus distress'd, and languishing for thee,
And only wretched, but for being thine?
Whilst base Octavia must entitled be
Thy wife, and she esteem'd thy concubine:
Advance thy heart, raise it unto his right,
And let a sceptre baser passions quit."

Thus they assail thy nature's weakest side,
And work upon th' advantage of thy mind,
Knowing where judgment stood least fortified,
And how t' encounter folly in her kind:
But yet the while, O what dost thou abide,
Who in thyself such wrestling thoughts dost find?
In what confused case is thy soul in,
Rack'd betwixt pity, sorrow, shame, and sin!

I cannot tell, but sure I dare believe
My travels needs must some compassion move:
For no such lock to blood could Nature give,
To shut out pity, though it shut out love:
Conscience must leave a little way to grieve,
To let in horrour, coming to reprove
The guilt of thine offence that caus'd the same;
For deepest wounds the hand of our own shame.

Never have unjust pleasures been complete,
In joys entire, but still fear kept the door,
And held back something from that full of sweet,
To intersour unsure delights the more:
For never did all circumstances meet
With those desires which were conceiv'd before,
Something must still be left to check our sin,
And give a touch of what should not have been.

Wretched mankind! wherefore hath Nature made
The lawful undelightful, th' unjust shame?
As if our pleasure only were forbad,
But to give fire to lust, t' add greater flame:
Or else, but as ordained more to lade
Our heart with passions to confound the same;
Which though it be, yet add not worse to ill,
Do, as the best men do, bound thine own will.

Redeem thyself, and now at length make peace
With thy divided heart, oppress'd with toil:
Break up this war, this breast-dissention cease,
Thy passions to thy passions reconcile:
I do not only seek my good t' increase,
But thine own ease and liberty; the while
Thee in the circuit of thyself confine
And be thine own, and then thou wilt be mine.

I know my pitied love doth aggravate
Envy and wrath for these wrongs offered:
And that my sufferings add with my estate
Coals in thy bosom, hatred on thy head:
Yet is not that my fault, but my hard fate,
Who rather wish t' have been unpitied
Of all but thee, than that my love should be
Hurtful to him that is so dear to me.

Cannot the busy world let me alone,
To bear alone the burden of my grief,
But they must intermeddle with my moan,
And seek t' offend me with unsought relief?
Whilst my afflictions labour to move none
But only thee: must pity play the thief,
To steal so many hearts to hurt my heart,
And move a part against my dearest part?

Yet all this shall not prejudice my lord,
If yet he will but make return at last,
His sight shall raze out of the sad record
Of my inrolled grief all that is past:
And I will not so much as once afford
Place for a thought, to think I was disgrac'd;
And pity shall bring back again with me,
Th' offended hearts that have forsaken thee.

And therefore come, dear lord, lest longer stay
Do arm against thee all the powers of spite,
And thou be made at last the wofull prey
Of full enkindled wrath, and ruin'd quite:
But what presaging thought of blood doth stay
My trembling hand, and doth my soul affright?
What horrour do I see, prepar'd t' attend
Th' event of this? what end, unless thou end?

With what strange forms and shadows ominous,
Did my last sleep my griev'd soul entertain?
I dreamt, yet O! dreams are but frivolous,
And yet I'll tell it, and God grant it vain.
Methought a mighty hippopotamus[1],
From Nilus floating, thrusts into the main,
Upon whose back a wanton mermaid sat,
As if she rul'd his course, and steer'd his fate.

With whom t' encounter, forth another makes,
Alike in kind, of strength and power as good:
At whose engrappling, Neptune's mantle takes
A purple colour, dy'd with streams of blood;
Whereat this looker-on amaz'd, forsakes
Her champion there, who yet the better stood:
But see'ng her gone, straight after her he hies,
As if his heart and strength lay in her eyes.

On follows wrath upon disgrace and fear,
Whereof th' event forsook me with the night,
But my wak'd cares gave me, these shadows were
Drawn but from darkness to instruct the light;
These secret figures Nature's message bear
Of coming woes, were they desciphered right;
But if as clouds of sleep thou shalt them take,
Yet credit wrath and spite that are awake.

Prevent, great spirit, the tempests that begin,
If lust and thy ambition have left way
But to look out, and have not shut all in,
To stop thy judgment from a true survey
Of thy estate, and let thy heart within
Consider in what danger thou dost lay
Thy life and mine, to leave the good thou hast,
To follow hopes with shadows overcast.

Come, come away from wrong, from craft, from toil,
Possess thine own with right, with truth, with peace:
Break from these snares, thy judgment unbeguile,
Free thine own torment, and my grief release.
But whither am I carried all this while
Beyond my scope, and know not when to cease?
Words still with my increasing sorrows grow:
I know t' have said too much, but not enow.
Wherefore no more, but only I commend
To thee the heart that's thine; and so I end.

[1] A sea-horse.

DEDICATION
OF
HYMEN'S TRIUMPH.

A PASTORAL TRAGI-COMEDY.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY OF THE HIGHEST BORN PRINCESS, ANN OF DENMARK, QUEEN OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, FRANCE, AND IRELAND.

Here, what your sacred influence begat
(Most lov'd, and most respected majesty)
With humble heart and hand, I consecrate
Unto the glory of your memory:
As being a piece of that solemnity,
Which your magnificence did celebrate
In hallowing of those roofs (you rear'd of late)
With fires and cheerful hospitality;
Whereby, and by your splendent worthiness,
Your name shall longer live, than shall your walls:
For that fair structure goodness finishes,
Bears off all change of times, and never falls.
And that is it hath let you in so far
Into the heart of England, as you are.
And worthily, for never yet was queen,
That more a people's love have merited
By all good graces, and by having been
The means our state stands fast established,
And bless'd by your bless'd womb, who are this day
The highest-born queen of Europe, and alone
Have brought this land more blessings every way,
Than all the daughters of strange kings have done.
For we by you no claims, no quarrels have,
No factions, no betraying of affairs:
You do not spend our blood, nor states, but save:
You strength us by alliance, and your heirs.
Not like those fatal marriages of France,
For whom this kingdom hath so dearly paid,
Which only our afflictions did advance,
And brought us far more miseries than aid.
Renowned Denmark, that hast furnished
The world with princes, how much do we owe
To thee for this great good thou didst bestow,
Whereby we are both bless'd and honoured?
Thou didst not so much hurt us heretofore,
But now thou hast rewarded us far more.
But what do I on this high subject fall
Here, in the front of this low pastoral?
This a more grave and spacious room requires,
To show your glory, and my deep desires.

Your majesty's most humble servant,

SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE
PROLOGUE.

HYMEN, OPPOSED BY AVARICE, ENVY, AND JEALOUSY, THE DISTURBERS OF QUIET MARRIAGE, FIRST ENTERS.

HYMEN.

In this disguise and pastoral attire,
Without my saffron robe, without my torch,
Or rather ensigns of my duty,
I Hymen am come hither secretly,
To make Arcadia see a work of glory,
That shall deserve an everlasting story.

Here shall I bring you two the most entire
And constant lovers that were ever seen,
From out the greatest sufferings of annoy
That Fortune could inflict, to their full joy:
Wherein no wild, no rude, no antic sport,
But tender passions, motions soft and grave,
The still spectators must expect to have.
For these are only Cynthia's recreatives
Made unto Phœbus, and are feminine;
And therefore must be gentle like to her,
Whose sweet affections mildly move and stir.
And here, with this white wand will I effect
As much as with my flaming torch of love:
And with the power thereof, affections move
In these fair nymphs and shepherds round about.

ENVY.

Stay, Hymen, stay, you shall not have the day
Of this great glory, as you make account:
We will herein, as we were ever wont,
Oppose you in the matches you address,
And undermine them with disturbances.

HYMEN.

Now, do thy worst, base Envy, thou canst do,
Thou shalt not disappoint my purposes.

AVARICE.

Then will I, Hymen, in despite of thee,
I will make parents cross desires of love
With those respects of wealth, as shall dissolve
The strongest knots of kindest faithfulness.

HYMEN.

Hence, greedy Avarice, I know thou art
A hag that dost bewitch the minds of men:
Yet shalt thou have no share at all herein.

JEALOUSY.

Then will I, Hymen, do thou what thou canst,
I will steal closely into linked hearts;
And shake their veins with cold distrustfulness;
And ever keep them waking in their fears,
With spir'ts, which their imagination rears.

HYMEN.

Disquiet Jealousy, vile Fury, thou
That art the ugly monster of the mind,
Avaunt, begone, thou shalt have nought to do
In this fair work of ours, nor ever more
Canst enter there, where honour keeps the door.
And therefore, hideous furies, get you hence,
This place is sacred to integrity,
And clean desires; your sight most loathsome is
Unto so well dispos'd a company.
Therefore be gone, I charge you by my power,
We must have nothing in Arcadia, sour.

ENVY.

Hymen, thou canst not chase us so away,
For look, how long as thou mak'st marriages,
So long will we produce encumbrances;
And we will in the same disguise as thou,
Mix us amongst the shepherds, that we may
Effect our work the better, being unknown;
For ills show other faces than their own.

SONG.

FROM THE SAME.

Had sorrow ever fitter place
To act his part,
Than is my heart,
Where it takes up all the space?
Where is no vein
To entertain
A thought that wears another face.
Nor will I sorrow ever have
Therein to be
But only thee,
To whom I full possession gave:
Thou in thy name
Must hold the same,
Until thou bring it to the grave.

THE

SONG OF THE FIRST CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing:
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey ho.

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind,
Not well, nor full nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey ho.

THE

SONG OF THE SECOND CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Desire, that is of things ungot,
See what travail it procureth,
And how much the mind endureth,
To gain what yet it gaineth not:
For never was it paid,
The charge defray'd,
According to the price of thought.

SONG.

FROM THE SAME.

Eyes, hide my love and do not show
To any but to her my notes,
Who only doth that cipher know,
Wherewith we pass our secret thoughts:
Bely your looks in others' sight;
And wrong yourselves to do her right.

THE

FOURTH SONG OF THE CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

QUESTION.

Were ever chaste and honest hearts
Expos'd unto so great distresses?

ANSWER.

Yes: they that act the worthiest parts,
Most commonly have worst successes;
Great fortunes follow not the best,
It 's virtue that is most distress'd.

Then, Fortune, why do we admire
The glory of thy great excesses?
Since by thee what men acquire,
Thy work and not their worths expresses.
Nor dost thou raise them for their good:
But t' have their ills more understood.

THE

SONG OF THE FIFTH CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Whoever saw so fair a sight,
Love and Virtue met aright:
And that wonder Constancy,
Like a comet to the eye
Seldom ever seen so bright?
Sound out aloud so rare a thing,
That all the hills and vales may ring.

Look, lovers look, with passion see,
If that any such there be:
As there cannot but be such
Who do feel that noble touch
In this glorious company,
Sound out aloud, &c.

AN ODE.

Now each creature joys the other,
Passing happy days and hours,
One bird reports unto another,
In the fall of silver showers,
Whilst the Earth (our common mother)
Hath her bosom deck'd with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of Heaven,
With bright rays warms Flora's lap,
Making nights and days both even,
Cheering plants with fresher sap:
My field of flowers quite bereaven,
Wants refresh of better hap.

Echo, daughter of the air,
(Babling guest of rocks and hills)
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
And sounds the accents of my ills.
Each thing pities my despair,
Whilst that she her lover kills,
Whilst that she (O cruel maid)
Doth me and my love despise,
My life's flourish is decay'd,
That depended on her eyes:
But her will must be obey'd,
And well he ends, for love who dies.

ULYSSES AND THE SYREN.

SYREN.

Come, worthy Greek, Ulysses come,
Possess these shores with me,
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toil,
That travail in the deep,
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep.

ULYSSES.

Fair nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leave such toils as these:
But here it dwells, and here must I,
With danger seek it forth;
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

SYREN.

Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd
With that unreal name:
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
And rests on others' fame.
Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And give us up to toil!

ULYSSES.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were
No honour, or report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
The time in idle sport:
For toil doth give a better touch
To make us feel our joy;
And ease finds tediousness, as much
As labour yields annoy.

SYREN.

Then pleasure likewise seems the shore,
Whereto tends all your toil;
Which you forego to make it more,
And perish oft the while.
Who may disport them diversly,
Find never tedious day;
And ease may have variety,
As well as action may.

ULYSSES.

But natures of the noblest frame
These toils and dangers please;
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease:

And with the thought of actions past
Are recreated still:
When pleasure leaves a touch at last
To show that it was ill

SYREN.

That doth opinion only cause,
That 's out of custom bred;
Which makes us many other laws,
Than ever Nature did.
No widows wail for our delights,
Our sports are without blood;
The world we see by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good.

ULYSSES.

But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest,
And these great spirits of high desire
Seem born to turn them best:
To purge the mischiefs, that increase,
And all good order mar:
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war.

SYREN.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
I shall not have thee here;
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there.
I must be won that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won;
For beauty hath created been
T' undo or be undone.

DEDICATION

OF

THE QUEEN'S ARCADIA.

A PASTORAL TRAGI-COMEDY.

PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY AND HER LADIES, BY THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD IN CHRIST'S CHURCH, IN AUGUST, 1605.

TO THE

QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

That which their zeal, whose only zeal was bent
To show the best they could that might delight
Your royal mind, did lately represent,
Renown'd empress, to your princely sight:
Is now the offering of their humbleness,
Here consecrated to your glorious name;
Whose happy presence did vouchsafe to bless
So poor presentments, and to grace the same.
And though it be in th' humblest rank of words,
And in the lowest region of our speech,
Yet is it in that kind, as best accords
With rural passions, which use not to reach
Beyond the groves, and woods, where they were bred:
And best become a cloistral exercise,
Where men shut out retir'd, and sequester'd
From public fashion, seem to sympathise
With innocent and plain simplicity:
And living here under the awful hand
Of discipline and strict observancy,
Learn but our weaknesses to understand.
And therefore dare not enterprise to show
In lower style the hidden mysteries,
And arts of thrones, which none that are below
The sphere of action, and the exercise
Of power, can truly show; though men may strain
Conceit above the pitch where it should stand,
And form more monst'rous figures than contain
A possibility, and go beyond
The nature of those managements so far,
As oft their common decency they mar:
Whereby the populace (in which such skill
Is needless) may be brought to apprehend
Notions, that may turn all to a taste of ill
Whatever power shall do, or might intend:
And think all cunning, all proceeding one,
And nothing simple, and sincerely done:
Yet th' eye of practice, looking down from high
Upon such over-reaching vanity,
Sees how from errour to errour it doth float,
As from an unknown ocean into a gulf:
And how though th' wolf would counterfeit the goat,
Yet every chink bewrays him for a wolf.
And therefore in the view of state t' have show'd
A counterfeit of state, had been to light
A candle to the Sun, and so bestow'd
Our pains to bring our dimness unto light.
For majesty and power can nothing see
Without itself, that can sight-worthy be.
And therefore durst not we but on the ground,
From whence our humble argument hath birth,
Erect our scene, and thereon are we found,
And if we fall, we fall but on the earth,
From whence we pluck'd the flow'rs that here we bring;
Which if at their first opening they did please,
It was enough, they serve but for a spring,
The first scent is the best in things as these:
A music of this nature on the ground,
Is ever wont to vanish with the sound.
But yet your royal goodness may raise new,
Grace but the Muses, they will honour you!
Chi non fa, non falla.

IN THE

VISION OF THE TWELVE GODDESSES.

Desert, Reward, and Gratitude,
The graces of society,
Do here with hand in hand conclude
The blessed chain of amity:
For we deserve, we give, we thank,
Thanks, gifts, deserts, thus join in rank,

We yield the splendent rays of light,
Unto these blessings that descend:
The grace whereof with more delight,
The well disposing doth commend;
Whilst gratitude, rewards, deserts,
Please, win, draw on, and couple hearts.

For worth, and power, and due respect,
Deserves, bestows, returns with grace:
The meed, reward, the kind affect,
That give the world a cheerful face,
And turning in this course of right,
Make virtue move with true delight.

SONG.

FROM THE SAME.

Whilst worth with honour make their choice
For measur'd motions order'd right,
Now let us likewise give a voice,
Unto the touch of our delight.

For comforts lock'd up without sound,
Are th' unborn children of the thought;
Like unto treasures never found,
That buried low are left forgot.

Where words own glory doth not show,
(There) like brave actions without fame:
It seems as plants not set to grow,
Or as a tomb without a name.

DEDICATION

OF

THE TRAGEDY OF CLEOPATRA.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Lo! here the labour which she did impose,
Whose influence did predominate my Muse,
The star of wonder my desires first chose,
To guide their travels in the course I use:
She, whose clear brightness had the power t' infuse
Strength to my thoughts, from whence these motions came,
Call'd up my spirits from out their low repose,
To sing of state, and tragic notes to frame.

I who (contented with an humble song)
Made music to myself that pleas'd me best,
And only told of Delia, and her wrong,
And prais'd her eyes, and plain'd mine own unrest:
(A text from whence my Muse had not digress'd)
Madam, had not thy well-grac'd Antony
(Who all alone having remained long)
Requir'd his Cleopatra's company.

Who if she here do so appear in got,
That he can scarce discern her for his queen,
Finding how much she of herself hath lack'd,
And miss'd that grace wherein she should be seen,
Her worth obscur'd, her spirit embased clean;
Yet lightning thou by thy sweet cheerfulness
My dark defects, which from her powers detract,
He may her guess by some resemblances.

And I hereafter in another kind,
More suiting to the nature of my vein,
May peradventure raise my humble mind,
To other music in this higher strain;
Since I perceive the world and thou dost deign
To countenance my song, and cherish me,
I must so work posterity may find,
My love to verse, my gratitude to thee.

Now when so many pens (like spears) are charg'd
To chase away this tyrant of the north,
Gross Barbarism, whose pow'r grown far enlarg'd,
Was lately by thy valiant brother's worth
First found, encounter'd, and provoked forth:
Whose onset made the rest audacious,
Whereby they likewise have so well discharg'd
Upon that hideous beast encroaching thus.

And now must I with that poor strength I have
Resist so foul a foe in what I may:
And arm against oblivion and the grave,
That else in darkness carries all away,
And makes of all an universal prey;
So that if by my pen procure I shall,
But to defend me, and my name to save,
Then though I die, I cannot yet die all.

But still the better part of me will live,
And in that part will live thy rev'rend name,
Although thyself dost far more glory give
Unto thyself, than I can by the same,
Who dost with thine own hand a bulwark frame
Against these monsters, (enemies of honour)
Which evermore shall so defend thy fame,
As time or they shall never prey upon her.

Those hymns which thou dost consecrate to Heav'n,
Which Israel's singer to his God did frame,
Unto thy voice eternity hath given, [came;
And makes thee dear to him from whence they
In them must rest thy venerable name,
So long as Sion's God remaineth honoured;
And till confusion hath all zeal bereaven,
And murther'd faith, and temples ruined.

By this (great lady) thou must then be known,
When Wilton lies low levell'd with the ground:
And this is that which thou may'st call thine own,
Which sacrilegious time cannot confound.
Here thou surviv'st thyself, here thou art found
Of late succeeding ages, fresh in fame:
This monument cannot be overthrown,
Where, in eternal brass, remains thy name.

O that the ocean did not bound our style
Within these strict and narrow limits so;
But that the melody of our sweet isle
Might now be heard to Tyber, Arne, and Po:
That they might know how far Thames doth out-go
The music of declined Italy;
And list'ning to our songs another while,
Might learn of thee their notes to purify.

O why may not some after-coming hand
Unlock these limits, open our confines,
And break asunder this imprisoning band,
T' enlarge our spirits, and publish our designs;
Planting our roses on the Apenines?
And to teach Rheyne, the Loyre, and Rhodanus,
Our accents, and the wonders of our land,
That they might all admire and honour us.

Whereby great Sidney and our Spencer might,
With those Po singers being equalled,
Enchant the world with such a sweet delight,
That their eternal songs (for ever read)
May show what great Eliza's reign hath bred.
What music in the kingdom of her peace
Hath now been made to her, and by her might,
Whereby her glorious fame shall never cease.

But if that Fortune doth deny us this,
Then Neptune lock up with thy ocean key
This treasure to ourselves, and let them miss
Of so sweet riches: as unworthy they
To taste the great delights that we enjoy.
And let our harmony, so pleasing grown,
Content ourselves, whose errour ever is
Strange notes to like, and disesteem our own.

But, whither do my vows transport me now,
Without the compass of my course enjoin'd?
Alas! what honour can a voice so low
As this of mine expect hereby to find?
But, madam, this doth animate my mind,
That yet I shall be read among the rest,
And though I do not to perfection grow,
Yet something shall I be, though not the best.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Behold what furies still
Torment their tortur'd breast,
Who by their doing ill
Have wrought the world's unrest.
Which when being most distress'd,
Yet more to vex their sprite,
The hideous face of sin,
(In forms they must detest)
Stands ever in their sight.
Their conscience still within
Th' eternal larum is,
That ever-barking dog, that calls upon their miss.

No means at all to hide,
Man for himself can find:
No way to start aside
Out from the hell of mind.
But in himself confin'd,
He still sees Sin before;
And winged-footed Pain,
That swiftly comes behind.
The which is evermore
The sure and certain gain
Impiety doth get,
And wanton loose Respect, that doth itself forget.

And Cleopatra now
Well sees the dangerous way
She took, and car'd not how,
Which led her to decay.
And likewise makes us pay
For her disorder'd lust
The int'rest of our blood,
Or live a servile prey
Under a hand unjust,
As others shall think good.
This hath a riot won;
And thus she hath her state, herself, and us undone.

Now every mouth can tell,
What close was muttered:
How that she did not well,
To take the course she did.
For now is nothing hid,
Of what fear did restrain.
No secret closely done,
But now is uttered.
The text is made most plain
That flattery gloss'd upon,
The bed of Sin reveal'd, [ceal'd.
And all the luxury that Shame would have con-

The scene is broken down,
And all uncover'd lies,
The purple actors known
Scarce men, whom men despise.
The complots of the wise,
Prove imperfections smok'd:
And all what wonder gave
To pleasure-gazing eyes,
Lies scatter'd, dash'd, all broke.
Thus much beguiled have
Poor unconsiderate wights,
These momentary pleasures, fugitive delights.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Opinion, how dost thou molest
Th' affected mind of restless man?
Who following thee never can,
Nor ever shall attain to rest,
Forgetting what thou say'st is best;
Yet lo! that best he finds far wide
Of what thou promised'st before:
For in the same he look'd for more,
Which proves but small, when once 't is try'd.
Then something else thou find'st beside,
To draw him still from thought to thought:
When in the end all proves but nought.
Further from rest he finds him then,
Than at the first when he began.
O malecontent, seducing guest,
Contriver of our greatest woes,
Which born of wind, and fed with shows,
Dost nurse thyself in thine unrest,
Judging ungotten things the best,
Or what thou in conceit design'st,
And all things in the world dost deem
Not as they are, but as they seem:
Which shows their state thou ill defin'st:
And liv'st to come, in present pin'st.
For what thou hast, thou still dost lack:
O mind's tormentor, body's rack,
Vain promiser of that sweet rest
Which never any yet possess'd.

If we unto ambition tend,
Then dost thou draw our weakness on,
With vain imagination
Of that which never hath an end.
Or if that lust we apprehend,
How doth that pleasant plague infest?
O what strange forms of luxury,
Thou straight dost cast t' entice us by?
And tell'st us that is ever best,
Which we have never yet possess'd,
And that more pleasure rests beside,
In something that we have not try'd:
And when the same likewise is had,
Then all is one, and all is bad.

This Antony can say is true,
And Cleopatra knows 't is so,
By th' experience of their woe.
She can say, she never knew
But that lust found pleasures new;

And was never satisfy'd:
He can say by proof of toil,
Ambition is a vulture vile,
That feeds upon the heart of pride,
And finds no rest when all is try'd.
For worlds cannot confine the one;
Th' other lists and bounds hath none;
And both subvert the mind, the state,
Procure destruction, envy, hate.

And now when all this is prov'd vain,
Yet opinion leaves not here,
But sticks to Cleopatra near,
Persuading now, how she shall gain
Honour by death, and fame attain,
And what a shame it was to live,
Her kingdom lost, her lover dead:
And so with this persuasion led,
Despair doth such a courage give,
That nought else can her mind relieve,
Nor yet divert her from that thought:
To this conclusion all is brought.
This is that rest this vain world lends,
To end in death, that all things ends.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

O fearful frowning Nemisis,
Daughter of Justice most severe,
That art the world's great arbitress,
And queen of causes reigning here:
Whose swift sure hand is ever near
Eternal Justice, righting wrong:
Who never yet deferrest long
The prouds' decay, the weaks' redress:
But through thy power every where,
Dost raze the great, and raise the less;
The less made great doth ruin too,
To show the Earth what Heaven can do.

Thou from dark-clos'd eternity,
From thy black cloudy hidden seat,
The world's disorders dost descry:
Which when they swell so proudly great,
Reversing th' order Nature set,
Thou giv'st thy all-confounding doom,
Which none can know before it come.
Th' inevitable destiny,
Which neither wit nor strength can let,
Fast chain'd unto necessity,
In mortal things doth order so,
Th' alternate course of weal or woe.

O how the pow'rs of Heaven do play
With travelled mortality:
And doth their weakness still betray,
In their best prosperity!
When being lifted up so high,
They look beyond themselves so far,
That to themselves they take no care;
Whilst swift confusion down doth lay
Their late proud mounting vanity:
Bringing their glory to decay,
And with the ruin of their fall,
Extinguish people, state, and all.

But is it justice that all we,
The innocent poor multitude,
For great men's faults should punish'd be,
And to destruction thus pursu'd?
O why should th' Heavens us include,
Within the compass of their fall,
Who of themselves procured all?
Or do the gods (inclose) decree,
Occasion take how to extrude
Man from the Earth with cruelty?
Ah no, the gods are ever just,
Our faults excuse their rigour must.

This is the period fate set down,
To Egypt's fat prosperity:
Which now unto her greatest grown,
Must perish thus, by course must die,
And some must be the causers why
This revolution must be wrought;
'As born to bring their state to nought:
To change the people and the crown,
And purge the world's iniquity:
Which vice so far hath overgrown,
As we, so they that treat us thus,
Must one day perish like to us.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Mysterious Egypt, wonder-breeder,
Strict religion's strange observer,
State-orderer Zeal, the best rule-keeper,
Fost'ring still intemp'rate fervour:
O how cam'st thou to lose so wholly
All religion, law, and order?
And thus become the most unholy
Of all lands, that Nilus border?
How could confus'd Disorder enter
Where stern Law sat so severely?
How durst weak Lust and Riot venture
Th' eye of Justice looking nearly?
Could not those means that made thee great,
Be still the means to keep thy state?

Ah no, the course of things requireth
Change and alteration ever:
That same continuance man desireth,
Th' unconstant world yieldeth never.
We in our counsels must be blinded,
And not see what doth import us:
And oftentimes the thing least minded,
Is the thing that most must hurt us.
Yet they that have the stern in guiding,
'T is their fault that should prevent it,
For oft they seeing their country sliding,
Take their ease, as though contented.
We imitate the greater powers,
The prince's manners fashion ours.

Th' example of their light regarding,
Vulgar looseness much incenses:
Vice uncontrol'd grows wide enlarging,
Kings' small faults be great offences,
And this hath set the window open
Unto licence, lust, and riot:
This way confusion first found broken,
Whereby enter'd our disquiet,

Those laws that old Sesostris founded,
And the Ptolomies observed,
Hereby first came to be confounded,
Which our state so long preserved.
The wanton luxury of court,
Did form the people of like sort.

For all (respecting private pleasure)
Universally consenting
To abuse their time, their treasure,
In their own delights contenting:
And future dangers nought respecting,
Whereby, (O how easy matter
Made this so general neglecting,
Confus'd weakness to discatter?)
Cæsar found th' effect true try'd,
In his easy entrance making:
Who at the sight of arms, descry'd
All our people, all forsaking,
For riot (worse than war) so sore
Had wasted all our strength before.

And thus in Egypt servile render'd
To the insolent destroyer:
And all their sumptuous treasure tender'd,
All her wealth that did betray her.
Which poison (O if Heav'n be rightful)
May so far infect their senses,
That Egypt's pleasure, so delightful,
May breed them the like offences;
And Romans, learn our way of weakness,
Be instructed in our vices:
That our spoils may spoil your greatness,
Overcome with our devices.
Fill full your hands, and carry home,
Enough from us to ruin Rome.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Then thus we have beheld
Th' accomplishment of woes,
The full of ruin, and
The worst of worst of ills:
And seen all hope expell'd,
That ever sweet repose
Shall repossess the land,
That desolation fills,
And where ambition spills,
With uncontrolled hand,
All th' issue of all those
That so long rule have held:
To make us no more us,
But clean confound us thus.

And can'st, O Nilus, thou
Father of floods, endure,
That yellow Tyber should
With sandy streams rule thee?
Wilt thou be pleas'd to bow
To him those feet so pure,
Whose unknown head we hold
A power divine to be?
Thou that didst ever see
Thy free banks uncontroll'd,
Live under thine own care:
Ah, wilt thou bear it now?
And now wilt yield thy streams
A prey to other realms?

Draw back thy waters, flow
To thy concealed head:
Rocks strangle up thy waves,
Stop cataracts thy fall,
And turn thy courses so,
That sandy deserts dead,
(The world of dust that craves
To swallow thee up all)
May drink so much as shall
Revive from wasty graves,
A living green, which spread
Far flourishing, may grow
On that wide face of death,
Where nothing new draws breath.

Fatten some people there,
Ev'n as thou us hast done,
With plenty's wanton store,
And feeble luxury:
And them as us prepare
Fit for the day of moan,
Respite not before.
Leave levell'd Egypt dry,
A barren prey to lie,
Wasted for evermore;
Of plenties yielding none
To recompense the care
Of victor's greedy lust,
And bring forth nought but dust.

And so, O leave to be,
Sith thou art what thou art:
Let not our race possess
Th' inheritance of shame,
The fee of sin, that we
Have left them for their part:
The yoke of whose distress
Must still upbraid our blame,
Telling from whom it came.
Our weight of wantonness
Lies heavy on their heart,
Who nevermore shall see
The glory of that worth
They left, who brought us forth.

O then all-seeing light,
High president of Heaven,
You magistrates, the stars,
Of that eternal court
Of providence and right,
Are these the bounds y' have given
Th' untranspassable bars
That limit pride so short?
Is greatness of this sort,
That greatness greatness mars,
And racks itself, self-driven
On rocks of her own might?
Doth order order so,
Disorders overthrow?

DEDICATION

OF THE

TRAGEDY OF PHILOTAS.

TO THE PRINCE.

To you, most hopeful prince, not as you are,
But as you may be, do I give these lines:
That when your judgment shall arrive so far,
As t' overlook th' intricate designs
Of uncontented man; you may behold
With what encounters greatest fortunes close,
What dangers, what attempts, what manifold
Encumbrances ambition undergoes;
How hardly men digest felicity;
How to th' intemperate, to the prodigal,
To wantonness, and unto luxury,
Many things want, but to ambition all.
And you shall find the greatest enemy
That man can have, is his prosperity.
Here shall you see how men disguise their ends,
And plant bad courses under pleasing shows,
How well presumption's broken ways defends,
Which clear-ey'd judgment gravely doth disclose.
Here shall you see how th' easy multitude,
Transported, take the party of distress;
And only out of passions do conclude,
Not out of judgment of mens' practices; [bar,
How powers are thought to wrong, that wrongs de-
And kings not held in danger, though they are.
These ancient representments of times past,
Tell us that men have, do, and always run
The self-same line of action, and do cast
Their course alike, and nothing can be done,
Whilst they, their ends, and nature are the same:
But will be wrought upon the self-same frame.
This benefit, most noble prince, doth yield
The sure records of books, in which we find
The tenure of our state, how it was held
By all our ancestors, and in what kind
We hold the same, and likewise how in th' end
This frail possession of felicity
Shall to our late posterity descend
By the same patent of like destiny.
In them we find that nothing can accrue
To man, and his condition that is new.
Which images here figur'd in this wise,
I leave unto your more mature survey,
Amongst the vows that others sacrifice
Unto the hope of you, that you one day
Will give grace to this kind of harmony. [know,
For know, great prince, when you shall come to
How that it is the fairest ornament
Of worthy times, to have those which may show
The deeds of power, and lively represent
The actions of a glorious government.
And is no lesser honour to a crown
T' have writers, than have actors of renown.
And though you have a swannet of your own,
Within the banks of Doven, meditates
Sweet notes to you, and unto your renown,
The glory of his music dedicates,
And in a softy tune is set to sound
The deep reports of sullen tragedies:
Yet may this last of me be likewise found
Amongst the vows that others sacrifice
Unto the hope of you, that you one day
May grace this now neglected harmony,
Which set unto your glorious actions, may
Record the same to all posterity.
Though I the remnant of another time,
Am never like to see that happiness,
Yet for the zeal that I have borne to rhyme,
And to the Muses, wish that good success
To others' travel, that in better place,
And better comfort, they may be inchear'd
Who shall deserve, and who shall have the grace
To have a Muse held worthy to be heard. [know,
And know, sweet prince, when you shall come to
That 't is not in the pow'r of kings to raise
A spirit for verse, that is not born thereto,
Nor are they born in every prince's days:
For late Eliza's reign gave birth to more
Than all the kings of England did before.
And it may be, the genius of that time
Would leave to her the glory in that kind,
And that the utmost powers of English rhyme
Should be within her peaceful reign confin'd;
For since that time, our songs could never thrive,
But lain as if forlorn; though in the prime
Of this new raising season, we did strive
To bring the best we could unto the time.
And I, although among the latter train,
And least of those that sung unto this land,
Have borne my part, though in an humble strain,
And pleased the gentler that did understand:
And never had my harmless pen, at all
Distain'd with any loose immodesty,
Nor ever noted to be touch'd with gall,
T' aggravate the worst man's infamy.
But still have done the fairest offices
To virtue and the time; yet nought prevails,
And all our labours are without success,
For either favour or our virtue fails.
And therefore since I have outliv'd the date
Of former grace, acceptance, and delight,
I would my lines late born beyond the fate
Of her spent line, had never come to light;
So had I not been tax'd for wishing well,
Nor now mistaken by the censuring stage,
Nor, in my fame and reputation fell,
Which I esteem more than what all the age
Or th' earth can give. But years hath done this wrong,
To make me write too much, and live too long.
And yet I grieve for that unfinish'd frame,
Which thou, dear Muse, didst vow to sacrifice
Unto the bed of peace, and in the same
Design our happiness to memorize,
Must, as it is, remain, though as it is:
It shall to after-times relate my zeal
To kings and unto right, to quietness,
And to the union of the commonweal.
But this may now seem a superfluous vow,
We have this peace; and thou hast sung enow.
And more than will be heard, and then as good
As not to write, as not be understood.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

We as the chorus of the vulgar, stand
Spectators here, to see these great men play
Their parts both of obedience and command,
And censure all they do, and all they say.

For though we be esteem'd but ignorant,
Yet are we capable of truth, and know
Where they do well, and where their actions want;
The grace that makes them prove the best in show:
And though we know not what they do within,
Where they attire their mysteries of state,
Yet know we by th' events what plots have been,
And how they all without do personate.
We see who well a meaner part became,
Fail in a greater and disgrace the same.
We see some worthy of advancement deem'd,
Save when they have it: some again have got
Good reputation, and been well-esteem'd
In place of greatness, which before were not.
We see affliction act a better scene [clean;
Than prosperous fortune, which hath marr'd it
We see that all which we have prais'd in some,
Have only been their fortune, not desert: [come,
Some war have grac'd, whom peace doth ill be-
And lustful ease hath blemish'd all their part:
We see Philotas acts his goodness ill,
And makes his passions to report of him
Worse than he is: and we do fear he will
Bring his free nature to b' intrap'd by them.
For sure there is some engine closely laid
Against his grace and greatness with the king:
And that unless his humours prove more stay'd,
We soon shall see his utter ruining.
And his affliction our compassion draws,
Which still looks on men's fortunes, not the cause.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

How dost thou wear, and weary out thy days,
Restless Ambition, never at an end!
Whose travels no Herculean pillar stays,
But still beyond thy rest thy labours tend,
Above good fortune thou thy hopes dost raise,
Still climbing, and yet never canst ascend:
For when thou hast attain'd unto the top
Of thy desires, thou hast not yet got up.

That height of fortune either is control'd
By some more pow'rful overlooking eye,
(That doth the fulness of thy grace withhold)
Or countercheck'd with some concurrency,
That it doth cost far more ado to hold
The height attain'd, than was to get so high,
Where stand thou canst not, but with careful toil,
Nor loose thy hold without thy utter spoil.

There dost thou struggle with thine own distrust,
And others' jealousies there counterplot,
Against some underworking pride, that must
Supplanted be, or else thou standest not;
There wrong is play'd with wrong; and he that thrusts
Down others, comes himself to have that lot.
The same concussion doth afflict his breast
That others shook, oppression is oppress'd.

That either happiness dwells not so high,
Or else above, whereto pride cannot rise:
And that the high'st of man's felicity,
But in the region of affliction lies:
And that we climb but up to misery.
High fortunes are but high calamities.
It is not in that sphere where peace doth move;
Rest dwells below it, happiness above.
For in this height of fortune are imbred
Those thund'ring fragors that affright the Earth:
From thence have all distemp'ratures their head,
That brings forth desolation, famine, dearth:
There certain order is disordered,
And there it is confusion hath her birth.
It is that height of fortune doth undo
Both her own quietness and others too.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

See how these great men clothe their private hate
In those fair colours of the public good;
And to effect their ends, pretend the state,
As if the state by their affections stood:
And arm'd with pow'r and princes' jealousies,
Will put the least conceit of discontent
Into the greatest rank of treacheries,
That no one action shall seem innocent:
Yea, valour, honour, bounty shall be made
As accessaries unto ends unjust:
And e'en the service of the state must lade
The needfull'st undertakings with distrust.
So that base vileness, idle luxury,
Seem safer far, than to do worthily.
Suspicion, full of eyes, and full of ears,
Doth through the tincture of her own conceit
See all things in the colours of her fears,
And truth itself must look like to deceit,
That what way ever the suspected take,
Still envy will most cunningly foreby
The ambush of their ruin, or will make
Their humours of themselves to take that way.
But this is still the fate of those that are
By nature or their fortunes eminent,
Who either carried in conceit too far,
Do work their own or others' discontent,
Or else are deemed fit to be suppress'd,
Not for they are, but that they may be ill,
Since states have ever had far more unrest
By spirits of worth, than men of meaner skill;
And find, that those do always better prove,
Wh' are equal to employment, not above.
For self-opinion would be seen more wise,
Than present counsels, customs, orders, laws:
And to the end to have them otherwise,
The commonwealth into combustion draws,
As if ordain'd t' embroil the world with wit,
As well as grossness, to dishonour it.

CHORUS.

FROM THE SAME.

GRECIAN AND PERSIAN.

PERSIAN.

Well, then, I see there is small difference
Betwixt your state and ours; you civil Greeks,
You great contrivers of free governments,
Whose skill the world from out all countries seeks;
Those whom you call your kings, are but the same
As are our sovereign tyrants of the east;
I see they only differ but in name,
Th' effects they show, peace, or near at least.

Your great men here, as our great satrapaes,
I see laid prostrate are with basest shame,
Upon the least suspect or jealousies
Your kings conceive, or others' envies frame;
Only herein they differ, that your prince
Proceeds by form of law t' effect his end;
Our Persian monarch makes his frown convince
The strongest truth, his sword the process ends
With present death, and makes no more ado:
He never stands to give a gloss unto
His violence, to make it to appear
In other hue than that it ought to bear,
Wherein plain dealing best his course commends:
For more h' offends who by the law offends.
What need have Alexander so to strive
By all these shows of form, to find this man
Guilty of treason, when he doth contrive
To have him so adjudg'd? do what he can,
He must not be acquit, though he be clear,
Th' offender, not th' offence, is punish'd here.
And what avails the fore-condemn'd to speak?
However strong his cause, his state is weak.

GRECIAN.

Ah, but it satisfies the world, and we
Think that well done, which done by law we see.

PERSIAN.

And yet your law serves but your private ends,
And to the compass of your power extends:
But is it for the majesty of kings,
To sit in judgment thus themselves with you?

GRECIAN.

To do men justice, as the thing that brings
The greatest majesty on Earth to kings.

PERSIAN.

That, by their subalternate ministers
May be performed as well, and with more grace:
For, to command it to be done, infers
More glory than to do. It doth imbase
Th' opinion of a power t' invulgar so
That sacred presence, which should never go,
Never be seen, but e'en as gods, below,
Like to our Persian king in glorious show;
And who, as stars affixed to their sphere,
May not descend to be from what they are.

GRECIAN.

Where kings are so like gods, there subjects are not men.

PERSIAN.

Your king begins this course, and what will you be then?

GRECIAN.

Indeed since prosperous fortune gave the rein
To head-strong power and lust, I must confess
We Grecians have lost deeply by our gain,
And this our greatness makes us much the less:
For by th' accession of these mighty states,
Which Alexander wondrously hath got,
He hath forgot himself and us, and rates
His state above mankind, and ours at nought.
This hath thy pomp (O feeble Asia) wrought!
Thy base adorings hath transformed the king
Into that shape of pride, as he is brought
Out of his wits, out of acknowledging
From whence the glory of his greatness springs,
And that it was our swords that wrought these things.
How well were we within the narrow bounds
Of our sufficient yielding Macedon,
Before our kings enlarg'd them with our wounds,
And made these sallies of ambition!
Before they came to give the regal law [awe!
To those free states, which kept their crowns in
They by these large dominions are made more,
But we became far weaker than before.
What get we now by winning, but wide minds
And weary bodies, with th' expense of blood?
What should ill do, since happy fortune finds
But misery, and is not good though good?
Action begets still action, and retains
Our hopes beyond our wishes, drawing on
A never ending circle of our pains,
That makes us not have done, when we have done.
What can give bounds to Alexander's ends.
Who counts the world but small, that calls him
And his desires beyond his prey distends, [great;
Like beasts, that murder more than they can eat?
When shall we look his travels will be done,
That tends beyond the ocean and the Sun?
What discontentments will there still arise
In such a camp of kings, to intershock
Each others' greatness, and what mutinies
Will put him from his comforts, and will mock
His hopes, and never suffer him to have
That which he hath of all which fortune gave?
And from Philotas blood (O worthy man)
Whose body now rent on the torture lies,
Will flow that vein of fresh conspiracies,
As overflow him will, do what he can:
For cruelty doth not embetter men,
But them more wary makes than they have been.

PERSIAN.

Are not your great men free from torture then,
Must they be likewise rack'd as other men?

GRECIAN.

Treason affords a privilege to none,
Who like offends, hath punishment all one.

END OF VOL. III.

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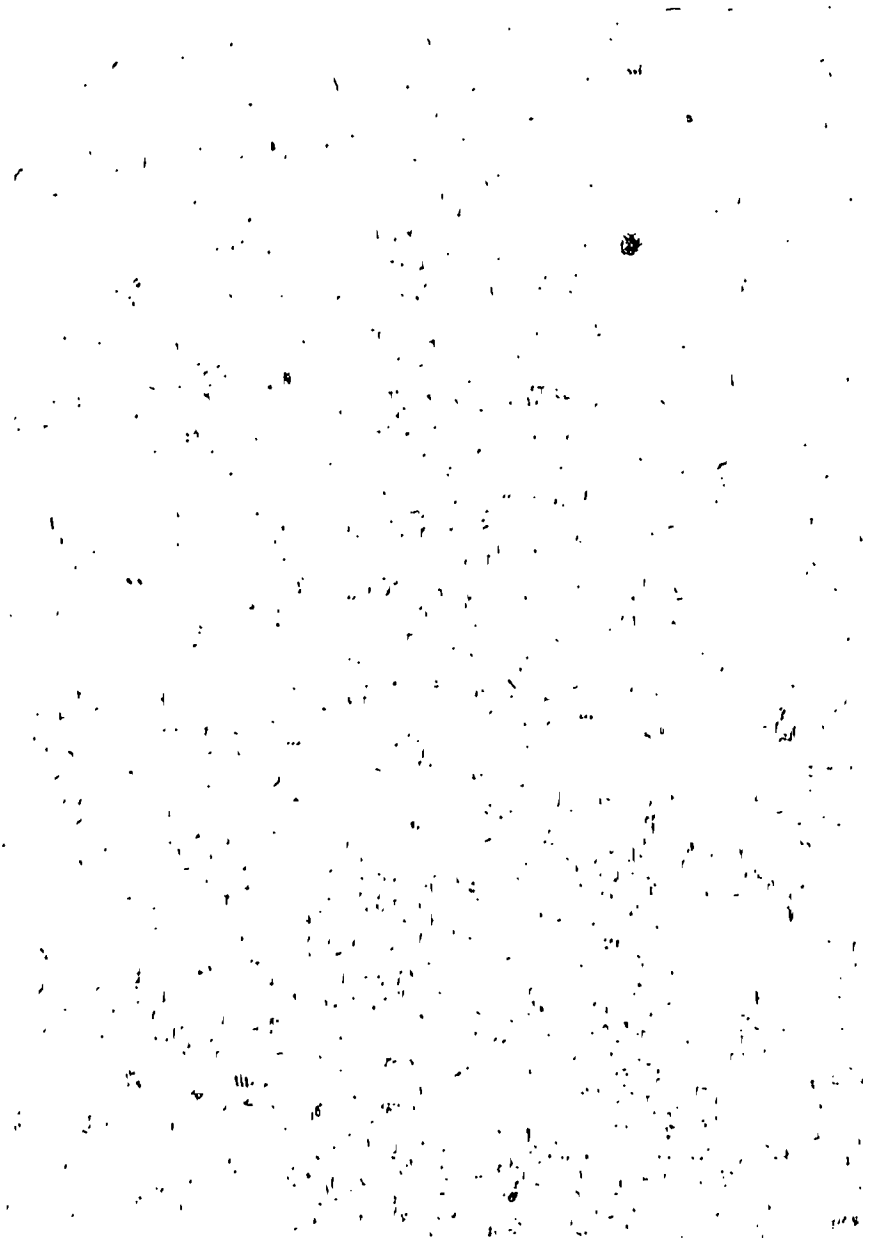

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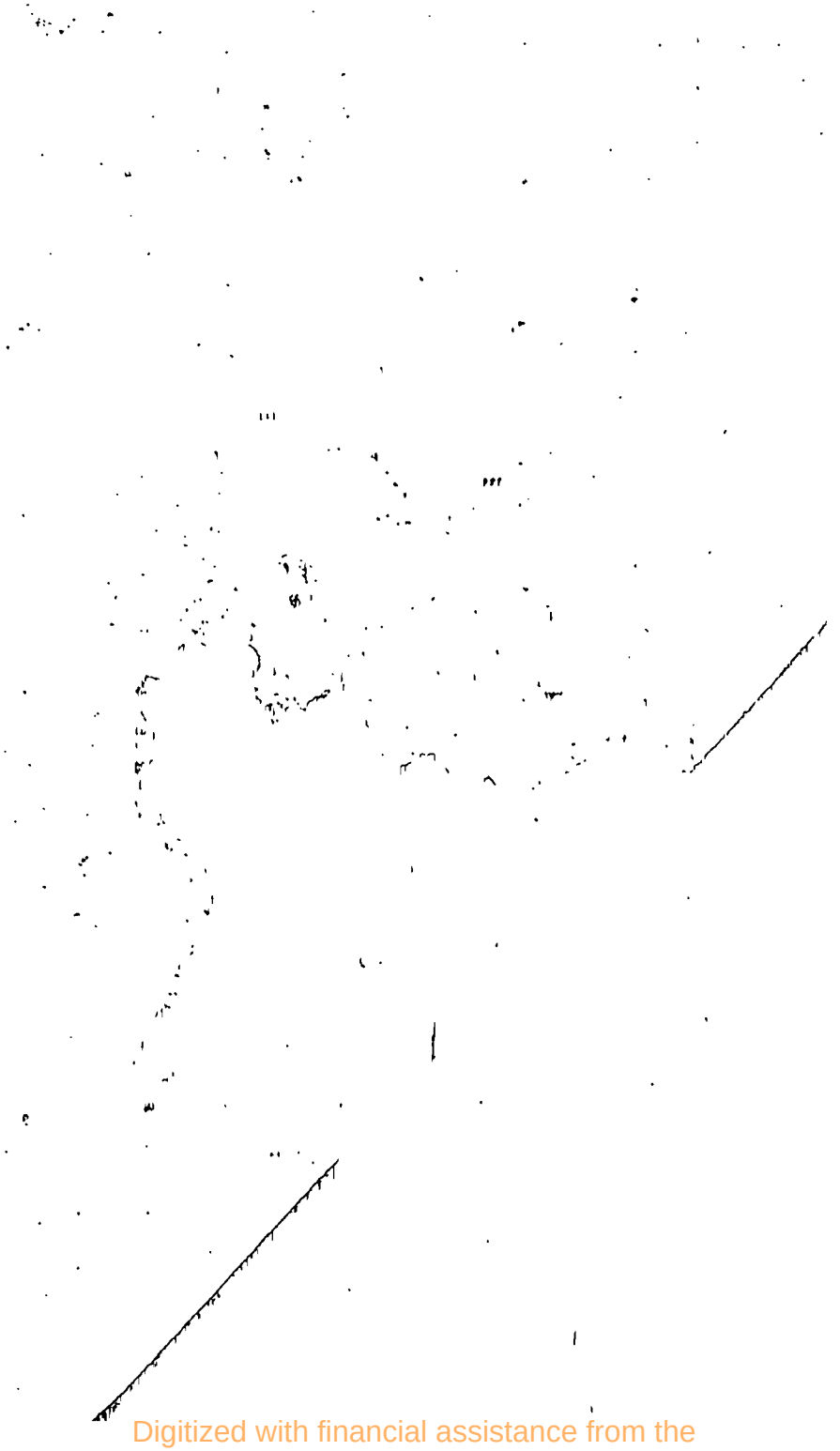

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